Place a Headstone o'er Mother's grave
A Flower from Mother's Grave

Words and Music by
W.J. Scanlan.

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Place a headstone o'er Mother's grave.

W. J. ScAXLAN.

Moderato con espress.

1. Oh,
2. How

Willie, dear Willie, our mother is dead. Our mother whom we loved so often when sickness has kept us in bed, No friend in the world could we

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She’s sleeping to night in her cold silent grave,
No find,
So good as our mother, who’d sit by our side,
And
more will she be with us here.
How happy were we when
to us be gentle and kind.
Yes, morning and night she’d
by the fireside,
With mother we’d sit all alone,
What watch our sick brows,
Never tiring, or thinking of rest,
But
stories she’d tell to both you and I,
But now she has left our dear home,
now she has left us alone here to weep,
And gone to the land of the blest.
CHORUS.

AIR.

Yes, mother has gone to Heavn a-bove, There's one thing of you I would crave; As

ALTO.

Yes, mother has gone to Heavn a-bove, There's one thing of you I would crave; As

TENOR.

Yes, mother has gone to Heavn a-bove, There's one thing of you I would crave; As

BASS.

I would crave; As

children should do for a mother so true, Place a head-stone o'er poor mothers grave... rall.

children should do for a mother so true, Place a head-stone o'er poor mothers grave... rall.

children should do for a mother so true, Place a head-stone o'er poor mothers grave... rall.

Colla voce.