

THE
PET OF THE CRADLE.



BY
ALICE HAMTHORNE

PRICE 50 Cts.

PHILADELPHIA,

GUITAR



PIANO



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The Pet of the Cradle

By

ALICE HAWTHORNE



*What is Home without a Mother.
 How sweet are the Roses.....
 The love of one fond Heart.....
 Rebecca at the Well.....
 My Cottage Home.....
 Listen to the Mocking Bird.....
 East thy Bread upon the Waters.....
 The Golden Moon.....
 Let us live with a Hope.*



*Come, gather round the Hearth.....
 I set my heart upon a Flower.....
 Chimes of the Monastery.....
 Mercys' Dream.....
 My early Fireside.....
 The Song of the Farmer.....
 Dreams that charm'd me when a Child.....
 The Days gone by.....
 Our good old Friends.*

R.M. Gaw.

PIANO.

Moderato. *p*

Sua..... How sweet are the joys of a

home that we prize; How dear is the bosom that welcomes us there; How

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bright are the smiles e-ver beaming from eyes That greet us with pleasure and

trust to our care. The toil of a day, may be dearth to a heart; The

care of a house-hold the toil of a life But there's joy in the prospect of

meeting at home, The "Pet of the Cradle", the smile of a wife.

SECOND & THIRD VERSES.

VOICE

PIANO.

Who loves not a child with its in - no - cent smile , And its
A home hath its charms be they ev - er so few, And the

del - i - cate figure so young and so fair ; And who can - not clasp to ones
fare of the poor is but humble in - deed , Yet hearts, with a care that is

bosom a - while, The joy of a house hold, the cherish'd one there: We
earnest and true, Look well to the wants of an in - fant in need. What -

look at its fol-lies and smile to be-hold The joy that a foot-step can
 e-er be the sta-tion in sor-row or joy; What-ever be the fate that our

bring to the eye, But none like a parent can dare to en-fold, The
 for-tunes may cast, Our hearts may be true to the cir-cle a-round, But the

"Pet of the Cra-dle," so fair and so shy.
 "Pet of the Cra-dle" fares best to the last.