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1915

There's Nobody Loves You Like Mother

Charles Coleman
Composer

Charles Coleman
Lyricist

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HERE'S NOBODY LOVES YOU LIKE MOTHER

~ THE GREATEST ~
MOTHER SONG EVER WRITTEN



Vp. 007384
1918
THERE'S

BY CHARLES COLEMAN

549 KOSCIUSKO ST., BKN, N.Y.

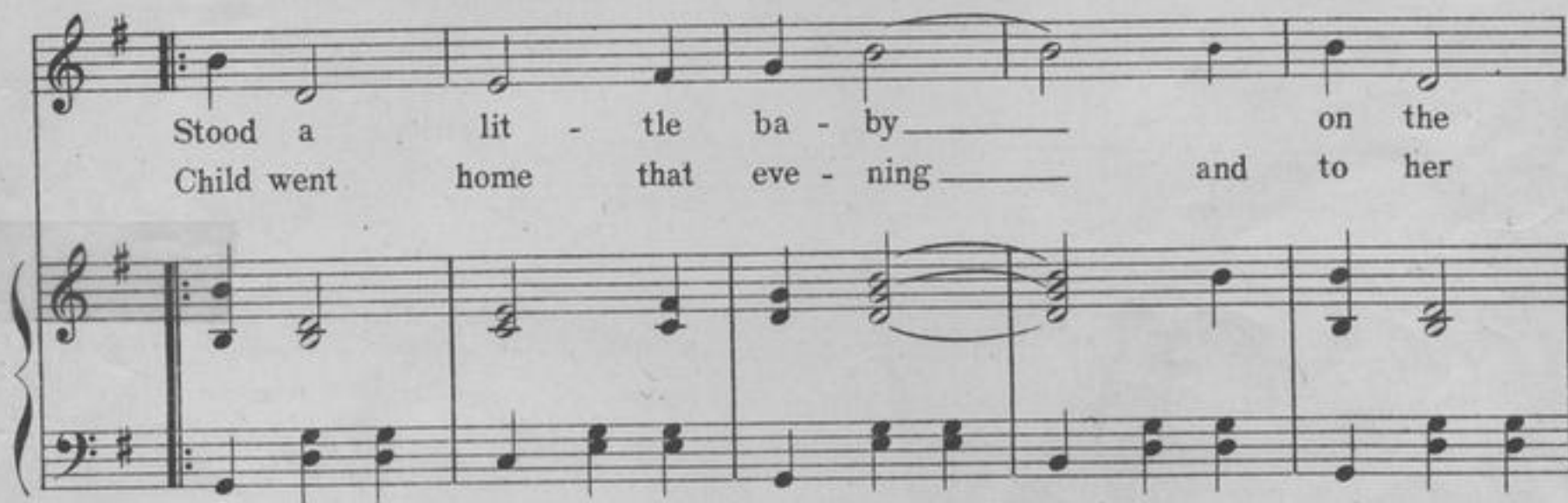
SONGLAND PUB. CO.

Try This On Your Piano. Where Is My Mama?

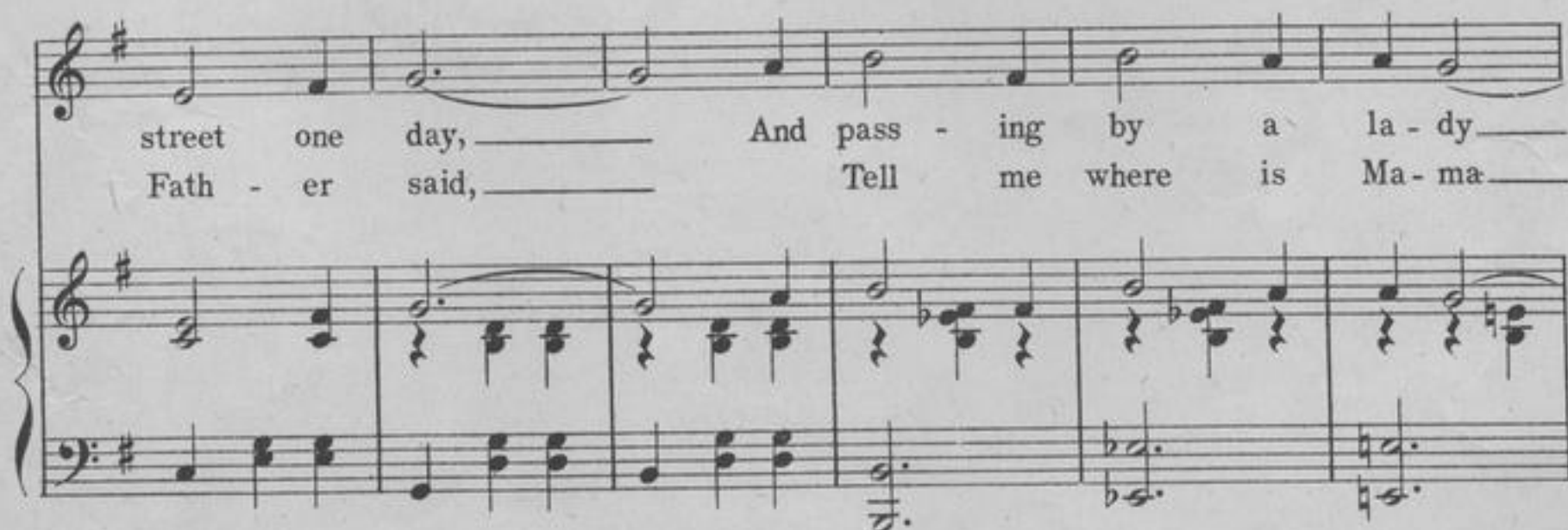
CHILD SONG.

Words & Music by
CHAS. COLEMAN.

Slow.



Stood a lit - tle ba - by _____ on the
Child went home that eve - ning _____ and to her



street one day, _____ And pass - ing by a la - dy _____
Fath - er said, _____ Tell me where is Ma - ma _____

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For Sale By All Dealers.

There's Nobody Loves You Like Mother.

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Words and Music by
CHAS. COLEMAN.

Mod^{to}

mf

'Twas a cold De-cem-ber morning, and the day was slow-ly dawning, As I
Days have pass'd, still I re-mem-ber that bleak day in cold De-cem-ber, When I

p

kissed my dear old mother's tears a-way. I was just a-bout to wan-der to a
left the dear old homestead fill'd with sighs. Mother's picture in my lock-et, and her

great, an unknown yonder, And "Good-bye" was real-ly more than I could say. In her
let-ter in my pock-et, Caused the tears to run more quick-ly to my eyes. I had

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arms she gent - ly press'd me, like a ba - by she caressed me, And her
friends when I had glad - ness, but I lost them all in sad - ness, And my

pray'r was, "Watch my wan - d'ring boy for me" "With -
heart was filled with sor - row and with fear; Mother's

out you, boy, how lone - some I would be."
voice a - gain kept whis - p'ring in my ear.

mp poco rit.

CHORUS Moderato

There's no - bo - dy loves you like moth - er, She, is your best friend af - ter

mp espress.

all,..... Al-ways be-side you, will-ing to guide you, And

help you when-ev-er you fall..... In this world you'll not find an-

oth-er,..... Who'll think of you all of the time;..... When your friends are all

gone, don't be sad and for-lorn, There's one that still loves you, your moth-er.

TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

To Miss Lulu Gotthelf

When The Robin Calls Its Mate

(Then I'll Call You.)

Words by
Chas. E. Casey.

Music by
Jacob Henry Ellis
and Benjamin Richmond


Chorus.



When the rob - in calls his mate, then I'll call you, In the



Spring-time when the rose longs for the dew; Hap - py heart will fond - ly cling 'round a



gold - en wed - ding ring, When the rob - in calls his mate, then I'll call you.

rall.

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