

## Mother a Saint

Our loved one so precious, a face to cherish, eyes that beam  
She bore so many, enough for a football team  
My brothers and sisters, five of each, what a dream  
Equal each one to our mother, our queen

Mother to eleven, a gran to a few score  
A great-gran now to so many more  
If saints were alive, she'd be the first among some  
So said the wise one, the oldest son  
These sentiments we all echo, as we share another brew  
Especially as we gather, for another family do

One way or another, she'd found food and kit  
To feed all the little ones, or the clothes she would knit  
Then as we got older, and away we all went  
To work and to send, when the rest was all spent

Back then it was different, we made do anyway  
We lived as we found, no matter what the day  
The mother of all, would soon find a way  
To loan or to work, for any small pay

We caddied and we hoed, even in frost we did dread  
My brother and I, to buy the dinner and the bread  
All this and more, for a smile, a pat on the head  
From our lovely Mother, before we went to bed

But now again different, as most do very well  
Now in our own houses, we all do dwell  
Now Mother she travels, to parts far and wide  
To visit with her children, in whom she takes pride

We share all our glory, and sorrow so sore  
Between all of her children, and the ones they bore  
Even- time she appears, with those eyes so bright  
That smile sets alight, every room with delight

Our homes in old Newpark  
Where we got up with the lark  
A place where children, in great numbers were bred  
Through toil and trouble, not many fears, they need dread

Our house was a small one, end of terrace like a few  
Now it's so much bigger, with new rooms it grew

A place we return to, no matter how far we roam  
To our lovely Mother and her lovely home



*Mother in Sandpit Lane St Albans 1993*