"Only authorized and correct edition."—BEN WILLIAMS.

A BOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER.

AS SUNG BY ALL THE MINSTRELS. Words and Music by BEN WILLIAMS.

Moderato.

1. I've been think-ing of late, of the time that's past away, Of friends in whom I could con-
2. When you're sick in your bed and your money is all gone, Then by your friends you will be
3. Now al-ways try and treat your old mother with respect, For she's the one that cares for

Of my dear old mother's knee which a-round I used to play; How I scorn'd;
But your moth-er she will watch by your bed-side night and day, And you;
So re-member what I say, And nev-er once neg-lect Your old

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miss'd her sweet face when she died!
pray for you ev'ry eve and morn.
mother so tried and so true!

How well her I loved
When you are in trouble,
For when she is said

no one can tell;
on friends you call;
in her cold grave,

Like her I could never love another!
What good is your sister or your brother?
Like her, you will never find another;

It
From
And

always gave her joy to kiss her darling boy—A boy's best friend is his mother!...
you'll turn away, so think of what I say—A boy's best friend is his mother!...
when the scented flow'res so sadly o'er her wave, You'll find your best friend was your mother!
CHORUS.

So do what you can for her while she is here; Don't trust in your sister or your brother. Oh, the

friend in my need was a friend to me in-deed— A boy's best friend is his mother!

friend in my need was a friend to me in-deed— A boy's best friend is his mother!