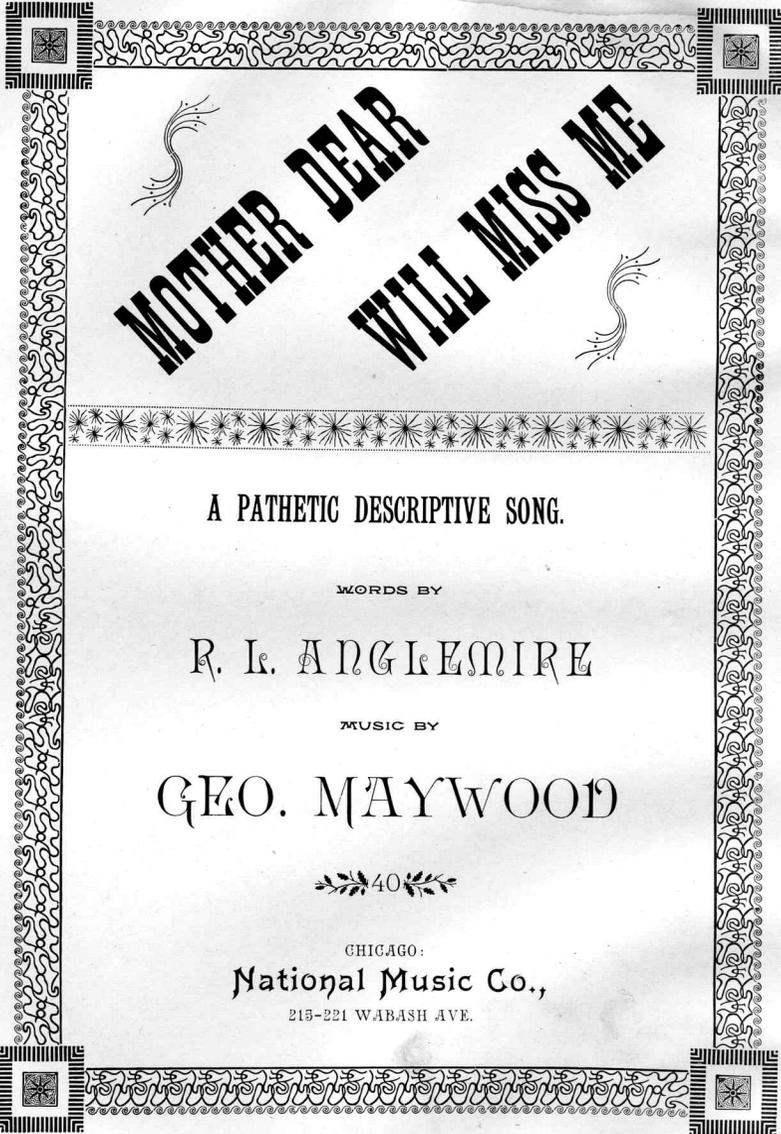


3-OCT 30
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MOTHER DEAR
WILL MISS ME

A PATHETIC DESCRIPTIVE SONG.

WORDS BY

R. L. ANGLEMIRE

MUSIC BY

GEO. MAYWOOD

40

CHICAGO:

National Music Co.,

215-221 WABASH AVE.

Mother Dear will miss Me,

OR

The Fatal Message.

Charles Anglemire, an A. D. T. messenger, was run over by a cable train and dragged nearly fifty feet. When they stopped the car and released him he still held the message, and asked the officer to deliver it, saying that he could not, and the man would be disappointed. Although terribly mangled, he thought not of himself, but of his message, and his mother.

Words by his Brother, K. L. ANGLEMIRE.

Music by GEO. MAYWOOD.

INTRODUCTION.

Moderato.
mf

ritard

The introduction consists of two staves: a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The piece concludes with a 'ritard' (ritardando) marking.

Con espressione.

1. A blue coat - ed mes - sen - ger lad - die was he, The pride of a fam - 'ly of
2. With mes - sage in hand on the er - rand he flew, A - las 'twas an er - rand of
3. The poor, tear - ful moth - er at last reached hisside, His mo - ments of life were nigh

p

The verses are set to a melody that is more expressive than the introduction. The piano accompaniment is marked 'p' (piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with the piano accompaniment below that. The music is in the same key signature and time signature as the introduction.

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four. As brave a young he - ro as ev - er could be, True
 fate,— A big ca - ble car quick - ly bore in - to view, The
 run. "Don't say I'm too late, sir," the fond moth - er cried, "O

blue as the coat which he wore. One day to his moth - er a
 poor lad - die saw it too late. The cru - el car struck him,— the
 speak to me, dar - ling, my son!" The lad - die's eyes o - pened, gazed

mes - sage was brought; with hor - ror the sad lines she read: "Your
 crowd saw him reel, And straight in it's path - way he fell— Yes,
 in - to her own, All pain for the mo - ment had fled. A

boy neetha big ca - ble car has been caught, So haste to him 'ere he is dead." "Oh
 right in the path of the big i - ron wheel—The rest it is need-less to tell. "Oh
 faint wea - ry smile and his spir - it had flown—The mes-sen-ger lad - die was dead! "Oh

cres *rit.*

REFRAIN.

haste to moth - er dear, And bring her to me here," They

p

heard the strick-en he - ro moan and cry. "I'd brave-ly bear the pain, To

mf *f* *cres*

see her once a - gain, But moth-er dear will miss me when I die."

ritard *Fine*

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