Painting That Mother of Mine

Moderato

If I were to have a painting, Of that true-est Mother of

Re-member to place a flower, In those hands so fur-rowed and

Mine, I would kiss the painter's glowing hands, That tried to

white, You must try and look in to her heart, You real-ly

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image of my heart's shrine,
Less than the truth I could not
must to know her right.
If you would hope to paint her

bear,
And to his soul I'd breathe this prayer:
smile,
Just sleep and dream of Heav'n a-while.

Chorus

Paint her just as you find her,
Leave ev'ry wrinkle

p a tempo

there;
They were made in Heaven,
They mean to me love and care,

Streak those grey eyes with a teardrop, Make her a saint divine

But Oh my friend, be careful While you're painting that mother of mine.