

TO MY MOTHER.

I do not like the pictured face
Of thyself, thou has brought to me,
The artist has not caught the grace
Of motherhood that falls from thee.

If artist skill and brush were mine,
I'd paint thy glossy dark brown hair,
Where bands of silver softly shine,
Making thee in my eyes most fair.

I'd paint the lines wrought on thy brow
By years of care and love for me,
I'd paint, but e'en words fail me now,
The smile thou givest to all so free.

I'd paint the clear depths of thine eyes,
That change with every passing thought,
Now shining with a glad surprise,
And now with mirth or sorrow fraught.

I caviled at the pictured face,
But unto me it is most dear,
I'll give it on my walls a place,
'Twill speak to me when thou'rt not near.
