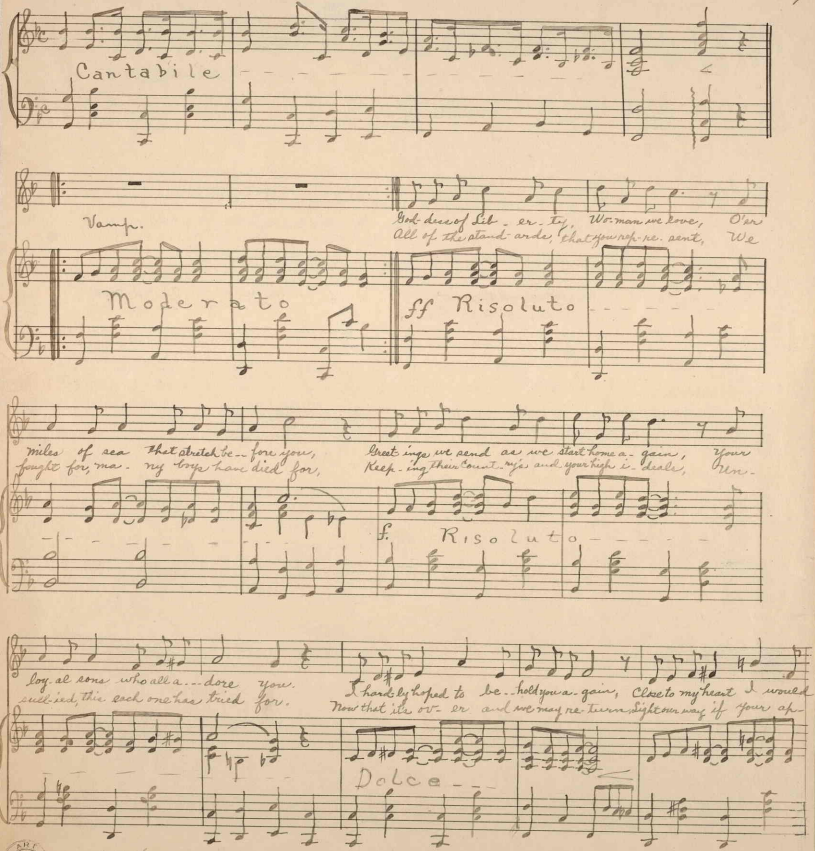
DEC 21 1918 ©CLE440492

"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, I'm Sailing Home."

Words and Music by Lilian Poole Fournier



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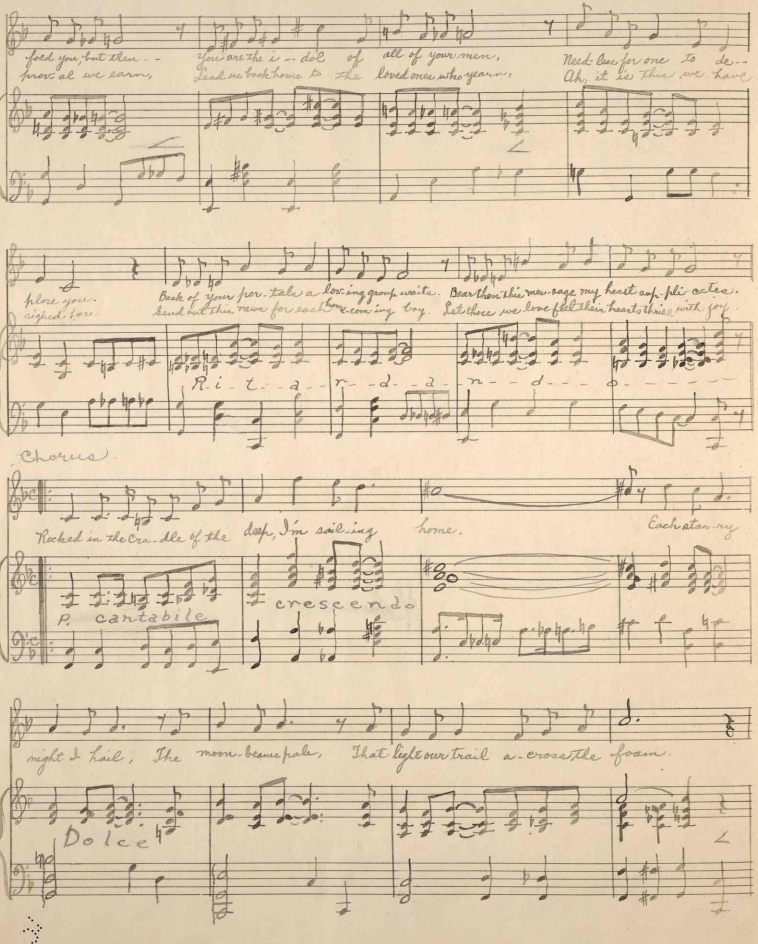


foed you, but then - - You are the i - - dol of all of your men, Need-less for one to de-
prov-al we earn, Lead us back home to the loved ones who yearn, Ah, it is this we have

plore you. Back of your por-tals a lov-ing group waits. Bear then this mes-sage my heart sup-pli-cates.
sighed for. Send out this news for each home-com-ing boy. Let those we love feel their hearts thrill with joy.

R-i-t-a-r-d-a-n-d-o

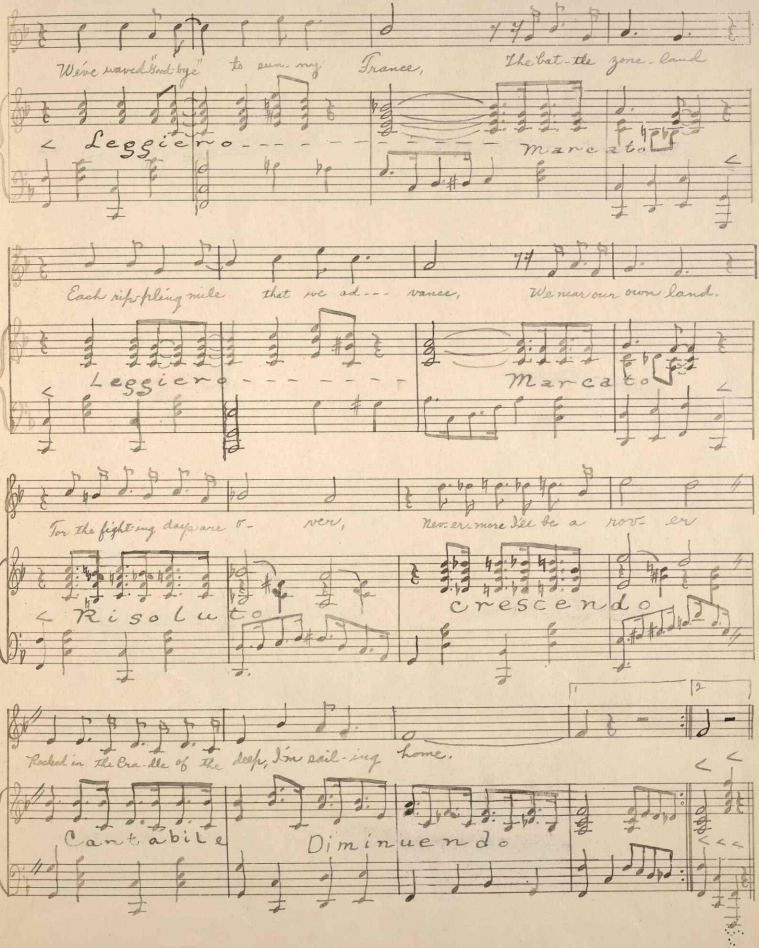
Chorus.

Rocked in the Cra-dle of the deep, I'm sail-ing home. Each star-ry

P. cantabile crescendo

night I hail, The moon-beams pale, That light our trail a-cross the foam.

Dolce


We've waved "Good-bye" to our own Trance,
The bat-tle zone land
Leggiero
Marcato
Each rip-pling mile that we ad- vance,
We near our own land.
Leggiero
Marcato
For the fight-ing days are o- ver,
Never more See be a rov- er
Risoluto
crescendo
Packed in the Cra-dle of the deep, I'm sail-ing home.
Cantabile
Diminuendo

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