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
2. Oh, my heart often aches with a dull throbbing pain, When visions of childhood come a-
3. How bright her face to my memory appears, Tho’ grave dust has covered it for

wore. It is all that is left for this heart to adore, To
gain. And sadly I think of the days that are past, Too
years. How sweet sounds her voice, with a cadence of love, Though

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bring to mind those happy days of yore. How often the hands to these
bright and too happy to last. Oh beautiful childhood, made
now 'tis turn'd to melodies above. For life flees away like a

folds have been press'd That now beneath the daisy's are at rest, The tears come unbidden and
bright by the smile Of one whose love could every care beguile. How gladly I'd flee from the
tale that is told But, joys of childhood never can grow old, And visions of mother so

silently fall To gleam like gems on mother's old red shawl.
world's bitter thrall To seek the heart that throb'd beneath the shawl.
dear to us all Come back when e're I see her old red shawl.
Chorus

It is use-ful no more, yet I fond-ly a-dore, That dear old shawl my moth-er wore. And thro'

life it shall be a lov'd treas-ure to me That lit-tle old red shawl my moth-er wore. 

my moth-er wore