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# WHEN HE GAVE ME YOU

## MOTHER OF MINE

SONG



Words by  
BOB MURPHY

Music by  
ELMORE WHITE

PIANO

Andante moderato

VOICE

*p*

From time to time, in ev - 'ry clime, Bless - ings come from a - bove, — To  
A Moth - er's love comes from a - bove, Bless - ings to ev - 'ry one, — And,

some a name, to oth - ers fame, While oth - ers are luek - y in love —  
Oh, what bliss, in Moth - er's kiss, When end of the day - time has come. —

I thought it o'er and o'er, — I have much to be thank - ful for  
Her arms reach out to you, — Moth - er's love is so fond and true .

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CHORUS  
Valse moderato

*Slowly with expression*

God put the stars in the heav - en, Gave us the sun's smil - ing

*p-f*  
*Slowly with expression*

ray, And gave us the moon-light for lov - ing, The day-time for

work and for play; He gave us our friends to cher - ish,

Gave us our sweet-hearts to love all thru time, But he took an an - gel from

heav - en When He Gave Me You, Moth - er Of Mine. Mine. *D.C.*

*rall.* *al tempo* *rall.* *al tempo* *D.C.*