

1 In a little **5** rosewood **1** casket
That is resting **5** on the **1** stand
There's a package **4** of old **1** letters
Written **5** by a cherished **1** hand.

Will you go and bring them sister
And read them all tonight
I have often tried but could not
For the tears would blind my sight

Bring the letters he has written
He whose voice I've often heard
Read them over love distinctly
For I've cherished every word

I am ready now my sister
You may read the letters o'er
I will listen to the words of
Him who I shall see no more

And e'er you shall have finished
Should I calmly fall asleep
Fall asleep in death and wake not
Dearest sister do not weep