Carissima

M. W. Stryker 1872
(Adapted)

Dear is thy homestead, glade and glen,
Haunting our hearts in absent days,
Memory still shall close enfold,
Fair is the light that crowns thy brow;
Calling us back from stress and storm,
Bringing us joys of days of yore;
Gather we close to thee again,
Tenderly all thy good old ways
Faith shall thy constant fame uphold,
Mother, all-loving thou hast been,
Shine in thy smiles; be love thy praise! Thine
While years, Carissima, grow cold.

Our own sweet Lady thou! Our own sweet Lady thou!
Thine arms are ever warm, Thine arms are ever warm.
We love thee evermore, We love thee evermore.