

These lines were written in the year 1893
Dear Mother, I am thinking of you,
And will stay in my room tonight
Deny myself to any thing else,
And a good long letter I write,

Write to my Dear Old Mother at home
Who sit when her work is done,
With folded hands and closed eyes,
And think of her absent ones,

I will not hurry and ask excuse,
and say I've not time to write,
Lest my thoughts go wondering back,
To many a by gone night,

When my Mother lost her sleep and rest
And every thought was a prayer
That God would take care of her child,
And guide them safe over sea.

Don't think Dear Mother I have no use
Of your love and council wise
Yes, I'm always longing to hear from you
And often with tear dimmed eyes.

So Dear Mother, Brothers and Sisters
Don't think I forget you quite,
For I feel it a pleasure when far away
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the pleasures of this world
Will make my fast times gay.
No, my anxious thoughts go back to home,
Tho many miles away.

For I think of the Dear old Mother,
With locks fast turning white.
Is longing to hear of her far away ones.
So a good long letter I'll write.

A Sisters Thoughts of Aug. 14th - 1894
in Spanish Fork, Utah, U.S.A.

This Evening as the sun went down,
Among the Golden hills,
My silent thoughts went far away
To those across the sea.
Our love is sweet & hope is strong,
Gay life is nought to me,
A Sisters soul is in her thoughts,
Are do they remember me?

There are other lips and other hearts
yet may be talking of me,
If I could but hear the words they say
I'd know they remember me.

Still rippling from my throbbing throat
With the thoughts of those again
There seems a tear in every thought.

Off when? shall I see them again?

A paper is laying before me now
just come from accross the sea
Which tells me there is a Mother,
That do remember me.

Soft as the twilight shadows sleep
across the restless sea,
A Sister took her thoughts to sleep.
With, thy do remember me.

Louisa Jex

copied by her daughter Susan Jex Freshwater

Two years has passed away.
Since I left my native land.
Since I took a last fond clasp,
Off my Mother's aged hand.

But oh how quick time had fled.
Yet to her, it may seem long.
And maybe only wishfully,
That we would but just return.

If she could just step in,
And see our children dear,
How pleased and contented she would be.
To think we are gathered here

Still for that cause she cannot see
Yet perhaps the time will come.
When the scales from her eyes has fallen
She may yet to us come.

Some quiet place I've often found.

That I could for them pray.

For Mother, Brothers and Sister

So many miles away.

Louisa Jey,

Spanish Fork, Utah.

He is waiting for you,
He is waiting for you yonder
With his loved ones gone before,
He will be the first to greet you
When you reach the other shore.

2

You will know him as you knew him
When his presence made home bright
Gave a halo all about him
A soft, and radiant light

3

Oftentimes you sit and wonder
In the gloaming all alone,
And try to fancy how he looks
In that beautiful heavenly home.

4

Ear cannot hear the silvery strains
That float from that heavenly shore
Nor eye behold the beauties seen
In that home where you die no more.
over ~~the sea~~

I know he's at work in that Spirit Land
and I is watching from you there,
I can trust him to Gods care,
you will ~~feel~~ feel his presence round you
if untill you will meet again!
Louisa Jex.

Dont think I'm without fault.
also it is not so.
I have my failings every day.
yet wish it were not so,

Still I'll try and do the best I can.
while I am here below -
Still there are trials every day.
Which come my faith to try.

It's hard when trying to do our best.
The small reward we gain
Is consolation just to know
That our rewards will come

Each one will have to stand alone
And our accounts will give.
It matters not, what others do,
Our just reward will get.
Laurisa Jex.

Mother song, The Glazowes Doughter
It was of a glazowes Doughter living near,
A pretty story you soon shall hear,
It was up in London Betsy goes,
To seek for service, and this you'll know.

Her mistress having an only son,
And Betsy heart he so surely won,
And Betsy being so very fair
Which drew his heart into a snare.

One Sunday morning he took great time
In telling Betsy of all his prime,
He swore by oath or powere above
It's you Betsy, it's you Betsy it's you I love.

One morning when his Mother cross,
She said Betsy pack up your clothes
For I am going some friends to see
And Betsy you must, and Betsy you must go with
me.

9

5

They went till they came to a seaport town
 Where ships were sailing up and down.
 She called for one, and in she went
 Poor girl she sailed with a discontent.

A few days after his Mother returned
 To seek her only beloved son.
 You are welcome home dear Mother he said
 But where is Betsy, my own servant Maid.

Oh son oh son, I saw plainly see,
 Your love is all for pretty Betsy
 But I would rather see you now lie dead.
 Than you should wed a poor servant maid.

A few days after he was taken ill
 He called for Betsy with all his will
 He called for Betsy with a loud cry.
 He called for Betsy he called for Betsy
 and then he died.

When his Mother beheld her dear boy lie dead
 She wrung her hands and she tore her head.
 If I could but have his sweet life again,
 I would send for Betty, I would send for
 Betty across the Main.

~~Louis for~~

My Mother has sang this song
 many times, I remember well as
 when I was a little girl, I would ask
 her to sing it, she sang it beautiful
 and said it was really true.

I believe it was her favorite.

Father's Song The Poor Smugler Boy.

1
My Father and Mother, once happy did dwell
In a neat little cottage they reared me well
My Father did venture along the salt sea
For a keg of good Brandy in the land of the
free. 2.

For Holland they steared when the thunder did
and the lighting did flash when not far from
the shore.

Our ship mast rigging was blowing the waves
and found for poor father a watery grave.

3
I jumped over board to the troubled main
To save my poor father, but all was in vain
But all was in vain for quite lifeless was he
and was forced to leave him
Sank down in the sea.

I cling to a plank, and so reached the shore.
With sad news to Mother, my father
no more.

Poor Mother with grief, Broken hearted she died,
And left me to wonder so fitly poor I.

Oh pitly I crave
Oh give me imploy
For alone I must wonder
A poor Smuggler Boy.

A lady of fortune, heard ~~how~~^{me} complain,
and sheltered me from the cold winds and rain,
She said I've imploy me
No parents have I, so I'll think of an
Orphan until the day that I die,

He well did his duty, and earned a good name,
And when the lady she died, then he must be
she left several - hundred some gold and
some land.

So if you ever are poor you may live
to ~~the~~ be grand.

No more need he wander
or seek for employ
But will tell his misfortune
When a poor Smugler Boy.

Pull For The Shore
Light in the darkness, sailor,
Day is at hand:

See o'er the foaming billows
Fair haven's land:

Drear was the voyage, sailor
Now almost o'er

Safe within the life-boat, sailor,

Pull for the shore
Chorus

Pull for the shore sailor,

Pull for the shore!

Heed not the rolling waves

But bend to the oar!

Safe in the life-boat, sailor.

Cling to self no more,

Leave that poor old stranded wreck

And pull for the shore,

Chorus

over

Trust in the life-boat, sailor,
All else will fail:
Stronger the swifter dash
And fiercer the gale:
Hed not the stormy winds
Though loudly they roar:
Watch the "Bright Morning Star."
And pull for the shore.

Chorus.

Bright gleams the morning, sailor
Up - lift the eye:
Clouds and darkness disappearing
Glory is nigh:
Safe in the life-boat, sailor,
Sing evermore,
"Glory, glory, Hallelujah"
Pull for the shore.

Silver Haired Daddy of Mine.

On a vine covered shock in the mountains
Brandy fighting the Battle of time
Is the dear one who dwells with life's sorrow
Is the Silver haired Daddy of mine

Chorus

If I could recall all the heart-akes
Dear old Daddy, it caused you to Bare.
If I could erase those lines from your face
and bring back the gold to your hair
If God would but grant me the power
just to turn back the pages of time,
I'd give all I own, if I could but atone
To that Silver haired Daddy of mine

Chorus

I know its too late dear old daddy
To repay for the sorrows and care,
Though Dear Mother is waiting in Heaven
just to comfort and solace you there
Repeat chorus

My Dear Old Mother's Knee.

'Tis a tender recollection,

That I've cherished all my life
And age but makes it dearer day by day.

'Twas a memory of a Mother,

Whose smiling days have gone

Drove all her troubled childish thoughts away.

I remember in the evening

When the fire was burning bright

She called me to her side and said to me

Be brave my Boy and Trueful

And never be ashamed

Of the lessons that you learned on Mother's
Knee.

Chorus

She was gentle and so kind

That I will always bear in mind

How many golden lessons she taught me

I have wealth and earthly powers

That I would give for one hour

Could I sit upon my Dear Old Mother's
Knee.

How her gentle smile would greet me
When at evening I'd return
From toiling in the meadows all the day
How each gentle word brought comfort
But the voice is silent now
The Mother that I loved has passed away
In the quiet village church yard
She has slumbered many years.
And the only treasure life holds dear to me
Is the Mountain often Twilight
I moistened with my tears
And the teachings that I learned on Mother's
Knee
Chorus

She was gentle and so kind
That you would always bear in mind
Those many golden lessons she taught
I have wealth and earthly power
That I would give all for one hour
Could I sit upon my Dear old
Mother's knee,

The Fisherman and His Child.

The Fisherman and his child was drown'd

Came ringing thro, the town:

The father and child lay under the tide,

And friends they mourn'd around.

And the poor wife and mother pray'd aloud:

"Oh God, it cannot be!

For in yonder mist I see them still."

Their milk-white sails I see:

refrain

"I was the voice of their God,

"That they heard as they sank in the deep

Come to me" I love thee.

And thy precious soul I'll keep;

Come to me! I love thee.

Thy precious soul I'll keep.

2

The Fisherman saw his boat was lost

He tried to save his child:

He battled the waves with his human
(power).

~~From~~ As the wind was howling wild.
Then he spoke to his child, she answered not
He raised her tiny head.
He cried in despair, "Thy will be done."
The child he loved was dead.
He cried in despair, "Thy will be done."
The child he loved was dead.

3

and when the storms ceased the sea went down,
Brave men were on the shore:
When the tide had gone out
They searched all about,
From the sea two forms they bore
Their faces were calm, their hands were raised
As if in silent prayer:
The father in life had clasped his child
In death they found her there,
The father in life had clasped his child
In death they found her there,
refrain -

Song Mother.

A word that means the world to me -
I know

I've been around the world, you bet.

But never went to school,
Hard knocks are all I seem to get,
Perhaps I've been a fool;

But still, some educated folks

Supposed to be so swell,

Would fail, if they were called upon,

A certain word to spell

Now if you'd like to put me to the test.

There's one dear name that I can spell the best

Chorus

"M" is for the million things she gave me:

"O" means only that she's growing old.

"T" is for the tears ever shed to save me

"H" is for her heart of purest gold;

"E" is for her eyes with love light shining

"R" means right and right she'll always be,

Put them all-together, they spell "Mother"
A word that means the world to me.

2 Verse

When I was but a baby, long
Before I learned to walk,
While lying in my cradle,
I would try my best to talk;
It wasn't long before I spoke,
And all the neighbors heard,
My folks were very proud of me,
For "Mother" was the word.

Although I'll never lay a claim to fame
I am satisfied that I can spell this name.

2nd Chorus.

"M" is for the mercy she possesses
"O" means that I owe her all I owe
"T" is for the tender, sweet caresses,
"H" is for her hands that made a home
"E" means everything she's done to help me.
"R" means real and regular, you see
over

Put them all together,
They spell "Mother"
A word that means the world to me.