"CRADLE'S EMPTY BABY'S GONE."

Words and Music by HARRY KENNEDY.

Author of "A Flower from Mother's Grave"

Moderato con espress.

Lit - tle em - pty cra - dle, treasured now with care,
Near a sha - dy val - ley stands a gras - sy mound,
Though thy pre - cious bur - den it has
Un - derneath my lit - tle dar - ling fied.
sleeps.

How we miss the locks of curly gold - den hair,
Blos - soms sweet, and ro - ses cluster all a - round;

Copyright, 1880, by Wm. H. Kennedy.
Peeping from thy tiny snow-white bed, 
When the dimpled cheeks and
Over-head the willow silent weeps.
There I laid my loved one

Little laughing eyes
From the rumpled pillow shone,
In the long ago,
And my heart doth sadly moan.

Then I gazed with gladness, Now I look and sigh;
Empty is the cradle, Baby's gone.
Though she's with the angels, Still I fain would weep;
Empty is the cradle, Baby's gone.

*a tempo.*

Cradle's Empty, Baby's Gone. 3.
CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

Baby left her cradle For the golden shore, O'er the silv'ry waters she has flown,

ALTO.

Baby left her cradle For the golden shore, O'er the silv'ry waters she has flown,

TENOR.

Baby left her cradle For the golden shore, O'er the silv'ry waters she has flown, has flown,

BASS.

Baby left her cradle For the golden shore, O'er the silv'ry waters she has flown,

ACCOMP.

gone to join the angels peaceful ev'er-more; Empty is the cradle, Baby's gone.

gone to join the angels peaceful ev'er-more; Empty is the cradle, Baby's gone.

gone to join the angels peaceful ev'er-more; Empty is the cradle, Baby's gone.

(Cradle's Empty, Baby's Gone. 3.)