

MOTHER'S ROSARY OF LOVE

Chorus

She counted the first bead when you were born,
The second when you tried to walk,
The third bead she counted filled her with delight,
Twas when she first heard you talk,
And so for each deed she would count a new bead,
And that's what her dreams were made of,
Smiles, sighs and tears,
Joys, hopes and fears,
Are a Mother's Rosary of Love.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
LEO WOOD AND
EDDIE DORR.

LEO WOOD
AUTHOR AND COMPOSER
"THAT'S WHAT GOD MADE
MOTHERS FOR."

E. Dorris

60¢

MEYER COHEN MUSIC
PUB. CO., INC.
1531 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Mothers Rosary Of Love

Chimes

Words by
LEO WOOD

Music by
EDDIE DORR

sva..... loco

p Chimes

rit

Each moth-er's life is a Ro - sa - ry, That she counts o'er and o'er, _____ Each
So day by day, ev-er will - ing - ly, She does all she can do, _____ Each

pearl a rec - co - lec - tion _____ She'll love for - ev - er more. _____ She
task a deed of glad-ness, _____ Her work is nev - er through _____ Such

guards each bead with care, _____ No one their se - crets can share. _____
is her ro - sa - ry, _____ And so it will ev - er be, _____

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REFRAIN

She count-ed the first bead the day you were born, The se- cond when

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you tried to walk, ——— The third bead she count-ed, filled her with de-

light, 'Twas when she first heard you talk. ——— And so for each deed she would

count a new bead, And that's what her dreams were made of.

smiles sighs and tears, Joys, hopes and fears, Are a moth-er's Ro-sa-ry of love. ———

TO BE UP TO DATE A MEYER COHEN MUSIC CO. SONG HIT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME!

Somebody Stole My Gal

By LEO WOOD

CHORDS

Some-body stole my gal, Some-body stole my gal.
Some-body came and took her a-way, She did-a ev-er say she was leav-ing.
The kiss-es I liked so, Are get-ting now I know, And
Gee! I know that she would come to me, if she could see a-ny-er.

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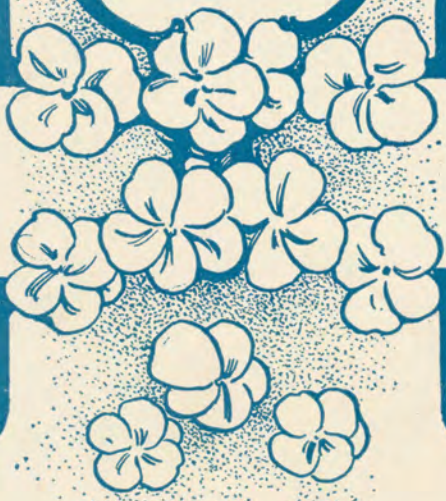
The Greatest Thing That Came From France

Words by HARRY PHASE Music by ED. G. NELSON

CHORUS

France, is sure a won-der-ful place, No one can do any,
Won-der-ful climate, Won-der-ful wine, Won-der-ful place, I have a
won-der-ful time, France, is blessed with beau-ti-ful girls, There's not one
thing they lack, But the great-est thing that ever came from dear old France

That's What God Made Mothers For
Cheer Up Mother It's All Right Now
My Mary's Eyes
My Syncopated Melody Man
Mothers of France
I'd Love to Dance an Old Fashioned
Waltz
Calling Sweetheart For You
The Little Boy That Never Was
Somebody Stole My Gal
The Spirit of the U. S. A.
God's Service Flag of Love
We'll All Need Forgiveness Some
Day



That's What God Made Mother For

C'Est Pour Ça Qu'Dieu Fit Les Mères

Traduction française de A. Bollert By LEO WOOD

CHORUS

To watch to-see you when a-bye, To sing to you to sleep with her voice,
Pour s'en-ir de-ja, Pour s'en-ir de-ja, Pour s'en-ir de-ja, Pour s'en-ir de-ja,
To try to be near you to comfort and cheer you, To teach you the right from the
Pour s'en-ir de-ja, Pour s'en-ir de-ja, Pour s'en-ir de-ja, Pour s'en-ir de-ja,
To do all she can to make you a man And to-see a mil-lion things more,
Elle dit faire au bon-heur, Elle dit faire au bon-heur, Elle dit faire au bon-heur,
Elle dit faire au bon-heur, Elle dit faire au bon-heur, Elle dit faire au bon-heur,

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Roses of Arcadie

Words by RACHEL STONEY Music by GITO MOUTAN

Tempo di Valze

Fresh from the for-est Rose as of Ar-ca-die, All so sweetly in
bloom,
Greet my senses with their sweet perfume, Oh, White Rose and Red Rose,
Shining only for me, From their soft-est retreat in Ar-ca-die
Embrace of love are you, Love that is strong and true, Give to my love

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