



# The mother

George James Webb  
(1803-1887)

Andantino con espressione

S *mp* Moth - er, moth - er, I re - mem - ber When I climb'd up - on your knee,

A *mp* Moth - er, moth - er, I re - mem - ber When I climb'd up - on your knee,

T *mp* Moth - er, moth - er, I re - mem - ber When I climb'd up - on your knee,

B *mp* Moth - er, I re - mem - ber When I climb'd up - on your knee,

S <sup>5</sup> And from New Year to De - cem - ber One long smile you bent on me.

A And from New Year to De - cem - ber One long smile you bent on me.

T And from New Year to De - cem - ber One long smile you bent on me.

B And from New Year to De - cem - ber One long smile you bent on me.

## The mother

9

S  
Moth - er, moth - er, sits it sad - ly On my heart to think that I

A  
Moth - er, moth - er, sits it sad - ly On my heart to think that I

T  
8  
Moth - er, moth - er, sits it sad - ly On my heart to think that I

B  
Moth - er, sits it sad - ly On my heart to think that I

13

S  
Of - ten in my boy - hood, mad - ly Bade that bos - om heave the sigh.

A  
Of - ten in my boy - hood, mad - ly Bade that bos - om heave the sigh.

T  
8  
Of - ten in my boy - hood, mad - ly Bade that bos - om heave the sigh.

B  
Of - ten in my boy - hood, mad - ly Bade that bos - om heave the sigh.

17

S  
*mp* Moth - er, moth - er, I re - mem - ber When you blest the tru - ant youth,

A  
*mp* Moth - er, moth - er, I re - mem - ber When you blest the tru - ant youth,

T  
*mp* 8 Moth - er, moth - er, I re - mem - ber When you blest the tru - ant youth,

B  
*mp* Moth - er, I re - mem - ber When you blest the tru - ant youth,

# The mother

21

S Fan - ning with your pray'r the em - ber— Fad - ing em - ber of the truth.

A Fan - ning with your pray'r the em - ber— Fad - ing em - ber of the truth.

T Fan - ning with your pray'r the em - ber— Fad - ing em - ber of the truth.

B Fan - ning with your pray'r the em - ber— Fad - ing em - ber of the truth.

25

S Moth - er, moth - er, sits it sad - ly On my heart to think that where

A Moth - er, moth - er, sits it sad - ly On my heart to think that where

T Moth - er, moth - er, sits it sad - ly On my heart to think that where

B Moth - er, sits it sad - ly On my heart to think that where

29

S Wild ad - ven - ture led me, glad - ly I for - got your ten - der pray'r.

A Wild ad - ven - ture led me, glad - ly I for - got your ten - der pray'r.

T Wild ad - ven - ture led me, glad - ly I for - got your ten - der pray'r.

B Wild ad - ven - ture led me, glad - ly I for - got your ten - der pray'r.

## The mother

33

S *mp* Moth - er, moth - er, I re - mem - ber, On my arm you leant a - lone,

A *mp* Moth - er, moth - er, I re - mem - ber, On my arm you leant a - lone,

T *mp* Moth - er, moth - er, I re - mem - ber, On my arm you leant a - lone,

B *mp* Moth - er, I re - mem - ber, On my arm you leant a - lone,

37

S When by age - 's bleak No - vem - ber With - er'd hopes were round you strewn.

A When by age - 's bleak No - vem - ber With - er'd hopes were round you strewn.

T When by age - 's bleak No - vem - ber With - er'd hopes were round you strewn.

B When by age - 's bleak No - vem - ber With - er'd hopes were round you strewn.

41

S Moth - er, moth - er, sits it sad - ly On my heart to think me, where

A Moth - er, moth - er, sits it sad - ly On my heart to think me, where

T Moth - er, moth - er, sits it sad - ly On my heart to think me, where

B Moth - er, sits it sad - ly On my heart to think me, where

# The mother

45

S Man - hood plead the debt, how bad - ly I re - turn'd your ear - ly care.

A Man - hood plead the debt, how bad - ly I re - turn'd your ear - ly care.

T Man - hood plead the debt, how bad - ly I re - turn'd your ear - ly care.

B Man - hood plead the debt, how bad - ly I re - turn'd your ear - ly care.

49

S *mp* Moth - er, moth - er, I re - mem - ber (Ah, that dark, that fa - tal day!)

A *mp* Moth - er, moth - er, I re - mem - ber (Ah, that dark, that fa - tal day!)

T *mp* Moth - er, moth - er, I re - mem - ber (Ah, that dark, that fa - tal day!)

B *mp* Moth - er, I re - mem - ber (Ah, that dark, that fa - tal day!)

53

S When, in drear - y, chill De - cem - ber, Wild I wept a - bove your clay.

A When, in drear - y, chill De - cem - ber, Wild I wept a - bove your clay.

T When, in drear - y, chill De - cem - ber, Wild I wept a - bove your clay.

B When, in drear - y, chill De - cem - ber, Wild I wept a - bove your clay.

## The mother

57

S Ev - er— ev - er— vain - ly— sad - ly— Now that I am grow - ing gray,

A Ev - er— ev - er— vain - ly— sad - ly— Now that I am grow - ing gray,

T Ev - er— ev - er— vain - ly— sad - ly— Now that I am grow - ing gray,

B Ev - er— vain - ly— sad - ly— Now that I am grow - ing gray,

61

S I re - mem - ber— oh! how mad - ly— All the love I toss'd a - way!

A I re - mem - ber— oh! how mad - ly— All the love I toss'd a - way!

T I re - mem - ber— oh! how mad - ly— All the love I toss'd a - way!

B I re - mem - ber— oh! how mad - ly— All the love I toss'd a - way!

65

S *mp* Moth - er, moth - er, to re - mem - ber When I climb'd up - on your knee,

A *mp* Moth - er, moth - er, to re - mem - ber When I climb'd up - on your knee,

T *mp* Moth - er, moth - er, to re - mem - ber When I climb'd up - on your knee,

B *mp* Moth - er, to re - mem - ber When I climb'd up - on your knee,

# The mother

69

S Till ex - pires life's lat - est em - ber, One long sigh I heave for thee.

A Till ex - pires life's lat - est em - ber, One long sigh I heave for thee.

T Till ex - pires life's lat - est em - ber, One long sigh I heave for thee.

B Till ex - pires life's lat - est em - ber, One long sigh I heave for thee.

73

S God!— when time life's cord shall sev - er— Stran - gers tread - ing o'er my clay—

A God!— when time life's cord shall sev - er— Stran - gers tread - ing o'er my clay—

T God!— when time life's cord shall sev - er— Stran - gers tread - ing o'er my clay—

B God!— life's cord shall sev - er— Stran - gers tread - ing o'er my clay—

77

S Oh for - get— as I may nev - er— All the love I toss'd a - way!

A Oh for - get— as I may nev - er— All the love I toss'd a - way!

T Oh for - get— as I may nev - er— All the love I toss'd a - way!

B Oh for - get— as I may nev - er— All the love I toss'd a - way!

**George James Webb** (1803-1887) was born at Rushmore Lodge, near Salisbury in Wiltshire, England. He trained early in England and was an organist in Falmouth, England. He emigrated to Boston, Massachusetts, in 1830. He was organist at the Old South Church in Boston for nearly 40 years and was organist at the Boston Church of the New Jerusalem. With Lowell Mason, he founded the Boston Academy of Music. He was president of the Handel and Haydn Society. In 1871, he left Boston, taught in New York from 1876-1885, and retired to Orange, New Jersey. He was an editor for the journals "The Music Library" and "The Music Cabinet." He published the books "Vocal Techniques" and "Voice Culture," and was editor and arranger of the collections "Young Ladies' Vocal Class Book," "The Glee Hive," "The New Odeon," "The Vocalist," the "Little Songster," and "Cantica Laudis." He composed organ music, choral music, songs, and hymns. His most well-known composition is his part-song "'Tis Dawn, the Lark is Singing." The original song was well received and later adapted as a hymn with the addition of sacred words "Stand up, stand up for Jesus."

Mother, mother, I remember  
When I climbed upon your knee,  
And from New Year to December  
One long smile you bent on me.

Mother, mother, sits it sadly  
On my heart to think that I  
Often in my boyhood, madly  
Bade that bosom heave the sigh.

Mother, mother, I remember  
When you blest the truant youth,  
Fanning with your prayer the ember—  
Fading ember of the truth.

Mother, mother, sits it sadly  
On my heart to think that where  
Wild adventure led me, gladly  
I forgot your tender prayer.

Mother, mother, I remember,  
On my arm you leant alone,  
When by age's bleak November  
Withered hopes were round you strewn.

Mother, mother, sits it sadly  
On my heart to think me, where  
Manhood plead the debt, how badly  
I returned your early care.

Mother, mother, I remember  
(Ah, that dark, that fatal day!)  
When, in dreary, chill December,  
Wild I wept above your clay.

Ever—ever—vainly—sadly—  
Now that I am growing gray,  
I remember—oh! how madly—  
All the love I tossed away!

Mother, mother, to remember  
When I climbed upon your knee,  
Till expires life's latest ember,  
One long sigh I heave for thee.

God!—when time life's cord shall sever—  
Strangers treading o'er my clay—  
Oh forget—as I may never—  
All the love I tossed away!

Reynell Coates, M. D. (1802–1886)

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