

Motherlove

Stephen Dickman, music
Ellen Frank, words

Soprano

There is a gent - le - ness of love

6 *a tempo*

bloom to - day. It sits li - lac on your

11 *rit.*

cheek. Fuch - sias rose, too, with the dew

16 *a tempo* *rit.*

and we sit sip - ping per - sim - mon tea, a

21 *a tempo*

fra - grance all our own. Mo - ther - love...

26

Mo - ther - love... in - to your lap my head of words

31 *rit.* *a tempo*

lay. I lan - guish these words toward you proud in

36

tears that... [white on white] You un - der - stand.

41 *rit.*

And for - give me my dif - - - - ference.