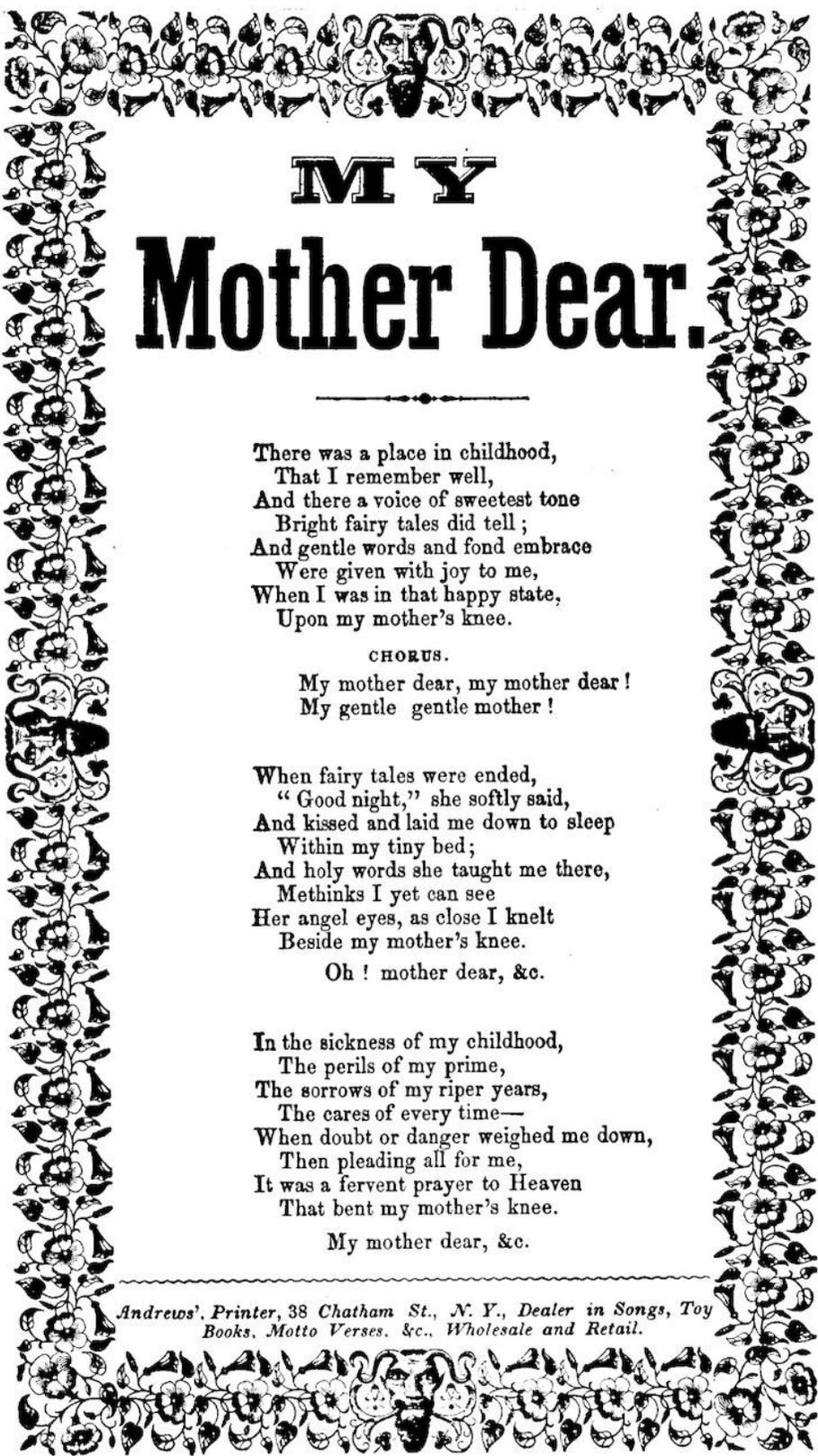


Title: My mother dear. Andrews' Printer, 38 Chatham Street, N. Y

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MY Mother Dear.

There was a place in childhood,
That I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone
Bright fairy tales did tell ;
And gentle words and fond embrace
Were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy state,
Upon my mother's knee.

CHORUS.

My mother dear, my mother dear !
My gentle gentle mother !

When fairy tales were ended,
" Good night," she softly said,
And kissed and laid me down to sleep
Within my tiny bed ;
And holy words she taught me there,
Methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt
Beside my mother's knee.

Oh ! mother dear, &c.

In the sickness of my childhood,
The perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years,
The cares of every time—
When doubt or danger weighed me down,
Then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven
That bent my mother's knee.

My mother dear, &c.

*Andrews' Printer, 38 Chatham St., N. Y., Dealer in Songs, Toy
Books, Motto Verses, &c., Wholesale and Retail.*