



What is Home Without a Mother?

**Sep. Winner
(1827-1902)**

Septimus Winner (1827-1902) was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. His father was a violin maker and his mother was a relative of the novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne. His given name comes from being the seventh child. He graduated from Philadelphia Central High School, studied music informally, and joined his younger brother Joseph Eastburn Winner as a music publisher. He played the violin, guitar, banjo, and other instruments, and he performed with the orchestra of the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia, the Cecilian Musical Society, and the Philadelphia Brass Band. He became very successful as a song writer, often using the pseudonyms Alice Hawthorne (his mother's maiden name), Mark Mason, Apsley Street, Marion Florence, Leon Dore, and Paul Stenton, and Percy Guyer (his wife's maiden name). His romantic pieces were known as "Hawthorne's Ballads." His most famous song was "Listen to the Mocking Bird." Written under the name Alice Hawthorne., he credited the tune to an African-American street singer, Richard Milburn. He sold the copyright to publishers Lee & Walker. Although he sold it for an amount reportedly between \$5-\$35, the song sold over twenty million copies and made a profit of more than \$3 million by the fiftieth year of publication. He was charged with treason and briefly jailed after writing a song protesting General George B. McClellan's removal from command of the Union army. The song was legally reissued when McClellan ran for president and was adapted for Ulysses S. Grant's campaign. He also wrote "Der Deitcher's Dog" using a mock-German dialect set to a folk tune with its famous line "Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone?" Another famous song is his song originally published as "Ten Little Injuns." He also wrote hymns, anthems, over 200 musical instruction books for at least 23 instruments, and 2000 arrangements for violin and piano and 1500 for other instruments. He was also a poet and writer contributing to the Poet's Corner column in the Philadelphia Sunday Press, writing for Graham's Magazine when Edgar Allan Poe was its editor, and was musical editor for Peterson's Magazine. He died in Philadelphia from a heart attack after attending the dedication of a new building at Philadelphia Central High School and shaking the hand of President Theodore Roosevelt. His brother Joseph also wrote songs under the name Joseph Eastburn. His best known song was "Little Brown Jug."

What is home without a mother?
What are all the joys we neet,
When her loving smile no longer
Greets the coming of our feet?
The days seem long, the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on;
And oh! how few are childhood's pleasures
When her gentle care is gone.

Things we prize are first to vanish,
Hearts we love to pass away;
And how soon, e'en in our childhood,
We behold her turning grey;
Her eye grows dim, her step is slow;
Her joys of earth are past;
And sometimes 'ere we learn to know her,
She hath breathed on earth her last.

Older hearts may have their sorrows,
Griefs that quickly die away,
But a mother lost in childhood
Grieves the heart, the heart from day to day;
We miss her kind, her willing hand,
Her fond and earnest care;
And oh! how dark is life around us,
What is home without her there.

Alice Hawthorne (Sep. Winner)

What Is Home Without a Mother?

Alice Hawthorne

Moderato

S What is home — with - out a moth - er? What are all the joys we meet,

A What is home — with - out a moth - er? What are all the joys we meet,

T What is home — with - out a moth - er? What are all the joys we meet,

B What is home with - out a moth - er? What are all the joys we meet,

5
S When her lov - ing — smile no lon - ger Greet the com - ing, com - ing of our

A When her lov - ing — smile no lon - ger Greet the com - ing, com - ing of our

T When her lov - ing — smile no lon - ger Greet the com - ing, com - ing of our

B When her lov - ing smile no lon - ger Greet the com - ing, com - ing of our

8
S feet? The days seem long, the nights — are — drear, And

A feet? The days seem long, the nights — are — drear, And

T feet? The days seem long, the nights are drear, And

B feet? The days seem long, the nights are — drear, And

What Is Home Without a Mother?

11

S time rolls slow - ly on; And oh! how few are

A time rolls slow - ly on; And oh! how few are

T time rolls slow - ly on; And oh! how few are

B time rolls slow - ly on; And oh! how few are

14

S child - hood's pleas - ures When her gen - tle, gen - tle care is gone.

A child - hood's pleas - ures When her gen - tle, gen - tle care is gone.

T child - hood's pleas - ures When her gen - tle, gen - tle care is gone.

B child - hood's pleas - ures When her gen - tle, gen - tle care is gone.

17

S Things we prize are first to van - ish, Hearts we love to pass a - way;

A Things we prize are first to van - ish, Hearts we love to pass a - way;

T Things we prize are first to van - ish, Hearts we love to pass a - way;

B Things we prize are first to van - ish, Hearts we love to pass a - way;

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S And how soon, e'en in our child - hood, We be - hold her turn - ing, turn - ing

A And how soon, e'en in our child - hood, We be - hold her turn - ing, turn - ing

T And how soon, e'en in our child - hood, We be - hold her turn - ing, turn - ing

B And how soon, e'en in our child - hood, We be - hold her turn - ing, turn - ing

23

S grey; Her eye grows dim, her step is slow; Her

A grey; Her eye grows dim, her step is slow; Her

T grey; Her eye grows dim, her step is slow; Her

B grey; Her eye grows dim, her step is slow; Her

26

S joys of earth are past; And some - times 'ere we

A joys of earth are past; And some - times 'ere we

T joys of earth are past; And some - times 'ere we

B joys of earth are past; And some - times 'ere we

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29

S learn to know her, She hath breath'd on earth, on earth her last.

A learn to know her, She hath breath'd on earth, on earth her last.

T learn to know her, She hath breath'd on earth, on earth her last.

B learn to know her, She hath breath'd on earth, on earth her last.

32

S Old - er hearts — may — have their sor - rows, Griefs that quick - ly die a - way,

A Old - er hearts — may — have their sor - rows, Griefs that quick - ly die a - way,

T Old - er hearts — may — have their sor - rows, Griefs that quick - ly die a - way,

B Old - er hearts may have their sor - rows, Griefs that quick - ly die a - way,

36

S But a moth - er — lost in child - hood Grieves the heart, the heart from day to

A But a moth - er — lost in child - hood Grieves the heart, the heart from day to

T But a moth - er — lost in child - hood Grieves the heart, the heart from day to

B But a moth - er lost in child - hood Grieves the heart, the heart from day to

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39

S day; We miss her kind, her will - ing hand, Her

A day; We miss her kind, her will - ing hand, Her

T day; We miss her kind, her will - ing hand, Her

B day; We miss her kind, her will - ing hand, Her

42

S fond and ear - nest care; And oh! how dark is

A fond and ear - nest care; And oh! how dark is

T fond and ear - nest care; And oh! how dark is

B fond and ear - nest care; And oh! how dark is

45

S life a - round us, What is home with - out, with - out her there.

A life a - round us, What is home with - out, with - out her there.

T life a - round us, What is home with - out, with - out her there.

B life a - round us, What is home with - out, with - out her there.

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