

©QE13232
NOV 12 1917

Private R — 2nd Canadian Com-

Died on field of battle his last-
words were "mother — to sleep"

"SOMETHING IN FRANCE"

SONG

POEM BY LANA

E. HOLGATE,

JEFFERSON
CRYSTALLIS, OREG

MUSIC BY

Lana Clainett, Holgate

M1646

.B

Some where in France. By Langaclair
Hotgale

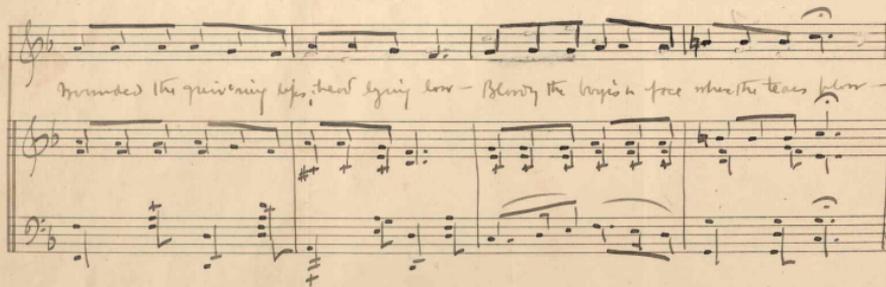
Mod^{to} ala Bercense.



Rock me to sleep, mother! Rock me to sleep! Bask the death shadows around the big camp -



wounded the quivering lips, their eyes low - Bloody the bright face where the tears fell -



Over and over in soft low & deep - "Blast my to mother to rock my to sleep"

rall.
rall.



Chorus

a ten.

mf Rock-a-~~bye~~, -Rock-a-~~bye~~ nothing to fear - Rock-a-~~bye~~ for ~~the~~ angels are near

wounded and dying as dark shadows creep Pleading to mother to

rock *mf* *rall.* to sleep

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE" B.

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep"
 Dark the death shadows around the boy creep;
 Wounded the quiv'ring lips, head lying low;
 Bloody the boyish face, where the tears flow;
 Over and over, in sobs, low and deep,
 Pleading to Mother, to "rock him to sleep".

CHORUS.

Rock-a-~~bye~~, rock-A-~~bye~~, nothing to fear.
 Rock-a-~~bye~~, rock-a-~~bye~~, angels are near;
 Wounded and dying as dark shadows creep;
 Pleading to Mother to rock him to sleep.

2

Far from his childhood's home, dying alone;
 No one to care, save that mother at home;
 Turns he to night, just a child now, once more;
 Calls to his mother from that echoless shore:
 Only a private whose lot has been cast,
 Into the trenches and grim death at last.



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