My Mother's Old Red Shawl

Voice and Piano

Charles Moreland

1. It now lies on the shelf, It is fad‑ed and torn, That dear old shawl by my mother wore. It is
2. Oh, my heart of‑ten aches with a dull throbbing pain, When vi‑sions of childhood come a‑gain. And.
3. How‑bright‑ly her face to my mem‑'ry ap‑pears, Tho' grave dust has cov‑er'd it for years. How

all that is left for this heart to a‑dore, To bring to mind those hap‑py days of yore._____ How
sad‑ly I think of the days that are past, Too bright_ and too hap‑py to last_____ Oh
sweet sounds her voice, with a ca‑dence of love, Though now 'tis turn'd to mel‑o‑dies a‑bove._____ For

of‑ten the hands to these folds have been press'd That now be‑neath the daisy's are at rest, The
beau‑ti‑ful childhood, made bright by the smile Of one whose love could ev'‑ry care be‑guile. How
life flees a‑way like a tale that is told But, joys of child‑hood nev‑er can grow old, And

tears come un‑bid‑den and si‑lent ly fall To gleam like gems on mo‑ther's old red shawl.
glad‑ly I'd flee from the world's bit ter thrall To seek the heart that throbb'd be‑neath the shawl.
vis‑ions of moth‑er so dear to us all Come back when‑e're I see her old red shawl.

Chorus

Sop. / Alto / Tenor / Bass

It is use - ful no more, yet I fond - ly a-dore, That

It is use - ful no more, yet I fond - ly a-dore, That

dear old shawl my moth - er wore_____ And thro' life it shall be a lov'd

dear old shawl my moth - er wore_____ And thro' life it shall be a lov'd

treas - ure to me That lit-tle old red shawl my moth-er wore_____

treas - ure to me That lit-tle old red shawl my moth-er wore_____

my moth-er wore