

# MOTHER MINE

SONGS OF

# AL. H. WILSON

THE  
GOLDEN VOICE  
SINGER



YESTERDAY ——— 60¢      AS THE YEARS ROLL ON — 60¢  
MOTHER MINE ——— 60¢      SHE LEFT ME FOR A TEDDY BEAR — 60¢

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# TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO YESTERDAY

Words by  
AL. LANGFORD

Music by  
AL. H. WILSON

**Tempo di Marcia**

**VOICE**  
**Moderato**

Yes - ter - day, oh! yes - ter - day, All the world was  
Yes - ter - day, oh! yes - ter - day, On - ly love was

bright and fair, The birds were sing-ing; the church bells ring - ing, And  
in my heart, — Till the hand — of time crept o'er me, And

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# MOTHER MINE

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Lyric by  
CHAS. NOEL DOUGLAS

Music by  
AL. H. WILSON

Valse Moderato

The piano introduction is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Valse Moderato'. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte), *rall.* (rallentando), and *pp dim.* (pianissimo diminuendo).

*dolce*

Wher - ev - er I roam in my dream - ing, A vis - ion be  
Those dear pre - cious should - ers are bend - ing, With the bur - den of

fore me will rise, \_\_\_\_\_ Out of the past it comes  
care they have borne, \_\_\_\_\_ Like a flow - er whose sum - mer is

stream - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ To glad - den with love - light my eyes; \_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis a  
end - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ And soon from its stalk will be torn; \_\_\_\_\_ Those

form I — love and no oth - er, ——— In this world to  
lips they are mov - ing, God bless them, ——— As they did when I

me is so dear, ——— And my quiv - er - ing lips call her  
knelt by her knee, ——— And I pause as I stoop down to

moth - er, As that sweet lov - ing fig - ure draws near. ———  
kiss them, For they're ask - ing a bless - ing for me. ———

**CHORUS**

Moth - er mine, Moth - er mine, Moth - er mine, ——— Though your brow is all wrink - led with



care, \_\_\_\_\_ Those eyes with the old lus-tre shine, \_\_\_\_\_ For the

dear moth-er love is still there; \_\_\_\_\_ And I thank the kind fa-ther a-

bove, \_\_\_\_\_ For a gift that is more than di - vine, \_\_\_\_\_ An an-gel of

good-ness and love, \_\_\_\_\_ I see in my sweet moth-er mine.



NEW SONGS  
OF  
A. H. WILSON

Yesterday  
Mother Mine  
As Years Roll On  
She Left Me For A Teddy Bear

When I First Met You  
Moon Moon Moon  
When The Roses In Spring Bloom Again  
Mr. Bear

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