

Willie dear thou'art gone and left me
On my left how great thy gain
Long days and nights thou here didst ^{lie} suffer
Suffering through eight weeks of pain
In heaven now Oh happy home
Amidst the flowers of Paradise
My child thou evermore shalt roam

Here with me your time was short
Earth was not long to be thy home
Neither should I mourn thee back
Released from pain by Jesus' bourn
Young as thou wast to Heaven thy home

Cradled in the arms of Jesus
On his bosom sweetly sleep
Wrote him my child he called thee

Leaving me thy loss to weep
Silently he beckoned for thee
On wings of love bore thee off
Nay I would not now recall thee
from thy Heavenly home above

1 We lay thee in the silent tomb
Sweet blossom of a day
We just began to view thy bloom
And thou art called away

2 Friendship and love have done their ^{best} ~~best~~
And now can do no more
The bitterness of death is past
And all thy sufferings o'er

3 Thy gentle spirit passed away
Mid pain the most severe
So great we could not wish ^{stay} thy

Leaving me thy loss to weep
Silently he beckoned for thee
On wings of love bore thee off
Nay I would not now recall thee
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1 We lay thee in the silent tomb
Sweet blossom of a day
We just began to view thy bloom
And thou art called away

2 Friendship and love have done their ^{best} too
And now can do no more
The bitterness of death is past
And all thy sufferings o'er

3 Thy gentle spirit passed away
Mid pain the most severe
So great we could not wish thy ^{stay}

A moment longer here

4 O who could wish thy longer stay
In such a world as this
Since thou hast-gained the realms ^{of day}
And pure undying bliss