



**The song  
my mother sings**

**George James Webb  
(1803-1887)**

# The song my mother sings

G. J. Webb

Andantino con affetto

S *mp* It is the song my moth - er sings, *mf* And glad - ly do I list the

A *mp* It is the song my moth - er sings, *mf* And glad - ly do I list the

T *mp* It is the song my moth - er sings, *mf* And glad - ly do I list the

B *mp* It is the song my moth - er sings, *mf* And glad - ly do I list the

S <sup>4</sup> *mp* strain; I nev - er hear it, but it brings *mf* > The wish to hear it sung a -

A *mp* strain; I nev - er hear it, but it brings *mf* > The wish to hear it sung a -

T *mp* strain; I nev - er hear it, but it brings *mf* > The wish to hear it sung a -

B *mp* strain; I nev - er hear it, but it brings *mf* > The wish to hear it sung a -



# The song my mother sings

8 *pp* *Sostenuto*

S gain. She breath'd it to me long a - go, To lull me to my

A gain. She breath'd it to me long a - go, To lull me to my

T gain. She breath'd it to me long a - go, To lull me to my

B gain. To lull me to my

12

S ba - by rest; And as she mur - mur'd, soft and low, I slept in peace up -

A ba - by rest; And as she mur - mur'd, soft and low, I slept in peace up -

T ba - by rest; And as she mur - mur'd, soft and low, I slept in peace up -

B ba - by rest; I slept in peace up -

16 *mp*

S on her breast, I slept in peace up - on her breast. Oh, gen - tle Song! thou hast a

A on her breast, I slept in peace up - on her breast. Oh, gen - tle Song! thou hast a

T on her breast, I slept in peace up - on her breast. Oh, gen - tle Song! thou hast a

B on her breast, I slept in peace up - on her breast. Oh, gen - tle Song! thou hast a

## The song my mother sings

20

S  
throng Of an - gel tones with - in thy spell; I feel that I shall love thee

A  
throng Of an - gel tones with - in thy spell; I feel that I shall love thee

T  
throng Of an - gel tones with - in thy spell; I feel that I shall love thee

B  
throng Of an - gel tones with - in thy spell; I feel that I shall love thee

24

S  
long, And fear I love thee far too well, I feel that I shall

A  
long, And fear I love thee far too well, I feel that I shall

T  
long, And fear I love thee far too well, I feel that I shall

B  
long, And fear I love thee far too well, I feel that I shall

28

S  
love thee long, And fear I love thee far too well.

A  
love thee long, And fear I love thee far too well.

T  
love thee long, And fear I love thee far too well.

B  
love thee long, And fear I love thee far too well.

# The song my mother sings

S For tho' I turn to hear thee now, With dot - ing glance of warm de -

A For tho' I turn to hear thee now, With dot - ing glance of warm de -

T For tho' I turn to hear thee now, With dot - ing glance of warm de -

B For tho' I turn to hear thee now, With dot - ing glance of warm de -

35 S light; In af - ter - years I know not how Thy plain - tive notes may dim my —

A light; In af - ter - years I know not how Thy plain - tive notes may dim my

T light; In af - ter - years I know not how Thy plain - tive notes may dim my

B light; In af - ter - years I know not how Thy plain - tive notes may dim my

39 S sight. That moth - er's voice will then be still, I hear it fal - ter

A sight. That moth - er's voice will then be still, I hear it fal - ter

T sight. That moth - er's voice will then be still, I hear it fal - ter

B sight. I hear it fal - ter

## The song my mother sings

43

S day by day; It sound - eth like a foun - tain rill, That trem - bles ere it

A day by day; It sound - eth like a foun - tain rill, That trem - bles ere it

T day by day; It sound - eth like a foun - tain rill, That trem - bles ere it

B day by day; That trem - bles ere it

47

S cease to play, That trem - bles ere it cease to play. And then this heart, thou sim - ple

A cease to play, That trem - bles ere it cease to play. And then this heart, thou sim - ple

T cease to play, That trem - bles ere it cease to play. And then this heart, thou sim - ple

B cease to play, That trem - bles ere it cease to play. And then this heart, thou sim - ple

51

S Song, Will find an an - guish in thy spell; 'Twill wish it could not love so

A Song, Will find an an - guish in thy spell; 'Twill wish it could not love so

T Song, Will find an an - guish in thy spell; 'Twill wish it could not love so

B Song, Will find an an - guish in thy spell; 'Twill wish it could not love so

# The song my mother sings

55

S  
long, Or had not lov'd thee half so well, 'Twill wish it could not

A  
long, Or had not lov'd thee half so well, 'Twill wish it could not

T  
long, Or had not lov'd thee half so well, 'Twill wish it could not

B  
long, Or had not lov'd thee half so well, 'Twill wish it could not

59

S  
love so long, Or had not lov'd thee half so well.

A  
love so long, Or had not lov'd thee half so well.

T  
love so long, Or had not lov'd thee half so well.

B  
love so long, Or had not lov'd thee half so well.

Mason & Law  
(1850)

**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."

It is the song my mother sings,  
And gladly do I list the strain;  
I never hear it, but it brings  
The wish to hear it sung again.  
She breathed it to me long ago,  
To lull me to my baby rest;  
And as she murmured, soft and low,  
I slept in peace upon her breast.  
Oh, gentle Song! thou hast a throng  
Of angel tones within thy spell;  
I feel that I shall love thee long,  
And fear I love thee far too well.

For though I turn to hear thee now,  
With dotting glance of warm delight;  
In after-years I know not how  
Thy plaintive notes may dim my sight.  
That mother's voice will then be still,  
I hear it falter day by day;  
It soundeth like a fountain rill,  
That trembles ere it cease to play.  
And then this heart, thou simple Song,  
Will find an anguish in thy spell;  
'Twill wish it could not love so long,  
Or had not loved thee half so well.

Eliza Cook (1818–1889)

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