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# I love Somebody's wife, and that's my dear old Mother

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# **I love Somebody's wife, and that's my dear old Mother.**

*Sung by "LITTLE PIMPLE," of Tom White's Arabs.*

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I'm in love with somebody's wife,  
Somebody's wife loves me—  
Tho' she has tresses of silv'ry hue,  
Fairer than all is she !  
Oft we together have pledged our vows,  
Saying, if e'er apart,  
Constant and true we would ever be,  
One, both in mind and heart.

I love somebody's wife and she loves me,  
In joy or strife, somebody's wife my friend will always be,  
Thro' all the fleeting years I shall love no other.  
For somebody's wife is dad's partner for life,  
And that's my dear old mother !

Oft she sits and dreams of her boy,  
Thinks him beyond compare,  
Castles she builds for her darling one,  
Castles so bright and fair !  
She in her heart breathes a tender prayer  
Unto the One above,  
Asking the Father of all to watch  
Over her darling love.

Who can tell a true mother's love?  
Purest of all on earth !  
Till she has passed to the realms above,  
Nobody knows her worth.  
But when she's gone we oft sit and dream,  
Dream of the mother dear,  
Wished her back from the Spirit-land,  
Wishing that she were near.