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MISS THEE MY MOTHER

Written by

Eliza Cook

MUSIC BY

C. W. GLOVER.



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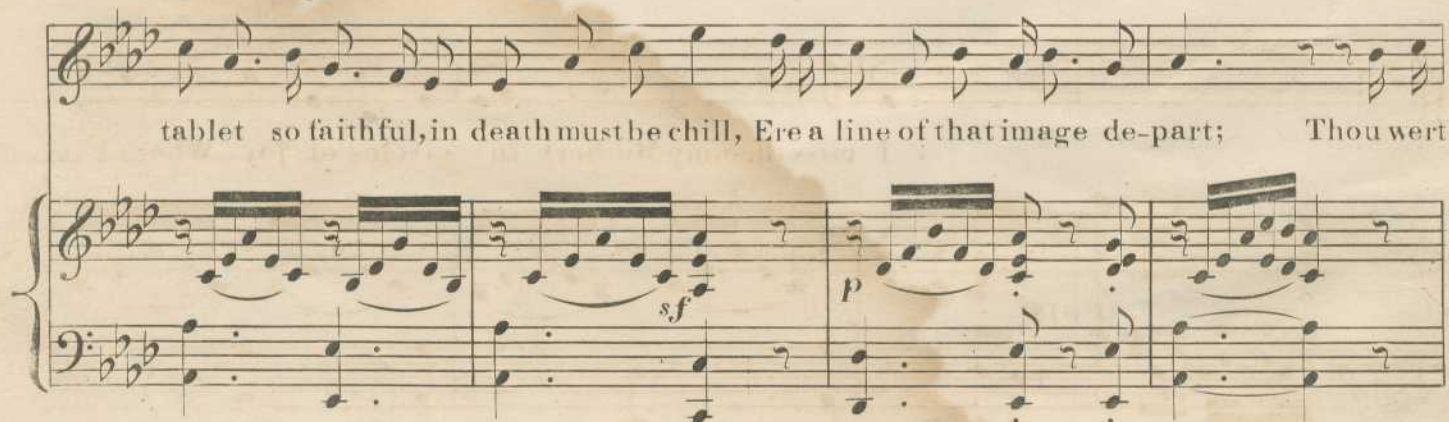
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I MISS THEE MY MOTHER

Written by Eliza Cook composed by

CHAS. W. GLOYER.

BOSTON: Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co. 277 Washington St.



torn from my side, when I treasur'd thee most, When my reason could measure thy

worth; When I knew, but too well, that the i-dol I'd lost, Could be

never replac'd up-on earth. Could be never replac'd up-on earth.

I miss thee, my Mother! in circles of joy, Where I've

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mingled as gay as the rest, For how slight is the touch that will

serve to destroy All the fai - ry web spun in my breast; Some

mel - o - dy sweet may be float - ing a - round, 'Tis a ballad I learnt at thy

knee; — Some strain may be play'd and I shrink from the sound, For my

fingers oft woke it for thee. For my fin-gers oft woke it for

thee.

I miss thee, my Mother! when young health has fled,

And I sink in the languor of pain,

Where, where is the arm that once pillow'd 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 to all—

But, my Mother, no love is like thine.

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