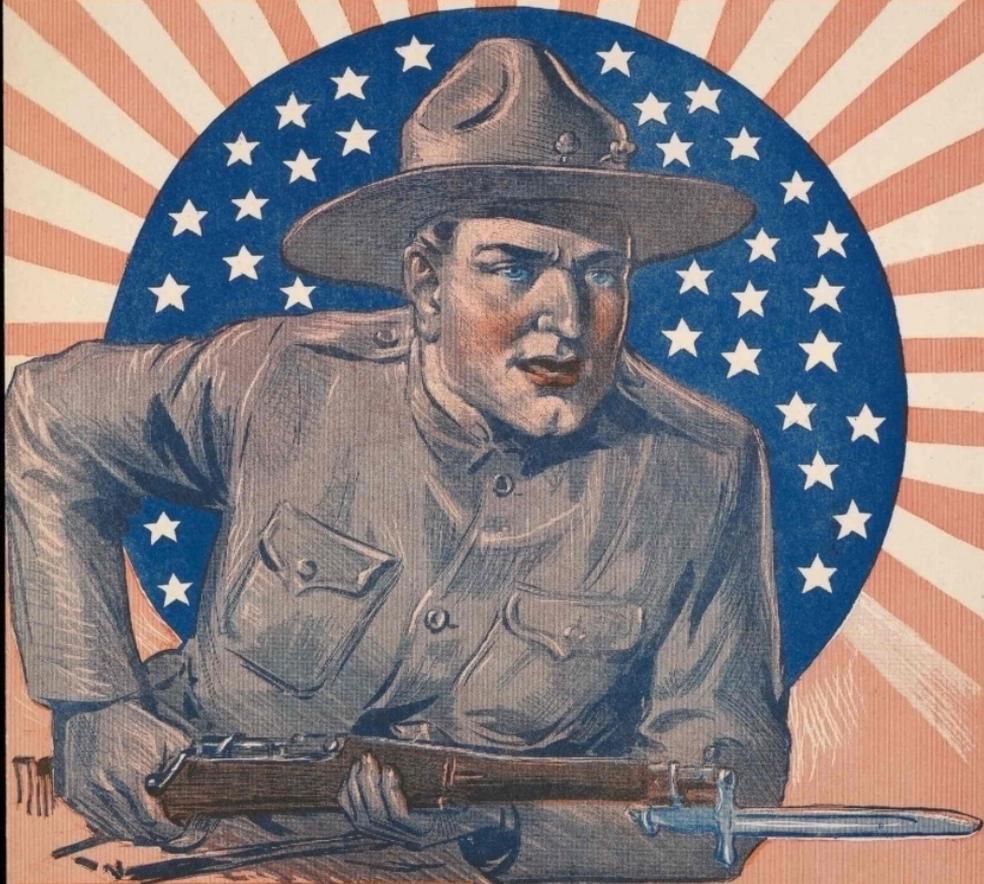


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For You, Dear Mother, I Am Pining



Words by
MATTH. ELLER
Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN

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Mod'to

f

Oh could I on - ly see once more My home my dear - est moth - er's door, How
My home the on - ly place of joy Where once I played as lit - tle boy The

p

would my moth - er it en - joy If she could see her on - ly boy, But
sweet - est place a - long the shore But it re - mains for me no more No

age has broke her dear - est heart Since I have been from her a - part.
oth - er pl ce can ev - er be A place of rest and joy for me.

CHORUS

When sil - ver white the stars are shin - ing For you dear moth - er I am

mf

pin - ing Un - til my heart must break with pain For

nev - er shall I feel a moth - er's love a - gain.

~*~*~

There is no place upon the earth
 So dear as once the place of birth
 But when for one this place is gone
 The world is like a perished lawn
 Whose lovely flowers are dry and fade
 For all the life is cold and dead.

