

(1840-50?)

MY MOTHER.



BISHOP & CO.,

Printers, 101, Houndsditch, London.

MY MOTHER.



Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradled bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed ?

My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die ?

My Mother.

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MY MOTHER.



Who nursed and clasped me to her breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet hushaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

MY MOTHER.



Who dressed me out in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?

My Mother.



MY MOTHER.

And when my new shoes made me fall,
Who was the first to hear my call,
And coax me home with cup and ball,
My Mother.

Who made me love my books indeed,
And who, delighted heard me read,
Those tales she could recite with speed,
My Mother.



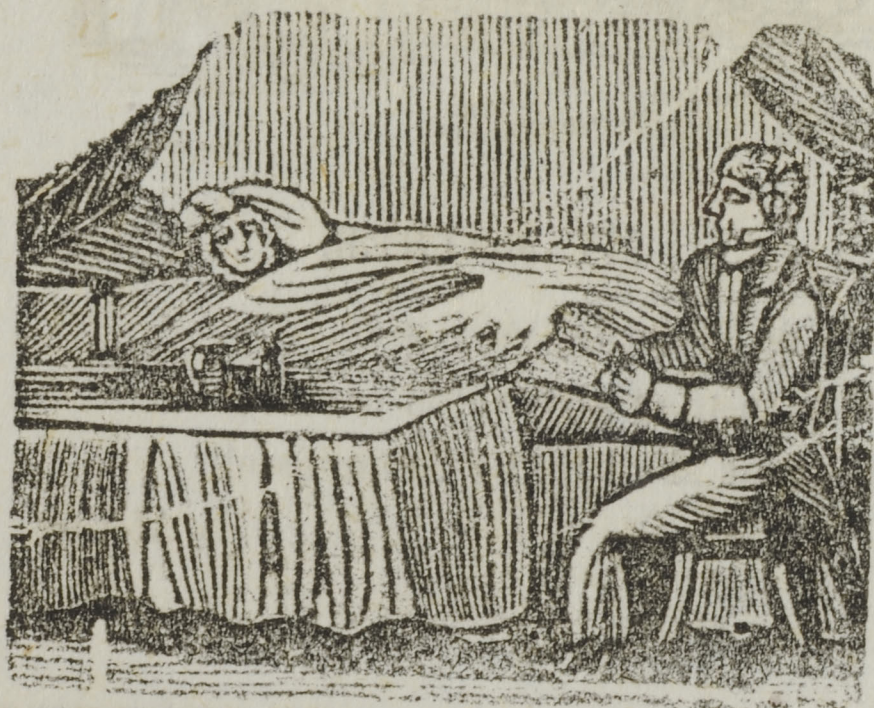
For well I knew the void of guile,
When others frown'd thy soothing smile
Would many a little woe beguile?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray
To love God's holy book by day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way,
My Mother.

MY MOTHER.



And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.



MY MOTHER.



And can I ever cease to be,
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me;

My Mother.

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,

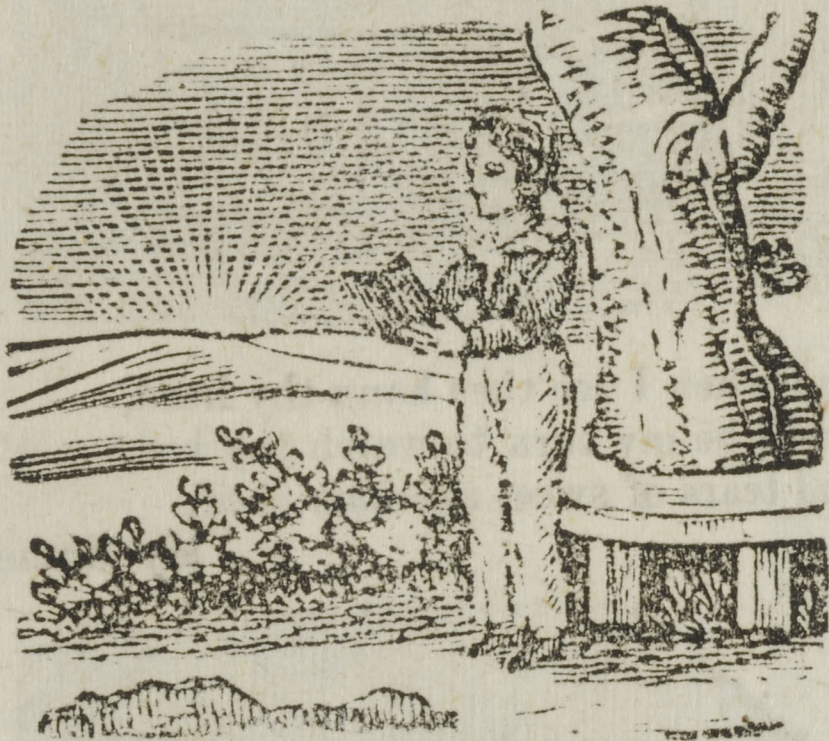
My Mother.

For thou wert always good and kind,
And I could speak to thee my mind,
Sweet solace from thy lips to find,

My Mother.

MY MOTHER.

For God who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise,
My Mother.



MY MOTHER.

For I do love thee very well,
Yes more than any words can tell,
Thy name shall in my bosom dwell,
My Mother.