

Twilight

TO OLIVE



COME, cuddle up, my darling,
For lo! the carriage waits
To take us through the shadow ways
To Dreamland's misty gates;
Two tender, happy travellers,
With neither cost nor care,
Are Mother-love and Baby,
In our old rocking chair.

NOW, off may go the horses,
Creak! Creak! we're on our way,
While all the night sings lullaby,
To hush the weary day;
Thro' Golden-land and Gray-land,
And Slumy-land so fair,
Swing Mother-love and Baby,
In our old rocking chair.

THE only gold worth buying,
In Mother's heart it lies;
The only depth of wisdom,
Is found in Baby's eyes;
While all of worldly pleasure,
Holds naught that will compare
With Mother-love and Baby,
In our old rocking chair.

CREAK! Creak! swing softer, slower;
Grow silent, crooning night,
And let the golden moon look down
Upon a gracious sight;
Within the white dream portals
Have passed a gentle pair,
Dear Mother-love and Baby,
In our old rocking chair.

With Sentiment

