CRADLE OF GOLD
THE BEST LITTLE NEST OF ALL

WORDS BY
PHIL. VOLZ
MUSIC BY
H.C. WEASNER

PUBLISHED BY H. KEASNER & CO.
BUFFALO, N.Y.
THOUSANDS ARE SINGING
H. C. Weasner's Wonderful Song Success

THE LIGHT OF ANOTHER DAY
A beautiful Semi-Sacred Song that is destined to become one of the songs that will live forever. With its beautiful thought and inspiring melody makes it suitable for church or concert.

The Light of Another Day.

If we found that within our hearts there lived
The hopes we never knew
In the burdens of earthly struggle
When the riches of joy seemed few
If we knew of the tho'ts uplifted
From a world's vain sordid sway
And in longings new born within us
Shines the light of another day.

If we heeded the voice that told us
Of things we leave undone
Of a strength that was always needed
In the victories to be won
Then our hearts would know with gladness
That the paths of the better way
Would lead at the end of the journey
To the light of another day.

Copyright 1911

On sale at all music stores or mailed for 30 cts.
CRADLE OF GOLD
THE BEST LITTLE NEST OF ALL
Moderato.

Music by H.C. WEASNER.

Night-time is calling the birds to their nest,
Oft-en I sit in the twi-light a-lone,
Mothers are sing-ing their ba-bies to rest
Thinking of moth-er who waits there at home

That's turn to moth-er and home sweet home,
Just like a sweet ten-der mel-o-dy
Wea-ry are they who wan-der a-lone
She lingers still in fond mem-o-ry

I've been a roamer but some-how I find
There's just one place where the sun seems to shine.
And when the sun's sink-ing in-to the west
'Tis then I yearn for my mother's car-ress.

Copyright MCMXXII by H.C. Weasner & Co., Buffalo, N.Y. International Copyright Secured.
Dear little room that is vacant and gloom
Where two tiny hands

Finger'd the wall,
In my dreams that unfold,
Of a

Cradle of gold That's the best little nest of all.
CODA

Slumber-time is calling, Call ing us to rest, Tell ing of the
love days, the days we loved the best; While the falling em bers

Shed their radiant glow, Brings to me a picture, a dream of long ago.
When Mother Sang, "Hush A-Bye-O"

When Mother Sang, "Hush A-Bye-O"

Chorus:
When misty, misty Miss Liza lay in me,
Two feet in old polished bed;
Sweet little boy, angels in Heaven were singing out a star,

She gave the world just to keep it a girl,
Hush-a-Bye, Hush-a-Bye,
She gave the world just to keep it a girl,
Hush-a-Bye, Hush-a-Bye.

Copyright 1903 by H. C. Weasner & Co., Buffalo, N.Y.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved

On Sale At All Music Stores Or Sent By Mail For 30 Cents

H. C. WEASNER & CO., 257 Washington Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

Send For Our Illustrated Catalogue of Song Hits—Mailed Free