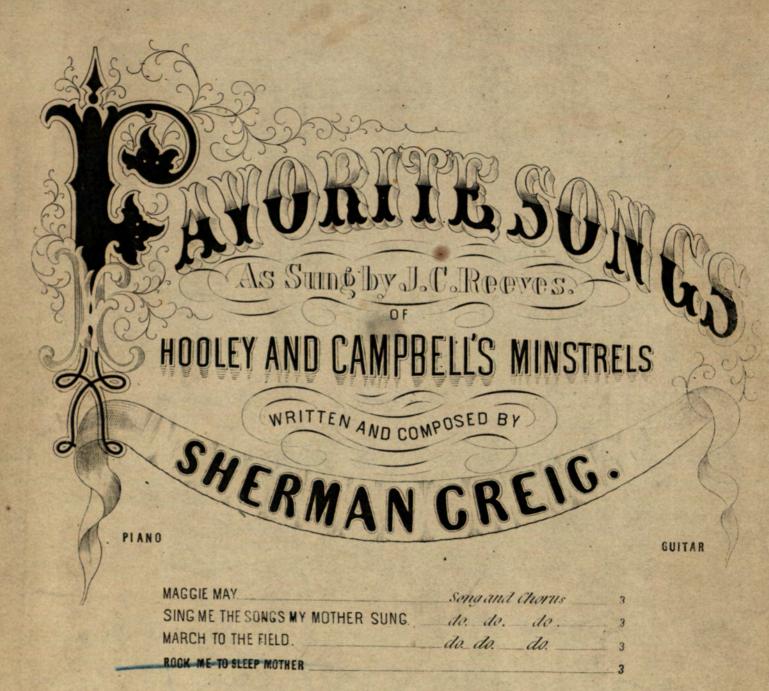
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ROCK ME TO SLEEP MOTHER

BALLAD.







Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, Mother, O 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 tonight for your presence again; Come from the silence so long and so deep; 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 to night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light,
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Happy will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

4.

Over my heart in the 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 lidscreep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

6

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

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