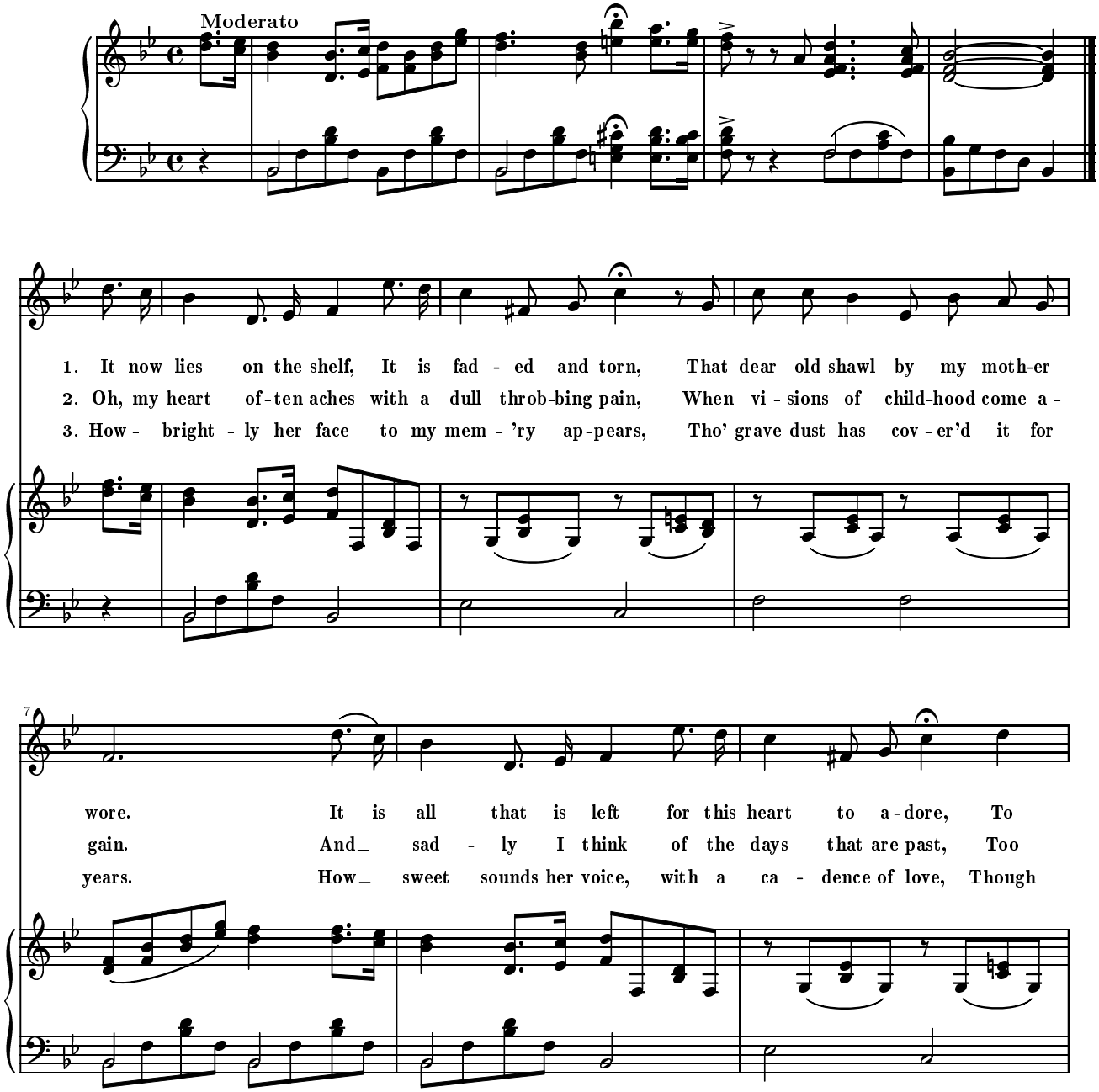
My Mother's Old Red Shawl

Charles Moreland

Voice and Piano



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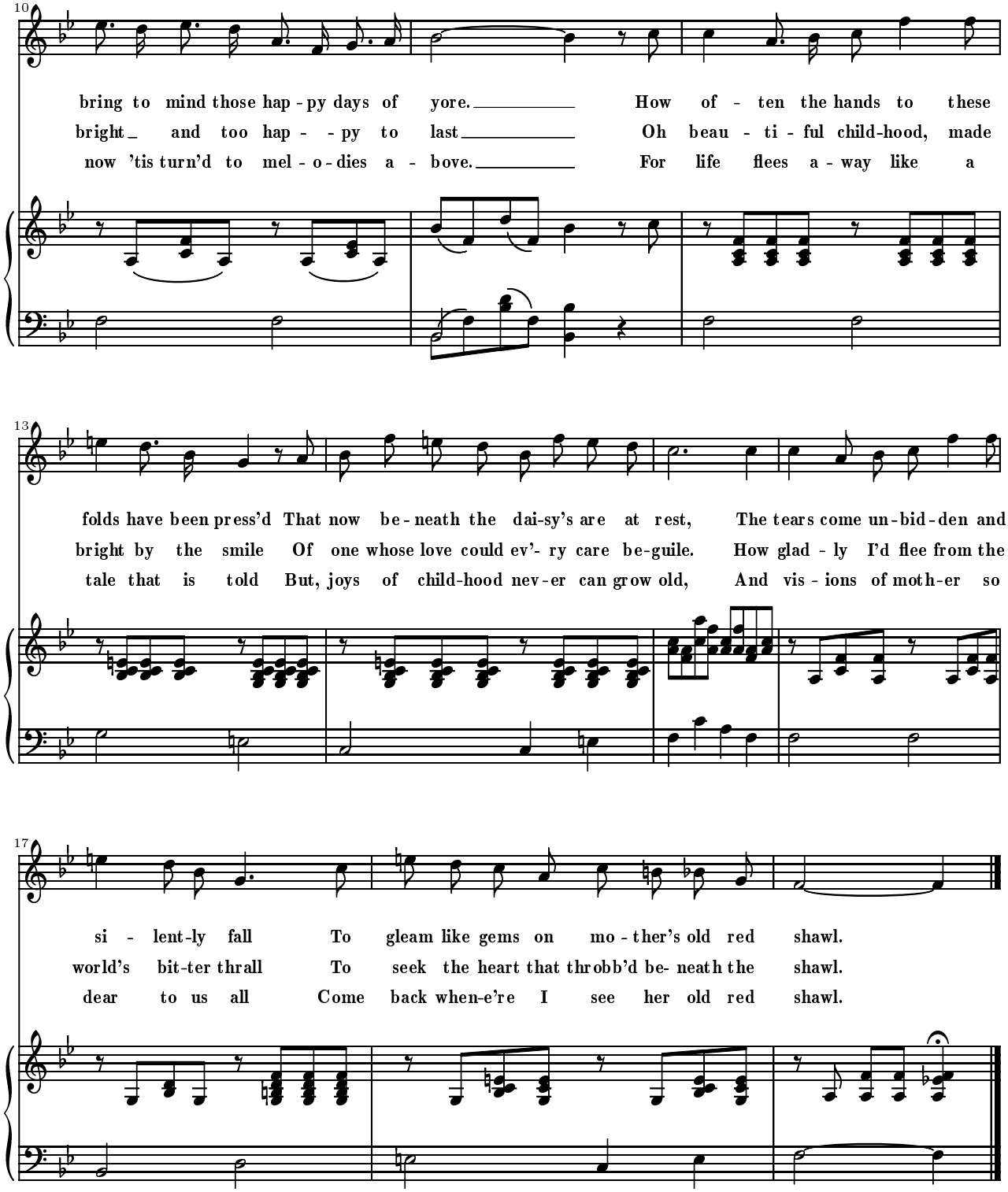
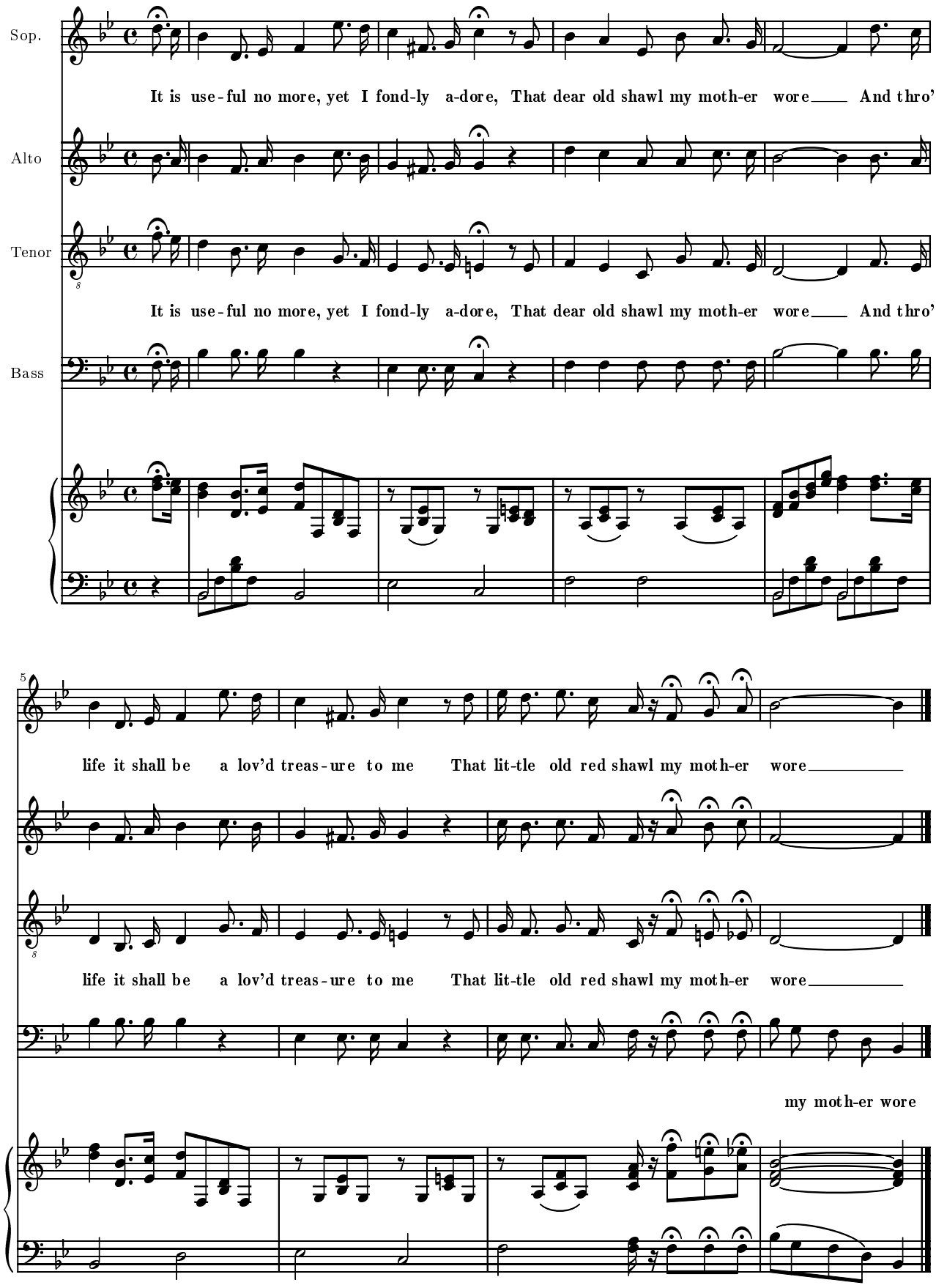

10
bring to mind those hap - py days of yore. How of - ten the hands to these
bright and too hap - - py to last Oh beau - ti - ful child-hood, made
now 'tis turn'd to mel - o - dies a - bove. For life flees a - way like a
13
folds have been press'd That now be - neath the dai-sy's are at rest, The tears come un - bid - den and
bright by the smile Of one whose love could ev'- ry care be-guile. How glad - ly I'd flee from the
tale that is told But, joys of child-hood nev-er can grow old, And vis - ions of moth-er so
17
si - lent-ly fall To gleam like gems on mo - ther's old red shawl.
world's bit-ter thrall To seek the heart that throbb'd be- neath the shawl.
dear to us all Come back when-e're I see her old red shawl.

Chorus



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