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1918

Dear Little Boy Of Mine

Ernest R Ball

Composer

J. Keirn Brennan

Lyricist

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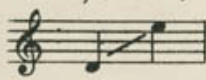
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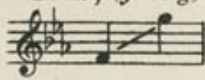
In Bb, (c to d)



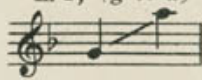
In C, (d to e)



In Eb, (f to g)



In F, (g to a)



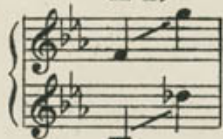
Soprano or
Tenor (g to g)
and
Alto or
Baritone (lead) (d to e)

In C



Duet

In Eb



Soprano or
Tenor (lead) (f to g)
and
Alto or
Baritone (bb to db)

DEAR LITTLE BOY OF MINE

SONG

LYRIC BY

J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by

ERNEST R. BALL

Composer of "LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE," "MOTHER MACHREE," "MY DEAR," "WHO KNOWS?"
"IN THE GARDEN OF MY HEART," "TILL THE SANDS OF THE DESERT GROW COLD," Etc.

Joint Writers of

"A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN, SHURE THEY CALL IT IRELAND," "IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS,"
"IF IT TAKES A THOUSAND YEARS," "GOOD BYE GOOD LUCK GOD BLESS YOU,"
"TURN BACK THE UNIVERSE AND GIVE ME YESTERDAY," Etc. Etc.

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PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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1918
DEAR

TWO MELODIC GEMS with Music by ERNEST R. BALL

SELECTED FROM

THE WITMARK BLACK AND WHITE SERIES

Lyric by J. KEIRN BRENNAN

One More Day

SOLO, FOUR KEYS - F (c to c) Ab (eb to eb) Bb (f to f) C (g to g) 40¢ net each postpaid
DUET, TWO KEYS - Bb - Baritone or Alto (lead), C - Sop. or Ten. (lead) 50¢ net " "
OCTAVO - MALE, FEMALE and MIXED VOICES. 15 " "

Moderately

One more day of won-drous Spring, Skies a - gleam and birds a - wing. Flown the
Spring, like birds, a - way; Bring them back just one more day. One more day.

The Night Wind

Lyric by J. KEIRN BRENNAN

(The Sunbeam And The Rose)

SOLO, FOUR KEYS - Db (db to db) Eb (eb to eb) F (f to f) G (g to g) 40¢ net each postpaid
DUET, TWO KEYS - Db - Baritone or Alto (lead) F - Sop. or Ten. (lead) 50¢ net " "
OCTAVO - MALE, FEMALE and MIXED VOICES. 15 " "

Gently with much expression

A rose - bud smiled on a sun - beam, And the sun - beam kissed the rose, And they
both had the same sweet day dream That a soul full of sun - shine knows.

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Dear Little Boy Of Mine

Oft when I'm lonely my memory swings
Back to your baby days,
Feeling the joys that a baby brings
Out of God's wondrous ways;
Seeming to hear the first pray'r that you said,
Longing to tuck you in bed—
There's no one knows how I long for you now,
Here with my arms outspread.

Boy of mine, Boy of mine,
Altho' my heart was aching,
I seemed to know you'd want to go,
Pride in your manhood waking.
I'll be here, waiting, dear,
Till at a glad dawn's breaking,
I'll hear you say you're home to stay,
Dear little boy of mine,
Dear little boy of mine.

Out of the mist of those wonderful years,
I see your baby smile,
Days when I kissed you and dried your tears
Seem such a little while;
Hearing the words mother taught you to say,
Watch you at your childish play,
For always in dreams, you're with me it seems,
Just as you'll be some day.

J. Keirn Brennan

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DEAR LITTLE BOY OF MINE

Lyric by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL.

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NEW YORK

Moderately with expression

(14)

Oft when I'm lone-ly my mem-o-ry swings Back to your ba-by days,
Out of the mist of those won-der-ful years, I see your ba-by smile,

Feel-ing the joys that a ba-by brings Out of God's won-d'rous ways—
Days when I kissed you and dried your tears Seem such a lit-tle while—

Seem-ing to hear the first pray'r that you said, Long-ing to tuck you in bed — There's
Hear-ing the words moth-er taught you to say, Watch you at your child-ish play — For

no one knows how I long for you now, Here with my arms out - spread. —
al-ways in dreams you're with me, it seems, Just as you'll be some day. —

Tenderly with much expression

Boy of mine, Boy of mine, Al - tho' my heart was

ach - ing — I seemed to know you'd want to go,

accel.

Pride in your man - hood wak - ing I'll be here,

a tempo

8th *E♭7* *a tempo*

wait - ing, dear, Till at a glad dawn's break - ing I'll

hear you say you're home to stay, Dear lit - tle boy of

mine — Dear lit - tle boy of mine. 1. mine. 2.

Stay down

EVERYBODY SHOULD SING THIS BEAUTIFUL BALLAD

THAT WONDERFUL MOTHER OF MINE

THE TEXT - by *CLYDE HAGER*, carries a tender, fragrant message and is written in the simple language that even a child can grasp.

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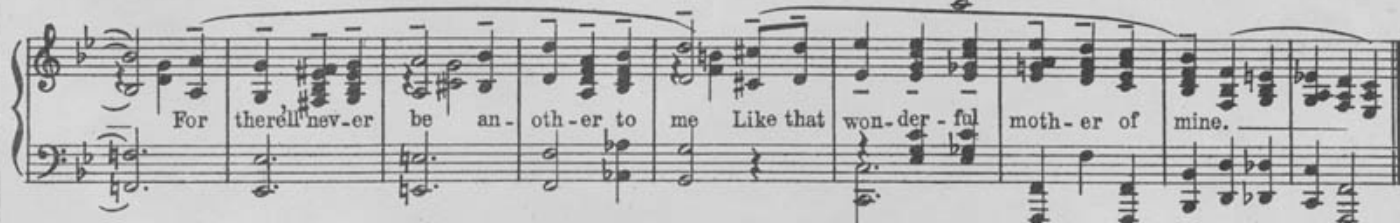
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SCHOOL, CONCERT, LYCEUM, VAUDEVILLE, etc.- NOT ALONE FOR MOTHER'S DAY BUT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

THE moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of that wonderful mother of mine,
The birds never sing but a message they bring
Of that wonderful mother of mine.
Just to bring back the time
That was so sweet to me;
Just to bring back the day
When I sat on her knee.

You are a wonderful mother,
Dear old mother of mine.
You'll hold a spot down deep in my heart,
Till the stars no longer shine.
Your soul shall live on forever,
On through the fields of time.
For there'll never be another to me
Like that wonderful mother of mine.

I pray ev'ry night to our Father above,
For that wonderful mother of mine.
I ask Him to keep her as long as He can,
That wonderful mother of mine.
There are treasures on earth
That make life seem worth while,
But there's none can compare
With my dear mother's smile.



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HARD
TO
FORGET

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HENRY M. NEELY
MUSIC BY
HAROLD SANFORD



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NEW YORK

THE night is filled with shadow shapes,
They seem to call us on.
In the days that long have gone,
They tell us that our memories
Are empty things and bare
But mine are filled with glory, dear,
While you are here to care.

Mem'ries, mem'ries, mem'ries of you
Dear heart, you loved me so
Back through the years, smiles through the
tears,
Mem'ries come and go
Hold me, closer, kiss me again
And while the firelight plays
Tell me you love me dear now as then.
Golden memory days.

Though years may pass and youth may fade,
Yet love is youth eternal, dear,
And our love can not grow old.
We'll live again in mem'ry's dreams
And love again and know
That you are still my Heav'n to me
As you were long ago.

Henry M. Neely

SOLO—Two Keys—Bb, (c to f) C, (d to g)
DUET—One key—C, Melody Alternates
QUARTET—Male and Mixed Voices—1bc

REPEATS tempo

Mem'ries, mem'ries, mem'ries of you Dear heart, you loved me

p a tempo

poco rit

so. Back through the years, Smiles through the tears, Mem'ries

poco rit

ritard

come and go. Hold me, clos-er, kiss me a-gain and

a tempo

ritard

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