

Dedicated to My Mother

“Mother Mine”

By LASSES WHITE

Moth - er mine I'm think ing of the lit - tle
stor - ies, That you told to me when I was just a child; As
I sat on your knee, you spoke so ten-der-ly, You guard-ed o'er memoth-er all the while, Now I'm
writ-ing a stor-y just for you, And each word in it moth-er mine is true, There's a

CHORUS

touch of heav-en in your heart, moth-er mine, I can see the blue sky in your

eyes, And just to see you smile, Moth-er makes my life worth while. I

love to hear you croon your lul - la - bies I oft think a-bout the man - y prayers you

taught me, Filled with good - ness in their ev - ery line, When the

good Lord up a-bove calls on all of us He loves, I know you'll be an an-gel moth-er mine.

She May Be Yours Now

(But She'll Be Mine Afterwhile)

By LASSES WHITE

EB - EN EZ - ER SLATE THE COLORED
FASH - ION PLATE, - GOT STUCK ON A YEL - LOW GAL, SHE BE -
LONGED TO SAM A COLORED GAMBLING MAN, - WHO CALLED HER HIS LIT - TLE PAL, OLD

CHORUS

I nev - er knew I lov'd you un - til you went a -

way, I nev - er knew I'd miss you,

More and more each day, I nev - er knew I'd

wor - ry, There's noth - ing left to say, I nev - er

knew I lov'd you, Un - til you went a - way.