ROCK ME IN THE CRADLE
OF THE GOLDEN LONG AGO.

Words & Music by CARY GILL.

Oh! how well do I remember when I left the dear old home. In the
early morn one sunny summer day. How the

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I clover blossoms growing by the way
I yearned for fame and fortune in a
gentle beams of love light in her eye
I left her weeping sadly and I

land across the sea Its
can't forget that night Her
tender heart was broken then I

But all is not gold that glitters; Just like
But I'm going back tomorrow and I'll

mother said 'would be As she rocked me in the golden long ago.
press her lips again As I used to in the golden long ago.

Rock Me etc. - 4
CHORUS.

Rock me gently in the cradle of the golden long ago
Tell the tales I loved in childhood's happy day.
Sing the songs I heard at twilight as my mother sang to me.
Close beside her in the old home far away.

Let me
Dream life's springtime o'er for my heart is heavy now As the waves of trouble toss me to and fro. Down life's rapid rolling stream, Rock me gently while I dream In the cradle of the golden long ago.