

ROCK ME IN THE CRADLE OF THE GOLDEN LONG AGO.

Words & Music by CARY GILL.

Prelude Cantabile.

The prelude is written for piano in 4/4 time, featuring a cantabile style. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is primarily in the right hand, with a supporting bass line in the left hand. A *rit.* (ritardando) marking is placed above the right hand staff in the fourth measure.

Oh! how well do I re-mem-ber when I left the dear old home. In the
By the way-side stands a cot-tage where I wait-ed by the gate. For my

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

ear - ly morn one sun - ny sum - mer day. How the
sweet-heart when the twi - light hours drew nigh. How my

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

rob-bins sang a - bove me; dew-drops glit-tered here and there. On the
young heart beat with rap-ture as I saw her hap-py smile. And the

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

clo-ver blos-soms grow-ing by the way I yearned for fame and for-tune in a
 gen-tle beams of love-light in her eye I left her weep-ing sad-ly and I

con moto.

land a - cross the sea Its fan - cy seemed to tell me I must
 can't for - get that night Her ten - der heart was bro - ken then I

go. But all is not gold that glit - ters; Just like
 know. But I'm go - ing back to - mor - row and I'll

moth-er said 'twould be As she rocked me in the gold-en long a - go. _____
 press her lips a - gain As I used to in the gold-en long a - go. _____

rit. *pp*

CHORUS.

Rock me gent-ly in the cra-dle of the gold-en long a - go Tell the

dolce.
p

tales I loved in child-hood's hap-py day. Sing the

songs I heard at twi-light as my moth-er sang to me. Close be-

p

side her in the old home far a - way. Let me

p

dream life's spring-time o - ver for my heart is hea - vy now As the

waves of trou - ble toss me to and fro. Down life's

rit. rap - id roll - ing stream, Rock me gent - ly while I dream In the

cra - dle of the gold - en long a - go. *pp*