She's The Mother Of Broadway Rose

Lyric by MAX C. FREEDMAN and NELSON INGHAM
Music by WILLIE HOWARD and GEO. B. MC CONNELL

Moderato

Piano

In a quaint little old country
Ev'ry night there's a light in the

village,
There's a Mother so tired and old,

window,
It's a light that will never fail,

While her sorrows have grown, She has faced them a-
Just to brighten the way, Till the wand'r'er a-

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lone, And her story she's never told:
stray, Comes again down the long, long trail:

Chorus

She's the Mother of Broadway Rose, Ev'ry

sorrow and care she knows, Sure her eyes have been
dimmed with burning tears, Shed through the lonesome

She's The Mother etc. 3
years. Her sweet face is wrinkled her

hairs turned gray. Her heart's broken too I suppose.

She must bear all the shame. Though she's not to blame, She's the

Mother of Broadway Rose. She's the Rose.