

# A BROTHER'S LOVE.

## A Ballad for Good Friday

On which day the Lord of Glory on the Cross for us laid down His life.

COME, Hugh, it is a holiday :  
The day is fair and cool ;  
Come fishing with us presently,  
We'll go to Dingley Pool.

"Some six or seven of us have joined,  
And we shall have such fun ;  
Make haste, and fetch your cap, my boy,  
You'll catch us if you run."

But Hugh, a little lad of twelve,  
Replied in accents slow,  
To Frank and John, "No, thank you, boys,  
To-day I cannot go."

"Why not? It is a holiday—  
I wouldn't stay at home."  
"I shall not stay at home," said Hugh,  
"But still I cannot come."

"I cannot come, indeed, to-day,  
I've something else to do ;  
You would not laugh so, Frank and John,  
Or mock me, if you knew."

He turned away with flushing cheek  
And quickly moistened eye ;  
I followed him and gently asked :  
"Hugh, will you tell me why?"

His earnest eyes one moment sought  
My face, and he replied :  
"I could not go a-pleasuring  
The day my brother died."

"'Twas some eight years ago he died—  
He gave his life for me,  
For I fell off the pier one day,  
When we were by the sea."

"And he, sir—he was just eighteen—  
He sprang into the wave,  
He knew that it was dangerous,  
But still he tried to save."

"He caught me safely, but his head  
Had struck against a rock,  
He lingered on awhile in pain,  
Then sank beneath the shock."

"And I was such a little lad  
Then, I could hardly know  
What he had done for love of me—  
He always loved me so."

"The day he died, he kissed my face,  
As I sat on his bed,  
And said to mother, 'Don't let Hugh  
Forget me when I'm dead."

"My little Hugh! Oh! make him love  
Me always. Tell him, dear,  
How I loved him'—and then he stopped.  
For death was very near."

"Yet once again he spoke, and said,  
'This one thing, too, I crave,  
That every year, upon this day,  
You bring him to my grave,"

"That he may think of me awhile.'  
So every year, Sir, we  
With fresh spring flowers journey to  
The churchyard by the sea."

"We lay the flowers upon the grave,  
To make it bright and gay,  
And think of him, and of his love,  
Who died for me to-day."

"I love to think of him, and kneel  
Awhile by his graveside—  
How could I go a-pleasuring  
The day my brother died?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah! how, indeed? Yet year by year,  
As comes the one great day  
On which our Heavenly Brother died,  
To save our souls away,

When He would have us think of Him,  
And kneel at His dear side—  
What thousands go a-pleasuring,  
The day *That* Brother died!

"A Brother is born for adversity."—*Prov. xvii. 17.*

"And there is a Friend that sticketh closer than  
a brother."—*xviii. 24.*

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