

The Dying Girl's Message

THE DYING GIRL'S MESSAGE

Lois Judd Arvin, 1940

Raise the window Mother Darling
For no air can harm me now
Let the breeze blow in upon
me
It will cool my fever brow
For Death will soon relieve my sorrow
And will still this aching
heart
But I have a dying message
I must speak before we part.

There is one you know dear Mother
Though I can not call his name
How with loving words
he won me
How my tender love he gained
How he won my own affection
Now he's casting
me aside
How he's wooed and won another
For a girl to be his bride.

Take this ring from on my finger
Where he's placed it long ago
Tell him in death I bestowed
Tell him it is a token, Mother
Of the sorrows caused me pain -
Tell him I am dying easy
And I hope we'll meet again
Hark I hear a band of music
'Tis my saviour's voice I hear
And the angels they are waiting
On the other side.
Mother meet your child in heaven
One more
kiss and then goodbye.