## AN ANTHOLOGY OF MOTHER VERSE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649052493

An Anthology of Mother Verse by Various Authors & Kate Douglas Wiggin

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

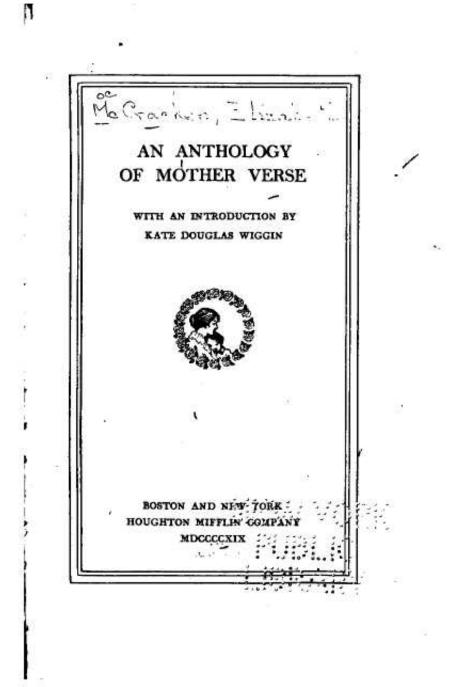
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

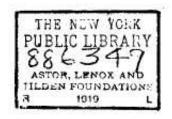
www.triestepublishing.com

## VARIOUS AUTHORS & KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

# AN ANTHOLOGY OF MOTHER VERSE

Trieste





a 🤷 a

101 1000

٧ÿ

#### COPYRIGHT, 1017, BT HOUGHTON MIPPLIN COMPANY

#### ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

٠

N W H

A SKI

91.JEU

.

ļ

•

Ŧ.

٠

.

22

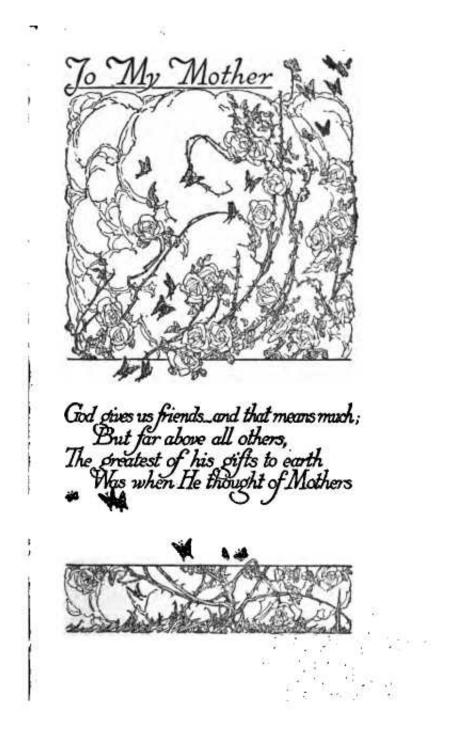
۰.

2

a,

1

2



THE NEW YOLK. PUBLIC LISP 49 ASTOR. LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATIONS NY IN 문민. :::: ::: 1.0 ; ÷., . ..... 2

28

Ģ

T

## HYMN FOR THE MOTHER

My child is lying on my knees; The signs of heaven she reads; My face is all the heaven she sees, Is all the heaven she needs.

And she is well, yea, bathed in bliss, If heaven is in my face, — Behind it is all tenderness And truthfulness and grace.

I mean her well so earnestly, Unchanged in changing mood; My life would go without a sigh To bring her something good.

I also am a child, and I Am ignorant and weak; I gaze upon the starry sky, And then I must not speak;

For all behind the starry sky, Behind the world so broad, Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie The Infinite of God.

Ay, true to her, though troubled sore, I cannot choose but be: Thou who art peace forevermore Art very true to me.

£.

1

.

28

## Hymn for the Mother

If I am low and sinful, bring More love where need is rife; Thou knowest what an awful thing It is to be a life.

Hast thou not wisdom to enwrap My waywardness about, In doubting safety on the lap Of Love that knows no doubt ?

Lo! Lord, I sit in thy wide space, My child upon my knee; She looketh up into my face, And I look up to thee.

٠

### GEORGE MACDONALD

1

### FOREWORD

SCATTERED throughout the works of the great poets, there are many beautiful tributes to mothers and subtle interpretations of motherhood; also, in old as well as in very new poems, there are illuminating suggestions to mothers regarding both their opportunities and their responsibilities. This valuable body of "mother literature" has but one drawback — the fact that it is so diffused. The aim of this book has been to gather together in one volume the very best poems from these various sources, for the use and also for the enjoyment of presentday mothers, both young and old.

E. McC.

ļ

CAMBRIDGE, April, 1917.