

# Mother Is My Sweetheart - song lyrics

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MOTHER IS MY SWEETHEART.

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Words by Ed. E. Pidgeon. Music by Wm. E. Slafer.

Mem'ry oft recalls the picture of a time-worn rocking-chair,  
And a silv'ry-haired old matron with her knitting sitting there;  
How her face with joy would lighten as she'd press me to her side:  
And those loving eyes would brighten, When I'd cry, in boyish pride:

Chorus.

Mother, you're my sweetheart; you're my pride and joy!  
Will you always love, as now, your own, darling boy?  
Twine, your arms about me, from me never part.  
Mother mild, come kiss your child; mother, my sweetheart.

Those were happy, happy moments; I no care or sorrow knew;  
Only knew I loved my mother as I thought I ought to do;  
I would be her gallant soldier, her protector, lord and king;  
Crown her dear, gray locks with jewels; then, again, to her I'd sing:-Chorus.

Many years have left their changes, now the old home's in decay;  
And the dear, familiar faces, like the dream, have passed away;  
But my heart still wanders backward, when a happy child at play,  
How, in mother's arms, I nestled when to her I used to say:-Chorus.