

On the Anniversary of my
Mother's 85th Birthday

A HANDY MOTHER

It was that hand that rocked my crib,
It was that hand that tied my bib-
It was that hand that made me prance,
And took the dust out of my pants.

That hand when it took grasp of me,
and laid me gently? on her knee,
Would grab in rage the tattered shoe,
Which left me dinged and black and blue.

That hand when lifted, ne'er was staid,
But hit the mark for which it "laid",
That busy palm was mostly mine,
For I kept it working over time.

Although that hand has dealt the blows,
That left its stings beneath my clothes,
That hand has still a velvet stride,
That brings the loving to its side.

When woe befalls me, Ah, that touch,
Does balm my heart and aid me much,
That hand is faithful always true,
No ill intent it ever knew.

That hand I prize my "Kohinoor",
It is a gem indeed, I'm sure,
No tribute could I pay too high,
To her, my friends who are sitting nigh.

And of life's blessings, I know no other,
That joys me more, than this "handy Mother".

Composed and recited by her
Son - Bert Floersheim.