

The Glasses Mother Wore Copyright, 1887, By Chas D Blake

- song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Glasses Mother Wore.

Copyright, 1887, by Chas. D. Blake & Co.

Words and Music by C. E. Randall.

We are sitting by the fire to-night near the closing of the year.
My wife has placed within my hands some things to memory dear;
Would you know what my hands contain and why my heart is sore!
They hold a well worn leather case and the glasses mother wore.

Chorus.

Then do not deem me weak or mad, or mock these falling tears.
For she who wore these glasses has been dead for many years;
But she will never be forgot, nor is there in earth's store"
A diamond half so dear to me as these glasses mother wore.

As I gaze on these bright crystals my mother's face is near.
Her dear old eyes look into mine, her voice I seem to hear;
But, no! alas, "it cannot be, my heart it is so sore.
For mother's gone, and all I've left are the glasses that she wore.-Chorus.

In many a happy home to-night there's a mother old and gray.
With feeble step and failing sight, so love her while you may.
For the time will come, and all too soon, when her face you'll see no more,
And you weep, like me to-night, o'er the glasses mother wore.-Chorus.