

My Mother Has Gone on Home  
Virginia Conway, 1918.  
C. A. Brock.

My mother has gone on home,  
And I am so lonely here;  
There's nothing that seems the same,  
Since she is no longer near.

Refrain

Beautiful mother, gone forever,  
Waiting beside life's crystal river  
For the glad coming home of friends  
She cherished while here;  
Beautiful mother, free from sorrow,  
Where I shall join her on the morrow,  
Never again the solemn hour  
Of parting to fear!

How dark seem the days to me,  
The sun now forgets to shine  
On me, as in days of yore,  
For mother in vain I pine!

Refrain

I miss her dear smiling face,  
Wherever my footsteps roam;  
I'm longing for Heav'n above,  
Since mother has gone on home.

Refrain