

PASS UNDER THE ROE.



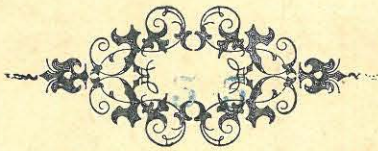
SACRED SONG.

WORDS BY

MRS. DANA.

MUSIC BY

MRS. SUE INGERSOLL SCOTT.



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CHICAGO.

Pass Under the Rod,

Words by Mrs. DANA.

Music by Mrs. SUE INGERSOLL SCOTT.

*Me terato
con
Espressione*

1. I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride, Be - decked in her snowy ar - ray; And the
2. I saw the young moth - er in tenderness bend O'er the couch of her slumbering boy; And she

bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek, And the future looked blooming and gay; And with
kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name, While the dreamer lay smiling in joy. O!

woman's de - votion she laid her fond heart At the shrine of i - dol - a - tious love, And she
sweet as the rosebud en - circled with dew, When its fragrance is flung on the air, So

anchored her hopes to this perishing earth, By the chain which her tenderness wove. But I
fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed, As he lay in his in - nocence there. But I

saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn, And the chain had been severed in two, She had
saw, when she gazed on the same love - ly form, Pale as mar - ble, and silent and cold; But

changed her white robes for the sables of grief, And her bloom for the pale - ness of woe! But the
pa - ler and cold - er her beauti - ful boy, And the tale of her sor - row was told! But the

Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart, And wiping the tears from her eyes; He
Healer was there who had strick-en her heart, And taken her treas - ure a - way; To al-

strengthened the chain he had broken in twain, And fastened it firm to the skies! There had
lure her to heaven he has placed it on high, And the mourner will sweetly o - bey. There had

whispered a voice—'t was the voice of her God— "I love thee, I love thee— pass under the rod!"
whispered a voice—'t was the voice of her God— "I love thee, I love thee— pass under the rod!"

Dal Seg.

Verse 3.

I saw a father and mother who leaned
 On the arms of a dear gifted son,
 And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze
 As they saw the proud place he had won:
 And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
 And its pathway grew smooth to their feet;
 And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end,
 And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
 And I saw them again bending low o'er the grave
 Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
 And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
 And the joy from their bosom had fled.
 But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
 And he led them with tenderest care;
 And he showed them a star in the bright upper world—
 'T was their star shining brilliantly there!
 They had each heard a voice—'t was the voice of their God—
 "I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!"

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