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The Affectionate Mother

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THE
AFFECTIONATE MOTHER,
OR THE ORPHAN BOY.

Ye children, whom no absent joy
Has caused your hearts to grieve,
Come pity the poor Orphan Boy,
And grant him some relief.

My father died and went to rest,
Ere I could lisp his name ;
And sorrow rung my mother's breast,
And shook her tender frame,

He in the silent grave doth sleep,
Close by the church-yard wall,
Where oft my mother went to weep,
But I wept none at all.

And wondering have pass'd it by,
And view'd the grass so green ;
But ne'er could tell what made her sigh,
When nought but grass was seen.

Ah ! then I did not understand
The heavy loss I bore ;
I thought his painted coffin grand
And thought but little more.

But joy, like parting sunbesma, fled,
And troubles hasten'd on ;
My mother now lay sick in bed,
And father I had none.

Her health and spirits quickly fail'd,
And she was like to die ;
And when I asked her what she ail'd,
She answer'd with a sigh.

And utter'd many a fervent prayer,
That God would bless her son,
And make me his peculiar care,
When she was dead and gone.

And when the fatal moment came,
E'en with he dying breath.
Sighing she utter'd half my name,
Then closed her eyes in death.

Still I had friends, and some were kind,
And promised long to be ;
But soon had something else to mind,
And never minded me.

Toss'd on the world and forc'd to roam
Unpitied and unknown ;
No friends, no parents, and no home,
That I could call my own.

Forlorn and wretched is my state,
Ah ! little do you know
The toils and sufferings that await
The friendless child of woe.

I had a mother—in the dust
Her mouldering body lies ;
I had a mother—but I trust
Her spirit's in the skies.

I had a mother—kind and true,
Whose face I no more see ;
Ye who have mothers kind to you,
A moment think on me.

For when my little head did ache,
And now I may complain,
I have no mother for my sake,
To make it well again.

I have no mother—else her care
Would soon provide a home,
And teach me many a little prayer,
Of better things to come.

And train me up in holy fear,
And guide my feet to rest ;
And kindly wipe the falling tear,
And clasp me to her breast.

These and a thousand comforts more,
Should your dear mother die,
For ever lost you would deplore,
And weep as well as I.

Consider then what you enjoy,
And gaze awhile on me,
And pity the poor Orphan Boy,
No friends, no home, has he.

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