

My Mother Has Gone on Home

Virginia Conway, 1918

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♩=125

1. My mo - ther has gone on home, And I am so lone-ly here; There's no - thing that
2. How dark seem the days to me, The sun now for-gets to shine On me, as in
3. I miss her dear smil - ing face, Wher - ev - er my foot - steps roam; I'm long - ing for

seems the same, Since she is no long - er near.
days of yore, For mo - ther in vain I pine! Beau - ti - ful mo - ther, gone for - ev - er, Wait - ing be -
Heav'n a - bove, Since mo - ther has gone on home.

- side life's crys - tal riv - er For the glad com - ing home of friends She cher - ished while here; Beau - ti - ful

mo - ther, free from sor - row, Where I shall join her on the mor - row, Ne - ver a -

- gain the sol - emn hour Of part - ing to fear!