## PRESBYTERIAN BANNER \& ADVOCATE.



| My Mother's Song. <br> There "s melody in every land, Sweet songs from foreign olime, Yet loved the most above them all, My mother doar, are thine. Recalls sweet song's to med's day The songs we sang, when all at home, And shall I $e$, <br> The choioest orget the acng The song of love that first I Upon my mother's knee? She asing of Hearen, of Jesus there; Of saints in God's employ; Who'd guard her darliog boy And as the'd sing, she'd prese my head Oh! then it almaje true; <br> emed to me $\qquad$ $\qquad$ <br> The song of love, that first I hasd <br> Upon my mother's knee <br> And now, though all those days are fied, That song recelly years, <br> And fills my ay mother's voive, Oh, should I, when my time is done No heaven's bright home attain, And hear that voiee again. $\qquad$ The ohoicest one to me; The song of love, that first I heard Upon my mother's knee. |
| :---: |
|  |  |
|  |  |



为

