

# POEMS

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Poems by Frances E. W. Harper

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**FRANCES E. W. HARPER**

**POEMS**



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BY

FRANCES E. W. HARPER

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*Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so  
that no man went through thee, I will make thee an  
eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.—*  
ISAIAH 60 : 15.

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1006 Bainbridge Street,  
Philadelphia Pa.



*Frances C. W. Harper*



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MY MOTHER'S KISS.

My mother's kiss, my mother's kiss,  
I feel its impress now ;  
As in the bright and happy days  
She pressed it on my brow.

You say it is a fancied thing  
Within my memory fraught ;  
To me it has a sacred place—  
The treasure house of thought.

Again, I feel her fingers glide  
Amid my clustering hair ;  
I see the love-light in her eyes,  
When all my life was fair.

Again, I hear her gentle voice  
In warning or in love.  
How precious was the faith that taught  
My soul of things above.