

You taught me love for the finer things,
Mother of mine;
I drank of joy from the secret springs,
Mother, mother of mine.

I've wandered forth in the world afar,
Mother of mine.
Your truth was ever my polar star,
Mother, mother of mine.

God's loving-kindness each morn is new,
Mother of mine—
I thank Him most that He gave me you,
Mother, mother of mine.

Your children arise and call you blest,
Mother of mine,
Our dearest treasure, the sweetest, best—
Mother, mother of mine.

This wreath I weave for your crowning, dear,
Mother of mine,
God bless you, keep you for many a year,
Mother, mother of mine.