

Man - y a summer the grass has grown green. Blossom'd and fa - ded our



Mother come back from the e - cho-less shore, Take me a - gain to your
Toil with out recom - pense tears all in vain Take them and give me my



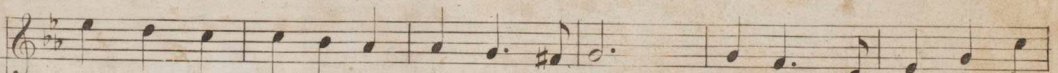
fa - ces be - tween You with strong yearning and passion - - ate pain,



heart as of yore Kiss from my fore-head the furrows of care,
child-hood a - gain! I have grown weary of dust and de - cay,



Long I to night for your presence a - gain; Come from the si - lence so



Smooth the few sil - ver threads out of my hair, Over my slumbers you
Wea - ry of flinging my soul-wealth a - way Wea - ry of sow - ing for

