

SM 3066

To My Mother Mrs. C. Ellis

"You Can't Forget Your Mother When the Heart Turns Home"

Words by
ARTHUR E. BUCKNAM

Music by
JACOB HENRY ELLIS

Andante con espress

mf

I am think - ing to-night of the
By the old gar - den gate, there so

rall. mp

days once so bright, In my dear child hoods' home far a way Just as
oft she would wait, For her boy when the long day was o'er And it

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plain as can be dear old scenes I can see, So fam - il - iar to youth's hap - py
seems I feel now her sweet kiss on my brow, That she gave in those fond days of

day.
yore. There's a pic - ture so dear in my mem' - ry so clear, 'Tis the
How I long now to be just a child at her knee, By the

dear - est the heart can re - call A face won - drous fair, though 'tis
side of her quaint old arm - chair Where her lips so sweet, taught me

wrink - led with care, But 'twill eer be the fair - est of all.
first to re peat, The dear words of my child - hood's first prayer.

Chorus

A - round the cot - tage door, the vines cling as of yore, There's a

moth - er who waits all a - lone. Her face so kind - ly fair, all

crowned with silv' - ry hair, You can't for get your moth - er, when the

heart turns home.

rall.

You Can't Forget Mother