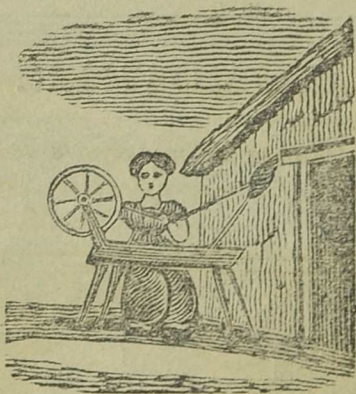


# MY MOTHER.





How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower.

In works of labour, or of skill,  
I would be busy too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

Who sat and watch'd my infant  
 head,  
 When sleeping on my cradle 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.

*Who fed me from her gentle breast,  
 An hush'd me in her arms to rest,  
 And on my cheek sweet kisses  
 press'd.*

*My Mother.*



*When sleep forsook my open eye,  
 Who was it sung sweet hushaby,  
 And rock'd 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.*



*Who dress'd me out in clothes so  
 gay,  
 And taught me pretty how to play,  
 And minded all I had to say,  
 My Mother.*





For well I knew thee 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 and day,  
 And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?  
 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 sooth 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.

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



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

