THE EYES OF HEAVEN

(MY MOTHER'S STAR)

NOVELTY BALLAD

WORDS BY WM A. WILANDER
MUSIC BY HARRY DE COSTA
COMPOSER OF "A LITTLE GREY MOTHER WHO WAITS ALL ALONE" ETC.

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON

THE EYES OF HEAVEN

(MY MOTHER'S STAR)

Lyric by
Wm A. WILANDER

Music by
HARRY De COSTA

Andante

p *rit.* *ff*

As I gaze up - on the heav - ens, They re - call a tale to me, A
It's a sim - ple lit - tle sto - ry, One that ev - 'ry child should know, To

p

tale my moth - er told long, long a - go. When we were lit - tle chil - dren, As we
teach them that when - ev - er they do wrong — That the stars a - bove are watch - ing O'er this

sat a - bout her knee, I'll ne'er for - get her voice so sweet and low. It
u - ni - verse be - low, They know where ev - 'ry one of us be - long. The

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BY THE WRITERS OF "A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN" A BIG HIT

Good-bye, Good Luck, God Bless You

REFRAIN *Tenderly* Is All That I Can Say BRENNAN & BALL

Good - bye, good luck, God bless you, Is all that I can say; But when you

The Best of All Ballads PRICE 15 CENTS POSTPAID

was a le - gend of the stars on high, And
sweet - est sto - ry that I ev - er knew, It

how they hap - pen to be in the sky.
seemed so real, some - how I feel its true.

rit.

REFRAIN *Tenderly*

She called them the eyes of Heav - en, That watch o - ver those they

p - *f a tempo*

love Who are still up - on this earth, And if you prove your worth, When

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THE GREATEST OF ALL DIXIE SONGS A REAL NOVELTY

Are You From Dixie?

('Cause I'm From Dixie, Too!)

CHORUS YELLEN & COBB

Are you from Dix - ie? I said from Dix - ie! Where the fields of cot - ton

Breezy and Tuneful PRICE 15 CENTS POSTPAID

you are called, your star will shine a - bove. Each star means a soul in

Heav - en, Al - tho' there's mil - lions watch-ing from a - far, Just as

ten.

long as they may shine, I'll wor - ship all as mine, 'Cause

one of them must be My Moth - er's Star. She Star.

p *rit.* *f* *ffz*

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THE GREAT MARCH-MOTHER-BALLAD THE BIGGEST HIT IN YEARS

The Little Grey Mother

GROSSMAN & De COSTA

CHORUS

There's a lit - tle grey moth - er who waits all a - lone in a

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HUNDREDS OF MOTHER SONGS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN
BUT RARELY WILL YOU FIND ONE THAT EXPRESSES
THE SENTIMENT CONTAINED IN BOTH LYRIC AND MUSIC OF

You're The Best Little Mother That God Ever Made

Published as follows
Solo Four Keys – C, d to d. E♭, f to f. F, g to g. G, a to a. 60¢ each
Octavo, Male, Female and Mixed Voices 15 cents each

Lyric by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Tenderly

God made you, dear moth - er, And then broke the mold, Then

p - - *f* *a tempo*

gave you to me With your heart of pure gold. A life - time of

love At my feet you have laid, You're the best lit - tle

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THEY SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

MOTHER MACHREE

Lyric by RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

Music by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT & ERNEST R. BALL

Tenderly with much expression

Sure I love the dear sil - ver that shines in your hair, And the

mp *express.*

brow that's all fur - rowed, And wrink - led with care I

kiss the dear fin - gers so toil worn for me, Oh, God

mp *mf* *dim.*

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SOLO, FOUR KEYS:—B♭, (B♭ TO D) C, D, AND F. DUET, TWO KEYS:—B♭ AND F

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

SHURE THEY CALL IT IRELAND

Poem by J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by ERNEST R. BALL

Shure, a lit - tle bit of Heav - en fell from out the sky one day, And

L.H. *p* *a tempo*

nes - tled on the o - cean in a spot so far a - way; And

retard

when the An - gels found it, Shure it looked so sweet and fair, They

a tempo

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—A♭, (C TO F) B♭ AND C

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

Lyric by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT & GEO. GRAFF, Jr.

Music by ERNEST R. BALL

CHORUS

When I - rish eyes are smi - ling, Sure they're like a morn in

p *f*

Spring. In the lilt of I - rish laugh - ter, You can hear the

an - gels sing. When I - rish hearts are hap - py, All the

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C TO E) D AND F

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

Lyric and Music by J. R. SHANNON

Smoothly with much expression

in time

Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, Too - ra - loo - ra - li,

mp in time

Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, Hush now, don't you cry!

Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, Too - ra - loo - ra -

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C TO C) E♭ AND F

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