I'm Knitting A Rosary

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Words by
Robert Levenson
Music by
Vincent Plunkett

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I'M KNITTING A ROSARY

Respectfuly dedicated to Private James Lucie

Words by
ROBERT LEVENSON

Music by
VINCENT PLUNKETT

VOICE

PIANO

f

Vamp

p

1. Sit-ting in the twi - light, Knit-ting in her
2. There will come a bright day, In the bye and

hands Comes a child-ish foot - step There her ba-by
bye Hearts will be u - nit - ed, 'Neath a peace-ful

stands "Please tell me Grand-ma - ma, What shall we write to
sky And al-ways they'll hold dear The mes-sage that brought

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M1646
.P.

Pa. You send a kiss, dear, And I'll write this, dear.
cheer These words they'll cher - ish They'll nev - er per - ish.

CHORUS

I'm knit - ting each day for you, While you're a - cross the sea, Tho' it's

p-f

some-thing to wear For my boy o - ver there, It is just like a ros-a - ry to me.

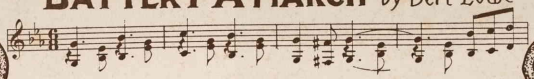
Ev - 'ry stitch a tear Ev - 'ry "purl" a prayer I'm knit - ting a

marcato

ros - a - ry That will keep you safe and sound for me. I'm me.

f

BATTERY A MARCH by Bert Lowe



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"SOCIETY BUDS" WALTZ, by Bert Lowe

TRY THESE THEMATICS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

I'M KNITTING A ROSARY

RECITATION BY ROBERT LEVENSON

When a mother's knitting socks or a sweater for her boy,
Tho' her heart is touched with sorrow there is still a bit of joy,
For it's then she starts a-thinking of the days that have long gone by,
When she knitted little baby things while she hummed a lullaby;
And as she rocked the cradle with ev'ry stitch she made,
She looked at her baby's smiling face and in her heart she prayed
That he'd grow to be the kind of man she'd be proud to call her son,
So that when the Master called her home, He'd say to her: "Well done!"
And he is that kind of man to-day; he's gone to do his bit,
There's a service flag in the window and that mother's mighty proud of it.
She's always sending little things that will cheer and comfort him,
That's why she's knitting all day long until the light grows dim.
It isn't made of yarn at all — this sweater that he'll wear,
It's made of a mother's heart-strings and it's knit with love and care.
She murmurs little pray'rs for him there in the setting sun,
As she counts the stitches like a rosary — one by one.
So is it any wonder as she sits there day by day,
That when her heart grows weary you'll hear her softly say:

Sing:

Every stitch a tear, ev'ry purl a prayer,
I'm knitting a rosary that will keep you safe and sound for me.

* After singing a verse and one chorus, the singer recites this poem while the music of the chorus is played softly. When the point marked "SING" is reached the singer should sing the remaining lines just as they are in the chorus.

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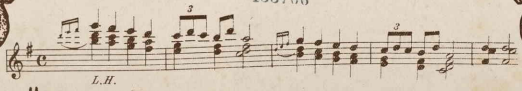

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