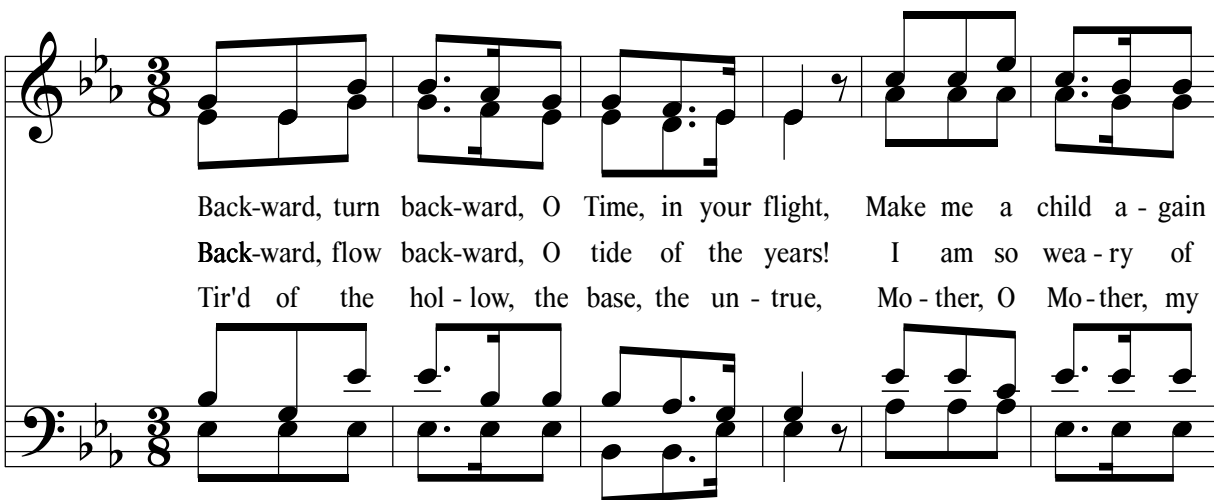


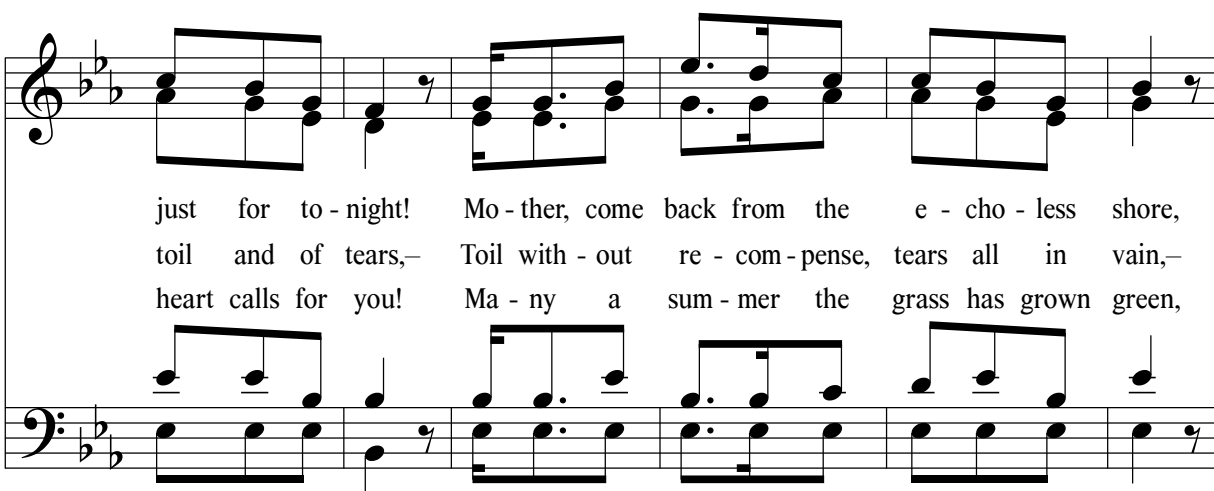
Rock Me to Sleep, Mother

Elizabeth Allen Akers

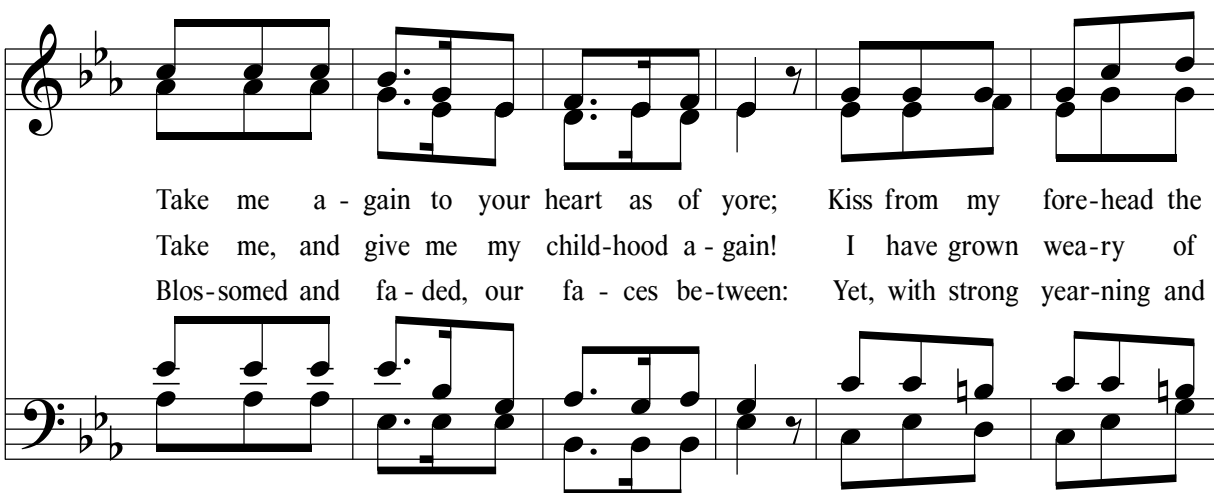
Ernest Leslie



Back-ward, turn back-ward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child a - gain
Back-ward, flow back-ward, O tide of the years! I am so wea - ry of
Tir'd of the hol - low, the base, the un - true, Mo - ther, O Mo - ther, my



just for to - night! Mo - ther, come back from the e - cho - less shore,
toil and of tears,— Toil with - out re - com - pense, tears all in vain,—
heart calls for you! Ma - ny a sum - mer the grass has grown green,



Take me a - gain to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my fore-head the
Take me, and give me my child-hood a - gain! I have grown wea-ry of
Blos-somed and fa - ded, our fa - ces be-tween: Yet, with strong year-ning and

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fur-rows of care, Smooth the few sil-ver threads out of my hair; O-ver my
dust and de-cay,- Wea-ry of flin-ging my soul-wealth a-way; Wea-ry of
pas-sion-ate pain, Long I to-night for your pre-sence a-gain. Come from the

slum-ber your lo-ving watch keep;- Rock me to sleep, Mo-ther,- rock me to sleep!
so-wing for o-thers to reap;- Rock me to sleep, Mo-ther,- rock me to sleep!
si-lence so long and so deep;- Rock me to sleep, Mo-ther,- rock me to sleep!

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O - ver my heart in the days that are flown, No love like mo - ther love's
Come, let your brown hair, just ligh - ted with gold, Fall on your shoul - ders a -
Mo - ther, dear Mo - ther, the years have been long, Since I last heard your sweet

e - ver been known; No o - ther wor - ship a - bides and en - dures,
gain as of old; Let it drop o - ver my fore - head to - night,
lul - la - by song; Sing, then, and un - to my soul it shall seem,

Faith - ful, un - self - ish and pa - tient like yours: None like a mo - ther can
Sha - ding my faint eyes a - way from the light; For with its sun - ny edged
Wo - man - hood's years have been on - ly a dream. Clasped to your heart in a

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charm a - way pain, from the sick soul and the world-wea-ry brain. Slumber's soft
sha - dows once more, Hap - ly will throng the sweet vi - sions of yore; Lo - ving - ly,
lo - ving em - brace, With your light la - shes just sweep - ing my face, Ne - ver here-

calms o'er my hea - vy lids creep; - Rock me to sleep, Mo - ther, rock me to sleep!
soft - ly, its bright bil - lows sweep; - Rock me to sleep, Mo - ther, rock me to sleep!
af - ter to wake or to weep; - Rock me to sleep, Mo - ther, rock me to sleep!