

MOTHER.

He sees her standing as he left  
 That day he went away ;  
 He sees the tear that dimmed her eye,  
 He seems to hear her say,  
 " My boy ! my boy ! my soldier lad !  
 My own across the sea !  
 I pray to God that He may send  
 Thee safely back to me."

He sees her kneeling by her bed,  
 With hands clasped and in prayer.  
 A prayer for him, far, far from home,  
 That God may keep and spare.  
 'Tis then he once again becomes  
 A child upon her breast,  
 His head close to her bosom lies,  
 With gentle arms he's pressed.

He hears her singing soft and low,  
 That old sweet lullaby,  
 It soothes him there amid the screech  
 Of shells that pass on high.  
 Could he but from his dream pass on  
 To childhood's happy hours,  
 And live again one happy day,  
 With mother 'mid the flowers !

Ah, mother ! wheresoe'er thou art,  
 Ne'er cease that earnest prayer,  
 God knows, he, nurtured at thy breast,  
 May need it over there—  
 May need thy prayer amid the roar  
 Of battle, and the pain  
 May lighter seem if he but hear  
 That dear sweet voice again.