

Nellie Brundage

Words by Jennie Fish

Music by Philip Paul Bliss [1838-1876]

1. The day had faded into night,
The moon was in the sky;
And here and there across the heavns
While clouds went flitting by.
She turned her weary head to us,
And gazed with restless eye;
And from her little heaving breast,
There flutterd up a sigh.

CHORUS [sung twice after each VERSE]

O, Nellie, dear Nellie!
Not lost, but gone before;
We shall fold thee again in a long embrace,
When we meet on the Golden Shore.

2. The mother, by her dying child,
Repeated softly there,
Suppressing all the mothers woe,
One blessed Saviors prayer;
And when her infant lips gave back,
The words so sweetly clear,
I knew the waiting angel band
Was listening to hear.

3. But soon we saw that longing look,
And felt the grave had won;
We knew then what it was to say,
O God, Thy will be done!
And just as gentle, just as pure
As her young life had been,
She passd away, and never knew
The blighting curse of sin.