

# My Mother Has Gone on Home

Virginia Conway, 1918

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♩=125

1. My mo - ther has gone on home, And I am so lone-ly here; There's no - thing that  
2. How dark seem the days to me, The sun now for-gets to shine On me, as in  
3. I miss her dear smil - ing face, Wher - ev - er my foot - steps roam; I'm long-ing for

seems the same, Since she is no long-er near.  
days of yore, For mo-ther in vain I pine! Beau-ti - ful mo-ther, gone for-ev-er, Wait-ing be-  
Heav'n a - bove, Since mo-ther has gone on home.

- side life's crys-tal riv-er For the glad com-ing home of friends She cher-ished while here; Beau-ti - ful

mo - ther, free from sor - row, Where I shall join her on the mor - row, Ne - ver a-

- gain the sol-enn hour Of part-ing to fear!