

February 19, 1940

MY MOTHER

A symphony in light, she walks,
Her storm-dark hair, her tender eyes
Shed gleams of music thru the air
In swelling strains that fall and rise
Upon my soul, and in my heart
Two words arise, their beauty rings
To surge to heights, yet depths so full,
That every fiber in me sings,
“My Mother”.

Oh, Mother darling, how I love
The mist that nestles in your hair,
The clearness of your deep, dark eyes,
The whiteness of your brow so fair,
And when you speak, the melody
Transports its tender lover to me
And stirs an echo in my soul,
The echo of a symphony.

Oh, Mother darling, through the years
The world may change, the time may go,
And yet the love I bear for you
Shall ever in sweet music flow,
From out my soul, its melody
Shall rise and surge in sweet refrain
To reach you in its tender depths
And echo two words once again,

“My Mother”.