

1919

Mothers Rosary of Love

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MOTHER'S ROSARY OF LOVE

Chorus *Irene Menton*

She counted the first bead when you were born,
The second when you tried to walk,
The third bead she counted filled her with delight,
'Twas when she first heard you talk,
And so for each deed she would count a new bead,
And that's what her dreams were made of,
Smiles, sighs and tears,
Joys, hopes and fears,
Are a Mother's Rosary of Love.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
LEO WOOD AND
EDDIE DORR.

LEO WOOD
AUTHOR AND COMPOSER OF
"THAT'S WHAT GOD MADE
MOTHER'S FOR."

E. Dorr

60¢

MEYER COHEN MUSIC
PUB. CO., INC.
1531 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Mothers Rosary Of Love

Chimes

Words by
LEO WOOD

Music by
EDDIE DORR

gra *loco*

p Chimes

rit.

Each moth-er's life is a Ro - sa - ry, That she counts o'er and o'er, — Each
So day by day, ev-er will - ing - ly, She does all she can do, — Each

p

pearl a rec - co - lec - tion — She'll love for - ev - er more. — She
task a deed of glad - ness, — Her work is nev - er through — Such

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2nd CHORUS

She count-ed the first bead the day you were born, The se-cond when you tried to

mp Tremolo

walk, _____ The third bead she count-ed, filled her with de-light, 'Twas

when she first heard you talk, _____ And so for each deed she would

count a new bead, And that's what her dreams were made of; _____

Smiles, sighs and tears, Joys, hopes and fears, Are a mother's Ro-sa-ry of love. _____

TO BE UP TO DATE A MEYER COHEN MUSIC CO. SONG HIT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME!

Somebody Stole My Gal

By LEO WOOD

CHORUS

Some-body stole my Gal — Some-body stole my gal —

Some-body came and took her a-way — She did-it ev-er say she was here-ly —

The idea is I jaded her — Her get-ting now I know —

Good — I know that she would come to me — if she could see — A — Bar

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The Greatest Thing That Came From France

Words by HARRY TEASE

Musical by ED. G. NELSON

CHORUS

France, is sure a won-der-ful place... No one can do any —

Wonderful climate... Wonderful wine... Wonderful place... To have a —

wonderful time... France, is blessed with beau-ti-ful girls... There's not one —

thing they lack... But the great-est thing that ever came from dear old France

That's What God Made Mothers For
Cheer Up Mother It's All Right Now

My Mary's Eyes

My Syncopated Melody Man

Mothers of France

I'd Love to Dance an Old Fashioned
Waltz

Calling Sweetheart For You

The Little Boy That Never Was

Somebody Stole My Gal

The Spirit of the U. S. A.

God's Service Flag of Love

We'll All Need Forgiveness Some
Day

"Roses of Arcadie" Waltzes

That's What God Made Mother For

C'est Pour Ça Qu'Dieu Fit Les Mères

Traduction française de A. Bollaert

By LEO WOOD

CHORUS

In watch o-ver you when o-ba-by, To sing you to sleep with her song —
Pour s'ap-pa-ler dans son ber-ce-let, Elle dit que c'est sa voix qui vous ber-ce-let —

To try to be near you to comfort and cheer you, To hold you the tight from the —
Et pour être près de vous pour vous ré-com-fer et ré-chauffer, Elle tient vous dans ses bras —

To do all she can to make you a man And o-ver a mil-lion things more —
Elle fait tout ce qu'elle peut pour vous faire un homme, Pour faire de vous mille choses de plus —

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Roses of Arcadie

Words by RICHARD STODOLY

Musical by OTTO MOZMAN

Tempo di Valse

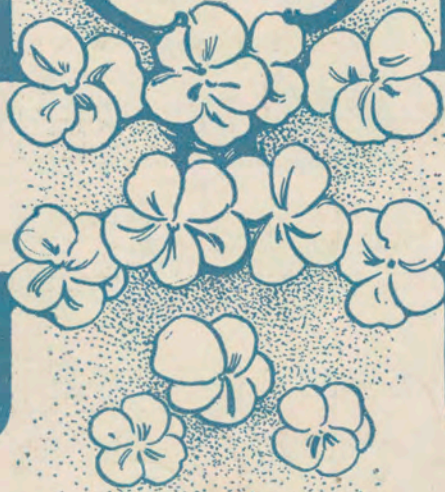
Fresh from the for-est Bos-es of Ar-cad-ie, All so sweet-ly in —

bliss... Giveth my senses with thier sweet per-fume, Oh, White Rose and Red Rose, —

Blowing softly for me, From their soft-est retreat in Ar-cad-ie —

Emblems of love are you, Love that is strong and true, Born to my love by —

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