Mother Dear Old Mother

Waltz Song

Words and Music by
Will S. Galamore

Art by
Harry P. Guy

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Mother, Dear Old Mother

WALTZ BALLAD

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WILL S. GALAMORE
Arr. by Harry P. Guy

In the hills of old Virginia,
I can see the morning glories,

Was a dear old home sweet home,
They are climbing 'round my home,

sang so sweetly,
in the morning,

Thru the woods I use to roam,
At home, my dear old home,

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There's a dear one in my memory,
I can hear my mother calling.

Mother more treasured than gold,
From the Blue Ridge Mountain home,
Where I left my

Tell me, Darling mother left untold.
Mother, To go out in the world and roam.

Chorus
Mother, Dear old Mother, The jewel of Home Sweet

Mother, Dear Old Mother - 3
Home, When I left you darling mother, To go out in the world to roam; To France, my country sent me, To fight against our foe, There is where I got the letter,

Of my Mother's words untold.