

My Trundle-Bed

J. C. BAKER

Moderato

1. As I rum - mag'd thro' the at - tic, List - 'ning to the fall - ing
 2. So I drew it from the re - cess, Where it had re - main'd so
 3. As I lis - ten'd, rec - ol - lec - tions, That I thought had been for -
 4. Then it was with hands so gent - ly Placed up - on my in - fant
 5. Years have pass'd, and that dear moth - er Long has mould - er'd 'neath the
 6. This she taught me, then she told me Of its im - port, great and

rain, As it pat - ter'd on the shin - gles And a -
 long, Hear - ing all the while the mu - sic Of my
 got, Came with all the gush of mem - 'ry, Rush - ing,
 head, That she taught my lips to ut - ter Care - ful -
 sod, And I trust her saint - ed spir - it Rev - els
 deep— Af - ter which I learned to ut - ter "Now I

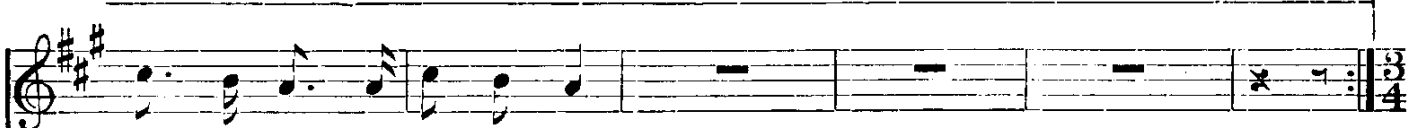
gainst the win - dow pane; Peep - ing o - ver chests and box - es,
 moth - er's voice in song; As she sung in sweet - est ac - cents,
 throng - ing to the spot; And I wan - der'd back to child - hood,
 ly the words she said; Nev - er can they be for - got - ten,
 in the home of God: But that scene at sum - mer twi - light,
 lay me down to sleep:" Then it was with hands up - lift - ed,

1, 3, 5



Which with dust were thick-ly spread; Saw I in the farth-est cor-ner
 What I since have oft-en read— (Omit.)
 To those mer-ry days of yore, When I knelt be-side my moth-er,
 Deep are they in mem-'ry riven— (Omit.)
 Nev-er has from mem-'ry fled, And it comes in all its fresh-ness
 And in ac-cents soft and mild, (Omit.)

1, 3, 5



What was once my trun-dle-bed.
 By this bed up-on the floor,
 When I see my trun-dle-bed.



2, 4, 6
Larghetto

ad lib.



2. "Hush, my dear, lie still and slum-ber, Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed."
 4. "Hallowed be Thy name, O Fa-ther! Fa-ther! Thou who art in heaven."
 6. That my moth-er asked—"Our Fa-ther! Fa-ther! do Thou bless my child!"

2, 4, 6

