In The Gloaming Mother Darling
When The Message Comes To You.

Words by:
CLINTON J. POTTER.

Music by:
FLOYD E WHITMORE.

Andante.

Piano.

Voice.

In the gloaming mother darling, When the lights were dim and low,
Bear up bravely mother darling, There must be no bitter sigh,

Then I knelt down there beside you, In the golden long ago
Mother's heart must here be broken, Mother's son must dare to die

I can see you dearest mother, I can hear your voice in pray'r.
He is in the trench beside me, Tho' my human eye can't see.

Arranged by Chas. S. Messei orchestra leader, Polish Theatre, Scranton, Pa.

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Him to guide your soldier, In the trenches o'er there
know that He is mother, For you said that He would be.

Chorus.

In the gloaming mother darling, When the message comes to you,
As you taught me how to trust Him, Back there by the old arm chair.
Blazoned in eternal glory, Mother dear you will be true,
With your loving arms around me, As I lisped my baby pray'r.

He will guide you dearest mother, Where your dim eyes cannot see,
So, I pray you dearest mother, As the mother taught her son,
When the master brings the message, Mother pray thy will be done.

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