

A
COLLECTION
OF

VOCAL GEMS



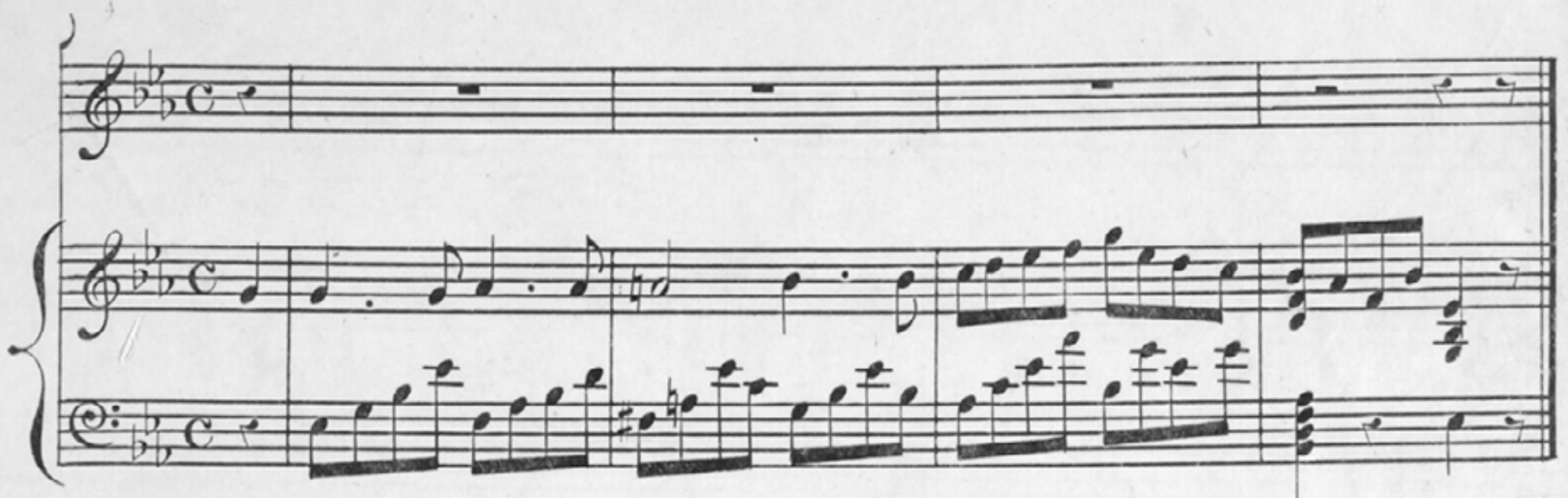
CHANGES OF THE BELLS	Glover..... 5.	HOUR OF PARTING	Bellini..... 3.
IN HAPPY MOMENTS	Wallace.... 3.	COME WANDER WITH ME	5.
I CANNOT CALL HER MOTHER....	Ward..... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	OUR MOTHERS GRAVE	Ward..... 3.
OLD PLAY GROUND	Ward..... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	CHILD OF THE REGIMENT	3.
SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST..	Wallace.... 3.	DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH.....	Wrighton.... 3.
GENTLY SIGHS THE BREEZE....	Glover..... 4.	WHY SHOULD WE NOT LOVE....	Kinkel..... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
I LOVE TO BE LOVED	Plato..... 5.	VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.....	Glover..... 3.
THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.	Balfe..... 3.	HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.....	3.
THE FALLEN FLOWER.....	Landes.... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.....	Crouch.... 3.
IN TEARS I PINE FOR THEE.....	Lombardi. 3.	WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS.....	Barker.... 3.
CASTLES IN THE AIR.....	Ballentine. 3.		

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TO
EDWARD HALLIDAY

The Step Mother
OR
I cannot call her Mother

Words by M^{rs} Sarah T. Bolton: ————— * ————— Music by Charlie L. Ward.



hair I know my fa.....ther gives her The
hide ; I wreath'd my face in smi.....ling, And

love he bore an..... o..... ther But if she were an
led my lit.....tle brother To greet my fa....thers

an..... gel I could ne....ver call her mo....ther But
cho....sen, But I could not call her mo...ther. To

if she were an an...gel I could ne....ver call her mo....ther.
greet my father's chosen But I could not call her mother.



3

The night I heard her singing
 A song I used to love,
 When its sweet notes were uttered
 By her who sings above;
 It pained my heart to hear it,
 And my tears I could not smother,
 For every word was hallowed
 By the dear voice of my mother.

4

My father, in the sunshine
 Of happy days to come,
 May half forget the shadow
 That darkened our old home;
 His heart no more is lonely,
 But me and little brother
 Must still be orphan children,
 God can give us but one mother.

5

They've born my mother's picture
 From its accustomed place,
 And set beside my father's
 A younger fairer face;
 They've made her dear old chamber
 The boudoir of another,
 But I will not forget thee
 My own, my angel mother.