Just a Little Picture In a Little Frame of Gold

Words by J. WILL CALLAHAN

Music by LEO FRIEDMAN

Moderato

A youth, grown tired of country life, was leaving home one day; His forgetting all his mother's words, the young man sits tonight. Where mother laid her hand upon his head, "Here's Where

fickle chance is goddess of the game," Where
some-thing to re-mind you of me when you are a-way.” She
plies of gold are glean-ing in the man-y rays of light, And

hand-ed him a lock-et as she said: “It’s
lur-ing him on to a life of shame;

just a ti-ny trink-et, wear it next your heart for me. Don’t
mon-ey, watch and jew-els gone, with-in his trem-bling grasp

part with it, what-ev-er may be-tide, You’ll
holds the o- pen lock-et that she gave, Then
al-ways have me near you, Dear, wher-ev-er you may be, It's
whis-pers, "I am go-ing home," and shuts the ti-ny clasp, His
jus-t your moth-er's pic-ture there in-side? It's
moth-er's words came just in time to save.

REFRAIN With expression
just a lit-tle pic-ture in a lit-tle frame of gold. It's
just a lit-tle pic-ture of your moth-er, gray and old;

Just a little picture 4
When the day is dreary, when you're sad and blue

When your life grows weary and friends have proved untrue, Then

this will ease the heart-ache, Dear, 'twill bring you home again, It's

just a little picture in a little frame of gold.