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1920

My mother : (was the greatest gift that Daddy gave to me)

William C Polla

Composer

Amy Ashmore Clark

Lyricist

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POPULAR EDITION

My Mother



WORDS BY
AMY ASHMORE CLARK
MUSIC BY
W.C. POLLA

Bagaduce Music
Lending Library 
Brooksville, Maine
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Vp. 003866
1920
My Mot 

C. C. CHURCH AND COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON PARIS SYDNEY

MY MOTHER

(Was The Greatest Gift That Daddy Gave To Me)

Words by
AMY ASHMORE CLARK

Music by
WILLIAM POLLA

Andante con espressione

Piano *mf*

There's lots in this world to be thank - ful for, Tho'we're of - ten dis - cour - aged and
What else can com - pare with a moth - er's love When the rest of the world seems un -

blue, _____ And if you will look thru' life's sto - ry book, You will
true? _____ For she'll be your friend till the ver - y end Al - ways

find what I say is true. _____ When I feel down - heart - ed, one thing makes me
will - ing' to do for you _____ So I hope to prove more worth - y day by

glad, _____ The thought of that one gift from dear old dad. _____
day _____ And show her all my grat - i - tude some way. _____

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ASK FOR
PLAYER-ROLL

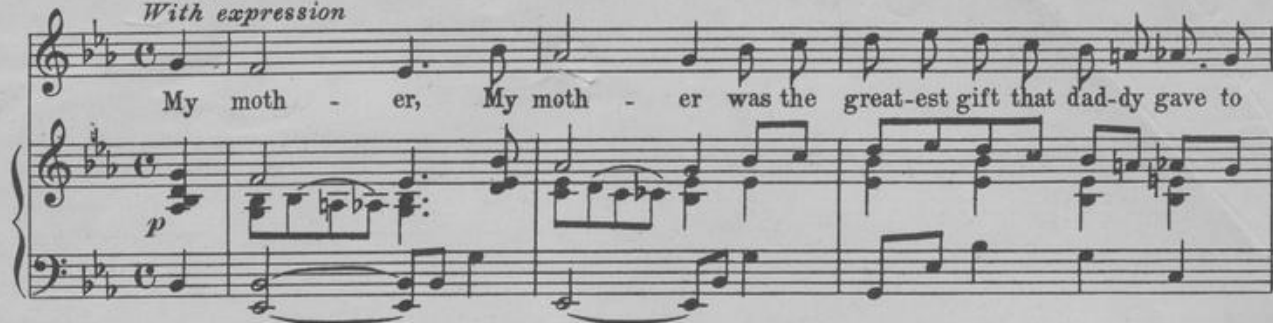


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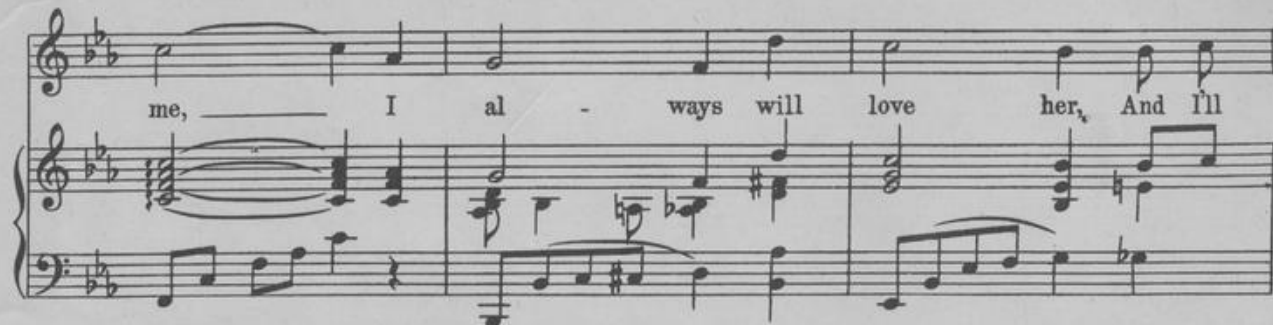
Refrain

With expression

My moth - er, My moth - er was the great-est gift that dad-dy gave to



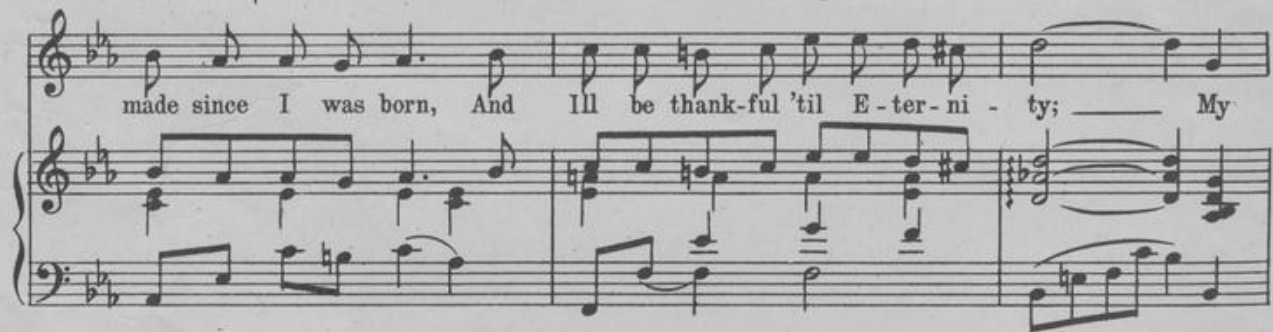
me, I al - ways will love her, And I'll



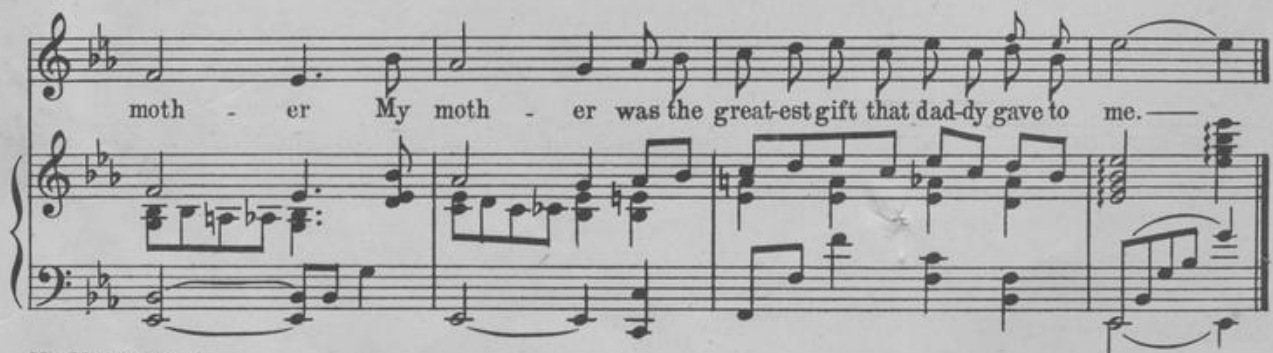
cher-ish her dear mem-o-ry. I'm grate-ful for each sac-ri-fice, She



made since I was born, And I'll be thank-ful 'til E-ter-ni-ty; My



moth - er My moth - er was the great-est gift that dad-dy gave to me.



ASK FOR THE
SER-ROLL OF THIS



ASK FOR THE
NOGRAPH RECORD
OF THIS

THE BIGGEST HIT OF THE SEASON

DRIFTING

Words by
ARTHUR J. LAMB

Music by
WILLIAM POLLA

Drift - ing, drift - ing, down life's stream

Red lips smile while bright eyes beam.

The musical score for 'Drifting' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'Drift - ing, drift - ing, down life's stream' and 'Red lips smile while bright eyes beam.'

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ASK FOR ALL OF THESE NUMBERS WHERE YOU BOUGHT THIS

<p>Words by JEAN LEFAVRE</p> <p>Dear Heart</p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA & WILLARD GOLDSMITH</p> <p>Dear heart, are you true to me... My heart yearns for on - ly thee... My soul it owns no sun - shine...</p>	<p>Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB</p> <p>My Castles In The Air Are Tumbling Down</p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>My castles in the air are tum - bling - tum - bling down. And that's be - cause you said you can no longer care, My castles in the air are tum - bling down. They were filled with</p>
<p>Words by JEAN LEFAVRE</p> <p>BUDDY</p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>Bud - dy... I want you Bud - dy, my heart's lone - ly too, Bud - dy... my pal, I miss you. There is noth - ing... I would - n't</p>	<p>Words by JEAN LEFAVRE</p> <p>Yo - San</p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>My gi - sha Yo - San, From Ja - pan, I am so lone - ly, - I love you so - ly, - - - - - Come dear will sail a - - - way from here - - - No more to</p>
<p>Words by LOUIS SEIFERT</p> <p>Why Do They Call Mama Poor Butterfly</p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>Dad - dy dear please tell me why they call ma - ma Poor But - ter - fly? She has no wings, and out - er - flies are paint - ed things with naugh - ty eyes. She's so sad since young</p>	<p>Words by ELLA M. SMITH</p> <p>My Garden Of Love</p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>In my gar - den of love grew a flow' - - a blue - som so won - der - ful and fair, - - - I cher - ished it ev - - - by hour, - - - And gave it ten - der - est care, - - - But in - to my</p>
<p>Words by MARTIN SWAUGER R. A. WILSON</p> <p>I'll Be Glad To Get Back</p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>I'll be glad to get back to the lit - tle home town And the moth - er wait - ing pa - tient - - - ly Back to the street where my sweet Mar - guer - ite Night - ly</p>	<p>Words by JACK GARTLAND</p> <p>I Want A Dixie Sweetheart</p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>I want a Dix - ie sweet - heart, With eyes so true and blue, - - - She must be a mer - ry root - er - - - For old Yan - kee</p>

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