

# My Mother Dear

Samuel Lover, 1848

Anonymous, 1871

♩=108

1. There was a place in child-hood, That I re - mem - ber well; And  
2. When fair - y tales were end - ed, "Good night," she soft - ly said, And  
3. In sick - ness of my child-hood, The per - ils of my prime, The

there a voice of sweet - est tone, Bright fair - y tales did tell; And  
kissed, and laid me down to sleep, With - in my ti - ny bed; And  
sor - rows of my rip - er years, The cares of ev - ery time: When

gen - tle words and fond em - brace Were giv'n with joy to me, When  
ho - ly words she taught me there; Me - thinks I yet can see Her  
doubt and dan - ger weighed me down, Then plead - ing all for me, It

I was in that hap - py place, Up - on my mo - ther's knee. My mo - ther dear, my  
an - gel eye, as close I knelt Be - side my mo - ther's knee, My mo - ther dear, my  
was a fer - vent prayer to Heav'n That bent my mo - ther's knee. My mo - ther dear, my

mo - ther dear, My gen - tle, gen - tle mo - ther.  
mo - ther dear, My gen - tle, gen - tle mo - ther.  
mo - ther dear, My gen - tle, gen - tle mo - ther.