

*Gay*



What will the birds do, mother in the spring, when they gather for crumbs



round my door? will they fly from the door, and peck at my window, wondering



why, Joe wanders, out no more.

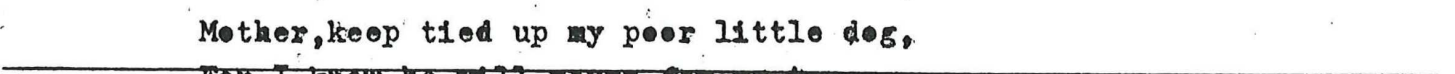


What will the kitten do, mother all alone,

Will he stop, from his frolic for a day,

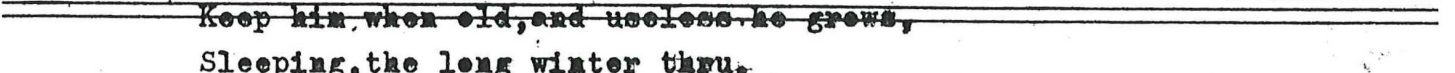
Will he lie by his rug by the side of my bed,

As he did, before I went away..



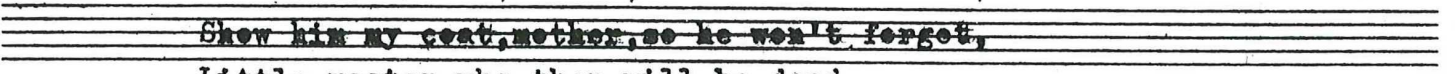
Mother, keep tied up my poor little dog,

For I know he will mourn for me too,



Keep him when old, and useless he grows,

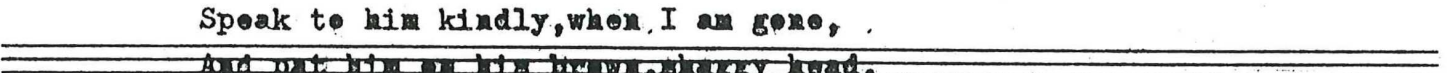
Sleeping, the long winter thru.



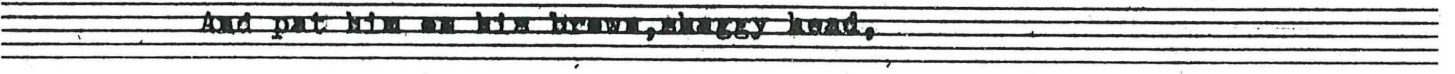
Show him my coat, mother, so he won't forget,



Little master who then will be dead,



Speak to him kindly, when I am gone,



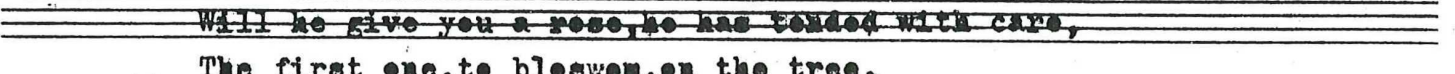
And pat him on his brow, shaggy head,



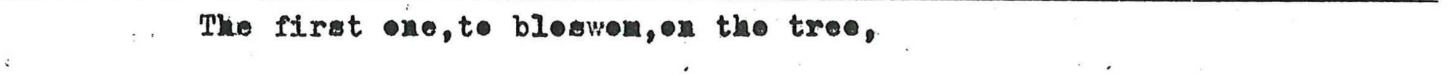
What will old Thomas, the gardener say,



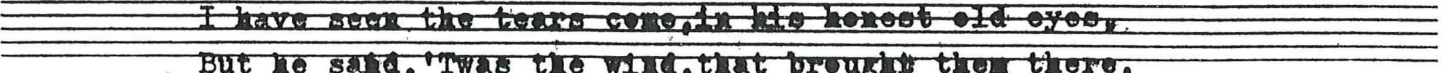
When you ask him, for flowers for me,



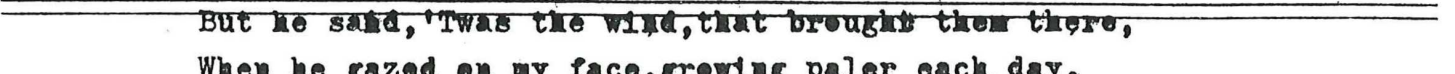
Will he give you a rose, he has tended with care,



The first one, to blossom, on the tree,



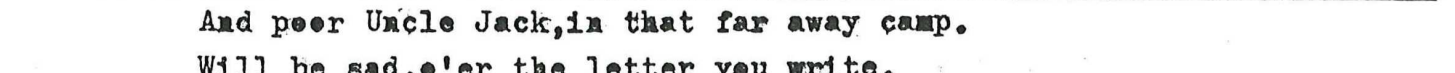
I have seen the tears come, in his honest old eyes,



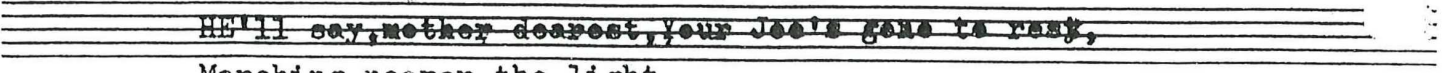
But he said, 'Twas the wind, that brought them there,



When he gazed on my face, growing paler each day,



And poor Uncle Jack, in that far away camp.



Will be sad, o'er the letter you write,



He'll say, mother dearest, your Joe's gone to rest,

Marching nearer, the light,

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