Mother's Picture On The Wall - song lyrics

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Mother's Picture on the Wall
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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by Louis Weller.

Whose heart will not with rapture thrill
When boyhood's days come to his mind?
Look o'er your life, your eyes will fill
When you recall your mother kind;
Thrice fortunate if she yet lives;
Can still caress her darling boy;
No sweeter pleasures fortune gives
Than mother's love and mother's joy.

Refrain.
If she has gone to heaven above.
Her mem'ry still you fondly love,
And naught at home more joys recall
Than mother's picture on the wall.

You may become a soldier great,
As admiral command a fleet;
A ruler be in halls of state.
Your name with cheers the people greet;
You may succeed and wealthy grow;
The world's delights your own may be;
A joy supreme you then will know
If she your great success can see.-Refrain.

Be poor or rich, be low or great,
A mother's love is steadfast, true;
'Tis not your rank, nor your estate,
She loves, the love is all for you;
So treasure her while life remains-
A good son be, 'twill please her best.
And count the greatest of your gains,
You've had a chance to love attest.-Refrain.