She sat in darkness – but the gloom
Was only on the body's eye,
And cover'd with the cloud of night
Only the objects that were nigh.

But the mind's eye that cloud could pierce
And things far off descry,
Beyond the bounds of this dull earth
And it's encircling sky.

She sat in darkness – but a light
Was her's of heavenly ray,
Shining upon a home on high,
And lighting all her way.

The "light of other days" was her's,
Of happy days now past and gone
It call'd up friends long lov'd and mourn'd
And sweetly round her shone

'Twas then, as by her side I sat,
She softly touch'd the light guitar,
And tones that had my childhood charm'd
Fell sweetly, sadly, on my ear.

I had not heard them since – the sounds
Thrill'd through my quivering frame,
And scenes and friends and joys long past,
Quick, at their bidding came.

Those sounds call'd up a mother's form,
Her voice, her love and care,
When at her feet, a happy child,
I drank with greedy ear,

The songs she lov'd, of power to charm
And to exalt the heart,
That thoughts & feelings like her own
They might to me impart.

And if the magic power of song
It's influence o'er me ever threw,
And haply some small meed of fame
To lay of mine be ever due,

These early teachings at her knee –
– To these the high-prized boon I owe,
With all the blessings I have known,
and all I ever hope to know.