

Which tells thee that thy Mother's love,
By angel whisper sped,
Stirs now within his inmost soul,
While o'er his face is spread,
A bright acknowledgment to thee
How sweet a thing it is,
A youthful Mother's holy love—
That that fond love is his.

God bless thee, Mother!—many a day,
And many a weary night,
And many an agonized hour,
Has proved thy love's strong might:
When hanging o'er the withering bed
Of sickness and of pain,
Thou'st watch'd, and prayed returning health
Might bless thy boy again.

And when the boon was granted thee—
How bright thy beaming eye—
How full thy heart of gratitude,
As lifted up on high,
Thy soul poured forth its voiceless thoughts—
Its heartfelt thanks to Him,
Who thus again had filled thy cup
Of joy unto the brim.