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# My mother : (was the greatest gift that Daddy gave to me)

William C Polla

*Composer*

Amy Ashmore Clark

*Lyricist*

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POPULAR EDITION

# My Mother



WORDS BY  
AMY ASHMORE CLARK  
MUSIC BY  
W.C. POLLA

Bagaduce Music  
Lending Library   
Brooksville, Maine  
\*Donor: **44** Coll: \_\_\_\_\_

Vp.003866  
1920  
My Mot 

C. C. CHURCH AND COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.  
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON PARIS SYDNEY

# MY MOTHER

(Was The Greatest Gift That Daddy Gave To Me)

Words by  
AMY ASHMORE CLARK

Music by  
WILLIAM POLLA

Andante con espressione

Piano

*mf*

There's lots in this world to be thank - ful for, Tho'we're of - ten dis - cour - aged and  
What else can com - pare with a moth - er's love When the rest of the world seems un -

*p*

blue, \_\_\_\_\_ And if you will look thru' life's sto - ry book, You will  
true? \_\_\_\_\_ For she'll be your friend till the ver - y end Al - ways

find what I say is true. \_\_\_\_\_ When I feel down - heart - ed, one thing makes me  
will - ing' to do for you \_\_\_\_\_ So I hope to prove more worth - y day by

glad, \_\_\_\_\_ The thought of that one gift from dear old dad. \_\_\_\_\_  
day \_\_\_\_\_ And show her all my grat - i - tude some way. \_\_\_\_\_

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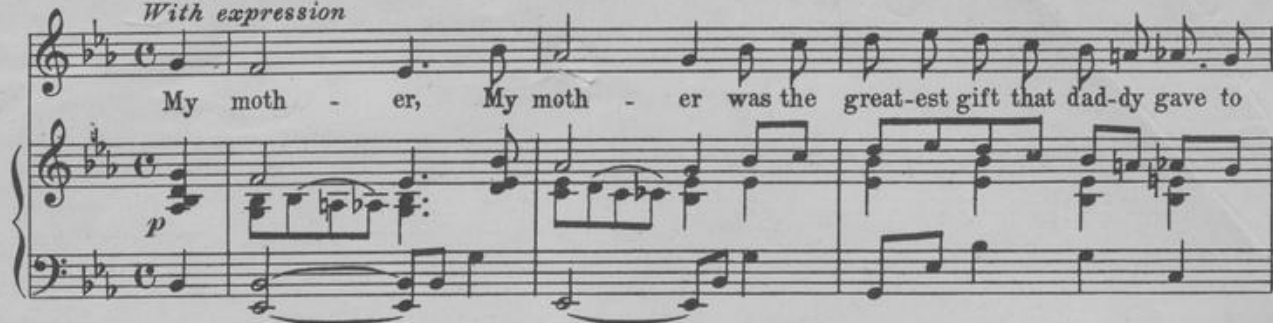


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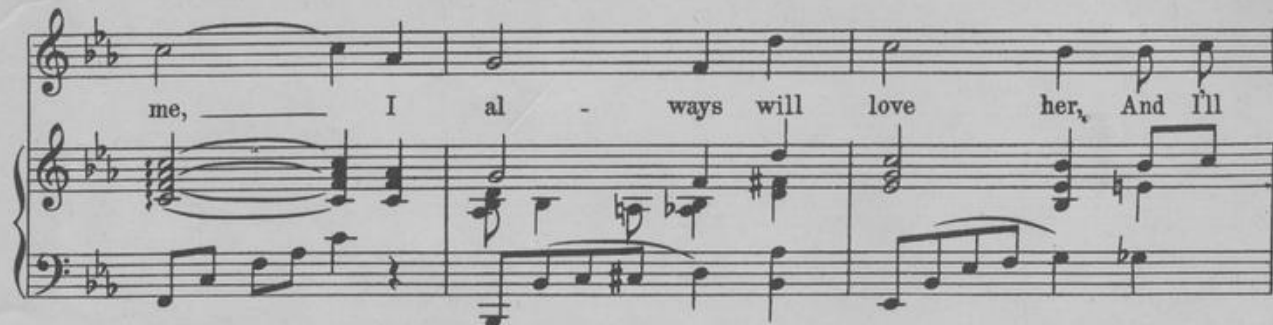
Refrain

*With expression*

My moth - er, My moth - er was the great-est gift that dad-dy gave to



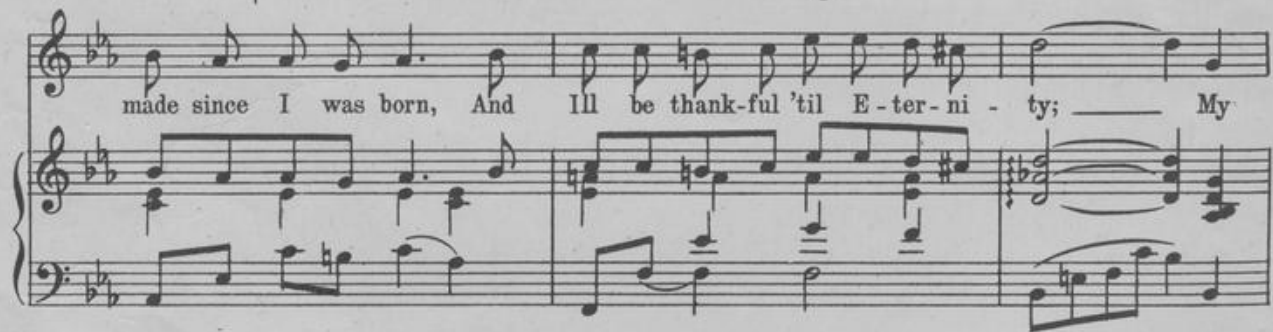
me, I al - ways will love her, And I'll



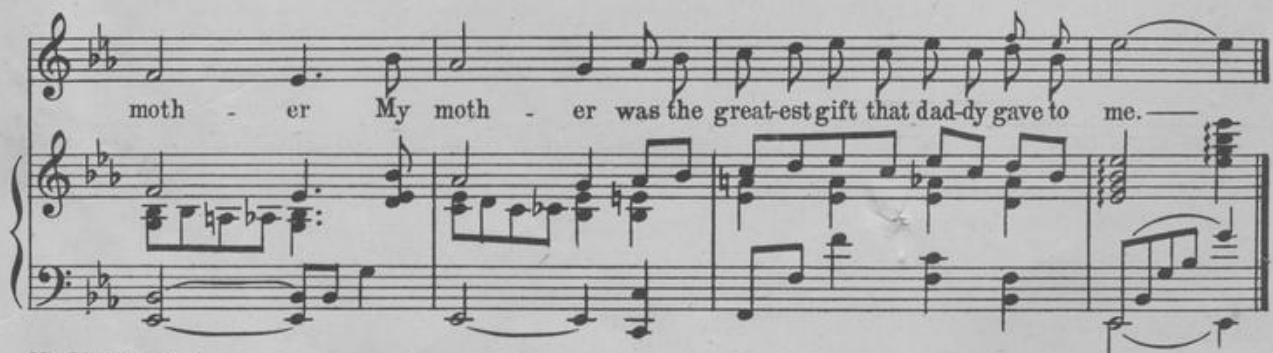
cher-ish her dear mem-o-ry. I'm grate-ful for each sac-ri-fice, She



made since I was born, And I'll be thank-ful 'til E-ter-ni-ty; My



moth - er My moth - er was the great-est gift that dad-dy gave to me.



ASK FOR THE  
SER-ROLL OF THIS



ASK FOR THE  
NOGRAPH RECORD  
OF THIS

# THE BIGGEST HIT OF THE SEASON

## DRIFTING

Words by  
ARTHUR J. LAMB

Music by  
WILLIAM POLLA

Drift - ing, drift - ing, down life's stream

Red lips smile while bright eyes beam.

The musical score for 'Drifting' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'Drift - ing, drift - ing, down life's stream' and 'Red lips smile while bright eyes beam.'

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### ASK FOR ALL OF THESE NUMBERS WHERE YOU BOUGHT THIS

<p>Words by JEAN LEFAVRE</p> <p><b>Dear Heart</b></p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA &amp; WILLARD GOLDSMITH</p> <p>Dear heart, are you true to me... My heart yearns for on - ly thee... My soul it owns no sun - shine...</p>	<p>Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB</p> <p><b>My Castles In The Air Are Tumbling Down</b></p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>My castles in the air are tum - bling - tum - bling down. And that's be - cause you said you can no longer care, My castles in the air are tum - bling down. They were filled with</p>
<p>Words by JEAN LEFAVRE</p> <p><b>BUDDY</b></p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>Bud - dy... I want you Bud - dy, my heart's lone - ly too, Bud - dy... my pal, I miss you. There is noth - ing... I would - n't</p>	<p>Words by JEAN LEFAVRE</p> <p><b>Yo - San</b></p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>My gi - sha Yo - San, From Ja - pan, I am so lone - ly, - I love you on - ly, - - - - - Come dear will sail a - - - way from here - - - No more to</p>
<p>Words by LOUIS SEIFERT</p> <p><b>Why Do They Call Mama Poor Butterfly</b></p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>Dad - dy dear please tell me why they call ma - ma Poor But - ter - fly? She has no wings, and out - er - flies are paint - ed things with naugh - ty eyes. She's so sad since young</p>	<p>Words by ELLA M. SMITH</p> <p><b>My Garden Of Love</b></p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>In my gar - den of love grew a flow' - er, a blue - stem so won - der - ful and fair, I cherished it ev - 'ry hour, And gave it ten - der - est care, But in - to my</p>
<p>Words by MARTIN SWAUGER R. A. WILSON</p> <p><b>I'll Be Glad To Get Back</b></p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>I'll be glad to get back to the lit - tle home town And the moth - er wait - ing pa - tient - - ly Back to the street where my sweet Mar - guer - ite Night - ly</p>	<p>Words by JACK GARTLAND</p> <p><b>I Want A Dixie Sweetheart</b></p> <p>Music by W. C. POLLA</p> <p>I want a Dix - ie sweet - heart, With eyes so true and blue, She must be a mer - ry root - er For old Yan - kee</p>

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