

THE DYING BOY. C.M.D.

H.S.R.

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1. I'm dy - ing, moth - er, dy - ing now Please raise my ach - ing head, And fan my heat - ed burn - ing brow, Your boy will soon be dead.
 2. Now light the lamps, my moth - er dear, The sun has passed a - way; I soon must go, but do not fear, I'll live in end - less day.

3. Their flow - ing robes in bright - ness shine, A crown is on each head; Say, moth - er, will not such be mine When I am with the dead?
 4. Yet do not weep, sweet moth - er, now. 'Twould break this bod - y's spell: Those burn - ing tears fall on my brow, Fare - well, O fare thee well!

Turn o'er my pil - low once a - gain, And kiss my fe - vered cheek, I'll soon be freed from all the pain, For now I am so weak.
 A band of an - gels beck - on me, I can no lon - ger stay, Hark! how they sing, "We wel - come thee, Dear broth - er, haste a - way."

I'm sink - ing fast, my moth - er, dear, I can no lon - ger dwell; Yet I'll be with you do not fear, But now, oh now, fare - well.
 The hour has come, my end is near, My soul is mount - ing high'r; What glo - r'ous strains sa - lute my ear From heav'n's an - gel - ic choir.