

Color Songs

By
Jayne Sterling

Library Edition

"When Day Is Done"	60c
"Slumbertime"	60c
"When the Gray of the Sky" -	60c
<u>"Dear Little Mother o' Mine"</u> -	60c

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“Dear Little Mother o’ Mine”

When the rays of the sun bring the spark to the dew,
Dear little mother o’ mine,
I awaken from dreams with a mem’ry of you,
Dear little mother o’ mine;
At the close of the day, when the sun fades away,
And the heavens with stars are ashine,
Every star brings a mem’ry of your love, so true,
Dear little mother o’ mine.

Jayne Sterling.

"Dear Little Mother o' Mine"

By JAYNE STERLING

Slowly

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Slowly'.

With expression

When the rays of the sun bring the spark to the dew,

mp

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The tempo is marked 'With expression' and the dynamic is 'mp'.

Dear lit-tle moth-er o' mine, — I a-wak-en from dreams with a

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

mem-'ry of you, Dear lit-tle moth-er o' mine; — At the

mp

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with lyrics. The piano accompaniment concludes with chords and single notes. The dynamic is marked 'mp'.

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close of the day, when the sun fades a - way, And the

heav-ens with stars are a - shine, — Ev-'ry star brings a mem-'ry of

your love, so true, Dear lit - tle moth - er o' mine.

ac - cel - er - an - do *dim.*

Slowly, with expression

There's a love that keeps grow-ing each day in my heart, Dear lit-tle moth-er o'





mine, — And I miss the fond kiss, when for school I'd de-part From

you, lit-tle moth-er o' mine; — Ev-ry night I re-peat "Now I

sost.

lay me to sleep" That you taught me in those days di-vine, — And as

I sink to rest, with a pray'r you are blest, Dear lit-tle moth-er o' mine. —

rall.



