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MAY -6 1919

"Mother!
I'M NOT SLEEPING OR DEAD?"

Words and Music by

ADELAIDE WALTHER

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IN SYMPATHY

I Dedicate This Song

To parents whose boys did not come home from the War, and have written:

"If Mother Could Only Know"

and

"Mother! I'm Not Sleeping or Dead"

with a knowledge that disembodied spirits can and "do" return to earth. They come by day, and in the stillness of the night, hover about their loved ones, eager to have their presence felt, and lift the veil from mortal eyes, so that they may see that the departed ones are not dead.

I pray that this message of love and light, composed into songs, may reach and comfort thousands of sad hearts—with a "truth"—that the fallen soldier boys live!—in a better world, beyond the grave.

THE AUTHOR.

Mother, I'm Not Sleeping Or Dead

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ADELAIDE WALTHER

Moderato

p

Who is this that comes with a white cross band, From Be-yond through the

p

"Sha - dow land?" It's a Sol - dier_ guid-ed_ to_ find his way home, To

moth - er who mourns for her dear boy a-lone. With a pic-ture held close, she

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sleeps in a chair, Be - side her a spir - it form kneels in pray'r. As her

hands are kissed sad eyes o - pen wide, Her lips shape a name and then she cries:

rall.

rall.

"Sam-mie my boy! I was dream - ing you came home a - gain to - night, I

f

saw your form, your smil - ing face, with - in a dim white light, I

felt you ca-ress me, my pre - cious boy, In the sweet fa - mil - iar way, You

wound your arms a - round me, and soft ly I heard you say:"

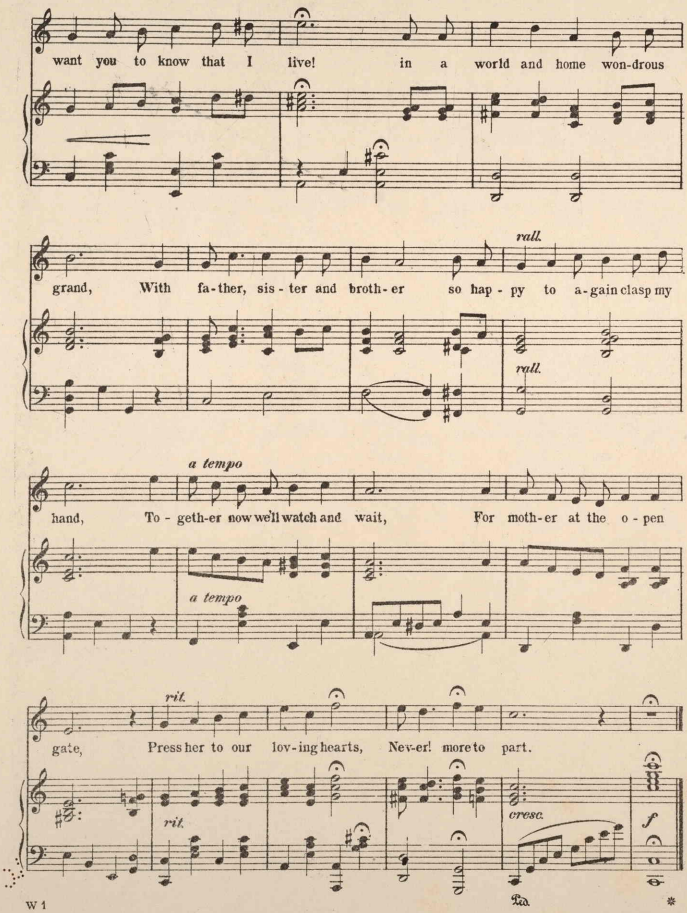
rall.

'Moth - er! darl - ing moth - er I'm not sleep - ing or dead,

P

When you heard me call - ing, I was stand-ing by your bed, I

rall.


want you to know that I live! in a world and home won-drous
grand, With fa-ther, sis-ter and broth-er so hap-py to a-gain clasp my
rall.
rall.
hand, To-geth-er now we'll watch and wait, For moth-er at the o-pen
a tempo
a tempo
gate, Press her to our lov-ing hearts, Nev-er! more to part.
rit.
rit.
cresc.
f

"If Mother Could Only Know"

(First Part to:)

"MOTHER! I'M NOT SLEEPING OR DEAD"

On wings of Love a soldier was carried,
To that fair country—the Beyond.
Where loved ones were patiently waiting for Sammie,
The boy of whom all were so fond.

Weary from his celestial journey,
He was laid to rest on a rose-covered bed.
Where comrades stood ready to guard the sleeper, and
Resurrection of the so-called "dead."

Hark! there comes the song of heavenly choir,
To awaken the new born soul from its sleep.
To the call of a bugle, Sammie wakes,
Arises, and quickly bounds to his feet.

"Face to face" with friends he thought dead so long,
He listens to their "welcome home" in song.
In the glory of light, Sammie now understands
He's not dead but lives, in the "better land"
With vision clear, he beholds
The Father coming in clouds of gold,
In rapture the soldier gazes on—
The wonders of the Spheres,
His eyes in praise are lifted,
With joy they close in tears.
Then his voice trembles low:
"If mother could only know."

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THE "IDEALISTIC" SONGS

Written by Adelaide Walther

"Mother! I'm Not Sleeping or Dead."

'If Mother Could Only Know."

"The Message of the War."

"The Silent Messenger."

"The City of Light."

"Tattle-tale Eyes."

"Nannine."

These new songs will be launched upon the market by unemployed soldiers. To them will be given the exclusive right of sale throughout the country.

Soldiers! Kindly send for a descriptive catalogue or call at office of

THE IDEALISTIC PUBLISHING CO.,

Astor Theatre Building

1531 BROADWAY, NEW YORK