

1st SEPARATE EDITION

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MY MOTHER
A
POEM

Embellished with Designs.

BY A LADY.

*Engraved by P. W. Tomkins,
Engraver to Her Majesty.*

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Selection of Original Poems.*



Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
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 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 gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept, for fear that I should die?
My Mother.



Who gave me toys of colours gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
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 taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

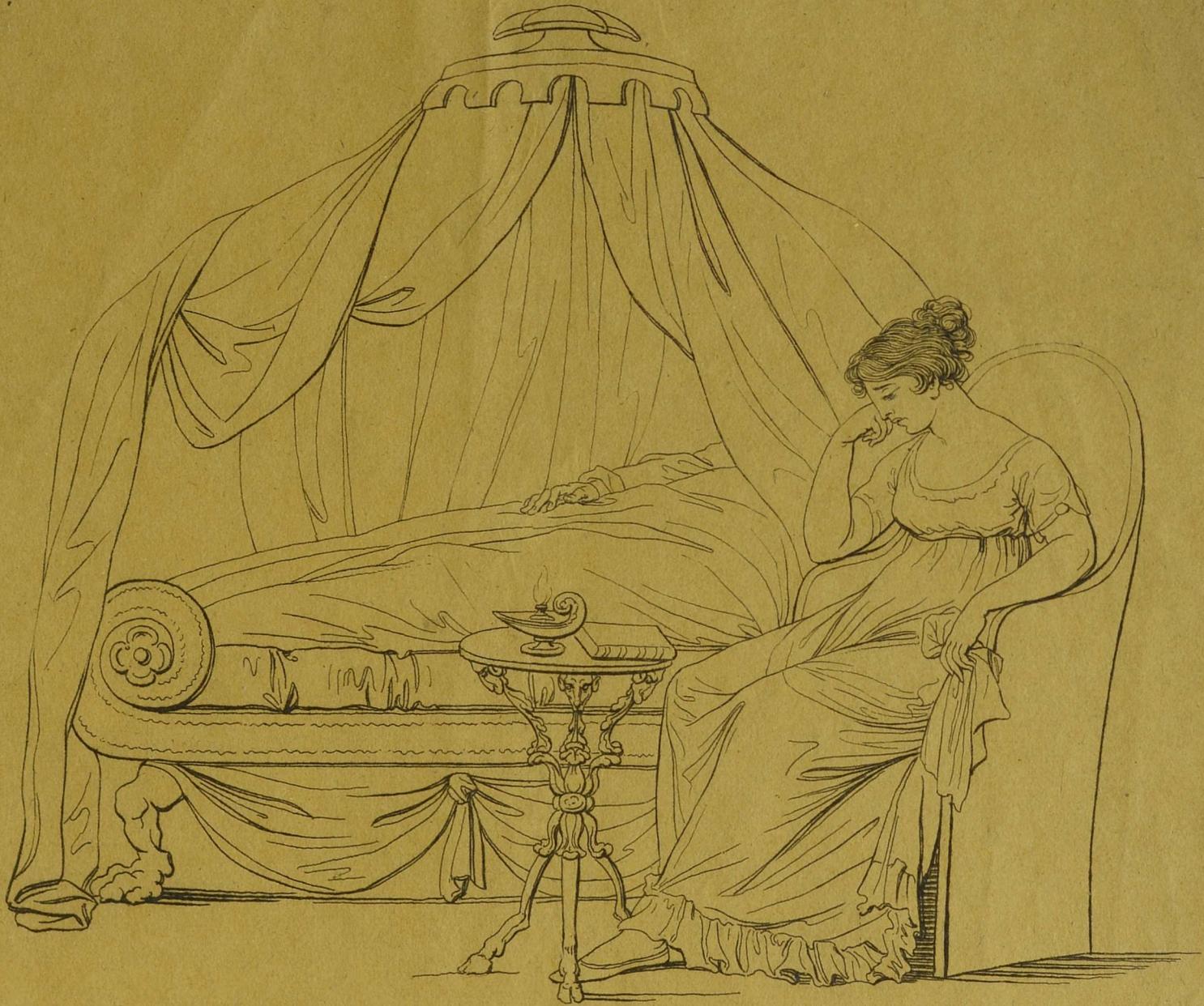


And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My Mother.

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.



And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy 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.

