

MOTHER

OFT my visions seek the pathway,
Oft my yearnings go,
Where I walked in joy with Mother
In the long ago.

Soft green path beside the river,
Where the gowans grow,
And the drooping silver birches
Fragrance gently throw.

Where the joys of golden sunshine
Make the bluebells blow,
And the skylarks' songs in azure
Higher, higher go.

But the golden way hath ending
Where the river bends,
Sighing past the sombre silence
Where all gladness ends.