

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN

Mother mine, how blest the day
When Heavenward you sped away,
Borne aloft on angel wings,
Forever gone from earthly things.

Of all the joys that now are thine
Methinks the sweetest, mother mine,
Is that so perfect, so complete—
Adoring at the Master's feet.

What pleasure and what rapture there,
So near the Saviour, deep in prayer,
Gazing at His Face so sweet,
His loving tender smile to meet.

Mother mine, dost thou not see
My poor heart's yearning so for thee?
Dost thou not hear my pleading cry,
Or heed the tear that dims my eye?

Mother mine, though now unseen,
Oh, guide my steps from morn till e'en;
Pray to our Lord and Lady dear
To help me through this world so drear.

Mother mine, whose ev'ry care
Watched o'er me here, from thy home there
Aid me, lift me, by thy love,
To meet and be with thee above.

—A.F., '27