

Her Weddingring Of Gold - song lyrics

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HER WEDDINGRING OF GOLD.

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Written and Composed by K. C. Spillane.

There are sweet songs dear to ev'ry heart, we sing them day by day,
Sweet songs of happy hours, of love and joys:
There are mem'ries of our home life tender, writ in ev'ry breast,
Which come to us with soft regrets and sighs.
But sing I of a daughter gentle, of a daughter true,
Death had come her soul away to bear;
Ere she died she called her brother John, and whispered low,
As she placed a packet in his care:

Refrain.

"Take it, John, 'twas mother's treasure, life is fleeting fast;

Guard it, John, its worth is all untold;

Shield it, John, through life's endeavors, through it's strife and care,

'Twas mother's ring! her wedding-ring of gold."

Then with tenderness did John receive it, while the teardrops fell,
And leaned he o'er his dying sister's bed,
And he whispered there in soft voice, tender: "Dearest six, I'll keep
My mother's treasure till my life has sped."
And then his dying sister softly placed her band in his,
Grateful love was mirrored in her smile;
John, whose lonely heart was breaking, kissed her pallid lips
As she murmured faintly all the while:-Refrain.

Fondly John now guards the precious relic of his mother's heart,
The relic of her maiden dreams and pride,
For 'twas sweetly linked with love light tender, shed In days of yore,
When glad she walked life's pathway by John's side.
And often, when the night is falling, sitting there alone,
Comes to John his dying sister's voice,
Bidding him in low tones thrilling still to guard and keep
Mother's ring, a treasure without price.-Refrain.