A COLLECTION OF

VOCAL GEMS

IN HAPPY MOMENTS ............ Wallace .... 3.
I CANNOT CALL HER MOTHER .... Ward .... 3 1/2.
OLD PLAY GROUND ............. Ward .... 3 1/2.
SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST .... Wallace .... 3.
GENTLY SIGHS THE BREEZE ....... Glover .... 4.
I LOVE TO BE LOVED ........... Plato .... 5.
THEN YOU’LL REMEMBER ME .... Balle .... 3.
THE FALLEN FLOWER ........... Landes .... 3 1/2.
IN TEARS I PINE FOR THEE ...... Lombardi .... 3.
CASTLES IN THE AIR ........... Ballentine .... 3.

HOUR OF PARTING .............. Bellini .... 3.
COME WANDER WITH ME ........ Bellini .... 5.
OUR MOTHERS GRAVE ........... Ward .... 3.
CHILD OF THE REGIMENT ......... 3.
DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH ....... Wrighton .... 3.
WHY SHOULD WE NOT LOVE .... Kinkel .... 3 1/2.
VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI .......... Glover .... 3.
HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE ......... 3.
KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN ....... Crouch .... 3.
WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS .... Barker .... 3.

Published by Louis Tripp, Louisville, Ky.
The Step Mother
I cannot call her Mother

Words by Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton.
Music by Charlie L. Ward.

Verse.
She is a fair young creature, with meek and gentle air,
The marriage rite is o'er, and tho' I turned a side,
To keep the guest from seeing the tears I could not shed.

Entered according to Act of Congress 1868 by Tripp & Cragg in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Ky.
I know my father gives her The hide; I wreath'd my face in smiling, And

love he bore another But if she were an

led my little brother To greet my fathers

angel I could never call her mother But

chosen, But I could not call her mother. To

if she were an angel I could never call her mother.
greet my father's chosen But I could not call her mother.
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.

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.

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.