1. It now lies on the shelf, It is faded and torn, That dear old shawl my mother wore. It is
2. Oh, my heart oft-ten aches with a dull throbbing pain, When visions of childhood come again. And,
3. How bright-ly her face to my mem’ry ap-pear,s Tho’ grave dust has cov’red it for years. How

all that is left for this heart to a-dore, To bring to mind those happy 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-de-nce 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 flies a-way like a tale that is told But, joys of childhood nev-er can grow old, And

tears come un-bid-den and si-lently fall To gleam like gems on mo-ther’s old red shawl.
glad-ly I’d flee from the world’s bitter thrall To seek the heart that throb’d be-neath the shawl.
visions of moth-er so dear to us all Come back when’e-’r I see her old red shawl.

My Mother's Old Red Shawl
Voice and Piano
Charles Moreland
Chorus

Soprano

It is useful no more, yet I fondly adore, That
dear old shawl my mother wore, And thro' life it shall be a loved
treasure to me That little old red shawl my mother wore

Alto

It is useful no more, yet I fondly adore, That
dear old shawl my mother wore, And thro' life it shall be a loved
treasure to me That little old red shawl my mother wore

Tenor

It is useful no more, yet I fondly adore, That
dear old shawl my mother wore, And thro' life it shall be a loved
treasure to me That little old red shawl my mother wore

Bass

It is useful no more, yet I fondly adore, That
dear old shawl my mother wore, And thro' life it shall be a loved
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Voice and Piano