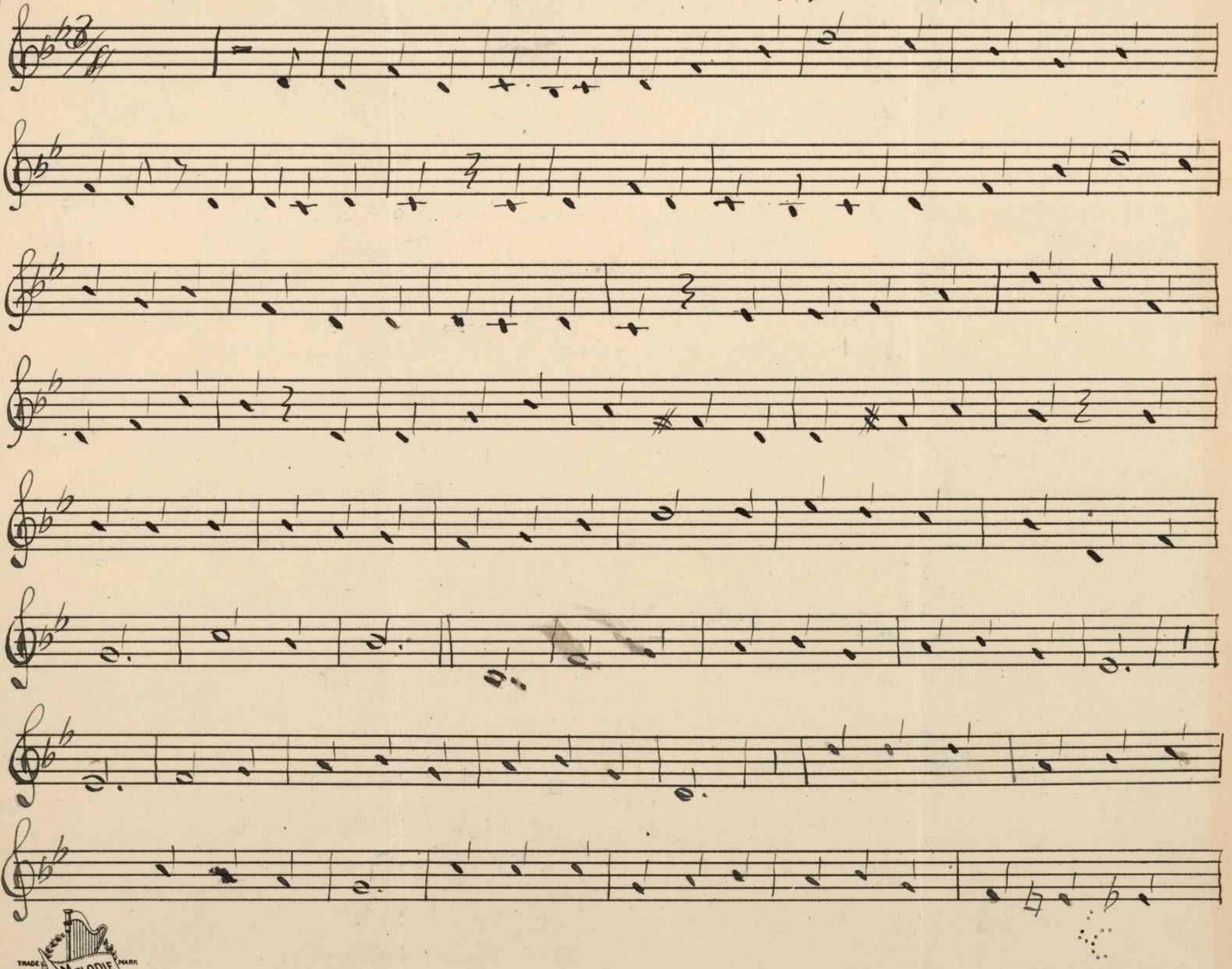
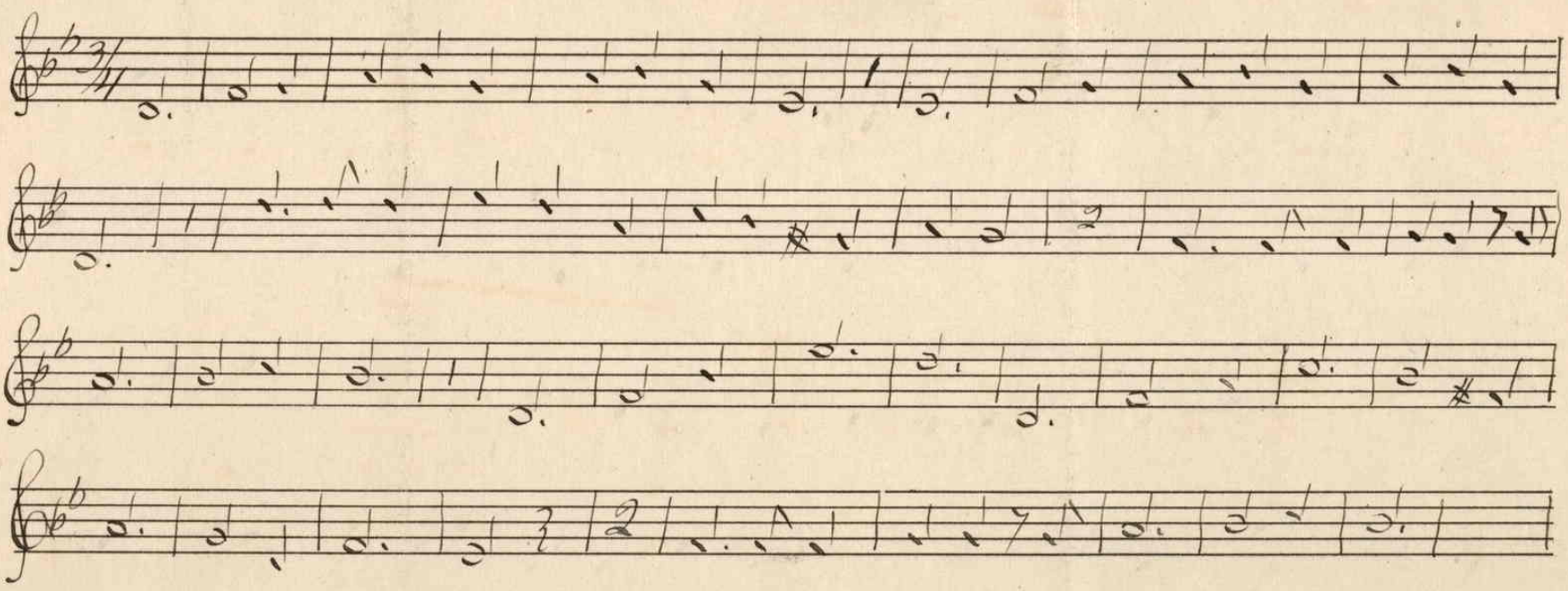
SEP 27 1918
©CLE431312

Somewhere a Mother is Praying for Me

Words & music by Louise B. Kieffer



TRADE MELODIE MARK



48000

SOMEWHERE MY MOTHER IS PRAYING FOR ME.

By ~~the mother of a lieutenant in France~~ Lonzo B Kiger

©CLE431312

A soldier came into a Canteen one night,
His comrades were resting-'twas after a fight.
Said Jim,"Dear old pal,with your voice of renown
O,sing us a song of our dear old Hometown."
"Then fill your ~~old~~ teacups right up to the brim,
And each shall his Hometown remember,dear Jim.
Then listen the while I am singing my song
A message I bring from the folks you belong.

Somewhere your Mother is praying for you
Sleeping,you hear her in dreams that ring true.
Praying for you on the gray battlefield
Praying that God all our ~~brave boys~~ soldiers may shield
Somewhere she's longing to see her dear boy
Coming back Home in victorious joy!
Here's to your Mother,far over the foam
Here's to your dear folks-your "Old Folks at Home."

"Now boys,"said the singer,"let ev'ry one raise
The echoes of France in a chorus of praise
For those who have sent us their battles to fight-
They're praying for us through the long,weary night."
Each soldier arose with his teacup in hand
His thoughts running swift to his dear old Homeland.
Each dreamed his own dream of his old folks,so dear,
And sang the refrain with its message of cheer.

Somewhere my Mother is praying for me
Dreaming,I hear her,and dreaming I see.
Praying for me on the gray battlefield
Praying that God all our soldiers may shield.
Somewhere she's longing to see her brave boy

M1646
.K

THE DANISH BOND

SEP 27 1918

(Somewhere my Mother is praying for me.)
continued

Coming back Home in victorious joy.
Here's to my Mother far over the foam
Here's to my dear folks-my "Old Folks at Home."

3

One soldier,alone,in deep silence remained
His eyes,they were dim and his cup was undrained.
"That toast,could I drink it,how happy I'd be!
But I have no old folks-no mother,you see.
You know,boys,I ne'er had a letter from home
There's no one to care where I happen to roam,
Under the sod,decked with roses and dew,
Under the sod!But I'll pledge them to you.

Somewhere my Mother is praying for me!
Dreaming,I hear her,and dreaming I see.
Praying for me on the gray battlefield,
Praying that God all our soldiers may shield!
Somewhere she's longing to see her dear boy
Coming back Home in victorious joy.
Here's to my Mother out under the sod!
Here's to my dear folks-my Old Folks,with God!"

Somewhere she's praying
Somewhere she's longing
Far over the foam
Here's to my dear folks - my Old folks at Home

(Somewhere my Mother is praying for me.) continued

Coming back Home in victorious joy.

Here's to my Mother far over the foam

Here's to my dear folks-my "Old Folks at Home."

3

One soldier, standing deep silence remained

His eyes, they were dim and his cup was untasted.

"That toast, could I drink it, how happy I'd be!

But I have no old folks-no mother, you see.

You know, boys, I never had a letter from home

There's no one to care where I happen to roam,

Under the sod, Hun! I pledge them to you.

Under the sod, decked with roses and dew,

Dreaming, I hear her, and dreaming I see.

Praying for me on the grey battlefield,

Praying that God all our soldiers may shield!

Somewhere she's longing to see her dear boy

Coming back Home in victorious joy.

Here's to my Mother out under the sod!

Here's to my dear folks-my Old Folks with God!

SEP 27 1918