



She dreams he's a babe in the cradle.

Deschapelle, Pauline; Ryan, James E.
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She Dreams He's A Babe
In The Cradle Again



Words by
JAS. E. RYAN.

Music by
PAULINE DESCHAPELLE

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SHE DREAMS HE'S A BABE IN THE CRADLE AGAIN³
(HER BOY WHO NOW SLEEPS OVER THERE)

Words by
JAMES E. RYAN

Music by
PAULINE DESCHAPELLE

Andante

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the piano, showing chords and bass notes. The middle staff is for the voice, with lyrics appearing below the notes. The bottom staff is for the piano, providing harmonic support. The music is in 6/8 time, with various dynamics and tempo changes indicated.

Andante

Music by PAULINE DESCHAPELLE

Words by JAMES E. RYAN

mp *f* broad

mf

The moon shin-ing bright thru a win-dow at grave o'er the wave there now sleeps a young

poco rit. *a tempo* *mf*

night, Of a cot-tage that looks o'er the sea, In an brave, And he came from the cot by the sea, He was

old rock-ing chair a lone moth - er sits there, A worn al-bum it rests on her
wound - ed one night in the thick of the fight, And in dreams home sweet home he could

p
knee, — Each turn of a page shows some slight mark of age, And on
see. — His moth - er was near, there was noth - ing to fear, And she

cresc.
some there's the stain of a tear. — For the pho - to-graphs ran from a
sang the old songs as of yore. — Like a babe at her breast, his tired

cresc.

dim.
babe to a man, Of her boy who now sleeps o - ver there. —
eyes closed in rest, 'Twas her boy who now sleeps o - ver there. —

REFRAIN

Dream-ing of babe in the old rock-ing chair, Ba - by with bright eyes and

gold-en hair; Go to sleep, Ba - by, Ma - ma is here, An-gels watch dar - ling

noth-ing to fear. With a smile and a tear like the sun-shine and rain,

She dreams he's a babe in the cra-dle a-gain. In a cra-dle a-gain.

SHE DREAMS HE'S A BABE IN THE CRADLE AGAIN

(HER BOY WHO NOW SLEEPS OVER THERE)

The moon shining bright thru a window at night,
Of a cottage that looks o'er the sea;
In an old rocking chair a lone mother sits there,
A worn album, it rests on her knee.
Each turn of a page shows some slight mark of age,
And on some there's the stain of a tear
For the photographs ran from a babe to a man,
Of her boy who now sleeps over there.

REFRAIN

Dreaming of Babe in the old rocking chair,
Baby with bright eyes and golden hair,
Go to sleep baby, Mama is here,
Angels watch darling, nothing to fear,
With a smile and a tear like the sunshine and rain,
She dreams he's a babe in the cradle again.

In a grave o'er the wave there now sleeps a young brave,
And he came from the cot by the sea;
He was wounded one night in the thick of the fight
And in dreams Home Sweet Home he could see.
His mother was near, there was nothing to fear,
And she sang the old songs of yore,
Like a babe at her breast, his tired eyes closed in rest,
'Twas her boy who now sleeps over there.

JAS. E. RYAN