

Catherine Martelle

Home Lyrics.

No 2.

"I MISS THEE MY MOTHER."

The Poetry

By

ELIZA COOK,

The Music

By

CHAS W. GLOVER.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

LONDON.

S. NELSON, 61, GREEK STREET, SOHO SQUARE.

Eliza Cook's "Home Lyrics," Published by S. N.

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|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1, The Old Watermill, Music by RUSSELL. | 4, Our Native Song. Music by RUSSELL. |
| 2, I miss thee my Mother, . . . GLOVER. | 5, The Old Farm Gate |
| 3, The Old Arm Chair, . . . RUSSELL. | 6, |

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN SEVEN VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOL. I.
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. B. BENTLEY, 1822.

I MISS THEE MY MOTHER!

Written by Eliza Cook.

Composed by Chas. W. Glover.

ANDANTE
CON MOTO.

I miss thee, my Mo...ther! thy i...mage is still The

deep...est impress'd on my heart— And the tab...let so faith...ful, in

death must be chill, Ere a line of that image de...part; Thou wert

I miss thee my Mother.

torn from my side, when I treasur'd thee most, When my reason could measure thy

worth; When I knew, but too well, that the i_dol I'd lost, Could be

never replac'd up on earth. Could be never replac'd up on earth.

I miss thee, my Mother! in circles of joy, Where I've

I miss thee my Mother.

mingled as gay as the rest, For how slight is the touch that will

serve to destroy All the fairy web spun in my breast; Some

me-lo-dy sweet may be float-ing a-round, 'Tis a ballad I learnt at thy

knee;— Some strain may be play'd and I shrink from the sound, For my

I miss thee my Mother.

cal?

fingers oft woke it for thee. For my fingers oft woke it for thee.

pp *sf* *cal?*

I miss thee, my Mother! when

sf *pp*

young health has fled, And I sink in the languor of pain, Where,

where is the arm that once pillow'd my head And the ear that once heard me com...

sf *p*

I miss thee my Mother,

plain? Other hands may support, gentle accents may fall, For the

fond and the true are yet mine: I've a blessing for each, I am

grate-ful to all_ But, my Mother, no love is like thine. But, my

cal^o Mother, no love is like thine.

cal^o I miss thee my Mother.

