"Morning Glory"

Words by DICK HOWARD

Music by HARRY JENTES

Moderato con espress

Sweet-hearts were they, Since child-hood days,
Years come and go, Flow-ers and snow

Back in a small coun-try town, Life was a song,
Both seem the same to him now, Back there a-lone

Copyright MCMXIV by F.A.Mills, 48th St. 7th Ave. N.Y.City.
International Copyright Secured
Nothing went wrong, Until a boy from the
often he roams, Down by the stream where they

city came along and met her, She's gone with him.
used to paint their pretty pictures, Birds all know why,

Poor lonesome Jim, He writes to her this way, My little
Just why he cries, Brook passes by and sighs,

CHORUS
Morning Glory, morning glory

Morning Glory - 3
I still love you, Dear little childhood pal,

Sweet little wildwood gal. I bet you're

pretty in the city. Maybe

some day you'll come back to me.

---

Morning Glory - 3