

On the death of the Author's Mother
Eliza Westbury 1808 - 1828

1. Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother
2. Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother
3. Who was my counsellor and guide,
In whom I safely might confide,
Whenever sorrows did betide?
My Mother.
4. Who griev'd to see that I, when young,
Chose for my friends the giddy throng.
And often told me that was wrong?
My Mother.
5. Who led me to the house of prayer,
That I might gain instruction there,
And made my good her greatest care?
My Mother
6. Who lov'd to see me walk the way
That leads to everlasting day,
And check'd me when about to stray?
My Mother!
7. It has pleas'd God her soul to take To heaven,
where no alarms can shake;
There may I meet, for Jesu's sake,
My Mother!
8. Then with my Saviour I shall be,
And I shall from all sin be free,
And there is glory I shall see
My Mother.