

IN THE GROOMING MOTHER DARLING



SACRED
TO THE
MEMORY
OF
MOTHERS
BY A
"VESPERITE"

WHEN THE

MESSAGE
COMES TO
YOU

WORDS BY
CLINTON J. POTTER
MUSIC BY
F.E. WHITMORE
WHITMORE MUSIC PUB. CO.
320 W. 18th St., N.Y. SCRANTON, PA.

25¢

Chas. Hanne' Sr. Des. Scranton, Pa.

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The News Engraving Co. Scranton, Pa.

In The Gloaming Mother Darling When The Message Comes To You.

Words by
CLINTON J. POTTER.

Music by
FLOYD E. WHITMORE.

Andante.

Piano.



Voice.

In the gloam-ing moth-er dar-ling, When the lights were dim and low,
Bear up brave-ly moth-er dar-ling, There must be no bit-ter sigh.



Then I knelt down there be-side you, In the gold-en long a go
Moth-er's heart must here be bro-ken, Moth-er's son must dare to die



I can see you dear-est moth-er, I can hear your voice in pray'r. Ask-ing
He is in the trench be-side me, Tho' my hu-man eye can't see. For I



Arranged by Chas. S. Messels orchestra leader, Poli's Theatre, Scranton, Pa

Him to guide your sol-dier, In the trench-es o-ver there.
know that He is moth-er, For you said that He would be.

Chorus.

In the gloam-ing moth-er dar-ling, When the mess-age comes to
As you taught me how to trust Him, Back there by the old arm

you, Blaz-ened in e-ter-nal glo-ry, Moth-er dear you will be
chair. With your lov-ing arms a-round me. As I lisped my ba-by

true, He will guide you dear-est moth-er, Where your dim eyes can-not
pray'r. So, I pray you dear-est moth-er, As the moth-er taught her

see, May he place his arms a-round you, If the scroll shall hon-or me.
son, When the mas-ter brings the mess-age, Moth-er pray thy will be done.

Keep the Old Flag Gleaming

For instant use the "Old Flag" song can be sung to the air of "Home Fires"

ARE THE YANKEE COLORS GLEAMING
IN YOUR WINDOW CLEAR TONIGHT?
CAN THE DIMMED EYE OF A SOLDIER
SEE THE NEVER-FAILING LIGHT?
WILL SOME FOND AND LOVING MOTHER
WATCH THE MARCHING LINE IN VAIN
WHILE THAT BOY THAT YOU DESERTED
MAY BE COUNTED WITH THE SLAIN?

CHORUS

KEEP THE OLD FLAG GLEAMING
WITH THE COLORS STREAMING;
O'ER THE YANKEE SOLDIER BOYS
WHERE E'ER THEY BE.

SIDE BY SIDE THEY'RE DARING,
DEATH'S GRIM FIRES ARE FLARING;
STANDING GUARD WITH ANGELS,
SONS OF LIBERTY.

II

LET US WAIT NOT TILL TOMORROW
FOR TOMORROW IS TOO LATE,
WAR GUNS WON'T WAIT FOR LAGGARD MEN,
THE HERO MEETS HIS FATE.
WILL OUR HEARTS BE SAD AND HEAVY
AS WITH MANY A BITTER SIGH
WE REMEMBER HOW WE FAILED TO HELP
THE HEROES MARCHING BY?

(Chorus)

III

CAN YOU HEAR THE YANKEE SOLDIERS
AS THEY CALL FOR YOU AND ME,
FROM THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FREEDOM
IN THE LAND ACROSS THE SEA?
WHERE THE WOUNDED SOLDIER WAITED
FOR THE FLAG THAT NEVER CAME.
DID OUR WAITING TILL TOMORROW
ADD THE STINGING TO HIS PAIN?

(Chorus)

Mother Gleaming, 10 cents; by mail, 15 cents.
Keep the Old Flag Gleaming, poem, sold separately for 5c—with music, 10c.

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Item no.: 100009926

Title: In the gloaming mother darling when
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