

My little sorrows she would hear,
And kiss away the falling tear,
Then I would never more feel dull,
All was so bright and beautiful
In Mother's little room.

In gentle voice she often read,
What our Lord Jesus did and said,
And then I'd kneel low at her side,
While she asked God to guard and guide
My life in that dear room,

My boyhood's days are gone, are fled,
And mother slumbers with the dead ;
And other scenes now greet my eyes,
And round my heart cling tender ties ;
But, oh ! that little room.

'Tis held in fond remembrance dear,
For every gentle word and prayer,
Forget that room I never can,
For if aught's noble in the man,
'Twas wrought in childhood there.

No spot on earth can be so dear ;
With gentle tread I enter there,
For mother's hand was on my head,
When voices whispered, " She is dead,"
And bore me from the room.

'Tis guarded now with sacred care,
We seem to feel her presence there ;
Fresh flowers do every morning fill
The vases on her table still ;
And when our hearts with grief are riven,
Or if we want to think of Heaven,
We go to Mother's Room.