

# DREAMS OF MOTHER

Carried in this bit of melody and few words is a loving and beautiful sentiment that was felt by every American son in France, and not alone by sons in France but since time began by sons who have left their native land, no matter what the reason.



*J. Miller*

MELODY  
ORIGINATED  
AND  
WORDS  
WRITTEN  
BY  
AMERICAN  
SOLDIERS  
IN  
FRANCE

Published by  
**O. WEILBY**  
CHICAGO

Cover Page of this Song as it was Originally Published in France by and for the A. E. F.

## LATEST AEF SONG SUCCESS

*Dreams  
of  
Mother*

Words by  
Lieut. **O. WEILBY**  
A. E. F. — U. S. A.

**A.E.F.**

Music by  
Lieut. **F. FERDINANDO**  
1st Regiment Brest  
A. E. F. — U. S. M. C.

Published in  
**BORDEAUX**  
**GIRONDE**  
**FRANCE**

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On the back of this copy you will find the music and words of this song as it was published at Camp Saint Sulpice, France.

# Dreams of Mother

Valse Lento



As I cher - ish mem - 'ries sweet By - gone days be - fore me  
Vis - ions hal - lowed by her love Fill my heart both night and

The first vocal line is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues below the vocal line.

loom day I can see my dear old moth - er In our old home  
How I long for moth - er's kiss es Gen - tle like spring

The second vocal line is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues below the vocal line.

sit - ting room Sil - ver haired and ten - der hearted Ev - er  
winds in May Shak - ing hands ca - ress - ing me I can

The third vocal line is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues below the vocal line.

lov - ing al - ways there      When I think "God bless my moth-er"  
 feel them in my hair      When I think "God bless my moth-er".

CHORUS

Seems to me I hear her prayer.      Boy of mine come back come  
 Seems to me I hear her prayer.

back to me My old arms are trembling to en-fold you Sail the sea My

boy back home to me      Moth - er's heart beats but to hold you.      you.

# Dreams of Mother

Words by

Music by

LIEUT. O. WEILBY

LIEUT. FELICE FERDINANDO

As I see rich men's riches. By gone days before me loon  
 VI - sions halloved by low loon Fill my heart both night and day

I can see my dear old mother In our all none sit - ting room.  
 Lon - ging for old mo - ther kisses Gen - tle like spring whels in may.

Sil - ver haired and tan - der hearted E - ve in - ving of - way thru  
 Sha - king han - ds car - ess - ting me I can feel them in my hair

When I think God bless my mo - ther Seems to me I hear this air.  
 When I think God bless my mo - ther Seems to me I hear this air.

## CHORUS

Boy of mine — come back come back to me — my old

arm — are trem - bling to en - fold you; sail the sea —

— my boy back home to me, — mo - ther's heart — beats

but to hold you — but to hold you.