

## **The Hand That Rocks the Cradle Rules the World**

by William Ross Wallace (1819-1881)

Blessings on the hand of women!  
Angels guard its strength and grace.  
In the palace, cottage, hovel,  
Oh, 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 streamlets,  
From them souls unresting grow —  
Grow on for the good or evil,  
Sunshine streamed or evil hurled,  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world.  
Woman, how divine your mission,  
Here upon our natal sod;  
Keep – oh, keep the young heart open  
Always to the breath of God!  
All true trophies of the ages  
Are from mother-love impearled,  
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 in the sky —  
Mingles where no tempest darkens,  
Rainbows evermore are hurled;  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world.