

Somebody's Mother

The woman was old, and ragged and gray,
And bent with a chill of a winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.
At the crowded crossings she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glances of her anxious eye.
Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad with the freedom of "school let out,"
Come happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.
None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.
At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his young strong arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were so young and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content,
"She somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor and slow,
And someone, sometime, may lend a hand
To help my mother-you understand---
If ever she's poor, and old and gray,
And her own dear boy so far away."
"Somebody's Mother" bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."
Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But heaven lists when its chosen speak;
Angels caught the faltering word,
And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was heard.



SINGING AT GROTTO

6:15 every evening

(MON THRU FRI.)

STARTS THURSDAY....