My Mother's Rosary

Words by
SAM M. LEWIS

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER

Andante Moderato

Voice

It takes an old-time love song,
One day we may be happy,

To keep this old world young;
Next day we may regret;

Those are never sung:
We wish we could forget:

Each heart must have a love song,
Somethings that we remember,

Some people worship money,
Sometimes you may be lonely,

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The song of clinking gold;  
In darkness you may roam;  

But mother's song at twilight, 
Brings you right back to the fold. 

But mother's song at twilight, 
Keeps telling you to go home. 

CHORUS  Slow

There's an old-time melody;  
I heard long ago; 

Mother called it the Rosary,  
She sang it soft and low; 

With
without any rhyme, without any prose, I even forgot how the melody goes; But

ten baby fingers and ten baby toes, She'd watch them by the

setting sun, And when her daily work was done, She'd count them each and

every one, That was "My Mother's Rosary."