Somebody's Mother

The woman was old and ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of the winter day;
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng
Of human beings that passed her by,
Not heeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laugh and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out",
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Finding the snow piled white and deep.

Past the old woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offering a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir.

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street;
At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and without hurt or harm

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow,
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away!"

And somebody's mother bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to that noble boy
Who was somebody's son and pride and joy."