FOR THE SAKE OF YOU DEAR MOTHER.

Words by
GEORGE ORSER.

Music by
JOHN MARTIN

Andante.

In the twi-light gentle glow, sits a young man all alone; His
in a little white thatched cottage, in a little eastern town. By the

thoughts to by-gone days now fondly stray. He is
window sits a mother old and gray. In her

thinking of his mother. And the dear old fashioned home, That
eyes the bright, light gleams, As she sits a lone and dreams, Of her

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he had left to journey far away. In his
darling boy who is so far away. She has

fancy she is calling as she did in days of yore; He
just received a letter, that's brought sunshine to her face. It

sees her standing at the cottage door. Back to you my mother dear, where birds sing
tells her that he's coming home again. And her heart is filled with joy, for she is

sweetly and so clear. I am coming back to see you all once more
waiting for her boy. And with pride she reads the letter o'er again.