



The dying boy

This piece appears in "The Tonart" (1868), written by Edward Roberts and John Paul Morgan. The publication did not specify an individual composer.

Edward Roberts (1829-1913)

&

John P. Morgan (1841-1879)

S Take me in your arms, my moth - er, Lean my head up - on your breast,

A Take me in your arms, my moth - er, Lean my head up - on your breast,

T Take me in your arms, my moth - er, Lean my head up - on your breast,

B Take me in your arms, my moth - er, Lean my head up - on your breast,

5
S In this world there is no oth - er I can fly un - to for rest.

A In this world there is no oth - er I can fly un - to for rest.

T In this world there is no oth - er I can fly un - to for rest.

B In this world there is no oth - er I can fly un - to for rest.

The dying boy

9

S Sing some sooth - ing song, dear moth - er, Lay your hand up - on my brow;

A Sing some sooth - ing song, dear moth - er, Lay your hand up - on my brow;

T Sing some sooth - ing song, dear moth - er, Lay your hand up - on my brow;

B Sing some sooth - ing song, dear moth - er, Lay your hand up - on my brow;

13

S Soon we'll part from one an - oth - er— Hark! I hear the an - gels now.

A Soon we'll part from one an - oth - er— Hark! I hear the an - gels now.

T Soon we'll part from one an - oth - er— Hark! I hear the an - gels now.

B Soon we'll part from one an - oth - er— Hark! I hear the an - gels now.

17

S They are draw - ing near - er, moth - er, Sing - ing their sweet heav'n - ly song,

A They are draw - ing near - er, moth - er, Sing - ing their sweet heav'n - ly song,

T They are draw - ing near - er, moth - er, Sing - ing their sweet heav'n - ly song,

B They are draw - ing near - er, moth - er, Sing - ing their sweet heav'n - ly song,

The dying boy

21

S Cease your weep - ing— you'll soon join me; On - ly wait— it won't be long.

A Cease your weep - ing— you'll soon join me; On - ly wait— it won't be long.

T Cease your weep - ing— you'll soon join me; On - ly wait— it won't be long.

B Cease your weep - ing— you'll soon join me; On - ly wait— it won't be long.

25

S See them beck - 'ning, yon - der, moth - er, Clad in robes of spot - less white,

A See them beck - 'ning, yon - der, moth - er, Clad in robes of spot - less white,

T See them beck - 'ning, yon - der, moth - er, Clad in robes of spot - less white,

B See them beck - 'ning, yon - der, moth - er, Clad in robes of spot - less white,

29

S They are call - ing to your darl - ing: Kiss, me, moth - er— now good - night.

A They are call - ing to your darl - ing: Kiss, me, moth - er— now good - night.

T They are call - ing to your darl - ing: Kiss, me, moth - er— now good - night.

B They are call - ing to your darl - ing: Kiss, me, moth - er— now good - night.

Edward Roberts (1829–1913) was born in Wales. He relocated to the United States and lived in Aquackanonk, New Jersey. He became Director of Music at The Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church in New York City and had some association with the New York Conservatory of Music. He retired to San Diego, California. He died in San Diego. He composed church music, hymns, and songs for singing schools.

John Paul Morgan (1841–1879) was born in Oberlin, Ohio, becoming the organist at the Congregational Church in Mt. Vernon at age seventeen. He went to New York to study and was acting organist and music director at South Street Methodist Episcopal in East Brooklyn. He moved to Cleveland as organist at Second Presbyterian Church and was an active teacher. He went to Germany to study at the Leipzig Conservatory, returned to Ohio, and founded the Oberlin Conservatory. He went back to New York becoming organist at the Church of the Messiah in Brooklyn, then at Trinity Church. He continued teaching and led several musical societies including the Morgan Glee Club. He moved to California where he was conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of San Francisco and organist at First Presbyterian in Oakland. He died in Oakland. His compositions include a number of genres, mostly known for church music.

Take me in your arms, my mother,
Lean my head upon your breast,
In this world there is no other
I can fly unto for rest.

Sing some soothing song, dear mother,
Lay your hand upon my brow;
Soon we'll part from one another—
Hark! I hear the angels now.

They are drawing nearer, mother,
Singing their sweet heavenly song,
Cease your weeping—you'll soon join me;
Only wait—it won't be long.

See them beckoning, yonder, mother,
Clad in robes of spotless white,
They are calling to your darling:
Kiss, me, mother—now good-night.

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