

That Wonderful Mother Of Mine

Words by
CLYDE HAGER

Music by WALTER GOODWIN
Arr. by J. Z. Means

VERSE

Moderately (with much expression)



The moon nev-er beams with-out bring-ing me dreams of that won-der-ful moth-er of

mine;— of mine. The birds nev-er sing but a mes-sage they bring Of that

won-der-ful moth-er of, moth-er of mine. Just to bring back the time That was

so sweet to me, Just to bring back the days—When I sat on her knee. For to me

REFRAIN *(Slowly and tenderly)*

You are a won-der-ful moth-er, Dear old moth-er of

mine. — Re-mem-ber that You'll hold a spot down deep in my heart, Till the

stars no long-er shine. stars won't shine Your soul shall live on for - ev - er,

On through the fields of time. — For There'll nev-er be an - oth - er to

me, Like that won-der-ful moth-er of mine, of mine. No, there'll nev-er

be an - oth - er to me, Like that won-der-ful moth-er of mine. —