



YOU CANNOT HEAR MY VOICE DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

COMPOSED BY GEORGE S. BROWN.









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The old oak by the spring daughter,
Will cast its shade as bland,
As when the violets round its roots
Were gather'd by your hand.
The brook will sing the same sweet song.
So plaintive-toned and low,
That lull'd your dreaming ear, darling,
In bright days, long ago.

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From this fair land of flow'rs, daughter,
And zephyrs pure and mild,
I'll take you to your "dear old home"
My child, my gentle child.
And midst the pleasant voices there,
Of bird, and breeze, and wave,
Beside the "mossy bank," darling,
We'll lay you in the grave.





