

LITTLE SON

Ah, dear little son, life of my life and
bosom,

Whence such sweet smiles and ways?
Tender beyond the tenderest mood,
May the dawning future hold for thee
blessed days.

Ah, dear little son, life of my life and
bosom,

Could'st wonder at my love, child?
It is more than all the world,
And nothing so pure is defiled.

Baby mine, thou dear one,
Let me hold you closer,
Ever may that trust you have
Cling around me, dear.
May thy little body grow in manhood's
glory,
And thy mother's lullaby sound sweet
in thy ear.