

# I Miss Thee, My Mother - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

I MISS THEE, MY MOTHER

I miss thee, my mother, thy image is still  
The deepest impressed on my heart.  
And the tablet so faithful in death must be chill  
Ere a line of that image depart.

Thou wert torn from my side when I treasured thee most,  
When my reason could measure thy worth.  
When I knew but too well that the idol I'd lost  
Could ne'er be replaced upon earth.

I miss thee, my mother, in circles of Joy,  
When mingling in rapturous jest,  
For how slight is the touch that will serve to destroy  
All the fairy-web spun in my breast.

Some melody sweet may be floating around  
Of a ballad I learned at thy knee;  
Some strains may be played and I shrink from the sound,  
For my fingers oft waked it for thee.

I miss thee, my mother, when young health hath fled.  
And I sink in the languor of pain,  
Where, where is the arm that once pillowed my head,  
And the ear that once heard me complain.

Other hands may support, gentle accents may fall,  
For the fond And The true are yet mine,  
I've a blessing for each, I am grateful for all,  
But caresses none soothing as thine.

I miss thee, my mother, in Summer's bright day,  
When I rest in the ivy-wreathed bower,  
When I hang thy pet linnet's cage high on the spray,  
Or gaze on thy favorite flower.

There's the gravel-path, too, where I played by thy side,  
When time had scarce wrinkled thy brow,  
Where I carefully led thee with pleasure and pride,  
When thy scanty locks gathered the snow.

I miss thee, my mother-oh, when do I not,  
Tho' I know 'twas the wisdom of heaven  
That tin deepest shade fell on my sunniest spot,  
And the ties of devotion were riven.

For when thou wert with me, my soul was below,  
I was chained to the world I then trod;  
Then were my thoughts all earth-bound, but now  
They have followed thy spirit to God.