

## 393 Emma Jane

HRN - Words a poem shared by Craig Barrick, written by David Walton's (his 5th great-grandfather's) daughter-in-law, about her child who died. Brother Barrick, who lost a granddaughter named Katlin when she was 4 years old, shared this poem at the Family History Consultant's Fireside. The next day, on 29 August 2016, I wrote this on my i-Pad

2nd Fret

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| <p>1.           A<sup>m</sup>       G       A<sup>m</sup>   G<br/>This lonely heart now bids me speak<br/>C   G   C    G<br/>Of my poor Emma Jane<br/>A<sup>m</sup>       G       A<sup>m</sup>   G<br/>She died in tender infancy<br/>C   G   C    G<br/>Though from exceeding pain</p>   | <p>            G        F<br/> C4.   Of a <u>brother's</u> pain<br/>A<sup>m</sup>       G       A<sup>m</sup>        G<br/>5.    To her father she reached her little hands<br/>C   G    C    G<br/>With countenance so mild<br/>A<sup>m</sup>       G       A<sup>m</sup>        G<br/>Who but the parents knows the worth<br/>C G C        G<br/>Of one departed child</p>                      |
| <p>            G        F<br/> C1.   A reflection across the ages<br/>            G        F<br/>     Of a <u>grandfather's</u> pain<br/>            G        F<br/>     Innocence rages<br/>            G                    F        C<br/>     Like thunderstorms and rain (last: rain)</p>   | <p>            G        F<br/> C5.   Of a <u>father's</u> pain<br/>A<sup>m</sup>        G       A<sup>m</sup>        G<br/>6.    I cannot forget them dear dark eyes<br/>C   G    C    G<br/>That mine so oft has met<br/>A<sup>m</sup>        G       A<sup>m</sup>        G<br/>Them tender arms around my neck<br/>C G        C G<br/>O' how can I forget</p>                                  |
| <p>2.           A<sup>m</sup>            G   A<sup>m</sup>    G<br/>Five weeks the little sufferer lay<br/>C G C        G<br/>In the severest agony<br/>A<sup>m</sup>        G        A<sup>m</sup>        G<br/>When God released her from her pain<br/>C   G   C    G<br/>And set her spirit free</p>  | <p>            G        F<br/> C6.   Of a <u>mother's</u> pain<br/>A<sup>m</sup>        G       A<sup>m</sup>        G<br/>7.    The day before my Emma died<br/>C   G   C    G<br/>I kissed her o'er and o'er<br/>A<sup>m</sup>        G       A<sup>m</sup>        G<br/>I saw that death was drawing nigh<br/>C            G C        G<br/>Which made me love her more</p>                    |
| <p>            G                    F<br/> C2.   Of a <u>grandmother's</u> pain<br/>A<sup>m</sup>            G   A<sup>m</sup>        G<br/>3.    Her age was 15 months and past<br/>C    G    C    G<br/>An early grave she sought<br/>A<sup>m</sup>        G        A<sup>m</sup>        G<br/>She just began to lisp the words<br/>C G        C    G<br/>Her tender parents taught</p>    | <p>            G        F<br/> C7.   Of a <u>sister's</u> pain<br/>A<sup>m</sup>        G        A<sup>m</sup>        G<br/>8.    In the cold grave her body was laid<br/>C    G    C    G<br/>Her spirit gone to heaven<br/>A<sup>m</sup>        G        A<sup>m</sup>        G<br/>Trust we all will meet her there<br/>C            G        C    G<br/>When the clouds of life are risen</p> |
| <p>            G        F<br/> C3.   Of <u>parent's</u> pain<br/>A<sup>m</sup>        G        A<sup>m</sup>        G<br/>4.    She was the darling of my heart<br/>C    G    C    G<br/>She was her father's joy<br/>A<sup>m</sup>    G   A<sup>m</sup>                    G<br/>Her brother loved her tenderly<br/>C    G        C            G<br/>Though a young and thoughtless boy</p> | <p>            G                    F<br/> C8.   Of a <u>grandfather's</u> pain</p>   |