

M-O-T-H-E-R  
~Howard Johnson

"M" is for the million things she gave me,  
"O" means only that she's growing old,  
"T" is for the tears she shed to save me,  
"H" is for her heart of purest gold;  
"E" is for her eyes, with love-light shining,  
"R" means right, and right she'll always be,  
Put them all together, they spell "MOTHER,"  
A word that means the world to me.



# My Mother

-Ann Taylor

Who fed me from her gentle breast  
And hushed me in her arms to rest,  
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?  
My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,  
Who was it sung sweet lullaby  
And rocked me that I should not cry?  
My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head  
When sleeping in my cradle bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed?  
My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,  
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,  
And wept, for fear that I should die?  
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell  
And would some pretty story tell,  
Or kiss the part to make it well?  
My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,  
To love God's holy word and day,  
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?  
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be  
Affectionate and kind to thee  
Who wast so very kind to me,—  
My mother.

Oh, no, the thought I cannot bear;  
And if God please my life to spare  
I hope I shall reward thy care,  
My mother.

When thou art feeble, old and gray,  
My healthy arms shall be thy stay,  
And I will soothe thy pains away,  
My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,  
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed,—  
My mother.



# The Dear Mother Love

~Cora Lindsey Field

Mothers' arms were made for holding,  
Made for folding snug and tight,  
Little forms so soft and helpless,  
Nestled there to say goodnight.

Mothers' hands were made for stroking,  
Made for soothing childish woes;  
Balm of wondrous magic healing  
Through each gentle finger flows.

Mothers' lips were made for kissing,  
Made for drowning childish fears;  
Smiles and kisses both together  
Stop the flow of bitter tears.

Mothers' hearts were made for loving,  
Made for love no others know.  
God in Heaven! Bless and keep it  
Ever pure as whitest snow.



# The Hand That Rules the World

~William Ross Wallace

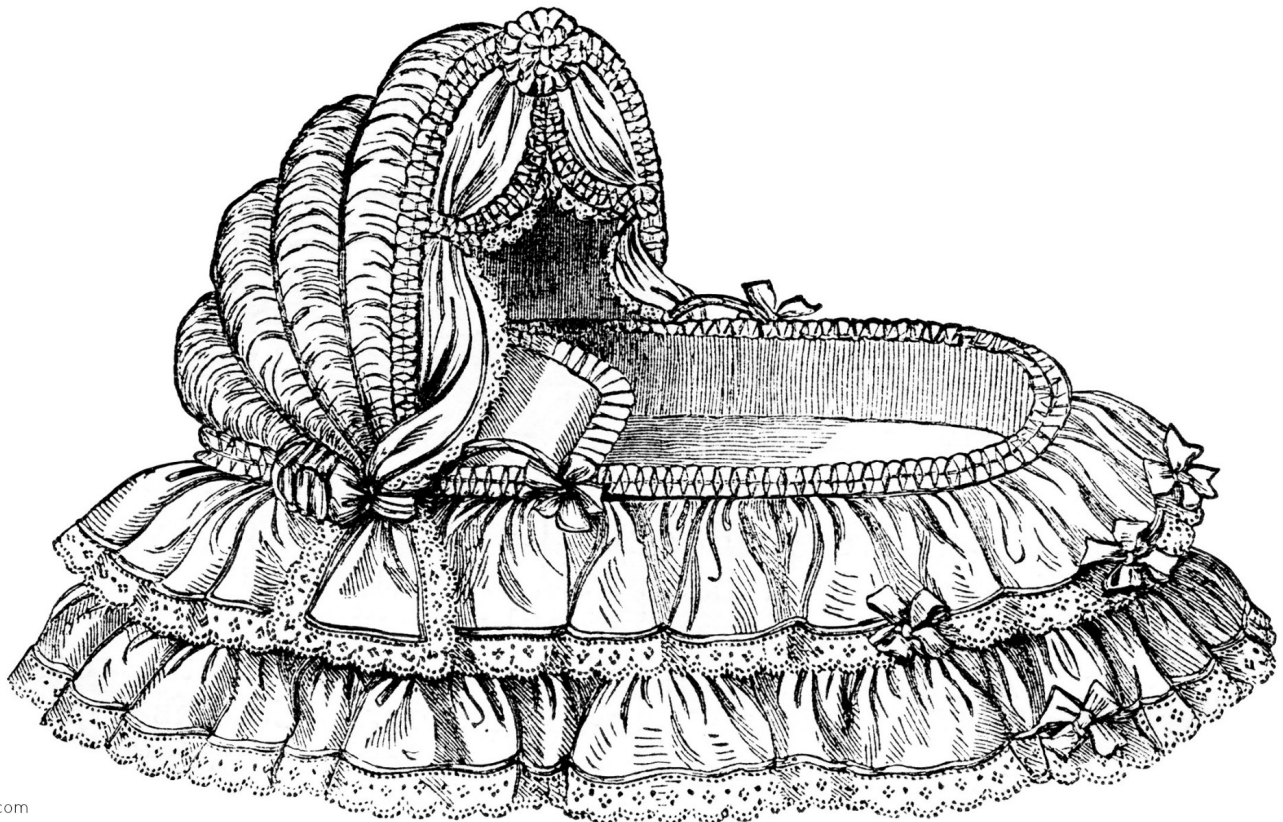
They say that man is mighty, he governs land and sea;  
He wields a mighty scepter o'er lesser powers that be;  
By a mightier power and stronger, man from his throne is hurled,  
And the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman! angels guard its strength and grace,  
In the palace, cottage, hovel, oh, no matter where the place!  
Would that never storms assailed it, rainbows ever gently curled;  
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain, power may with beauty flow;  
Mother's first to guide the streamlets, from them souls unresting grow;  
Grow on for the good or evil, sunshine streamed or darkness hurled;  
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

Woman, how divine your mission here upon our natal sod!  
Keep, oh, keep the young heart open always to the breath of God!  
All true trophies of the ages are from mother-love imperaled,  
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman! fathers, sons and daughters cry,  
And the sacred song is mingled with the worship in the sky—  
Mingles where no tempest darkens, rainbows evermore are curled;  
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.



# The Reading Mother

~Strickland Gillilan

I had a mother who read to me  
Sagas of pirates who scoured the sea.  
Cutlasses clenched in their yellow teeth;  
"Blackbirds" stowed in the hold beneath.

I had a Mother who read me lays  
Of ancient and gallant and golden days;  
Stories of Marmion and Ivanhoe,  
Which every boy has a right to know.

I had a Mother who read me tales  
Of Gelert the hound of the hills of Wales,  
True to his trust till his tragic death,  
Faithfulness lent with his final breath.

I had a Mother who read me the things  
That wholesome life to the boy heart brings-  
Stories that stir with an upward touch.  
Oh, that each mother of boys were such!

You may have tangible wealth untold;  
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold.  
Richer than I you can never be --  
I had a Mother who read to me.

