

Let his gentle spirit go
From this scene of care, of woe,
To the source where blessings flow,
Let his spirit go.

Grieve not further for thy pet,
Of thy line the youngest, yet
First in heaven his time was set,
Let his spirit go.

Grieve not mother for thy child,
Doveling who all hearts beguiled,
He is with his Saviour mild;
Let his spirit go.

Let his spirit go to bliss,
And when his sweet smile you miss
Know, that God never does us miss,
Let his spirit go.

Ashland Mass, 17 1862