

# **The Reading Mother**

*Strickland Gillilan*

I had a mother who read to me  
Sagas of pirates who scoured the sea.  
Cutlasses clenched in their yellow teeth;  
'Blackbirds' stowed in the hold beneath.

I had a Mother who read me lays  
Of ancient and gallant and golden days;  
Stories of Marmion and Ivanhoe,  
Which every boy has a right to know.

I had a Mother who read me tales  
Of Gelert the hound of the hills of Wales,  
True to his trust till his tragic death,  
Faithfulness lent with his final breath.

I had a Mother who read me the things  
That wholesome life to the boy heart brings-  
Stories that stir with an upward touch.  
Oh, that each mother of boys were such!

You may have tangible wealth untold;  
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold.  
Richer than I you can never be -  
I had a Mother who read to me.