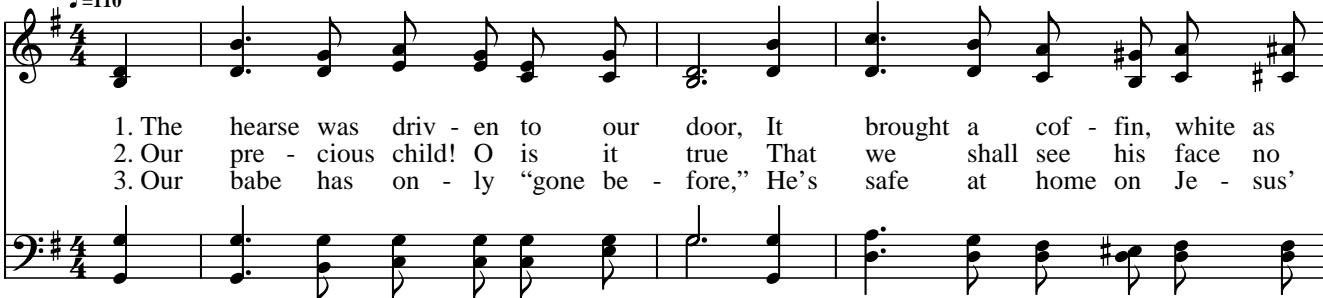


# The White Coffin

Anderson Edith Baten, ca. 1880

Horace Neely Lincoln

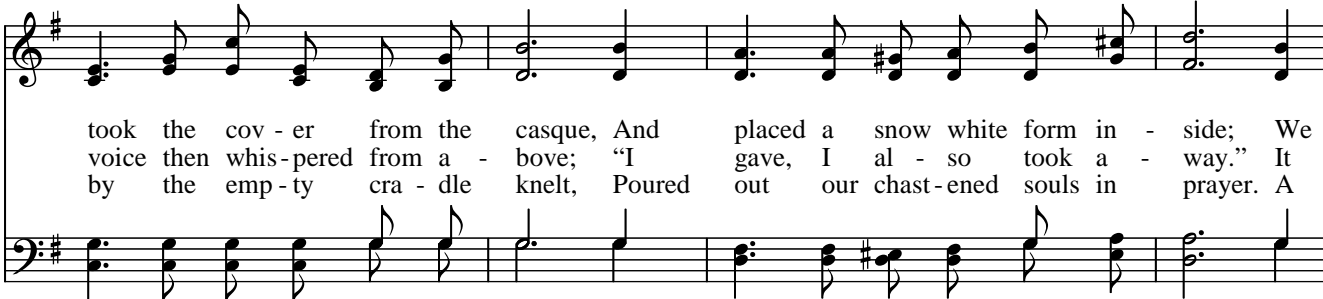
$\text{♩} = 110$



1. The hearse was driv - en to our door, It brought a cof - fin, white as  
2. Our pre - cious child! O is it true That we shall see his face no  
3. Our babe has on - ly "gone be - fore," He's safe at home on Je - sus'



snow; Such cof - fins we had seen be - fore, But nev - er one, con - cerned us so. They  
more? His life was like the morn - ing dew— 'Tis gone; our hearts are bleed - ing sore! A  
breast, Re - leased from sor - row ev - er - more, And soon with him we'll sweet - ly rest; We



took the cov - er from the casque, And placed a snow white form in - side; We  
voice then whis - pered from a - bove; "I gave, I al - so took a - way." It  
by the emp - ty cra - dle knelt, Poured out our chast - ened souls in prayer. A



looked once more— it was the last— On him who once had been our pride.  
was our Fa - ther's voice of love! Our con - so - la - tion, hope and stay.  
strong - er tie to Heav'n we felt, Be - cause we knew our babe was there.