


THE DYING CALIFORNIAN. 8s & 7s.


"For he that is dead is freed from sin." -- Rom. 6:7.

A Major Kate Harris, 1850.

Ball & Drinkard, 1859.



1. Lay up near - er, broth-er, near-er, For my limbs are grow-ing cold; And thy pres-ence seem-eth near-er, When thine arms a-round me fold.
2. I am dy - ing, broth-er, dy-ing, Soon you'll miss me in your berth, For my form will soon be ly - ing 'Neath the o-cean's brin-y surf.



3. I am go - ing, broth-er, go - ing, But my hope in God is strong; I am will - ing, broth-er, know-ing That He do - eth noth-ing wrong.
4. Hark! I hear the Sav-ior speak-ing, 'Tis, I know His voice so well; When I'm gone, O don't be weep-ing, Broth-er, hear my last fare-well.

