

My
TRUNDLE BED

BALLAD
BY

J. C. BAKER.



CHICAGO

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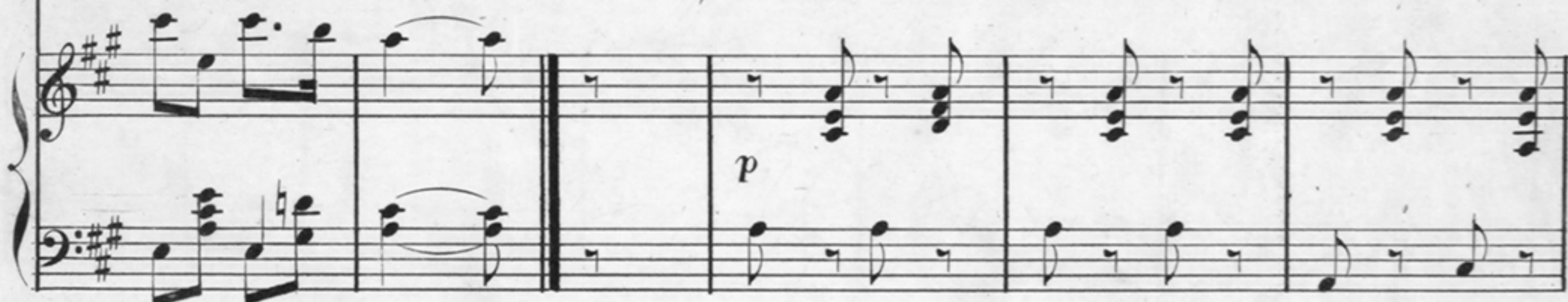
J. D. Pearson
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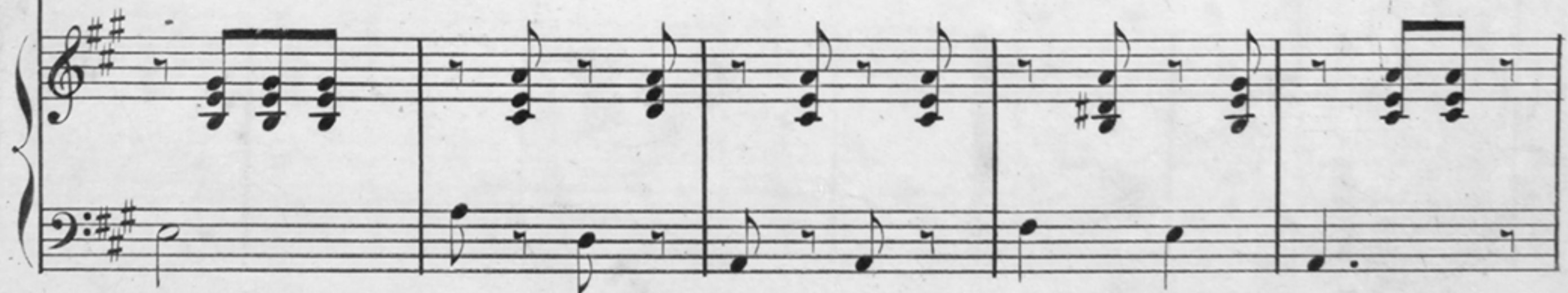
J. C. BAKER.

Moderato.

1. As I rummag'd thro' the at - tic, List'ning to the falling
 3. As I list'ned, reccol - lections That I tho't had been for -
 6. Years have pass'd, and that dear mother Long has moulder'd'neath the



rain, As it patter'd on the shingles And a - gainst the window pane;
 - got, Came with all the gush of mem'ry, Rushing, thronging to the spot;
 sod, And I trust her sainted spi - rit Rev - els in the home of God:



Peeping o - ver chests and box - es, Which with dust were thick-ly spread; Saw I in the
 And I wander'd back to childhood, To those merry days of yore, When I knelt be -
 But that scene at summer twilight, Nev - er has from mem' - ry fled, And it comes in

farthest corner, What was once my trundle bed.
 - side my mother; By this bed up - on the floor.
 all its freshness When I see my trundle bed.

mf

2. So I drew it from the recess, Where it had remain'd so
 4. Then it was, with hands so gently Placed up - on my infant
 5. This she taught me, then she told me Of its im - port great and

p

long,— Hearing all the while the mu-sic Of my mother's voice in song;
 head, That she taught my lips to ut-ter Careful-ly the words she said;
 deep— After which I learned to ut-ter "Now I lay me down to sleep;"

Larghetto.
 As she sung in sweetest accents, What I since have oft-en read— "Hush, my dear, lie
 Nev-er can they be forgotten, Deep are they in mem'ry riven— "Hallowed be Thy
 Then it was with hands up-lift-ed, And in ac-cents soft and mild, That my mother

ad lib:
 still and slum-ber, Holy an-gels guard thy bed?"
 name, O Father! Father! Thou who art in heaven?"
 asked—"Our Fa-ther! Father! do Thou bless my child!"

colla voce. *p* *morendo.*