

THE DYING BOY C. M. D.

"Jesus saw her weeping, and was troubled." – John 11:33

Key of F Major

Composed by H. S. Reese, 1859

1. I'm dy - ing, Moth - er, dy - ing now; Please raise my ach - ing head,
2. Now light the lamps, my moth - er dear, The sun has passed a - way:

3. I'm sink - ing fast, my moth - er dear, I can no long - er dwell;
4. A band of an - gels beck - on me, I can no long - er stay;

5. The hour has come, my end is near, My soul is mount - ing higher;
6. Their flow - ing robes In bright - ness shine, A crown is on each hand;

7. Then do not weep, sweet moth - er, now, 'Twill break this bod - y frail;

And fan my heat - ed, burn - ing brow, Your boy will soon be dead.
I soon must go, but do not fear, I'll live in end - less day.

Yet I'll be with you, do not fear, But now, oh now, fare - well.
Hark! how they sing: "We wel - come thee: Dear broth - er, haste a - way."

What glo - rious strains sa - lute my ear, From heav'n's an - gel - ic choir.
Say, moth - er, will not such be mine When I am with the dead?

Those burn - ing tears fall o'er my brow, Farewell, oh I fare thee well.

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Turn o'er my pil - low once a - gain, And kiss my fe - vered cheek;

Turn o'er my pil - low once a - gain, And kiss my fe - vered cheek;

Turn o'er my pil - low once a - gain, And kiss my fe - vered cheek;

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. weak.

I'll soon be freed from all the pain, For now I am so weak. weak.

I'll soon be freed from all the pain, For now I am so weak. weak.

I'll soon be freed from all the pain, For now I am so weak. weak.

I'll soon be freed from all the pain, For now I am so weak. weak.