

Mother's Day Poetry

My Mother's Hands



Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
 They're neither white nor small,
 And you, I know, would scarcely think
 That they were fair at all.
 I've looked on hands whose form and hue
 A sculptor's dream might be,
 Yet are those wrinkled, aged hands
 More beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
 Though heart were weary and sad,
 These patient hands kept toiling on
 That the children might be glad.
 I always weep, as looking back
 To childhood's distant day,
 I think how those hands rested not
 When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
 They're growing feeble now;
 For time and pain have left their mark
 On hands and heart and brow.
 Alas, alas! the nearing time
 And the sad, sad day to me,
 When 'neath the daisies out of sight
 These hands will folded be.

But oh! beyond this shadow-land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

The Bedtime Kiss

O Mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,



You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things gone amiss:

But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps from the pathway of right;
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

For some day their voice will not vex
you, The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet childish voices,
For a sweet childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom—
You'd give all the world just for this:

For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,
Send the children to be with a kiss.

Mama's Mama



Mama's Mama, on a cold winter day,
Milked the cows and fed them hay;
Slopped the hogs, saddled the mule,
And got her seven children off to school...

Did a washing, scrubbed the floors,
Washed the windows and did the chores.

Cooked a dish of home-dried fruit,
Pressed her husband's Sunday suit,
Swept the parlor and made the bed,
Baked a dozen loaves of bread,
Split some firewood, lugged it in...
Enough to fill the kitchen bin.

Cleaned the lamps and put in oil,
Stewed some apples she thought might spoil;
Churned the butter, baked a cake,
Looked out and said, "For mercy's sake!
The calves are out of their pen!"
...Went out and put them in again.

Gathered the eggs, and locked the stable;
Returned to the house and set the table,
Cooked a supper that was delicious,
Afterward -- washed all the dishes.
Fed the cat, sprinkled the clothes,
Mended a basket full of hose,
Then opened the organ and began to play,
"When you come to the end of the perfect day."

My Mother Dear

By Samuel Lover

There was a place in childhood



That I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone
Bright fairy tales did tell,
And gentle words and fond embrace

Were given, with joy, to me,
When I was in that happy place
—Upon my mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended,
"Good night," she softly said,
And kissed and laid me down to sleep
Within my tiny bed;
And Holy Words she taught me there—
Methinks I yet can see,
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt
Beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood,
The perils of my prime,
The sorrow of my riper years,
The cares of ev'ry time...

When doubt and danger weighed me down—
Then pleading, all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven
That bent my mother's knee.

Shall We Not Love Thee, Mother Dear

By Henry Williams Baker

Shall we not love thee, Mother dear,
whom Jesus loves so well?
And to his glory year by year
thy joy and honor tell?



Bound with the curse of sin and shame
we helpless sinners lay,
until in tender love he came
to bear the curse away.

And thee he chose from whom to take
true flesh his flesh to be;
in it to suffer for our sake,
by it to make us free.

Thy Babe he lay upon thy breast,
to thee he cried for food;
thy gentle nursing soothed to rest
the incarnate Son of God.

O wondrous depth of grace divine
that he should bend so low!
And, Mary, O what joy 'twas thine
in his dear love to know!

Joy to be Mother of the Lord,
and thine the truer bliss,
in every thought and deed and word
to be forever his.

And as he loves thee, Mother dear,
we too will love thee well;
and to his glory year by year
thy joy and honor tell.

Jesus, the Virgin's holy Son,
we praise thee and adore,
who art with God the Father One
and Spirit evermore.