

HARRY VON TILZERS MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLAD

JUST AS YOUR MOTHER WAS

LYRIC BY
ANDREW B. STERLING

MUSIC BY
HARRY VON TILZER

Loretta C. Berkeley

3-OCT 30
COPY 1917



POSED BY RUTH CHESTER
OF SMITH AND GOLDEN'S
"TURN TO THE RIGHT"



Just As Your Mother Was

Lyric by
ANDREW B. STERLING

Music by
HARRY VON TILZER

Piano

Voice

Wed-ding bells are ring-ing Choir sweet-ly sing-ing
Just a sim-ple sto-ry Love in all its glo-ry

Soon the hap-py bride will ride a-way As she whis-pers "Good-bye, Dad-dy" To her
Sun or storm your moth-er's love was true But the an-gels came and took her On the

fath-er old and gray— Ten-der-ly he holds her Tears are in his eyes
day they left me you— Ten-der-ly I watched you Grow-ing day by day

"Lis-ten, child," he whis-pered fond and low "Your moth-er was an an-gel and
Now the time to part is draw-ing near Re-mem-ber that your moth-er was

you're an an - gel too For you look just like your moth - er long a - go. —
stead - fast staunch and true And I know you'll al - ways be like her my dear. —

Chorus

You've got the same eyes of blue You've got the same sweet smile too. And may the

an - gels up a - bove you Watch and love you all life through — You've got the

same lov - ing way And ev - ry night I'll kneel and pray — That you'll be through life, a

1 *High Ending (Optional)*

good true wife, dear, Just as your moth - er was. — Just as your moth - er was. —

rit.

"Just As Your Mother Was"

POEM BY GARFIELD KILGOUR

MUSIC BY HARRY VON TILZER

This poem to be recited during the second chorus up to the last line "JUST AS YOUR MOTHER WAS," which is to be sung.

— POEM —

MOTHER! No one but a mother knows what that word really means,
She plays the part of sacrifice in life's fast changing scenes,
The hand that rocks the cradle rules this world of toil and strife,
But she gains that power by giving up the dearest things in life.

For the boy must serve his country as off to war he goes
And the thoughtless girl in the city's whirl ends where, God only knows,
The mother gives her best, her all, she bravely plays her part
Yet all she earns in life's returns is a weary, broken heart.

And wife! A word that also means the gift of mother love
For every wife that's worthy prays for children from above
She gives them life and loving care, but fleeting years pass on
Too soon the world has claimed them and they're quickly lost and gone.

"So I give you now, my daughter", we hear the father say,
And speak of your dear Mother on this, your wedding day,
Be just like her, my little girl, she was a pal, and true,
She made ME what I am to-day, and she gave her life for you.

She was cheering and endearing with her loving ways and smiles
She cared for me and shared with me my sorrows and my trials
And so you, too, be loving, true, a wife, a pal, a friend,
And fight by him, do right by him -- 'twill bless you in the end.

There may be times of trouble when dark shadows are the cause
But be all through life, a good true wife, dear, "Just As Your Mother Was."

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Edison Sheet Music

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