


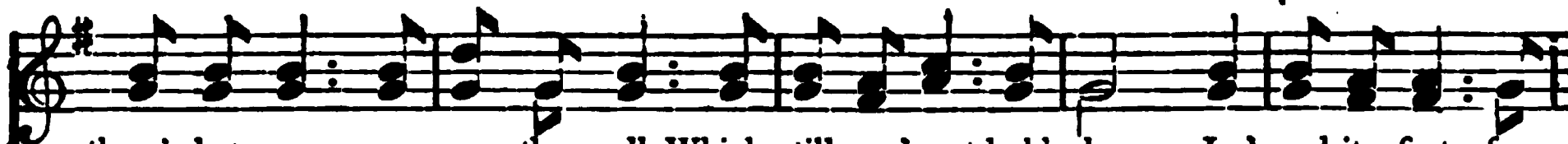

# MELODIES OF MANY LANDS.

C. W. GLOVER.



*Moderate Time.*





1. The mel - o - dies of ma - ny lands Ere - while have charmed mine ear, Yet  
2. Its words I well re - mem - ber now, Were fraught with precepts old, And  
3. It told me in the hour of need To seek a sol - ace there, Where



there's but one a - mong them all Which still my heart holds dear; I heard it first from  
ev - 'ry line a max - im held, Of far more worth than gold; A les - son 'twas, though  
on - ly strick - en hearts could find Sweet answer to their prayer; Ah! much I owe that



lips I loved, My tears it then be - guiled, It was the song my moth - er sang When  
simply taught, That can - not pass a - way; It is my guid - ing star by night, My  
gentle voice, Whose words my tears beguiled, That song of songs my moth - er sang, When



I was but a child, It was the song my mother sang, When I was but a child.  
comfort in the day; It is my guid - ing star by night, My comfort in the day.  
I was but a child; That song of songs my mother sang When I was but a child.

