There's A Mother Old And Gray Who Needs Me Now.

Words and Music by
GEORGE H. DIAMOND.

As the golden sun-beams shone in all their glory, On the
As the twilight shadows fell upon the clover, Down the
river where the water lilies grew, There two
path-way strolled these lovers hand in hand, When they
sweet-hearts true were whispering love's old story, Gently
reached the low roofed cottage Jack said "Mother, Come with
gliding in a little birch canoe,
us, dear, to our home in Maryland,

Then Your

Jack said, "Dear why are you hesitating? You little girl will be my queen forever, And

say you love me; I don't understand, But she sweetest flow'rs will always bloom for you, For to-

answered, "lad for me please don't be waiting, Tho' I'd day as we were gliding down the river, Jennie"
like to go with you to Maryland.

darling said these words with heart so true.

Chorus.

There's a mother old and gray who needs me now, Time has

brought deep furrows to her once fair brow, Though so

fond of you I've grown, yet I can't leave her alone, It would
on - ly cause her head in grief to bow,

me you've al - ways been so kind and true,

know I've ev - er faith - ful been to you,

heart must not for - get, There's a moth - er old and gray who needs me now.