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My Mother's Prayer

Tullius O'Kane(1830-1912)
Henry Richards(1817-1885)

As I wandered 'round the homestead,
Many a dear familiar spot
Brought within my recollection
Scenes I'd seemingly forgot;
There, the orchardmeadow, yonder
Here the deep, old fashioned well,
With its old moss covered bucket,
Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.

Tho' the house was held by strangers
All remained the same within;
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down, and out and in;
To the garret dark ascending
Once a source of childish dread
Peering thro' the misty cobwebs,
Lo! I saw my trundle bed.

While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood
I am now a child again;
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
"Father, Thou who art in Heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."

Prayer is over: to my pillow
With a "good night!" kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
"Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh, bless, my precious child!"

Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain;
But the memory of her counsels
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to Heaven,
Even from my trundle bed.

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