

THE POPULAR MOTHER SONG OF TO-DAY.

STICK TO YOUR OR DON'T LEAVE YOUR MOTHER WHEN HER HAIR TURNS GRAY. MOTHER TOM



SONG & CHORUS AS SUNG BY

HARRY LECLAIR.

OF LECLAIR AND RUSSELL

White, Smith & Company.

BOSTON

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STICK TO YOUR MOTHER TOM.

OR DONT LEAVE YOUR MOTHER WHEN HER HAIR TURNS
GRAY.

Sung by Harry Le Clair.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Arr. by Harry Birch.

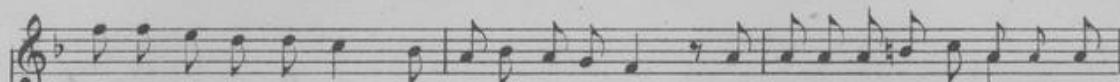
Andante.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the vocal part, starting with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics begin with "well do I re-mem-ber Tho' ma-ny years a-go". The middle staff is for the piano, showing chords and bass notes. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The vocal part has four options for the first line of the chorus: "How", "Our", "The", and "She".

1. How
2. Our
3. The
4. She

well do I re-mem-ber Tho' ma-ny years a-go I journey'd down to Plymouth with my
hearts were dull and heavy Re - turn-ing home a - gain We scarcely spoke a whis-per While
time roll'd slow - ly on-ward Ma-ny changes had oc-curred But of the good ship Vic-tor For
lin-gered thro' the Summer But when the frost, the snow, The bit-ter winds of Win-ter ve - ry

mother you must know, The ships were in the har-bor With flags and ban - ners dressed And
ri - ding on the train The jour-ney seemed un-en-ding And lead-en was the sky, Un-
months we had not heard My moth-er grew so anx-i-ous Her cheeks were sad and pale And
quickly laid her low She died in my em - bra-ces With a spir-it calm and brave And



weeping wives and child-ren Were wait-ing with the rest. My fath-er was a sail-or on
til we reachd the sta- tion Where home was ver-y nigh. The cottage look'd so des-o-late, and
I was ver-y fear-ful She suddenly would fail. One day there came a tel-e-gram to
now the weep-ing wil-low Bends si-lent o'er her grave. I of-ten go to see her grave, And



board a man of war. Who once a-gain was go-ing To leave us by the shore He
va-cant was the chair In which my fath-er lin-gered When ev-er he was near I
say the ship was lost. She'd foun-dered many miles a-way When she'd been tempest toss'd My
keep the ver-dure green. And plant some spotless lil-lies Up-on the peaceful scene And

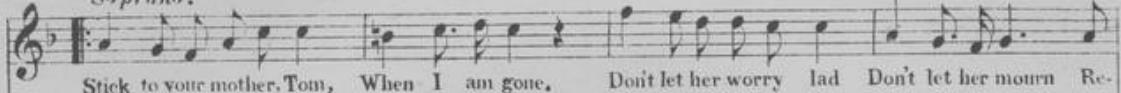
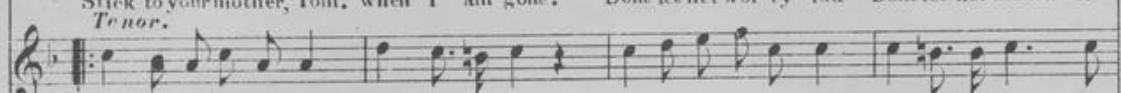
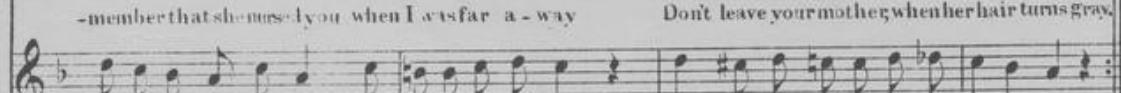
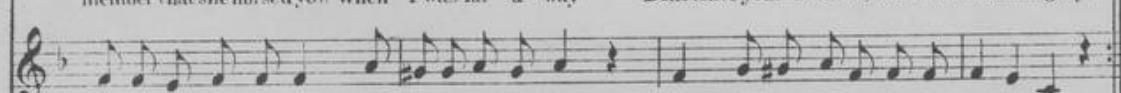
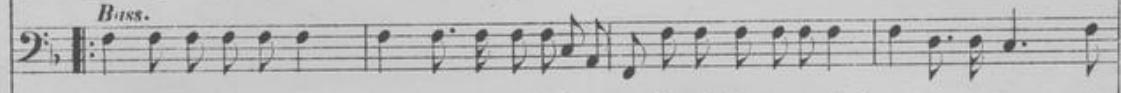


kissed our lips at parting While standing on the quay And as he bade us both goodbye These words he said to me
came and stood by mother So full of hope and fear She fondled and caress'd me as she whisper'd thro' her tears
mother faint-ed at the news But when the swoon had fled I kiss'd her as I told her Of the words my father said
feel the sat-is-faction Of knowing tho'she's dead I tried to do my du-ty To the words my father said



CHORUS.

5

Soprano.*Alto.**Tenor.**Bass.*

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 Sweet to the milkmaid the plow-boy sung meet me to
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