



“MOTHER.”

The brightness of a golden summer day
When sunlight claims a universal sway
And Nature calls her children out to play.

The beauty and the freshness of the rose
That in the dew of early morning blows
And with the blush of deep affection glows.

The music of the pleasant summer breeze,
The song of birds and murmuring of bees,
Brooks flowing underneath o'erhanging trees.

The breath of blossoms at the close of day,
Fragrance of flowers carpeting the way, [hay.
The scent that floats from fields of new-mown

Sweetness of honey from the summer comb,
When bees are boldest and the farthest roam
To find and bring their choicest treasures home.

The warmth of sunshine tempered by the shade
The interlacing boughs above have made
Where we recline at noontide, unafraid.

The inspiration of a lofty thought,
A phase of truth we long had vainly sought,
To us by some revered life-teacher brought.

The glow of sweet emotion in the breast
When Love arrives, to be an honored guest,
To share and glorify all that is best.

An echo of the Parenthood Divine, [shine
That truth in which such wondrous beauties
Because such earthly parentage is mine.

All these, and whatsoever else there be
Needed to make a perfect harmony,
It takes to tell what “Mother” means to me.