My Mother's Old Red Shawl
Voice and Piano

Charles Moreland

1. It now lies on the shelf, It is faded and torn, That dear old shawl by 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-pears, Tho' grave dust has cov’r’d 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-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-neth 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

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-nath 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

1. It now lies on the shelf, It is faded and torn, That dear old shawl by 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-pears, Tho’ grave dust has cov’r’d 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-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-neth 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

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-nath the shawl.
visions of moth-er so dear to us all Come back when e’r I see her old red shawl.

Mutopia | Typeset using LilyPond by Stan Sanderson — Mutopia-2014/09/07-430
Project | Placed in the public domain by the typesetter — free to distribute, modify, and perform
Chorus

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

And thro' life it shall be a lov'd treasure to me That little old red shawl my mother wore

my mother wore