Records. Deaths of James and Betsy Starr

~~Died~~ Died April the 5th 1889 Miss Julia C Starr aged 19 years

[redacted] Miss Julia C Starr

[redacted]

She thinks of her boy, not left friends and home

Jane:

Jane Starr
Mystic River
Conn

Jane Starr

Jane

Jennie Starr

S Starr

Starr

Mystic

No Light for me

Lord

Lois Bourdy

Jennie Starr
Mystic
Bridge
Jennie

Composed by Jennie.

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## Wait for me, Mother.

Wait for me, mother - I see you yet
Ahead, beyond me, far away,
Through lifted long archway toiling on,
Where ruined columns round you lay.
Lifted archway! ah, its springing curves
Were made of twining vine flowers
When round me fell the dew of youth
And you were with me, mother, then.
" " " " " " "
My hand in yours a little while,
Still ignorant, and mad, and blind,
I stopped where grew the passion flowers,
And bid you leave your boy behind.
Life's path seemed bright enough for me
I would not walk towards Eden's gates,
And so with sighing you went on,
Still stopping oft as if to await.
" " " " " " "
I have crushed roses to their heart;
But ever found the worm within
Deep in the chalice of each flower
Found poison-traits of human sin:
But now the garlands turn to stone
And totter to my fearful sight
And I, a sinful, weary man,
Dread darkness coming with the night
" " " " " "
So lifting up my stained hands,
To shade my eyes, afar I see
Afar I see my patient saint still looking back,
Forever looking back for me.
And see! from our heavenly hills
Awhile glory on her hair
Ah I must hasten ere the gate
Shall open for her entrance there
Wait for me, mother! pray and wait;
Wait till I reach your sleeping bed,
And hear again the sweet old hymns
Sweet that happy from God land.

## I think of you.

I think of you I can't forget:
As once I said, I see you yet,
At your own home, among old friends as little children
Who are waiting the hour to welcome you.
I miss thee and I miss the smile
That gathered round thy lips the while
I had the pleasure of hearing thy voice
Which now to hear, would make friends rejoice
" " " " " " " "
Others miss thee - thy Sisters dear
Often say, if only we can hear,
And a sad look takes the place of the smile of children
On the lips of thy mother as she thinks of her
" " " " " " " " " " " " "

Where amaranths and fadeless grass
On the other side of Eden's gate.
But don't go through yet, mother dear,
On the Earth side pray and wait.

I know full well if you were there
How sweet your choral songs would be
But while I stumble here below,
Dear mother stay with me.
Wait till I wash these travel stains
Off in the Fountain - only wait;
And then, dear angel-mother, then
We'll go together through the gate

Written by Jennie

Starr