

To
Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.
Washington, D. C.

Little Willie's Grave

BALLAD

POETRY BY

WM. ROSS WALLACE.

Music by

J. R. Thomas.

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LITTLE WILLIE'S GRAVE⁺

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Poetry by
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Music by
J. R. THOMAS.

Andante Affettuoso.

I. All	things	beau -	teous	for	his	slum -	ber!	Lil -	ies,
II. He	was	ev -	er	beau -	teous,	gen -	tle,	In	his
III. Shall	earth	try	to	soothe	that	sur -	row?	For	the

lift your cups of love, Brimm'd with morn - ing's dew - y
ways and in his eyes, Fill'd with a pro - phet - ic
reft ones words are vain; Smiles a - while may wreath the

Poco Ritard.

ne - tar, For the ten - der guardian - dove! Ro - ses, here like ben - e -
splen - dor Steam - ing in them from the skies; But we did not note the
spi - rit, But the tear will flow a - gain; Com - fort on - ly comes from

Colla Voce. *Dim.* *p*

p

die - tions In the breath of sum - mer wave; Sym - bol -
warn - ing - Saw not what the an - gels gave; Therefore
Hea - ven; Still we hear the words He gave - "Come un -

p

rain - bows, lin - ger gen - tly O - ver lit - tle Wil - lie's grave!
 there is quenchless sor - row O - ver lit - tle Wil - lie's grave!
 to me lit - tle chil - dren O - ver lit - tle Wil - lie's grave!

Rall.

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Tender mother, glorious father,
 Keeping still our Nation true
 On the Constitution's mountain,
 Here the Nation weeps with you.
 We have also lost our kindred,
 Yet the immortal amaranth wave,
 Blest by His sweet consolation,
 Over little Willie's grave!

* This verse may be omitted at the pleasure of the singer.