

**Mother of mercy day by day**

my love of thee grows more and more.  
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way  
like sands upon the great sea shore. (2)

Though poverty and work and woe  
the masters of my life may be,  
when times are worst who does not know  
darkness is light with love of thee? (2)

But scornful men have coldly said  
thy love was leading me from God;  
and yet in this I did but tread  
the very path my Savior trod. (2)

They know but little of thy worth  
who speaks these heartless words to me;  
for what did Jesus love on earth  
one half so tenderly as thee? (2)

Get me the grace to love thee more;  
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead;  
and, Mother! When life's cares are o'er,  
oh, I shall love thee then indeed! (2)

Jesus, when his three hours were run,  
bequeath'd thee from the cross to me,  
and oh! How can I love thy Son,  
sweet Mother! If I love not thee? (2)