THE SONG MY MOTHER LOVED TO SING.

Words by S.S. STEELE. Music by FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

With feeling.

1. The song my mother loved to sing, Can never forgotten be, But
2. It lull'd my infant brow to sleep, It gave me dreams of bliss, And

ever round my heart twill cling Like heaven's melody. 'Twas
visions rendered heavenly By fond affection's kiss. So

first to thrill my infant breast 'Twas first, 'twas first to charm my ear And
oft I've heard its thrilling air, With words, with words to memory dear, But
from her home among the blest, I think I still can hear. The
next to childhood's evening prayer, Oh! ever let me hear. The

song my mother loved to sing In Angel's accents mild And
song my mother loved to sing In Angel's accents mild And

breathing in its hallowed tones a blessing on her child.

breathing in its hallowed tones a blessing on her child.

The song my mother loved to sing
The song my mother lov'd to sing in Angel's accents mild And
breathing in its hallowed tones a blessing on her child.