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LOVE STRONG IN DEATH

Sung by

WM R. DEMPSTER,

to whom the music is Respectfully inscribed

by the Composer

JOHN H. HEWITT.

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LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.*

With expression.

JOHN H. HEWITT.

PIANO

The brother of two sisters drew painful-ly his breath, A strange fear had come

o'er him, for love was strong in death; The fire of fa-tal fe-ver burn'd

* The words of this ballad are founded on an anecdote related of a dying boy—, who in his last moments repeatedly requested his mother to give him something to keep for her sake.

Rall.

darkly on his cheek, And of-ten to his mother He spoke—or tried to

Colla voce.

dolce.

speak. He said "the qui-et moonlight, be-neath the shadow'd hill, Seem'd

p

dreaming of good angels, while all the woods were still; I felt as if from

mf

slumber - I never could a---wake— Oh, mother give me something to

cherish for your sake, Oh, mother give me something to cherish for your sake, Oh,

mother give me something to cherish for your sake.

2.

A cold, dead weight is on me, a heavy weight like lead;
 My hands and feet seem sinking quite thro' my little bed!
 I am so tired and weary— with weariness I ache—
 Oh! mother give me something to cherish for your sake!
 Some little token give me, which I may kiss in sleep,
 To make me feel I'm near you, and bless you though I weep;
 My sisters say I'm better— but then, their heads they shake—
 Oh, mother, give me something to cherish for your sake!

6 Third verse.

Why can't I see the poplars? why can't I see the hill Where
 dreaming of good angels, the moonbeams lay so still? Why
 can't I see you mother? I surely am a - - wake; Oh! haste and give me
 something to cherish for your sake! The little bosom heaves not; the

pp

cres.

Piu lento.

616

dim. 7

fire hath left his cheek; The fine chord— is it broken; The strong chord— could it

a tempo.

break! Oh! yes! the loving spirit hath winged its flight a way; A

rall:

mother and two sisters look down on lifeless clay.

dim.