



Death of H H Walter

Oh! Mother! dear Mother I long to see  
Thy pale sad face, oh memory,  
Canst thou not paint for me,  
That which I so long to see?  
When but in mine early years I thought  
To slight my happiness nothing could be brought  
Oh Mother am I in your thoughts to day  
As I lay on the battle-field far away?  
Dear Mother I would that thou wert near,  
Thy Harissons dying words to hear.  
Mother and Ester dear thou art,  
Bound by strong ties to my heart,  
I have loved you well as one can love  
Except the eternal love from above,  
For a few short moments I shall be gone  
My friends are not here or not one.