

ME TO

Rocky Billie's
Mother.

Ballad.

WORDS BY FLORENCE PERCY.

MUSIC BY JOHN H. HEWITT.

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ROCK ME TO SLEEP MOTHER.

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Music by John H. Hewitt.

ARDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE

mf *cres*

Backward, turn backward, Oh! time in your flight, Make me a child again, just for a night,

Mother come back from the ex-o-less shore. Take me again to your heart as of yore.

Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair

Rall

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep, Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Dim. Per dandon

Rock me, rock me, rock me to sleep. Rock me, rock me, Rock me to sleep.....

p Legato *Colla Voce pp*

Backward flow backward, oh! tide of years,
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh! mother, my heart calls for you.
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between—
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my faint heart, in days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever was shown—
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient, like yours—

None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain,
Slumber's soft calm, o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders, again as of old—
Let it fall over, my forehead tonight,
Shading my faint eyes, away from the light—
For, with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long,
Since I last hushed to thy lullaby song;
Since then, and unto my soul it shall seem,
Womanhood's years have been but a dream,
Clasped to thy arms in a loving embrace,
With thy light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.