

# Little Frock and Shoes

J. P. WEBSTER.

SONG



HOLYLAND Eng.

CHICAGO

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# The Little Frock and Shoes.

3

J. P. WEBSTER.

PIANO.

1. A lit - tle frock but slight-ly worn, Of

2. The sum - mer'd pass'd a - way from earth With

blue and white de - laine With edge - ing round the neck and

all its sweet - est ties; The birds had left their summer

sleeves, Lay fold - ed neat and plain; Be.  
haunts, For more con - ge - . - nial skies; The

- sides a pair of lit-tle shoes, With here and there a  
twi-light breez - . - es softly play'd A - . mong the dew's of

flaw, Lay half. con - ceal'd a - mong the things In  
even, An an - . - gel left his home on high, To

moth - . ers bu - . . - reau draw. Lay half con - ceal'd a - mong the  
gath - . er flow'rs for Heav'n. An an - . - gel left his home on



things high, In moth . . . ers bu . . . reau draw.  
To gath . . . er flow'rs for Heav'n.

3  
The angel near and nearer came  
Where sister, sick, did lie,  
Then gently fanned her faded cheek,  
And pointed to the sky:  
The morning shone upon the bed,  
The autumn wind blew free,  
The angel moved his silver wings,  
And whispered, "Come with me."

4  
We gathered round her dying bed,  
With hearts to weep and pray;  
And many were the tears we shed,  
When sister went away.  
No bitter tears had she to weep,  
No sin to be forgiven;  
But closed her little eyes in sleep  
To open them in Heaven.

5  
We laid her in the earth's green breast,  
Down by the village green,  
Where gently sweeps the dewy grass,  
And summer flowers are seen:  
And often when dear mother goes  
To get her things to use,  
I see her drop a silent tear,  
On sister's frock and shoes.