

## "MOTHERHOOD"

Darling, darling baby,  
Take my willing hand;  
Draw me back to childhood;  
Make me understand

All thy needs and troubles;  
The golden joys of sand;  
For I'm no true Mother  
Till I understand.

As thy hand grows stronger,  
I'd still come with thee,  
"Understanding" always;  
"Mother," then, I'll be.

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## "A LULLABY"

Sleep, dear one, sleep—  
The birds have gone to rest—  
Close thy bright eyes,  
That match the skies;  
Sleep on thy Mother's breast;  
Sleep,—baby,—sleep.

Sleep, dear one, sleep—  
The stars are all aglow,  
Their bright, bright eyes,  
From out the skies,  
Watch o'er thy sleep below:  
Sleep,—baby,—sleep.

Sleep, dear one, sleep—  
The flowers nod dreamily,  
They've closed their eyes  
Till sunlit skies  
Awake both them and thee:  
Sleep,—baby,—sleep.

Sleep, dear one, sleep—  
Thine Angel bends o'er thee  
His love-lit eyes,  
Deep as the skies,  
And guards my babe for me:  
Sleep,—baby,—sleep.