

Connecticut College Digital Commons @ Connecticut College

Historic Sheet Music Collection

Greer Music Library

1851

Child's Wish

H.D. Munson

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic>



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Munson, H D., "Child's Wish" (1851). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. 29.
<https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic/29>

This Score is brought to you for free and open access by the Greer Music Library at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Historic Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.

The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

165

THE CHILD'S WISH

Ballad

COMPOSED AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO HIS

Daughter

BY

MR. D. HUNTERSON.

BOSTON Published by OLIVER DITSON, Washington St.

New York J. E. GOULD & CO.

Philadelphia TYLER & HENITT.

Boston G. C. CLAPP & CO.

Charleston J. SEGLING.

27 cts. net.

Entered according to act of Congress, in 1844, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and four, by the said Oliver D. Ditson.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

8va

Oh I long to lie dear Mother, On the cool and fra-grant grass, With the

calm blue sky a -- bove my head; And the shadowy clouds that pass. And I

want the bright bright sun - shine All round a-bout my bed, I'll

close my eyes and God will think your lit-tle boy is dead.

Then Christ will send an angel To

take me up to Him; He will bear me slow and steadily Far through the e-ther

dim, He will gen-tly gen-tly lay me Close by the Saviour's

side; And when I'm sure that I'm in Heav'n My eyes I'll open

wide.

3
 And I'll look among the angels
 Who stand around the throne,
 Till I find my sister Mary,
 For I know she must be one;
 And when I find her, mother,
 We will go away alone,
 I will tell her how we've mourn'd for her
 All the while that she's been gone.

4
 Oh! I shall be delighted,
 To hear her speak again,
 Though I know she'll not return to us,
 To ask her would be vain;
 So I'll put my arms around her,
 And look into her eyes,
 And remember all I say to her,
 And all her sweet replies.

5
 And then I'll ask the angel,
 To take me back to you;
 He will bear me slow and steadily,
 Down through the ether blue,
 And you'll only think dear mother,
 That I've been out to play,
 And have gone to sleep beneath the tree
 This sultry summer day.