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Will the Angels take me up?

A BEAUTIFUL BALLAD

WORDS BY

MUSIC BY

Rev. E. H. Sears. J. P. Webster.

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"WILL THE ANGELS TAKE ME UP?"

LITTLE WILLIE'S LAST QUESTION.

Words by Rev. E. H. SEARS.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

CANTABILE CON ABBANDONE.

Ped.

1. Some have thought that in the dawn - ing Of our be - ing's
2. How it is I can - not an - swer— But I knew a
3. "Now I'll go to bed, dear moth - er, For I'm ve - ry

1 freshest glow, God is near - er lit - tle chil - dren Than their pa - rents ev - er know;
2 lit - tle child, Who, among the thyme and clo - ver, And the bees was running wild;
3 tired of play!" And he said his—"Now I lay me"— In a kind and careless way;

1 And that if you lis - ten sharp - ly, Bet - ter things than you can teach, And a sort of
 2 And he came one summer eve - ning, With his ring - lets o'er his eyes, And his hat was
 3 And he drank the cooling wa - ter From his lit - tle sil - ver cup, And said gai - ly,

1 mys - tie wis - dom Trickles through their careless speech.
 2 torn in piec - es, Chasing bees and but - ter - flies.
 3 when 'tis morn - ing, Will the an - gels take me up?"

quiet and connected.

4. Down he sank with roguish slum - ber, In his lit - tle trun - dle bed,
 5. There he lies, how sweet and pla - cid! And his breath - ing comes and goes,
 6. Night with - in its fold - ing man - tle Hath the sleep - ers both beguiled,
 7. Thro' the night she watch'd her dar - ling, Now de - spair - ing, now in hope;

4 And the kind - ly god of slum - ber Show'd the pop - pies o'er his head; "What could mean his
5 Like a zeph - yr mov - ing soft - ly, And his cheek is like a rose; But she lean'd her
6 And with - in its soft em - brace - ings Rest the moth - er and the child; But she's star - tled
7 And a - bout the break of morn - ing Did the an - gels take him up. Nev - er more his—

4 speaking strange - ly?" Asked his mus - ing moth - er then— "Oh! 'twas noth - ing but his prat - tle:
5 ear to lis - ten If his breath - ing could be heard— "Oh!" she mur - mured, "if the an - gels
6 from her dream - ing, By a sound that strikes her ear— 'Tis a sigh from lit - tle Wil - lie,
7 "Now I lay me" Will be said from mother's knee, Nev - er more a - mong the clo - ver,

4 What can he of an - gels ken?"
5 Took my dar - ling at his word!"
6 Ly - ing on his trun - dle near.
7 Will he chase the lum - ble - bee.

"Will the angels take me up?" 9,330—3.