

God bless thee, Mother!—bless the love
Which shadows, far or near,
With all its holy influence,
The child to thee so dear,
Which follows his wild wandering steps
To every distant shore—
Which watches o'er him 'mid the din
Of ocean's wildest roar.

Which clings around him in the field
Where hostile foes are met—
Where many a Mother's guiding star
Has down in darkness set—
Yet shedding o'er his dying hour
A vision sweet and mild—
A weeping Mother praying by
The death-bed of her child.

God bless thee, Mother!—bless the love
No power on earth can change—
No force control its angel flight—
Its wide unbounded range—
No dark malignant pestilence
A Mother's love can stay—
No shadow o'er an honoured name
Can scare that love away.