

Songs of
Mother
&
Dad

There's a Mother Always Waiting
Home, Sweet Home.
So you're going to leave the old home.
Jim, today you're going away.
You're going among the city folk to dwell.
So spoke a dear old mother to her boy
one summer's day.
If your mind's made up that way I wish
you well.
The old home will be lonely, we will miss
you when you're gone.
The birds won't sing as sweet when you're
not nigh.
But if you are in trouble, Jim, just write
and let us know.
She spoke these words and then she said
soodby.

CHORUS.

When sickness overtakes you,
When old companions shake you,
As through the world you wander all alone,
When friends you have not any,
In your pocket not a penny,
There's a mother always waiting you at
home, sweet home.
Ten years later to the village came a
stranger no one knew.
His step was halt and ragged clothes he
wore.
The little children laughed at him as
down the lane he walked.
At last he stopped before a cottage door.
He gently knocked, no sound he heard, he
thought, "Can she be dead?"
But soon he hears a voice well know to
him, 'twas mother's voice,
Her hair was silvered by the touch of
time.
She said, "Thank God, they've sent us
back our Jim."

Old Time Songs

"Can a Boy Forget His Mother?"

Can a boy forget his mother's pray'r,
When he has wandered, God knows where?
It's down the path of death and shame,
But mother's pray'rs are heard the same!

CHORUS.

Come back, my boy, come back, I say,
And travel in thy mother's way!
Come back, my boy, come back, I say,
And travel in thy mother's way!
Can a boy forget his mother's face,
Whose heart was kind and filled with
grace?
Her loving voice it echoes sweet:
She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
Can a boy forget his mother's door,
From which he wandered years before?
With tears and sighs she said, "Goodby,
Meet me, my boy, beyond the sky!
Can a boy forget that she is dead,
Though many years have passed and fled?
Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet
"goodby,"
She waits to welcome thee on high!

Sent in by Edith M. Edwards, Lexing-
ton, Ore.

Mother Is the Best Friend After All.
Tho' many friends are ours
When life is strewn with flowers—
How oft they leave us when the clouds
appear.
But there is one whose smile
Is faithful all the while—
Whose loving words are ever fond and
dear.
With kindness and with truth—
In childhood and in youth—
She cheers us evermore what e'er befall.
Go look the world around—
This truth is ever found—
A mother is the best friend after all.

CHORUS.

Then comfort her—and bless her sweet
and fond caress.
The happy days of childhood oft recall
When summer friends depart—you'll know
this in your heart
A mother is the best friend after all.
Tho' fortune turn aside—
And every hope deride—
She ever will be constant unto you.
Tho' summer friends depart
You know her gentle heart
Will ever more be faithful, fond and true.
Remember her with love—
Like angels from above—
Her sunny smile upon your pathway fall,
When gone beyond your sight—
This truth you'll read a-right—
A mother is the best friend after all.

Sent in by Mrs. William Stookey, Spo-

Old Time Songs

Tell Mother I'll Be There.

When I was but a little child, how well I
recollect
How I would grieve my mother with my
jolly and neglect.
And now that she has gone to heaven, I
miss her tender care.
O angels! tell my mother I'll be there.

CHORUS.

Tell mother I'll be there, in answer to her
prayer.
This message, guardian angels, to her
bear!
Tell mother I'll be there, heaven's joys
with her to share.
Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.
Though I was often wayward, she was
always kind and good.
So patient, gentle, loving, when I acted
rough and rude.
My childhood's griefs and trials she would
gladly with me share.
O angels! tell my mother I'll be there.

When I became a prodigal and left the
old rooftree
She almost broke her loving heart in
mourning after me.
And day and night she prayed to God to
keep me in his care.
O angels! tell my mother I'll be there.

One day a message came to me, it bade
me quickly come
If I would see my mother, ere the Savior
took her home.
I promised her before she died for heaven
to prepare.
O angels! tell my mother I'll be there.

Sent in by Ed Sickels, Spokane.

The Baltic sea is the sixth larg-
est sea in the world, and has an
average depth of 122 feet.

When Mother Played the Organ and Daddy
Sang a Hymn.

Wherever I roam, come memories of home,
Mem'ries I've cherished for years,
There's a scene divine my poor heart en-
twines.
How I recall through my tears.

CHORUS.

When mother played the organ and daddy
sang a hymn,
The lights were low, the music slow,
And the words how well I know.
"Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" brought
tears to their eyes growing dim,
When mother played the organ and daddy
sang a hymn.

Sent in by Margarethe Schilke, Newport,
Wash.

Old Time Songs

The Letter Edged in Black.

I was standing by my window yesterday
morning
Without a thought of worry or of care.
I saw the postman coming up the path-
way
With such a jolly look and happy air.
He rang the bell and whistled as he
waited.
And then he said, "Good morning to
you, Jack."
But he little knew the sorrow that he
caused me
As he handed me a letter edged in black.

CHORUS.

I could hear the postman whistling yester-
day morning.
Coming up the pathway with his pack.
But he little knew the sorrow that he
brought me
As he handed me a letter edged in black.
With trembling hands I took the letter
from him.
I broke the seal, and this is what it
said:
"Come home at once. Your dear old fa-
ther wants you.
Come home, my boy, your poor old
mother's dead.
The last words that your mother uttered,
"Tell my boy I want him to come back."
My eyes are blurred, my heart is breaking
While I am writing you this letter edged
in black."
I bared my head in sadness and in sil-
ence
The sunshine from my life it all had
fled
Since the postman brought that letter
yesterday morning.
"Think of home, my boy, your poor old
mother's dead."
The angry words I wish I'd never spoken.
You know I did not mean them, don't
you, Jack?
May the angels bear me witness, I am
asking
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in
black."

Sent in by Jessie Martin, Spokane.

Songs of Long Ago

I Want to See My Mother.

On the banks of a lonely river,
Ten thousand miles away,
I have an aged mother
Whose hair is turning gray.

CHORUS.

They blame me not for weeping,
Oh, blame me not, I pray;
For I want to see my mother,
Ten thousand miles away.
Today I got a letter,
It came from sister, dear;
It spoke of our dear mother—
How I wish that she were here.

She said that they had laid her
Within the cold, cold clay
On the banks of the lonely river
Ten thousand miles away.

Oh, I wish I was a little bird,
I would fly so far away,
To the grave beside the river,
Ten thousand miles away.

Sent in by Mrs. M. J. James, Edgecliff,
Wash.

That Wonderful Mother of Mine.

The moon never beams without bringing
me dreams
Of that wonderful mother of mine.
The birds never sing, but a message they
bring
Of that wonderful mother of mine,
Just bring back the time that was so
sweet to me;
Just bring back the days when I sat upon
her knee.

CHORUS.

You are a wonderful mother, dear old
mother of mine.
You'll hold a spot deep in my heart
till the stars no longer shine.
Your soul shall live on forever, on through
the fields of time.
For there'll never be another to me, like
that wonderful mother of mine.

I pray every night to our father above
For that wonderful mother of mine.
I ask him to keep her as long as he can.
That wonderful mother of mine,
There are treasures on earth
That make life seem worth while,
But there's none can compare
With my dear mother's smile.

Songs of Long Ago

When All the World Forgets You.

When the great lights beckon to you,
And you seek the bright and gay,
When new friends and fancies call you
As you drift along the way,
You never know what the world may see,
You never have a care,
You never think of home, sweet home,
Or the one who's waiting there.
When all the world forgets you,
And you find yourself alone,
When all your friends desert you
And you are far from home,
Remember, there is some one
Who loves and always will—
When all the world forgets you
There's a mother waiting still.
There comes a time to each one
When your greatest hope will fall;
When your friends you thought the truest
Leave you far beyond the trail.
'Tis then your thoughts drift back again
To the home you once held true,
And the lonely heart that's watching there
And waiting still for you.
Send in by Jessie Dolan, Burke, Idaho.

Songs of Long Ago

"Paint a Rose on the Garden Wall."

"I might live a little longer, dear,"
A sick mother said to her son,
"If I could see the roses bloom again,
They are fading one by one."
To an artist who lived across the way
The boy pleaded in this way:

CHORUS.

"Please paint a rose on the garden wall,
So my Mom will think summer is still
here;
The doctor says she will be taken from me
When the roses disappear.
She'll think the painted flower is real.
It will give her new courage, somehow.
Oh, please paint a rose on the garden
wall,
So mother won't leave me now."

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah,
Idaho.

Mother.

(A Word That Means the World to Me.)
I've been around the world, you bet, but
never went to school.
Hard knocks are all I seem to get. Per-
haps I've been a fool;
But still, some educated folks, supposed to
be so well,
Would fail if they were called upon a sim-
ple word to spell.
Now if you'd like to put me to a test,
There's one dear name that I can spell
the best.

CHORUS.

M is for the million things she gave me.
O means only that she's growing old.
T is for the tears were shed to save me.
H is for her heart of purest gold.
E is for her eyes, with love light shining.
R means right, and right she'll always be.
Put them all together, they spell "Mother,"
A word that means the world to me.

When I was but a baby, long before I
learned to walk,
While lying in my cradle I would try my
best to talk.
It wasn't long before I spoke, and all the
neighbors heard.
My folks were very proud of me, for
"Mother" was the word.
Although I'll never lay a claim to fame,
I'm satisfied that I can spell the name.

SECOND CHORUS.

M is for the mercy she possesses.
O means that I owe her all I own.
T is for her tender, sweet caresses.
H is for her hands that made a home.
E means everything she's done to help me.
R means real and regular, you see.
Put them all together, they spell "Mother,"
A word that means the world to me.

The Picture on the Wall.

There's an old and faded picture on the
wall.
It's been hanging there for many years.
'Tis a picture of my mother and I know
there is no other
That can take the place of mother on the
wall.

CHORUS.

On the wall, on the wall;
How I love that dear old picture on the
wall.
Time is swiftly passing by and I bow my
head and cry,
For I know I'll meet my mother after all.
Now the children all have scattered off
and gone
And I have a little family of my own.
Oh, I know I love them all more than any
tongue can tell.
But I love that dear old picture on the
wall.
Yes, I loved that dear old mother years
ago.
There has been no one to take her place,
I know.
As my banjo plays its chords, I am praying
to the Lord
To bless that dear old picture on the wall.

Sent in by Clair Lundin, Rathdrum,
Idaho.

If You Love Your Mother, Meet Her in the Skies.

In a lonely graveyard, many miles away,
Lies your dear old mother 'neath the cold,
cold clay.
Memories oft returning with her tears and
sighs,
If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
Listen to her pleading, wandering boy, come
home,
Lovingly entreating, do not longer roam;
Let your manhood waken, heavenward lift
your eyes;
If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
Now the old home, vacant, has no charm for
you,
One dear form is absent, mother, kind and
true;
Where she dwells forever, pleasure never dies;
If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
Leave the fields of sin and to the Savior flee;
He who saved dear mother surely will save
thee;
Give up all for Jesus; make the sacrifice;
If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

What a happy meeting in that happy land,
When you meet your mother and the kindred
band;
There will be no parting, no more bitter sighs;
If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

Sent in by Mrs. Mary Gaines, Lewiston,
Idaho; Mary Mosher, Dover, Idaho; Mrs. A.
M. Little, Wilbur, Wash.; Mrs. W. H. Wood-
ford, Osborne, Wash.

Sing to Me, Mother.

Sing to me, my head is weary
And my eyes are dim with sleep,
While the night is chill and dreary.
Sing one song and do not weep.

CHORUS.

I would sing that song, dear mother,
Of the land so far away,
Where the angels sing together
All the bright, unending day.

Sing to me while shades are falling
And the daylight fades more dim,
Though I hear sweet voices calling,
I will hear your tender hymn.

Though I sleep, I shall remember
That dear song you sang to me
And when I awake from slumber
I can hear that melody.

That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine.

In a vine-covered shack in the mountains,
Bravely fighting the battle of time
Is a dear one who's weathered life's
sorrows.

'Tis that silver-haired daddy of mine.

CHORUS.

If I could recall all the heartaches
Dear old daddy I've caused you to bear,
If I could erase those lines from your
face,

And bring back the gold to your hair,
If God would but grant me the power
Just to turn back the pages of time
I'd give all I own if I could but atone
To that silver-haired daddy of mine.

I know it's too late, dear old daddy,
To repay for the sorrows and cares,
Though dear mother is waiting in heaven
Just to comfort and solace you there.

Sent in by Mrs. Ted Baeth, Libby, Mont.

Dad in the Hills.

Back in the hills there's a pal—
One that is so dear to me;
You may think it is my gal,
But it's my dear old dad-dy.

CHORUS.

Dad in the hills, you're calling me;
There is where I belong—
That's the place where I long to be.
Daddy, I know I was wrong,
I miss your voice at night,
And the songs of the whippoorwills.
So I'm coming back to our little shack,
Back to my dad in the hills. (Yodel.)
Daddy, you were more than a pal—
You were my very best friend;
I'm coming home, never to roam,
And be your boy to the end.

Sent in by Dorothy Doolittle, Spokane.

Little Mother of the Hills.

There's a path that leads back to the
home I love so well,
Oz the mountains of sunny Tennessee.
Mother's gone from that home on the hill
that calls me still,
Calls me back to sunny Tennessee.

CHORUS.

Mother's gone from that home in the
mountains,
To that place in the land of the blest.
How I long to go today,
All her love I would repay.
She's my sweet little mother of the hills.
There's a rose that still grows on the
path to that home,
And it smiles like a lover I used to see,
Her love blooms forevermore, on that
happy, distant shore
Where she's gone from the hills of
Tennessee.

Sent in by Vickey Owen, Coeur d'Alene,
Idaho.

Old Time Songs

Always in the Way.

Please, mister, take me in your car,
I want to see mamma,
They say she lives in heaven,
Is it very, very far?
My new mamma is very cross
And scolds me every day;
I guess she does not love me
For I'm always in the way.

CHORUS.

Always in the way,
So they seem to say;
I wonder why they don't kiss me,
Just the same as sister May;
Always in the way,
I can never play.
My own mamma would never say
I'm always in the way.

The ride it ended all to soon,
She toddled off alone,
A light shone from a window,
And she peeped into the room,
Please tell me is this heaven, ma'am,
And will they let me stay?
Forever child, for this is home
And you're not in the way. (Chorus.)

Songs of Long Ago

A Mother's Goodby.

Sit down by the side of your mother, my
boy,
You have only a moment, I know,
But you'll stay till I give you my parting
advice.
It is all that I have to bestow,
You leave us to seek for employment, my
boy,
By the world you have yet to be tried,
But in all the temptations and struggles
you meet,
May your heart in the Savior confide.

You will find in the satchel a Bible, my
boy.

It's the book of all others the best,
It will teach you to live, it will help you
to die.

And lead to the gates of the blest,
I gave you to God in your cradle, my boy,
I have taught you the best that I knew,
And so long as his mercies permit me to
live,

I will never cease praying for you.

Your father is coming to wish you goodby,
Oh, how sad and how lone we will be,
But when far from the scenes of your
childhood and youth

You'll remember your father and me,
I want you to heed every word I have
said,

For it comes from a heart filled with
love;
And, my boy, if we never behold you on
earth,

Will you promise to meet us above?
Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the
right,

Wherever your footsteps may roam;
Oh, forsake not the way of salvation, my
boy,
That you learned from your mother at
home.

Sent in by J. J. Williams, Spokane.

Songs of Long Ago

Little Old Rag Doll.

Each night I'm alone by the fireside,
Alone with my aching heart,
As I hold in my arms
The dearest of charms,
Just a little old rag doll,
Yet the memories it brings of days that
are gone

Fill my heart with regret,
For the court has decreed
That they take you from me,
All I have is your little rag doll.

CHORUS.

Just a little old rag doll, dear,
That you held in your baby arms
As you played 'round my knee,
My darling of three,
With your little old rag doll.

Each night as I lay on my pillow
In dreams I see your blue eyes,
You are smiling at me,
My precious of three,
Holding your little rag doll,
When you grow up to be a lady so grand,
Some man's sweet loving wife,
Oh, be true just to him
And then I'll be content
All alone with your little rag doll.

Sent in by Clyde Kegel, Park Rapids,
Wash.

Ten Thousand Miles Away.
On the banks of a lonely river ten thousand miles away,
There I have an aged mother whose hair is turning gray.
Then blame not for weeping, oh, blame not, I pray,
For I long to see my mother, ten thousand miles away.

CHORUS.
I wish I were a little bird, I'd fly so far away,
To that lone cot by the riverside, ten thousand miles away.

Last night as I lay sleeping, I had a pleasant dream.
I dreamed I saw my mother kneel down and pray for me.
"Oh, God, protect my Willie and guide him through each day."
Was the prayer of my dear mother, ten thousand miles away.

Today I got a letter. It came from sister, dear.
And she spoke of our dear mother. How I wish that I were there.
She tells me that they laid her in the silent grave away
On the banks of a lonely river ten thousand miles away.

Sent in by Mrs. R. F. Tinnel, Potlatch, Idaho.

Songs of Long Ago

Mother.

Mother of mine, an angel of grace
Always so loving, such a beautiful face,
Always so tender, always so kind,
An angel from heaven, this mother of mine.

Mother of mine, look down from above,
And guide and protect the ones that you love.
Who watched them in childhood with tender care,
And taught them to say their evening prayer.

Mother of mine, look down from the sky,
On your children that idolize you,
Your beauty of soul will always remain
With us on this earth till we meet again.

Sent in by Mrs. Fred Palmer, Spokane, Wash.

Songs of Long Ago

Tell Mother I'll Be There.

When I was but a little child, how well I recollect
How I would grieve my mother with my folly and neglect.
And now that she has gone to heaven, I miss her tender care,
O angels! tell my mother I'll be there.

CHORUS.
Tell mother I'll be there, in answer to her prayer,
This message, guardian angels, to her bear!
Tell mother I'll be there, heaven's joys with her to share,
Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

Though I was often wayward, she was always kind and good,
So patient, gentle, loving, when I acted rough and rude,
My childhood's griefs and trials she would gladly with me share,
O angels! tell my mother I'll be there.

When I became a prodigal and left the old roofter
She almost broke her loving heart in mourning after me,
And day and night she prayed to God to keep me in his care,
O angels! tell my mother I'll be there.

One day a message came to me, it bade me quickly come
If I would see my mother, ere the Savior took her home,
I promised her before she died for heaven to prepare,
O angels! tell my mother I'll be there.

Songs of Long Ago

Shake Hands With Mother Again.
If I should be living when Jesus comes
And could know the day and the hour,
I'd like to be standing at mother's tomb
When Jesus comes in His power.

CHORUS.
'Twill be a wonderful, happy day,
Up there on the golden strand—
When I can hear Jesus, my Savior, say,
"Shake hands with mother again."

I'd like to say, "Mother, this is your boy
You left when you went away—
Now, my dear old mother, it gives me great joy
To see you again today."

There's coming a time when I can go
To meet my loved ones up there,
I can see Jesus upon His throne
In that bright city so fair.

There'll be no more sorrow or pain to bear
In that home beyond the sky—
Glorious that, when we all get there,
We never will say goodbye.

Will I Find My Mamma There?

"Tell me, papa, tell me truly,
Will I find my mamma there?
Will she meet me up in heaven?
Will she come when I appear?"
Softly spoke a dying angel
To her father turning gray:
But he bowed his head in silence,
With a sob he turned away.

CHORUS.

"Will I find my mamma there,
With her sweet face and golden hair,
And will she kiss me once again,
Soothe all my sorrow and my pain?
Some day, Papa, you'll come, too,
For I love you, indeed I do,
Tell me, oh, tell me, ere I go,
Will I find my mamma there?"

It was in the midst of winter,
When a mother stole away
From a husband, home and baby,
By another led astray.
When the sun shone one bright morning,
It shone on a broken home,
With a baby crying, "Papa,
Where, oh where, has mamma gone?"
—Chorus.

Suddenly the door is opened,
And a woman cries, "My child!"
But the father steps between them
And she pleads with voice so mild:
"Let me only kiss her sweet lips,
Let me hear her say, 'Mamma!'"
But he sadly turns and shows her,
'Tis too late, her babe is dead.

DECEMBER 27, 1940.

Songs of Long Ago

"The Picture on the Wall."

There's an old and faded picture on the wall,
It's been hanging there for many years;
'Tis a picture of my mother and I know
There is no other
That can take the place of mother on the wall.

CHORUS.
On the wall, on the wall,
How I love that dear old picture on the wall;
Time is swiftly passing by and I bow my head and cry
For I know I'll meet my mother after all.

Now the children all have scattered off and gone,
And I have a little family of my own;
Oh, I know I love them all more than any tongue can tell,
But I love that dear old picture on the wall.

Yes, I loved that dear old mother years ago,
There has been no one to take her place I know;
As my banjo plays its chords, I am praying to the Lord
To bless that dear old picture on the wall.

Sent in by Artalee Bailey, Kendrick, Idaho.

Mother's Grave.

In a little village church yard
There I see a grassy mound,
There my mother lies asleeping
In the cold and silent ground.
She was patient, kind and gentle
All my tears she'd drive away,
And I never will forget her
And I miss her more each day.

CHORUS.
Brightest flowers bloom around her,
Feathered warblers sing their songs,
Still I sit so sad and lonely
Since my mother's dead and gone.

I was young but I remember
That sad day my mother died,
And I sat there softly weeping
Till she called me to her side,
Then she told me she was going
Where the angels bid her come,
And I know we'll meet in heaven
When life's troubles all are done.

Oh, I've wandered to the church yard,
Tenderly I nursed the flowers
There beside my mother's tombstone
I've passed many weary hours
Looking at the skies above me,
Wondering if it will be long
Till the angels come and take me
To that home where mother's gone.

Sent in by June Smith, Pine City, Wash.

Pal of My Cradle Days.

What a friend, what a pal; now I can see
How you dreamed and you planned all for me.
I never knew what a mother goes through
There's nothings that you didn't do.
Great friend, dearest pal; it was me who caused you
Every sorrow and headache you knew,
Your face so fair I have wrinkled with care,
I placed every line that is there.

CHORUS.
Pal of my cradle days,
I've needed you always,
Since I was a boy upon your knee,
I stole the gold from your hair,
I put the silver threads there,
I don't know any way
I ever could repay.
Pal of my cradle days.

Sent in by Miss Elsie Gust, Wash.

Songs of Long Ago

My Trundle Bed.

As I rummaged through the attic, listening
to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles — and
against the window pane—
Peeping over chests and boxes, which
with dust were thickly spread—
Saw I, in the farthest corner, what was
once my trundle bed.

As I listened, recollections which I thought
had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory—
rushing thronging to the spot,
And I wandered back to childhood, to the
merry days of yore—
As I knelt beside my mother by that bed
upon the floor.

So I drew it from the recess—where it
had remained so long—
Hearing all the while the music of my
mother's voice in song,
As she sang in sweetest accents, what I
since have often read:
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber; holy
angels guard thy bed."

Then it was with hands so gently placed
upon my infant head
That she taught my lips to utter carefully
the words she said,
Never can they be forgotten, deep are they
in memory riven—
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father, Father,
thou who art in heaven,

This she taught me, then she told me of its
import great and deep,
After which I learned to utter, "Now I lay
me down to sleep."
Then it was with hands uplifted, and in
accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked our Father, "Father
do thou bless my child."

Years have passed and that dear mother
long has lain beneath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit revels in the
home of God,
But that scene of early twilight never from
my memory fled,
And it came with all its freshness when I
saw my trundle bed.

Sent in by Mrs. William Stookey, Spokane.

Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?

Where is my wandering boy tonight,
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?

CHORUS.
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he
knows.
Oh, where is my boy tonight?

Once he was pure as the morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee,
No face was so bright, no heart more true,
And none so sweet as he.

Oh, could I see you now, my boy,
As fair as in olden time,
When prattle and smile made home a joy
And life was a merry chime.

Go for my wandering boy tonight,
Go search for him where you will,
And bring him to me with all his blight
And tell him I love him still.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah, Idaho.

"The House Carpenter," requested by Mrs. Joseph Young, Kalispell, Mont., is submitted by Mary Hutchings, Whiskey Rock, Idaho. This is indeed an old song according to Mrs. Hutchings. She says she used to hear her mother sing it 60 years ago.

Two girls of Kooskia, Idaho, sent in "The Wreck of the Shenandoah," requested by Mrs. N. B. Long, Toppenish, Wash.

The House Carpenter.

Well met, well met, my own true love,
Well met, well met, said he.
I have just returned from the salt, salt sea,
And it's all for the sake of thee.
I have just returned from the salt, salt sea,
And it's all for the sake of thee.

I might have married the king's daughter fair,
And fain would she have married me,
But I refused all her gold and store,
It was all for the sake of thee,
But I refused all her gold and store,
It was all for the sake of thee.

You might have married the king's daughter fair,
And fain should she have married thee,
But I am married to a house carpenter,
And a fine young man is he,
But I am married to a house carpenter
And a fine young man is he.

Oh, won't you leave your house carpenter
And go along with me?
I'll take you where the grass grows green
On the banks of the Sweet Warlee,
I'll take you where the grass grows green
On the banks of the Sweet Warlee.

If I should leave my house carpenter
And go along with thee,
What have you got to maintain me upon,
To keep me from hard slavery?
What have you got to maintain me upon,
To keep me from hard slavery?

I've seven ships all on the sea,
And seven more on land
All filled with silks and jewels rare,
Shall be at your command,
All filled with silks and jewels rare,
Shall be at your command.

She called her babe up to her knee
And gave it kisses three,
Saying, stay at home, my darling babe,
And keep your papa company,
Saying, stay at home, my darling babe,
And keep your papa company.

She dressed herself in her silken robes,
Most beautiful to behold;
And as she rode the streets around
She shone like the glittering gold,
And as she rode the streets around,
She shone like the glittering gold.

She had not been on sea three weeks,
I am sure it was not three—
Until this lady began to weep,
And she wept most bitterly,
Until this lady began to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.

What is it then, that you weep for?
Is it for my gold or my store?
Or is it for that house carpenter
That you never will see any more?
Or is it for that house carpenter
That you never will see any more.

It is not for your gold I weep:
Nor is it for your store,
But it's all for the sake of that darling
Little babe that I never will see any more.
But it's all for the sake of that darling
Little babe that I never will see any more.

She had not been on sea three weeks—
I'm sure it was not four—
Until the ship, it sprung a leak
And sank to rise no more,
Until the ship, it sprung a leak,
And sank to rise no more.

Oh, curse be on all seamen;
Oh, curse be on them all
For the robbing of that house carpenter
And the stealing away of his bride,
For the robbing of that house carpenter,
And the stealing away of his bride.

Of Lords
& Ladies -
British

The Well of St. Keyne.

A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen:
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

And oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the waters below.

A traveler came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water, so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the house hard by,
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well side, he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?"
quoth he,
"For, an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life."

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou
hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For, an if she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was
here,"
The stranger made reply:

"But, if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!"
The stranger stoop'd to the Well of St.
Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, be-
times?"
He, to the Cornish man, said,
But the Cornish man smiled as the
stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was
done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But, faith, she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."
Robert Southey.

The Primrose and the Briar.

Sweet William rose up one morning in
May,
And dressed himself in blue;
Come tell unto me this long, long love
That lies between Lady Margaret and you.

I know nothing about Lady Margaret's
love,
But I'm sure that she doesn't love me,
And tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock
Lady Margaret my bride shall see.

Lady Margaret was standing in her own
hall door,
A-combing back her hair,
When she espied Sweet William and his
bride
As they unto the church drew near.

She threw away her wary comb
And bound up her hair in silk,
Then into the house Lady Margaret went,
There never to return any more.

The day being gone and the night coming
on,
When all men are asleep:
In sweet William's dream he saw Lady
Margaret
A-standing at his feet.

"How do you like your bed?" she said:
"Pretty well do I like my sheet,
But the best of all is my true love
A-standing there at my feet."

The night being gone and the day coming
on,
When all men are awake:
Sweet William said he was troubled in his
head
At the dream he had had last night.

I dreamed that my hall was full of wild
swine,
And my true love was swimming in blood,
Then he called for his merry maids, one,
two, three,
He called them every one;
But the last of all was his own true wife,
Lady Margaret he might go and see.

He went and he went till he came to the
door,
He tingled on the rein:
There was no one so ready as her first
second brother
To arise and let him in.

"Is Lady Margaret in the kitchen?" said
he,
"Or is she in the hall?
Or is she in the upper chamber
Along with the ladies all?"

"Lady Margaret is not in the kitchen,"
said he,
"Nor is she in the hall,
But vonder she lies in her coffin,
Laid out against the wall."

Fold down, fold down those Holland sheets
That are made of linen so fine,
And let me kiss those cold clay lips,
For so often they've kissed mine.

At first he kissed her rosy cheeks,
And then he kissed her chin,
And the last of all were those cold clay lips,
That pierced his heart within.

Fold up, fold up those Holland sheets
That are made of linen so fine,
They clung around Lady Margaret's corpse
today,
Tomorrow they'll hang about mine.

Lady Margaret died as it were today,
Sweet William died as tomorrow,
Lady Margaret died of pure sweet love,
Sweet William died of sorrow.

Lady Margaret was laid in her own church-
yard,
Sweet William was laid beside her,
And out of her grave grew a twining rose,
And out of his grew a briar.

They grew till they grew to the high stea-
ple top,
And it's how would they grow any higher?
Then they twined themselves in a true
lovers' knot
For true lovers to admire,
They twined themselves in a true lovers'
knot.

The primrose and the briar.

Songs of Long Ago

Londonderry Air.

Would God I were the tender apple blossom
That floats and falls from off the twisted
bough,
To lie and faint within your silken bosom,
Within your silken bosom as that does
now!
Or would I were a little burnished apple
For you to pluck me gliding by so cold,
While sun and shade your robe of lawn
will dapple,
Your robe of lawn—and your hair's
spun gold.

Yea, would to God I were among the roses
That lean to kiss you as you flow be-
tween,
While on the lowest branch a bud uncloses,
A bud uncloses to touch you, queen,
Nay, since you will not love, would I were
growing,
A happy daisy in the garden patch,
That so your silver foot might press me
going,
Might press me going—even unto death!

Sent in by Marjory and Evelyn Holm,
Kellogg, Idaho.