



THE
WIDOW'S PLEA
FOR
HER SON.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
LEWIS HALL.

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THE WIDOW'S PLEA FOR HER SON.

SONG & CHORUS.

Words & Music by LEWIS HALL.

Moderato con espress.

1 I
2 The
3 The

mf

strolled in - - to a court - house.. Not ma - ny miles from here..... A boy stood
lawyer for the pros - e - cu - tion.... At the widow commenced to frown,..... And po - lite - ly
judge then ad - dressed the prisoner,..... And these words to him did say:..... I'm sor - ry

in the prisoner's dock, His moth - er she was near..... The boy was quite a
asked His Hon - or, If he'd or - der her to sit down..... He said it was dis -
to sit on this bench, And see you here to - day..... I will not blight your

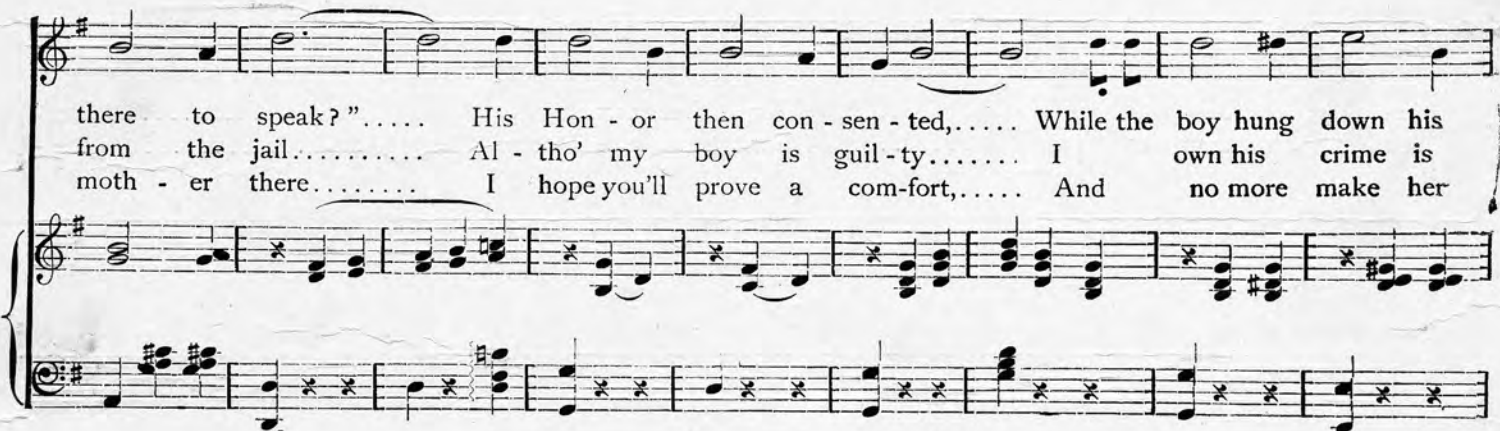
young - ster..... But he had gone as - stray..... And from his mas - ter's cash box...
grace - ful..... And a gross in - sult in - deed,..... His Hon - or to sit on that bench..
fu - ture..... But on your crime I frown..... For I can't for - get that I have...



..... He had tak-en some coin a - way..... The boy ad-dressed His Hon-or.... While the
 And al-ow that woman to plead..... The wid-ow's eyes flashed fire..... And her
 Got some chil-dren of my own..... I there-fore, will dis-charge you"... And the



tears ran down his cheek..... Said he, "kind sir, will you al-low My moth-er
 cheeks turned death-ly pale;..... She said, "I'm here to try and save My off-spring
 court then gave a cheer?..... But re-mem-ber that it's chief-ly through Your widowed



there to speak?"..... His Hon-or then con-sen-ted,.... While the boy hung down his
 from the jail..... Al-tho' my boy is guil-ty..... I own his crime is
 moth-er there..... I hope you'll prove a com-fort,.... And no more make her



head,..... And turn-ing to the ju-ry-men,..... These words his moth-er said:.....
 bad,..... But who's there that's more fit to plead.... Than a moth-er for her lad.".....
 sad,..... For she has proved there's no one clings... Like a moth-er to her lad.".....

CHORUS.

1. & 2. Re - mem - ber, I'm his moth - er, And the prisoner there's my son, And,
 3. Re - mem - ber, she's his moth - er, And the prisoner there's her son, And,

gen - tle - men re - mem - ber, It's the first crime that he's done, Don't
 gen - tle - men re - mem - ber, It's the first crime that he's done, Don't

send my boy to pris - on, For that would drive me mad, Re -
 send her boy to pris - on, For that would drive her mad, Re -

mem - ber I'm a wid - ow, And I'm plead - ing for my lad,
 mem - ber she's a wid - ow, And she's plead - ing for her lad,