

Many a weary foot and many an aching heart,  
 Found a balm of untold worth in woman's tears;  
 Woman's loving heart was ever ready to perform its part,  
 And heal the wounds that sprang from Satan's spears.

What is home without a woman's voice to cheer  
 The travellers as they sail o'er life's tempestuous sea?  
 With woman at the helm you can through the current steer  
 And avoid the breakers that lay upon your lee.

Woman quenches the fire that smoulders in the heart  
 Of those who seek to fan the spark into a lurid flame;  
 Woman ever strives to fulfil her sacred part,  
 And by deeds of love and virtue, retain that sacred name.

Woman's tears are like the rainbow with its hues,  
 They transform clouds that hang o'er many a home;  
 And are to aching hearts the refreshing dews  
 That scatter all the clouds as the ocean does its foam.

Take woman from our homes and life becomes a blank  
 Without a ray of light to cheer the drooping heart;  
 Our sun is hidden as it were within a heavy bank,  
 And not but woman's voice can bid that cloud depart.

When woman's tears are coursing down her cheeks  
 As dewdrops sparkling in some sequestered bower;  
 Oh! could you read that heart as it in anguish speaks  
 To him above; her rock, her strength, her tower.

Woman is a being whom God endowed with power,  
 To make the home a palace wherein pure love may dwell;  
 She holds "the key" that will unbar the prison door,  
 And guide the travellers on their journey through the dell.

Who can spurn a woman's tender admonition  
 Or cast a stigma on her who teaches the lips to pray;  
 Where but woman's heart dwells that great ambition,  
 That transforms the gloomy night into celestial day.

Behold that woman pleading at the feet of wretched man,  
 Whose crimes hath rent her bleeding heart in twain;  
 Then spurn those tears, thou tyrant if you can,  
 And burst the swollen heart that seeks thy soul to gain.

God help her as she waits for him who vowed to cherish  
 The tender plant that was taken from its childhood's home;  
 Listen to her last appeal, care thou not that I should perish  
 And my children left about the world to roam.

Woman scatter seed upon the rough, unbroken soil,  
 That yield their golden sheaves in their appointed time;  
 God gives her souls as a reward for earnest toil,  
 And a passport to that bright eternal clime.

Behold that mother as the evening shades prevail,  
 And listen to the prayers that ascend from youthful hearts;  
 Think you that a mother's prayers will be of no avail,  
 Or a shield of great protection against Satan's fiery darts.