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# Carissima

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M. W. Stryker 1872  
(Adapted)



Dear is thy home-stead, glade and glen,  
Haunt-ing our hearts in ab-sent days,  
Mem-o-ry still shall close en-fold,  
Fair is the light that crowns thy brow;  
Call-ing us back from stress and storm,  
Bring-ing us joys of days of yore;  
Gath-er we close to thee a-gain,  
Ten-der-ly all thy good old ways  
Faith shall thy con-stant fame up-hold,  
Moth-er, all-lov-ing thou hast been, Our  
Shine in thy smiles; be love thy praise! Thine  
While years, Ca-ris-si-ma, grow cold. We  
own sweet La-dy thou! Our own sweet La-dy thou!  
arms are ev-er warm, Thine arms are ev-er warm,  
love thee ev-er more, We love thee ev-er more.