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JUL 28 1919

- Words By -
William James ~ Only A Message To My Mother ~ - Music By -
E. Dick Lerch

- Valse -

- Voice -

In the storm of bat- tle, crushed I lay — soft- ly whisp- ring a
I am think- ing most of moth- er dear— and our bright, hap- py

Moth- er's prayer ----- a- mong can- nons roar not far a-
Home, far a- way ----- your ten- der look comes to me so

Way, I see Hea- ven thru the lights that glare ----- man-y
clear, and nour- i- shes my poor soul to- day ----- for it

E. DICK LERCH JUNE 20 1919

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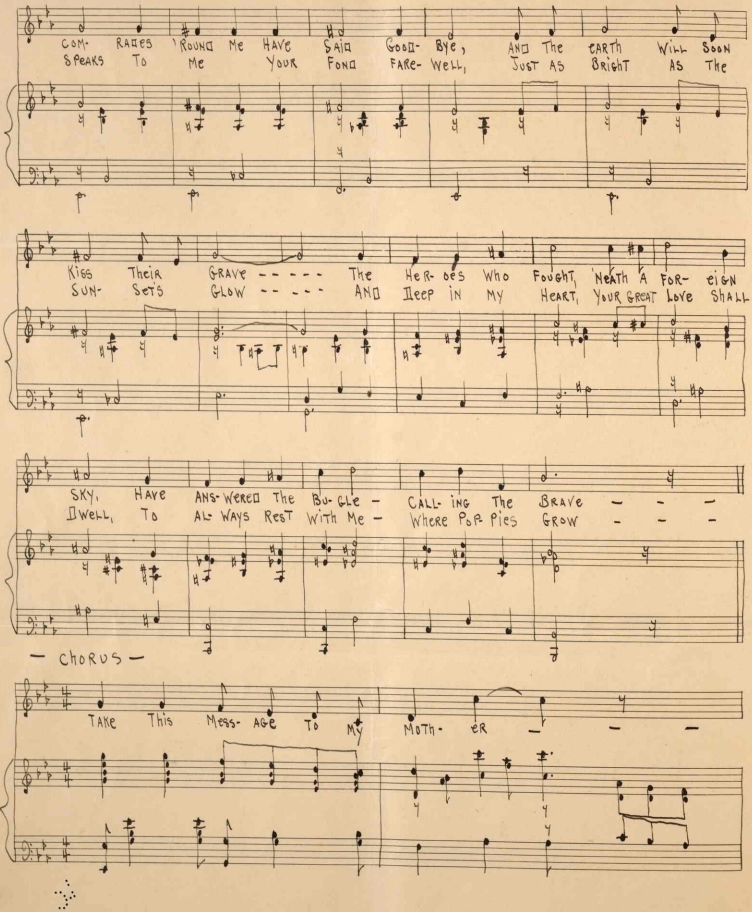
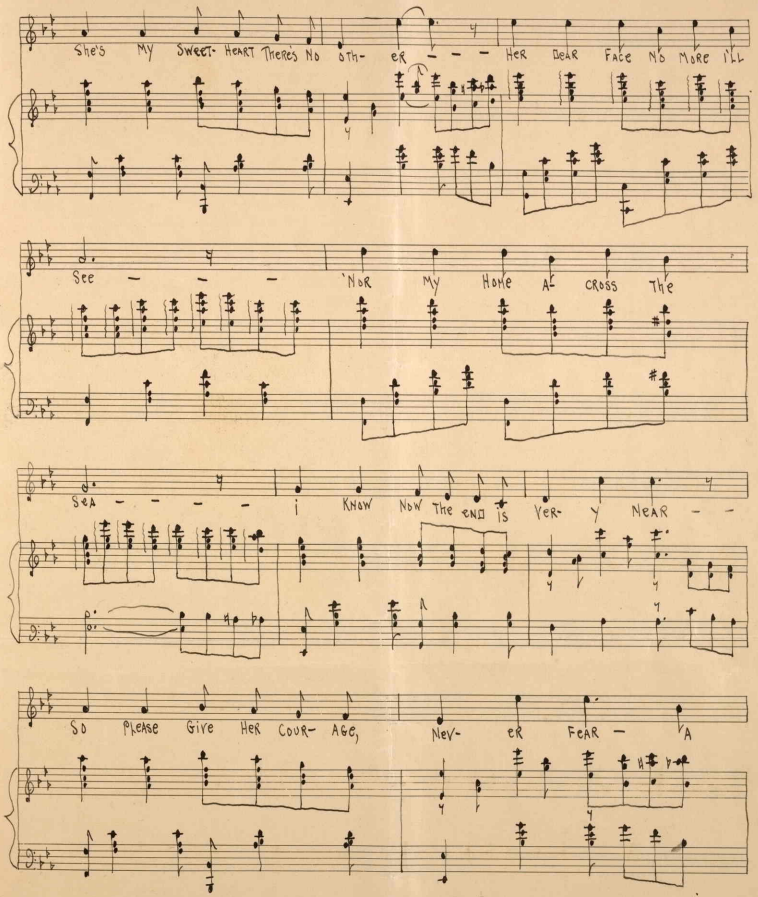
Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 4—12 lines.


COM- RADES 'ROUND ME HAVE SAID GOOD- BYE, AND THE EARTH WILL SOON
SPEAKS TO ME YOUR FOND FARE- WELL, JUST AS BRIGHT AS THE
KISS THEIR GRAVE - - - - THE HER- OES WHO FOUGHT 'NEATH A FOR- EIGN
SUN- SETS GLOW - - - - AND DEEP IN MY HEART, YOUR GREAT LOVE SHALL
SKY, HAVE ANS- WERED THE BU- GLE - CALL- ING THE BRAVE - - -
DWELL, TO AL- WAYS REST WITH ME - WHERE POP- PIES GROW - - -
— CHORUS —
TAKE THIS MESS- AGE TO MY MOTH- ER - - -



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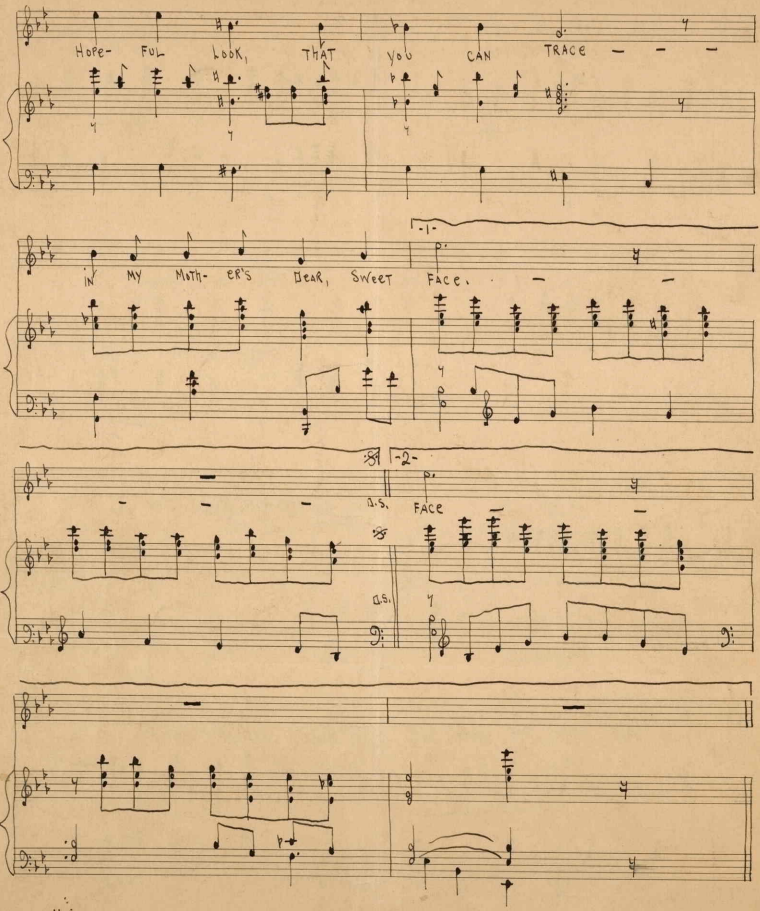
HOPE- FUL LOOK, THAT YOU CAN TRACE
IN MY MOTH- ER'S DEAR, SWEET FACE.
-1-
-2-
D.S.
FACE
D.S.

463508