

Clinging to mother,
Set on her knee ;
She has no other
Dearer than thee.

Slave thou hast bound her ;
Nestles thine arm,
Twining around her,
Telling thy charm.

Innocent speeches
Silencing strife ;
Hallowed each is :
Pearls of a life.

Come, come and kiss me,
Child of my heart.
Oh ! I would miss thee
Were we to part.

God in His mercy
Shelter my dove,
Dear little Ethel,
Child that I love.