Mississippi Cradle

Waltz

Words by

JACK YELLEN

Music by

ABE OLMAN

Tears I can see her tender face;

Softly in my

Through a vale of

dreams Comes a haunting melody;

tears I can see her tender face;

Bringing tender scenes from the

After all these years I can
Land of Memory;
How
feel her fond embrace;
Some

I long to be back in Cradle
sweet day in the golden bye and

Days, Rocked by mammy's hand
bye, I'll meet her up there

in to the Land of Bye lo.
in heaven where she's waiting.

Don't Fail To Get "BABY CURLS" the Foxiest Fox Trot
CHORUS

Rock me in my Missis-sis-pi Cra-dle,

Let me look in-to my mam-my’s eyes;

I would give the world if I were a-ble

To re-call the days of lulu-bies. Mam-my, mam-my

Have You Got "KISS A MISS" the Great Waltz Song?
mine! why did you leave me? Wish that you had

Slower

taken me a long

Up in heaven

where you may be crooning to some angel baby

My old Mississippi Cradle song.