To Miss Amelia Bayle, Louisville, Ky.

PAPA, STAY HOME, I'M MOTHERLESS NOW!

SONG and CHORUS.

Written and composed by WILL S. HAYS.



1 Death called my beau - ti - ful a - way! When her sweet moth - er 2 What can be keep - ing Wea - ry , with your pa - pa so late?" 3 Pa with pa, re - mem - ber, I'm moth - er Kneel down less now! 0 1 dar - ling be - side led, her they How Ι mem - ber she re -2 wait - ing, she kissed me and said, Just like an an - gel, SO 3 me, pa, come, let Moth - er, oh, smile in pa us pray, as 7 her and called to 1 looked up 1111 and smiled! Soft ly she Voumild,-"I'll watch to dar - ling, your 2 pleas - ant and and I'll wait. go show pa - pa the 3 life you once smiled! Fa - ther in heav - en, 7 child ! " "Prom - ise you'll cher - ish for your 1 said: and care child ! 2 bed :" Then she would pray both for you and her child ! 3 way, He home moth less with his er may go 0 ÷.

Papa, stay home, I'm motherless now. 975-3