

## The Hand that Rocks the Cradle.

Blessing on the hand of woman!  
Angels guard her strength and grace;  
In the cottage, palace, hovel!  
O, no matter where the place!  
Would that never storms assailed it;  
Rainbows ever gently curled;  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;  
Power may with beauty flow,  
Mothers first to guide the streamlet,  
From them souls unresting grow.  
Growing on for good or evil,  
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled;  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world.

Women, how divine your mission  
Here upon our natal sod;  
Keep, O keep the young heart open  
Always to the breath of God!  
All true trophies of the ages  
Are from mother love imperaled;  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world.

Blessings on the hand of women!  
Fathers, sons and daughters cry,  
And the sacred song is mingled  
With the worship of the sky—  
Mingled where no tempest darkens,  
Rainbows evermore are curled!  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
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—William Ross Wallace.

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