"To My Mother"

"My Sonny Boy"

(ROCKING, ROCKING)

by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

Slowly.

Piano.

Don't you re-mem-ber a wee lit-tle boy, That you
The swift flec-t-ing years have passed o'er us since then And your

cured for so long a-go, Whose soft sun-ny curls you would
wee son-ny boy has grown up, And the trou-bles of life with its

oft-en ca-reess As you'd croon to him soft and low. His
cares and its strife of its bit-ter-ness he's had a sup. His

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head on your breast You would place there to rest, When all
heart has been hit And it aches just a bit. For

others would fail to allay, [His troubles and cares Which were
your soft caress he does sigh, So take him, old nurse, in your

many just then As you'd sing to him softly and say:
arms once again And sing him that old Lullaby.

REFRAIN.

Rocking Rocking Close your eyes Sonny boy.

My Sonny Boy 5553-3
Rocking, rocking, you're your old Nana's joy...

Nothing shall you annoy while you do sleep, a lone watch I keep o'er my own little Sonny boy...

My Sonny Boy, 55533