

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN 8, 7

vss. 1-9

"We should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life." – Titus 3:7

Ball and Drinkard, 1859

Key of A Major

Ball and Drinkard, 1859

1. Lay up near - er, broth - er, near - er, For my limbs are grow - ing cold;
 2. I am dy - ing, broth - er, dy - ing, Soon you'll miss me in your berth
 3. I am go - ing, broth - er, go - ing, But my hope in God is strong;

4. Tell my fa - ther when you greet him, That in death I prayed for him,
 5. Tell my moth - er - God as - sist her, Know that she is grow - ing old, -
 6. Lis - ten, broth - er, catch each whis - per, 'Tis my wife I'll speak of now;

7. Tell her she must kiss my chil - dren, Like the kiss I last im - pressed,
 8. Give them ear - ly to their Mak - er, Put - ting all her trust in God,
 9. Oh! my chil - dren, Heav - en bless them: They were all my life to me;

And thy pres - ence seem - eth near - er, When thine arms a - round me fold.
 For my form will soon be ly - ing 'Neath the o - cean's brin - y surf.
 I am will - ing, broth - er, know - ing, That He do - eth noth - ing wrong.

Prayed that I might on - ly meet him In a world that's free from sin.
 That her child would glad have kissed her When his lips grew pale and cold.
 Tell, O tell her, how I missed her. When the fe - ver burned my brow.

Hold them as when last I held them. Fold - ed close - ly to my breast.
 And He nev - er will for - sake her, For He's said so in his word.
 Would I could once more ca - ress them, Be - fore I sink be - neath the sea.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN 8, 7

vss. 10-15

10. 'Twas for them I crossed the o - cean, What my hopes were I'd not tell.
11. Lis - ten, broth - er, close - ly lis - ten, Don't for - get a sin - gle word,

12. Tell them I nev - er reached the hav'n, Where I sought the pre - cious dust,
13. Tell my sis - ters I re - mem - ber Ev - 'ry kind and part - ing word.

14. Urge them to se - cure an en - trance For they'll find a broth - er there.
15. Hark! I hear my Sav - ior speak - ing 'Tis I know his voice so well,

But they gained an or - phan's por - tion Yet he doth all things well.
That if death my eyes did glis - ten With the tears her mem - o - ry

But have gained a port called Heav - en Where the gold will nev - er rust.
And my heart has been kept ten - der, By the thoughts its mem - 'ry stirred.

Faith in Je - sus and re - pent - ance Will se - cure for them a share.
When I am gone, O don't be weep - ing Broth - er, hear my last fare - well.