

When Mother Rocked The Cradle Long Ago



WORDS & MUSIC BY

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327 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON, MASS.

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Dear Heart of Mine, Farewell!

Chorus.

Words and Music by D. F. SHEEHAN.

Dear heart of mine fare - well, _____ Sweetheart of mine fare - well, _____

cresc.
I lov'd you then love, yes dear-er than life, Long'd for the day I should call you my wife,
cresc.

Trust-ed you darling be - lieving you true, Giv-ing my heart's love to you, on-ly you,

rit.
Lov-ing you bet-ter than you'll ev-er know Dear heart of mine fare - well. _____
rit.

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When Mother Rocked The Cradle Long Ago.

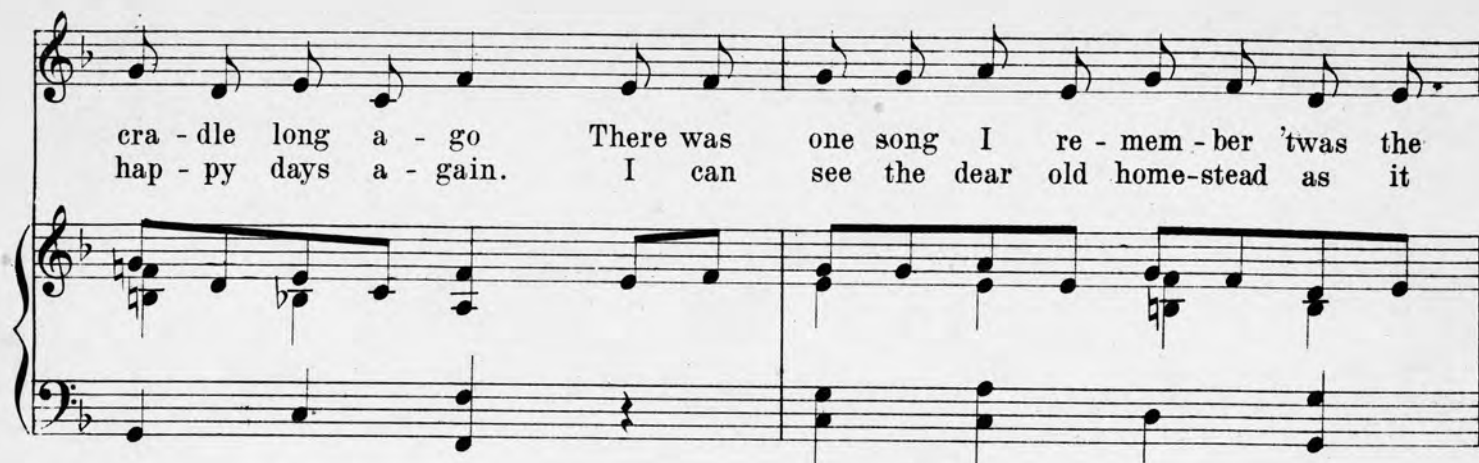
BERT POTTER.

Moderato.

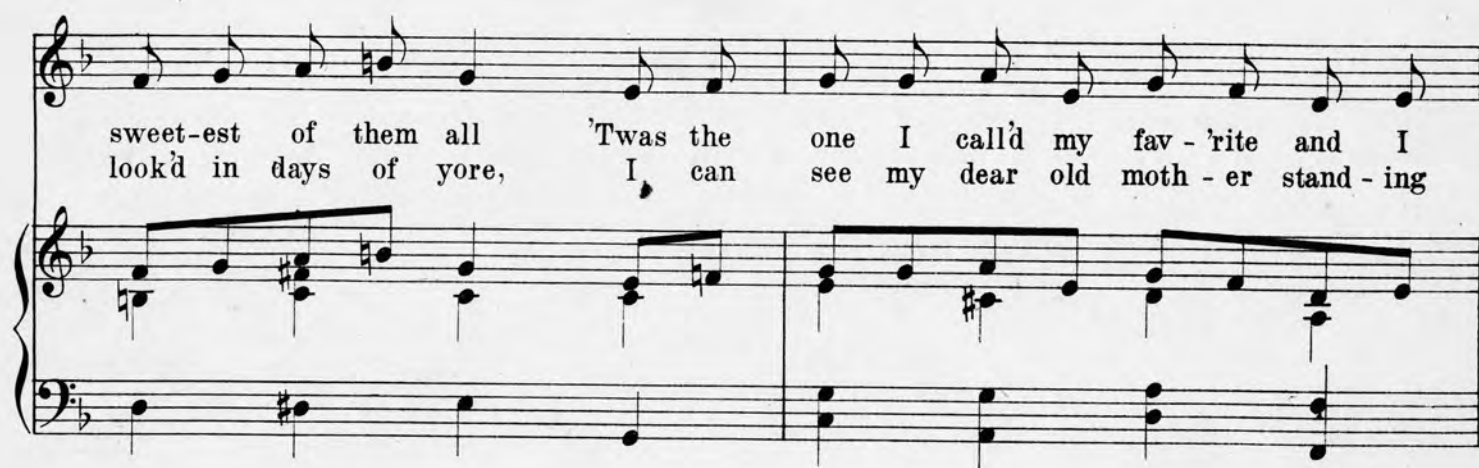
In my dreams I see a vis-ion of a face so sweet and fair 'Tis a
It is ma - ny years a - go since first I sat on moth-er's knee And she

vis-ion of my mother I can see her standing there I can see her smile so sweet-ly, hear her
told me those old stories that were then so dear to me Those were hap-py days of childhood, life was

voice so soft and low, As she sang to me and rock'd me in my
free from care and pain I would give the world if I could live those



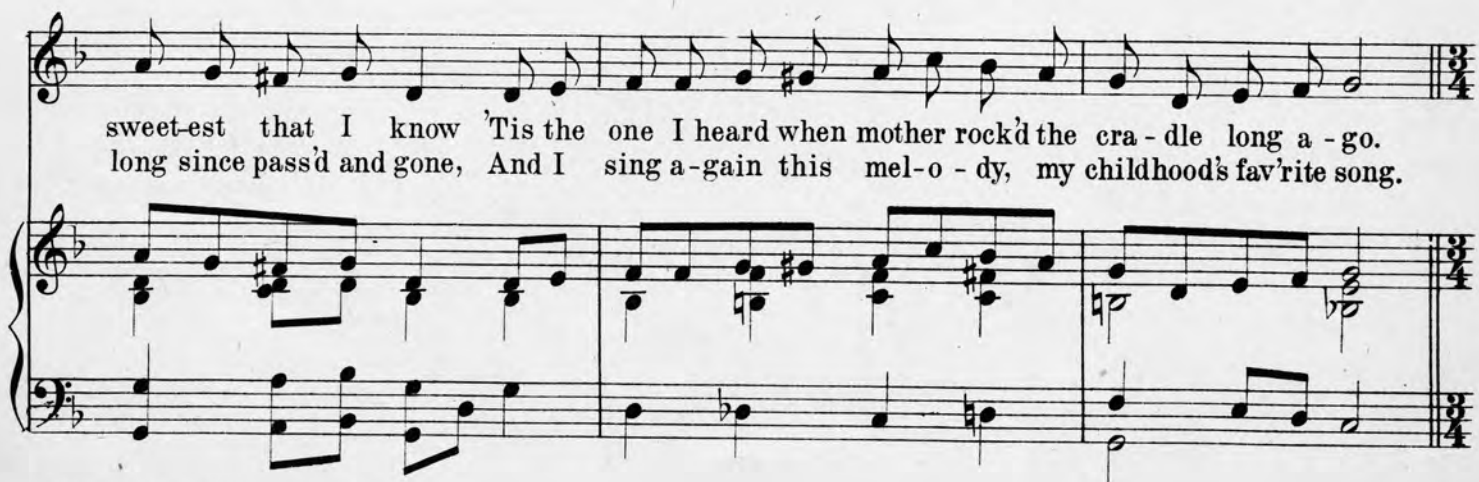
cra - dle long a - go There was one song I re - mem - ber 'twas the
hap - py days a - gain. I can see the dear old home - stead as it



sweet - est of them all 'Twas the one I call'd my fav - 'rite and I
look'd in days of yore, I can see my dear old moth - er stand - ing



oft - en times re - call In my dreams I hear the mel - o - dy, the
there be - side the door Now to - night I'm sad and lone - ly, moth - er's



sweet - est that I know 'Tis the one I heard when mother rock'd the cra - dle long a - go.
long since pass'd and gone, And I sing a - gain this mel - o - dy, my childhood's fav'rite song.

CHORUS.

Go to sleep my ba - by dear Moth - er's watch - ing, do not fear.

Dream of An - gels up a - bove, Look - ing down so full of love.

Close your lit - tle eyes of blue, Moth - er loves no one but you.

Pleas - ant slum - bers o'er you creep Sleep my ba - by, sleep.

AS THE NIGHTINGALE CALLS TO ITS MATE, MADELINE.

Words by G. F. PERKINS.

Music by HARRY J. NORTON.

Composer of
JUST BECAUSE IT REMINDS ME OF YOU,
ONLY A WREATH OF ROSES.

Chorus.

As the night-in-gale calls to its mate, Mad - e - line Aft-er the day steals a -

way Brightly the twinkling stars for you do gleam, O'er

mead-ow lands where we did stray 'Tis then my heart's call-ing and

long-ing so true, 'Tis then in the twilight I wait The evening breeze

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