Picture that is Turned Toward the Wall

Picture that is Turned Toward the Wall
(Charles Graham)

Far away beyond the glamour of the city and its strife
There's a quiet little homestead by the sea,
Where a tender, loving lassie used to live a happy life
Contented in her lot as she could be;
Not a shadow ever seemed to cloud the sunshine of her youth
And they tho't no sorrow could her life befall,
But she left them all one evening and their sad hearts knew the truth
When her father turned her picture toward the wall.

cho: There's a name that's never spoken
There's a mother's heart half broken
Just another face that's missing from the old home, that is all.
There's a memory still living
There's a father, unforgiving,
There's a picture that is turned toward the wall.

They have laid away each token of the one who ne'er returns,
Ev'ry token, ev'ry ribbon that she wore,
Though it seems so long ago now, yet the lamp of hope still burns
And her mother prays to see her child once more.
Though no tidings ever reach them what her life or lot may be,
Though they sometimes think she's gone beyond recall,
There's a tender recollection of a face they never see,
In the picture that is turned toward the wall.

cho:

Note: Subtitled, in the original sheet music, "Pathetic Song and Chorus"