

# Tell My Mother

John D. Matthews, 1916

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♩=90

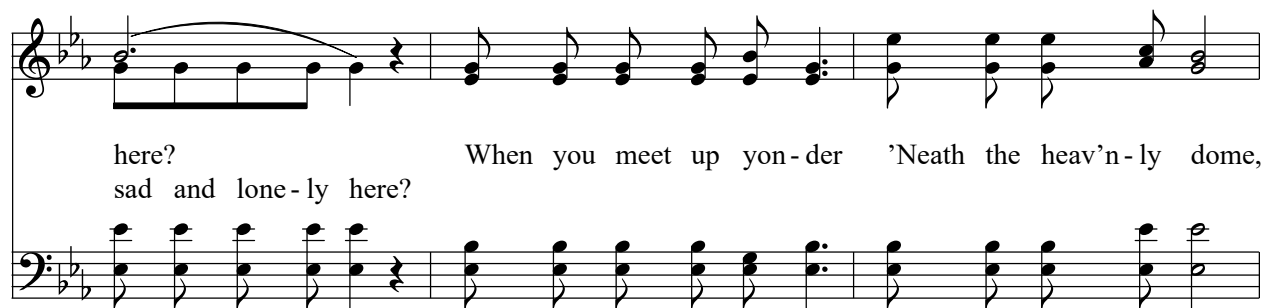
1. If you go be - fore me to the heav'n - ly home, Will you tell my mo - ther  
2. Tell her that I miss her, and my heart is sad, But the thought of Hea - ven,  
3. I am press - ing on - ward to that hap - py land, There to dwell with mo - ther

some time I will come? Tell her that you left me in the nar - row way,  
oh! it makes me glad, Just to know I'm go - ing to that realm so fair,  
'mid the ran - somed band; We shall sing to - ge - ther 'round the great white throne,

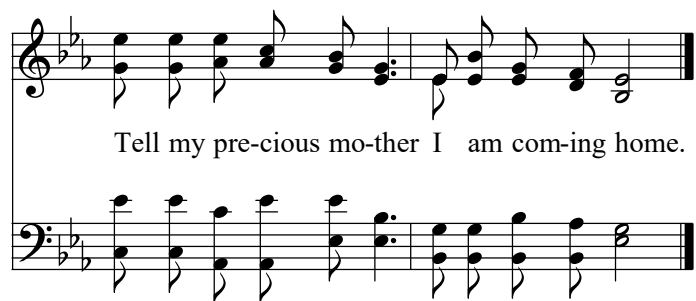
*Refrain*

And I'll sure - ly meet her there some hap - py day.  
With my pre - cious mo - ther all its joys to share! Will you  
And no scenes of part - ing ev - er shall be known.

tell my mo - ther dear That I'm sad and lone - ly  
my mo - ther, will you tell, oh! tell my mo - ther dear and lone - ly, tell her that I'm



here? When you meet up yon-der 'Neath the heav'n-ly dome,  
sad and lone-ly here?



Tell my pre-cious mo-ther I am com-ing home.