

Mother

*She's sweeter than the fragrances
That fill the dell in spring,
A joy she is above the joys
That all the years can bring.*

*She's dearer than the dearest friend
That I will ever know,
Her prayers ever guide me on
No matter where I go.
Her face is furrowed deep with
cares,*

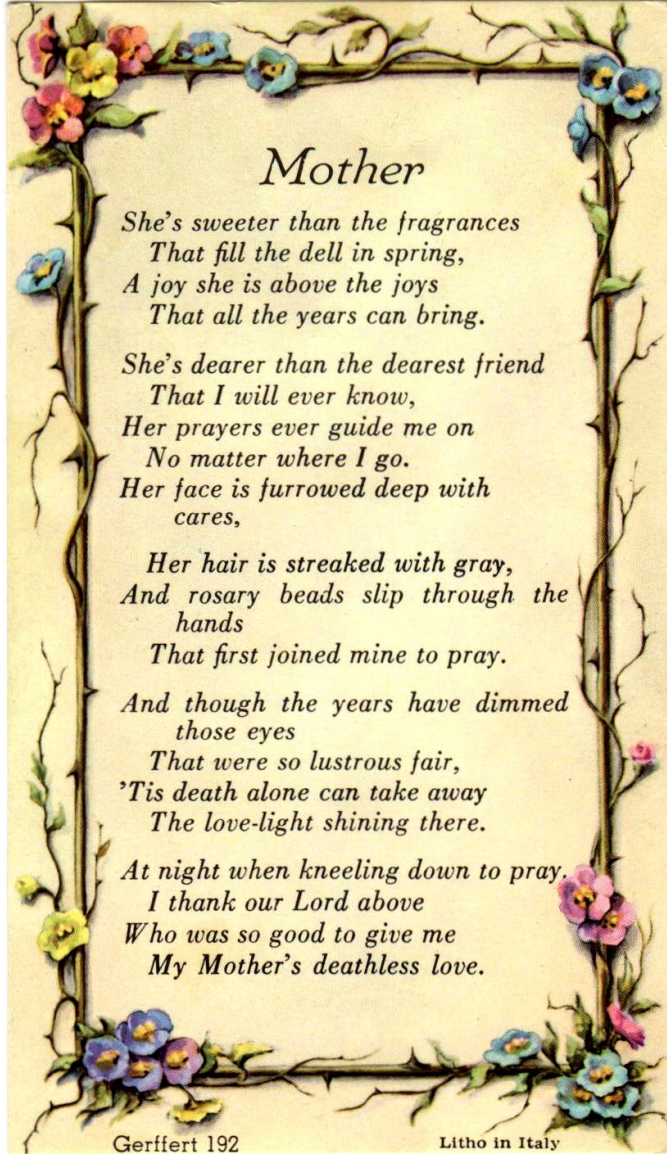
*Her hair is streaked with gray,
And rosary beads slip through the
hands
That first joined mine to pray.*

*And though the years have dimmed
those eyes
That were so lustrous fair,
'Tis death alone can take away
The love-light shining there.*

*At night when kneeling down to pray,
I thank our Lord above
Who was so good to give me
My Mother's deathless love.*

Gerffert 192

Litho in Italy



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