

The Day That My Poor Mother Died - song lyrics

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The Day that My Poor Mother Died.
Copyright, 1881, by Mrs. Pauline Lieder.
Words by T. Tucker. Music by J. Schwenseck.

Now my thoughts they go back to my young childish days
When I played 'round our old cottage-door.
And my heart 'twas as light as the birds that did sing.
Though my parents they were very poor.
And my dear, good old mother, how me she would kiss,
For I was her joy and her pride;
And my heart received a shock, which I never shall forget.
The day that my poor mother died

Chorus.
And whenever my thoughts they go back to that day,
The tears, oh! I never can hide;
For I lost the best friend that I had in this world.
The day that my poor mother died.

How she'd sing me to sleep in that dear little crib,
How she'd dress me when I went to school;
And the advice she gave me When I started in life
Kept me often from playing the fool.
But at last she was called to her home up above;
And sorrowful how I cried
When they told me she's dead, I could only sob and weep.
The day that my poor mother died.-Chorus.