The Colliers Dying Child - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Colliers Dying Child.

The cottage was a thatched one, its outside old and mean ;
Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat And clean :
The night was dark and stormy-the wind was blowing wild ;-
A patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child-
A little worn-out creature- his once bright eyes grown dim :
It was a Collier's only child-they called him " Little Jim."
And oh ! to see the briny tears fast flowing down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer in thought!-she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far dearer than her life ;
For she had all a mother's heart, that wretched Collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed.
And prays that Cod will spare her boy, and take herself instead :
she gets her answer from the child-soft falls these words from him-
' Mother'. the angels do so smile, and beckon Little Jim!
1 have no pain, dear mother, now ; but, oh ! I am so dry :
Just moisten poor Jim's lips once more; and, mother, do not cry!"
With gentle, trembling haste, she held a tea-cup to his lips-
He smiled to thank her-then he took three little tiny sips.
"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said 'good-night!' to him ;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor Little Jim!
she saw that lie was dying! The child she loved so dear.
Had utter'd the last words she'd ever wish to hear.
The cottage door is opened-the Collier's step is heard ;
The father and the mother meet, but neither speak a word.
He felt that all was over-he knew the child was dead !
He took the candle in his hand, and stood beside the bed :
His quivering lip gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal;
And see. the mother joins him !-the stricken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down by sorrow, they humbly ask, of Him
In heaven, once more that they may meet their own poor " Little Jim ! "