

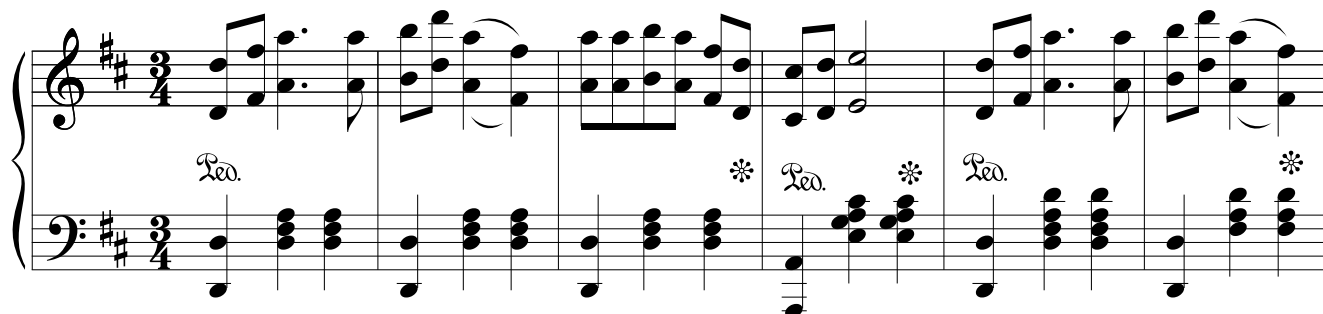
Will the Angels Take Me Up?

Words by
Rev. Edmund H. Sears

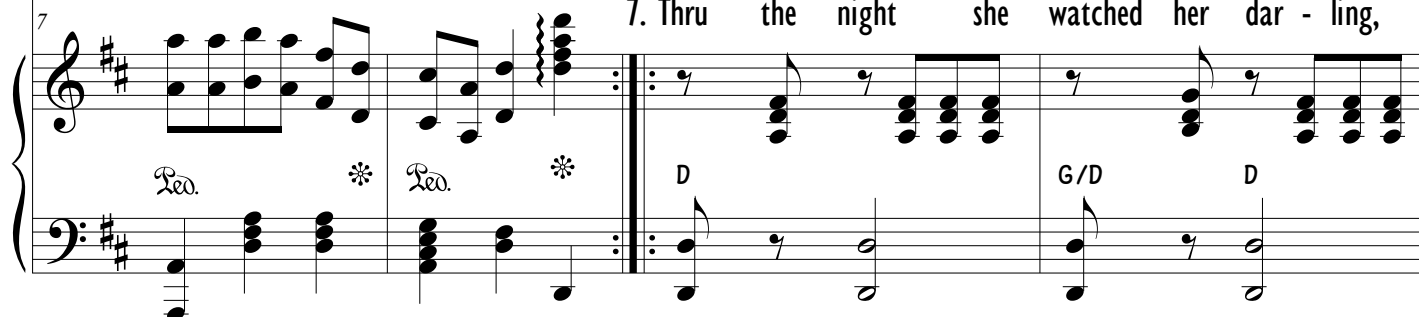
Little Willie's Last Question

Music by
Joseph P. Webster

Cantabile con abbandono



1. Some have thought that in the dawn - ing
2. How it is I can - not an - swer,
3. "Now I'll go to bed, dear moth - er,
4. Down he sank with ro - guish slum - ber,
5. There he lies, how sweet and plac - id!
6. Night with - in its fold - ing man - tle
7. Thru the night she watched her dar - ling,



11

Of our be - ing's fresh - est glow, God is near - er lit - tle chil - dren
 But I knew a lit - tle child, Who, a - mong the thyme and clo - ver,
 For I'm ver - y tired of play!" And he said his "Now I lay_ me"
 In his lit - tle trun - dle bed, And the kind - ly god of slum - ber
 And his breath - ing comes and goes, Like a zeph - yr mov - ing soft - ly,
 Hath the sleep - ers both be - guiled, And with - in its soft em - brac - ings
 Now de - spair - ing, now in hope; And a - bout the break of morn - ing

D D/A A7 D G/D D

15

Than their par - ents ev - er know; And that if you
 And the bees_ was run - ning wild; And he came one
 In a kind_ and care - less way; And he drank the
 Show'ed the pop - pies o'er his head; "What could mean his
 And his cheek_ is like a rose; But she leaned her
 Rest the moth - er and the child; But she's star - tled
 Did the an - gels take him up. Nev - er - more his

D A7 D A A7

18

lis - ten sharp - ly, Bet - ter things than you can teach, And a sort of
 sum - mer eve - ning, With his ring - lets o'er his eyes, And his hat was
 cool - ing wa - ter From his lit - tle sil - ver cup, And said gai - ly,
 speak - ing stran - gely?" Asked his mus - ing moth - er then: "Oh! 'twas noth - ing
 ear to lis - ten If his breath - ing could be heard. "Oh!" she mur - mured,
 from her drea - ning, By a sound that strikes her ear: 'Tis a sigh from
 "Now I lay me" Will be said from moth - er's knee, Nev - er - more a -

22

mys - tic wis - dom Trick - les through their care - less speech.
 torn in piec - es, Chas - ing bees and but - ter - flies.
 "When 'tis morn - ing, Will the an - gels take me up?"
 but his prat - tle: What can he of an - gels ken?"
 "if the an - gels Took my dar - ling at his word!"
 lit - tle Wil - lie, Ly - ing on his trun - dle near.
 mong the clo - ver, Will he chase the bum - ble - bee.

quiet & connected

26