

(Deposited August 17, 1852)
(Recorded Vol. 27, Page 367.)

"I AM GOING THERE."

OR THE

Death of little Eva.

No. 63



*"O, if she would only wake and speak once more!" he said; and stooping over her, he spoke in her ear, "Eva darling!"
The large blue eyes unclosed, a smile passed over her face. She tried to raise her head and to speak. "Do you know me Eva?"
"Dear papa," said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again.*

Uncle Tom's Cabin Vol. 2 p. 112

Written and inscribed to the readers of

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

BY

JOHN S. ADAMS.

Adapted to a favorite Melody.

BOSTON.

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I AM GOING THERE.

"Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I am going there."

"Where, Miss Eva!"

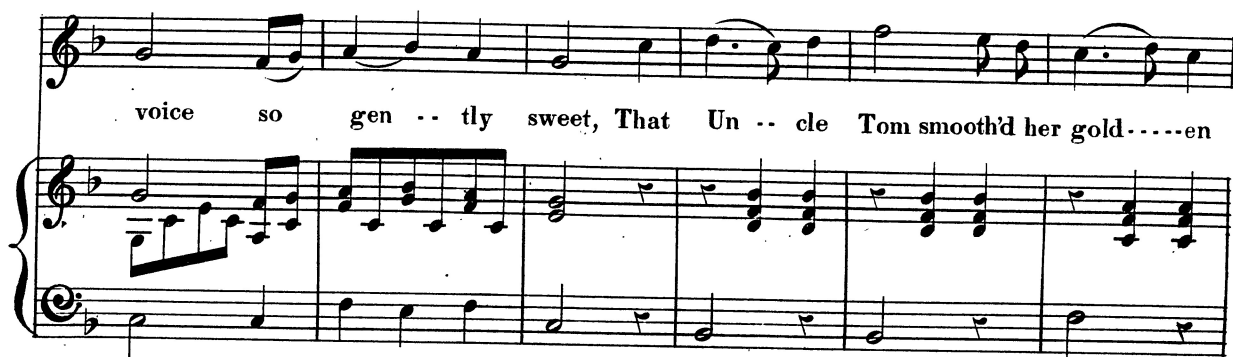
The child rose and pointed her little hand to the sky;
the glow of evening lit her golden hair and flush'd cheek
with a kind of unearthly radiance, and her eyes were bent
earnestly on the skies.



ANDANTE.



"I am go .. ing there, I am go .. ing there," She said in a



voice so gen .. tly sweet, That Un .. cle Tom smooth'd her gold.....en

hair, And mused like a child at E - - va's feet.

Then he thought that her hands had thin - ner

grown, Her skin more clear, her breath more short, That

he, poor Tom, would be left a - - lone With the les - sons fair E - - - va to

5

him had taught.

3

And weaker she grew as the months flew past,
 And calling her father she sweetly said:—
 "O father, my strength it is failing fast,
 Do let me speak ere it all hath fled!"

4

Then she spake to her friends—"forever love
 All that is holy, and good, and fair,"
 And to Uncle Tom—"we shall meet above—
 Above — with the holy angels there."

5

"Sweet Eva, my darling," the father said,
 "Do you know me dear Eva, say, oh say!"
 Then the child sprang up from its dying bed,
 But fell again, for its strength gave way.

6

In a breathless silence her friends came round;
 While her large clear eyes so fix'd and fair,
 Look'd up to heaven — and a whispering sound
 Said gently and sweetly — "I'm going there."

7

A glorious smile o'er her features played,
 Seldom seen in a changing world like this,
 Then the gentlest of earth — sweet Eva — strayed
 Forth to a world of endless bliss.

8

Good bye to thee Eva, the tomb hath not
 A treasure more dear in its close embrace.
 Good bye, but thou never shalt be forgot,
 Thy mem'ry in many a heart hath place.