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That's A Mother's Reward From Her Son

Gilbert C. Tennant
Composer

Gilbert C. Tennant
Lyricist

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THAT'S A MOTHER'S REWARD FROM HER SON


Words and Music by

GILBERT C. TENNANT



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1917
THAT'S 

Dedicated to My Mother

That's A Mother's Reward From Her Son

Words & Music by
GILBERT C. TENNANT

Moderato

mf rit.

VOICE Andante

Ev - 'ry son up - on this earth has caused his moth - er pain,
The time has come when ev - 'ry son should of - fer heart and hand,

l.h. p

Ev - 'ry moth - er's heart has ached time and time a - gain; The rea - son why she bears it is, be -
And prom - ise to be brave and true to dear old Un - cle Sam. A moth - er stood be - side her boy up -

mf accel. cresc. rit.

cause her love is true, And man - y moth - er said the same as I have said to you. —
on his part - ing day, And as the tear - drops dimmed her eye these words I heard her say: —

p cresc. f rit.

CHORUS
Slow

Aft-er all that I've done you must leave me, ——— For an-oth-er you say will be
Aft-er all that I've done you must leave me, ——— To fight for a cause that is

p cresc. *mf cresc.*

true, ——— I hope that she's will-ing to bear, dear, ——— All the heart-aches that
true, ——— I know that you're will-ing to die for ——— Ev-'ry star in the

f *p* *mf cresc.*

I've borne for you. ——— I've watched you since you were a ba-by, ——— And
red, white and blue. ——— I've watched you since you were a ba-by, ——— And

p cresc. *mf*

now that my du-ty is done, ——— All I have when we part is a sad bro-ken
now that my du-ty is done, ——— Tho' I know it must be, may God spare you for

cresc. *mf cresc.* *f rit.*

heart, That's a moth-er's re-ward from her son. ——— Aft-er son. ———
me, That's a moth-er's good-bye to her son. ——— son. ———

mf *rit.* *p*

Somewhere in this Great Big
Lonely World

A Song Beyond Compare.

AT THE OLD CROSS ROAD

Where I Fell in Love with You.

Beautiful March Ballad

WON'T YOU COME BACK TO ME

AT HARVEST TIME

ANOTHER GOOD SONG.

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