

FATHER

THE name of Father, ever will it be
A name of music, true and sweet to me.
Behind the years, far back in childhood's
day,
The name recalls my human trust and stay.

My father stands o'er there for strength and
love,
In him I see the lion and the dove ;
His hand, soft-clasping mine, I had no fear,
His voice in my distress I joyed to hear.

When I rebelled and chose the path of
wrong,
Rebuke was brief, but love—it lingered long
And won me back, a wanderer on the earth,
To take my honoured place beside the hearth.