

The busy world was sleeping sound,
Free from cares the day had found;
But I was musing, sad and lone.
To boyhood scenes my thoughts had flown.

I saw again the cottage wall,
Vined with ivy, growing tall;
And saw me, too, the leafy bowers
Where I passed each day's declining hours.

Then, pictured to my dimming eyes,
Would my mother's kindly face arise,
While sitting 'neath the old oak tree,
Her hands as busy as the bee.

And listening to the birds above,
Whose singing breathes of Nature's love;
She'd often call me to her side,
When evening sun from earth would glide,

And tell me of my father's life,
Exhorting me to bear all strife
As he, whose earthly stay not long,
Yet marked by good and free from wrong.

From deep'ning shades of departing day,
The sun had taken each ling'ring ray,
As I guided mother's steps, so slow,
To evening's rest, where sweet thoughts flow.

Oh! how happy do these mem'ries seem;
But sudden I wake from pleasant dream,
And recall a day with sorrow filled,
When mother's full, kind heart was stilled.

Her pure, white soul did take its flight,
To bask in God's eternal light;
I'm growing feeble, Saviour mine,
In whom my hopes for joy entwine.

And soon I'll answer to Thy call,
Meeting mother and angels all;
And may I be as happy, too,
As they, who're blessed with sight of You.