

*To Tillie and Hattie.*

by CHARLIE.

**MOTHER, SWEET MOTHER, WHY LINGER AWAY?**

*Duet for Soprano and Alto.*

WORDS BY

**MISS FRANCES JANE CROSBY**

*Music Arranged and partly composed*  
BY

**GEO. F. ROOT.**

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## MOTHER, SWEET MOTHER WHY LINGER AWAY.

Andantino.

GEO. F. ROOT.

FIRST VOICE.

SECOND VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.



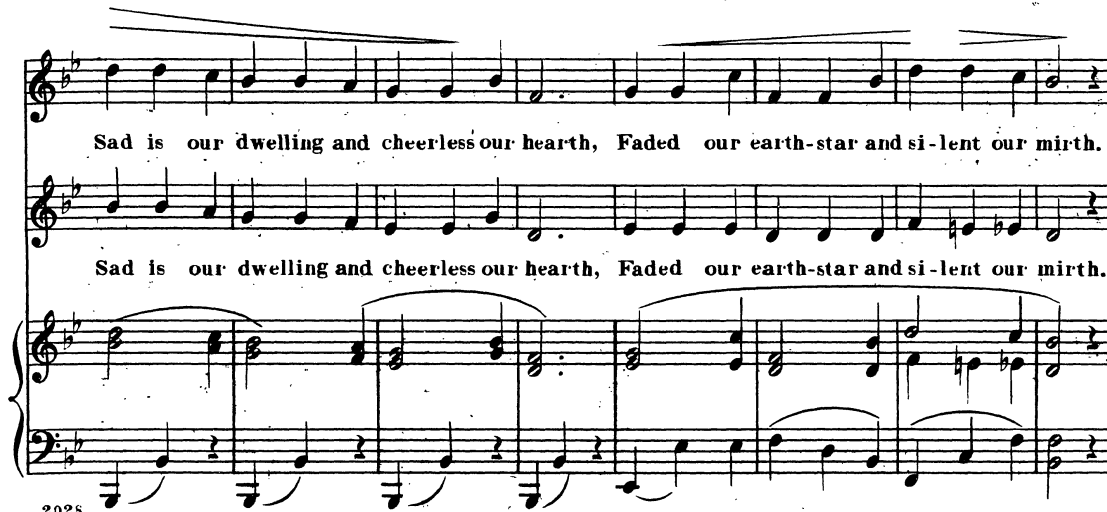
Moth-er, sweet Mother, why lin-ger a - way! Voices in sor-row are chiding thy stay,

Moth-er, sweet Mother, why lin-ger a - way! Voices in sor-row are chiding thy stay,



Sad is our dwelling and cheerless our hearth, Faded our earth-star and si-lent our mirth.

Sad is our dwelling and cheerless our hearth, Faded our earth-star and si-lent our mirth.



*mf*  
Come to thy home heath the wide spreading pine,— Strangers have taken the place that was thine;

Love's tender accents no lon-ger we hear, Come to us mother thou on-ly art dear.  
Love's tender accents no lon-ger we hear, Come to us mother thou on-ly art dear.

Love's tender accents no lon-ger we hear, Come to us mother thou on-ly art dear.  
Love's ac - - - cents we hear, Come to us mother thou on-ly art dear.  
*rit.*

2028

Lone is the spot where they've laid thee to rest, Cold is the sod they have  
Lone is the spot where they've laid thee to rest, Cold is the sod they have

heap'd on thy breast; Why hast thou left us heart-broken to weep, Say wilt thou  
heap'd on thy breast; Why hast thou left us heart-broken to weep, Say wilt thou

*mf*  
nev - er a - wake from thy sleep! Was it thy hand gen - tly laid on our brow,  
nev - er a - wake from thy sleep!

2026.

Speak to us moth - er, O speak to us now. Art thou in heav - en, there,

Art thou in heav - en, there,

there would we be, When shall we come dearest mother to thee! Art thou in

there would we be, When shall we come dearest mother to thee! Art

heaven, there, there would we be, When shall we come dearest mother to thee!

rit.

thou in heav'n, When shall we come dearest mother to thee!

rit.