

So little

It takes so little to make us sad  
Just a slighted word or a doubted cheer  
Just a scornful smile on some lips held dear  
And our foot-steps lay tho' the goal seemed near

And we lose the ~~courage~~<sup>courage</sup> and hope we had  
So little it takes to make us sad!

It takes so little to make us glad—  
Just a cheering clasp and a friendly hand

Just a word from one who can <sup>understand</sup>  
And we finish the task we long had <sup>planned</sup>  
And we lose the doubt and the year we had  
So little it takes to make us glad.

To My Son

Do you know that your soul is of  
my soul such a part  
That you seem to be fibre and core of  
My heart;

None other can pain me as you <sup>can do</sup>;  
None other can please me and praise  
me as you.

Remember the world will be quick  
with its name,  
If shadow or stain ever darken  
your name  
(over)

"Like mother like son" is a saying  
so true  
the world will judge largely of mother  
by you.  
Be this then your task if task it  
shall be,  
To force this proud world to do  
homage to me.  
Be sure it will say when its  
verdict you've won  
"She reaps as she sowed, this man  
was her son."

Love mama