



2<sup>nd</sup>  
376 Pearl St

1825-1833

Not in R.

# MY MOTHER.

## A POEM.



Some children for cakes or for toys  
are inclin'd,  
And some are for nothing but play,  
But remember there's food and de-  
light for the mind,  
In the books that are sold by M  
Day.

---

NEW-YORK :

Printed and sold by Mahlon Day,  
*At the New Juvenile Book-store,*  
No. 376, Pearl-street.



Who sat and watched my infant  
head,  
When sleeping on my cradle bed,  
And tears of fond affection shed?  
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open  
eye,  
Who was it sang sweet hushaby,  
And rock'd me that I should not  
cry?

My Mother.



When pain and sickness made  
 me cry,  
 Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,  
 And wept for fear that I should  
 die?

My Mother.

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



Who fed me from her gentle  
breast,  
And hush'd me in her arms to  
rest,  
And on my cheek sweet kisses  
prest? My Mother.

When first my lisping accents  
came,  
And call'd mamma's beloved  
name,  
Who felt a transport thrill her  
frame? My Mother.



Who ran to help me when I fell,  
 And would some pretty stories  
     tell,  
 Or kiss the place to make it well?  
                     My Mother.

And when I crept from chair to  
     chair,  
 Who watch'd my steps with anx-  
     ious care,  
 Lest I should fall and hurt a hair?  
                     My Mother.



Who drest my doll with clothes  
 so gay,  
 And taught me pretty how to  
 play,  
 And minded all I had to say?  
 My Mother.

Who taught my bosom to rejoice,  
 In God alone, who hears my  
 voice,  
 And makes His ways my pleasant  
 choice?  
 My Mother.





Who taught my infant lips to  
 pray,  
 And love God truly every day,  
 And walk in Wisdom's pleasant  
 way?

My Mother.

Affection's tear would gem her  
 eye,  
 And who for me would heave the  
 sigh,  
 Or wing a secret wish on high  
 My Mother.



And oh ! who would my food provide,  
 And little errors gently chide,  
 And dress me with maternal  
 pride ?

My Mother.

And should I live to see thee old,  
 O ! mayst thou then in me be-  
 held,  
 Whate'er thy fondest hopes fore-  
 told ?

My Mother.

N  
1053

