



Published by Cha^s Magnus, 12 Frankfort St. N.Y.

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

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WHAT is home without a mother?
What are all the joys we meet,
When the loving smile no longer
Greets the coming, coming of her feet?
The days seem long, the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on;
And O, how few are childhood's pleasures
When her gentle, gentle care is gone!

Things we prize are first to vanish,—
Hearts we love to pass away;
And how soon, e'en in our childhood,
We behold her turning, turning gray!
Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow;
Her joys of earth are past;
And sometimes, ere we learn to know her,
She hath breathed, hath breathed on earth her last.

Older hearts may have their sorrows,
Griefs that quickly die away;
But a mother lost in childhood
Grieves the heart, the heart from day to day.
We miss her kind, her willing hand,
Her fond and earnest care;
And O, how dark is life around us:
What is home without, without her there?

500 Illustrated Ballads lithographed and printed by
CHARLES MAGNUS, No. 12 Frankfort Street, New York
Branch Office, No. 520 7th St., Washington, D. C.