

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

COMPOSED BY

E. Mack.

Author of

MAID BY THE HILL SIDE.

FAREWELL TO THEE.

PLEASURE D'ER MY LIFE WAS BEAMING.

THOUGHTS OF THEE.

THY SMILE IS LIKE THE SUNBEAM.

NINETY YEARS AGO.

WANDERERS MUSINGS &c.



PHILADELPHIA

Published by MARSH, 1102 Chesnut St.

Ent. according to Act of Congress A.D. 1861 by Marsh in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of the Eastn. Dist. of Pa.

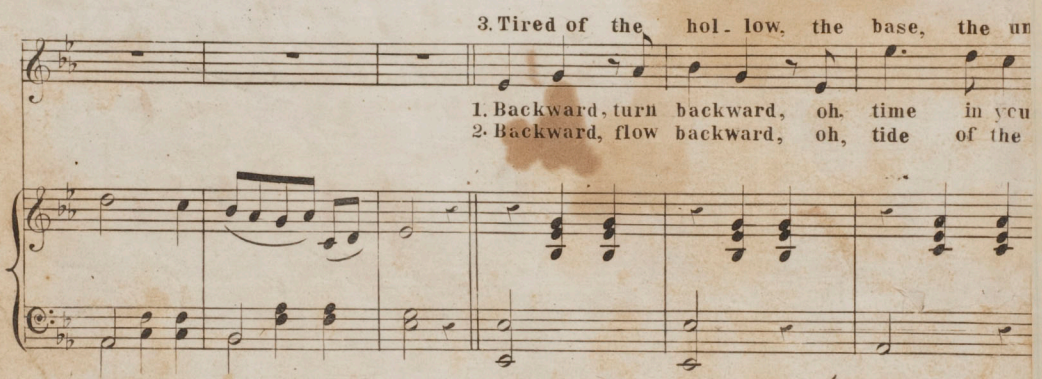
ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BY
E. MACK.

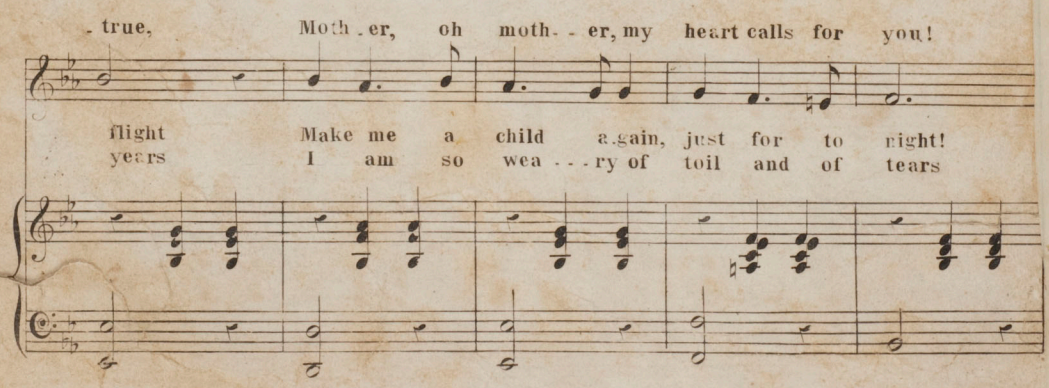
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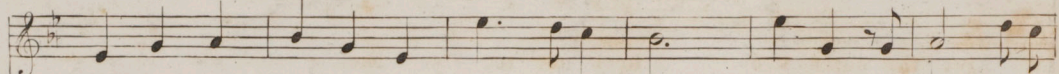
3. Tired of the hol-low, the base, the un-
1. Backward, turn backward, oh, time in you
2. Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the



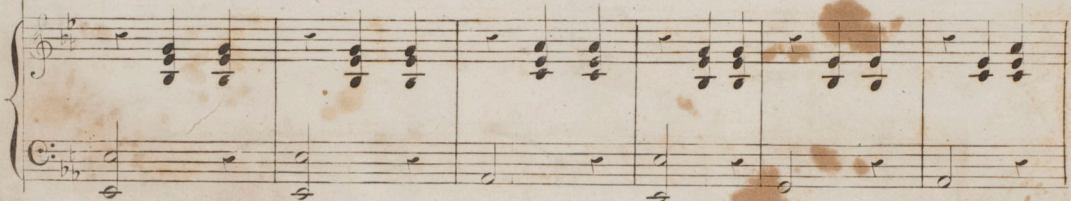
true, Moth-er, oh moth-er, my heart calls for you!
flight years Make me a child again, just for to night!
I am so wea-ry of toil and of tears



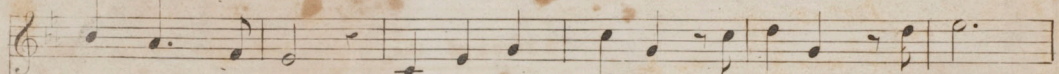
Man - y a summer the grass has grown green. Blossom'd and fa - ded our



Mother come back from the e - cho-less shore, Take me a - gain to your
Toil with out recom - pense tears all in vain Take them and give me my



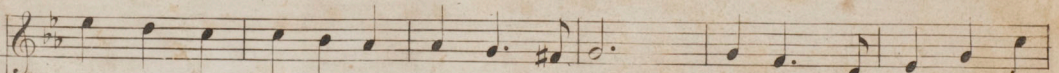
fa - ces be - tween You with strong yearning and passion - - ate pain,



heart as of yore Kiss from my fore-head the furrows of care,
child-hood a - gain! I have grown weary of dust and de - cay,



Long I to night for your presence a - gain; Come from the si - lence so



Smooth the few sil - ver threads out of my hair, Over my slum - bers your
Wea - ry of fling - ing my soul-wealth a - way Wea - ry of sow - ing for



long and so deep

Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

loving watch keep Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!
others to reap; Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) and features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same musical structure and key signature.

4

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother love ever has 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 world weary brain;
Slumbers soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

5

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on my shoulder again as of old—
Let it drop over my forehead to right,
Shading my feint eyes away from the light
For with its sunny edge shadows once more,
Haply will linger the visions of yore.
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

6

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long—
Since I last listened to your lullaby song,
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Your childhood's tears have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweetening my face;
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!