

(First tune.)

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

106.

1. *mf* Moth-er of mer-cy, day by day My love of thee grows
2. Though pov - er - ty and work and woe The mast-ers of my
3. But scorn - ful men have cold - ly said Thy love was lead - ing

more and more; Thy gifts are strewn up - on my way Like sands up -
life may be, When times are worst who does not know Dark-ness is
me from God; And yet in this I did but tread The ver - y

on the great sea-shore, Like sands up - on the great sea-shore.
light with love of thee? Dark-ness is light with love of thee?
path my Sav - ior trod; The ver - y path my Sav - ior trod.

4. They know but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to me;
cres. For what did Jesus love on earth
dim. One half so tenderly as thee?
5. Get me the grace to love thee more;
cres. Jesus will give if thou wilt plead;
And, Mother, when life's cares are o'er,
f Oh, I shall love thee then indeed.
6. *pp* Jesus, when His three hours were run,
Bequeathed thee from the Cross to me;
And Oh, how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother, if I love not thee?