When Mother Rocked The Cradle Long Ago

Words & Music by
Bert Potter

Henry Krey Music Co.
Dear Heart of Mine, Farewell!

Chorus.

Dear heart of mine farewell, Sweetheart of mine farewell,

I lov'd you then love,yes dearer than life, Long'd for the day I should call you my wife,

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

Lov-ing you bet-ter than you'll ev-er know Dear heart of mine farewell.

Words and Music by D. F. SHEEHAN.
When Mother Rocked The Cradle Long Ago.

Moderato.

In my dreams I see a vision of a face so sweet and fair
Tis a vision of my mother I can see her standing there
I can see her smile so sweet, I hear her voice so soft and low,
As she sang to me and rocked me in my free from care and pain
I would give the world if I could live those happy days of childhood.

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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 fa-va-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 child-hood's fa-vorite song.

When Mother Rocked The Cradle.3
CHORUS.

Go to sleep my baby dear, Mother's watching, do not fear.

Dream of Angels up above, Looking down so full of love.

Close your little eyes of blue, Mother loves no one but you.

Pleasant slumbers o'er you creep, Sleep my baby, sleep.

When Mother Rocked The Cradle, 3
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 nightingale calls to its mate, Madeline
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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