

## When your mother took my name Roseanne McGonigle (Gillespie)

In a quiet country home one evening all alone  
Sat an old man and his little daughter Nell  
Now the child in childish glee climbed upon her father's knee  
And begged of him a story he would tell.

Won't you tell me of the past of my mother dear she asked  
Won't you tell me how she lived and passed away  
Oh dear Nell the old man said as he shyly bowed his head  
And the tears rolled down his cheeks as he replied.

She was sweeter than the blossoms on the clover  
She was fairer than the evening sunset low  
And I never will forget how much I loved her then  
When your mother took my name long long ago.

We were married she and I and in many ways we tried  
For to make our life a life of happiness  
Then one sunny summer's morn just a year from you were born  
She was taken to a brighter home above.

And although we're far apart she grows dearer to my heart  
For your mother was the only girl I loved.

She was sweeter than the blossoms on a clover  
She was fairer than the evening sunset low  
But I never will forget how much I loved her then  
When your mother took my name long long ago.