

THE MOTHER'S REPLY

tri-als of life, to thy heart as of yore; Thou longest a-gain for my
low mossy grave by a sil-ver stream: But the dear moth-er I

lov-ing care, For my kiss on thy lips, my hand on thy hair; But
sought for in vain Is an an-gel presenee and with me a-gain; And

an-gels around thee their lov-ing watch keep, And an-gels, my child, "will
in the still night from the silence so deep Come the bright an-gels to

"rock thee to sleep," And an-gels, my child, will "rock thee to sleep?"
"rock thee to sleep," Come the bright an-gels to "rock thee to sleep?"