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1898

## The Cabin Near The Mississippi Shore : Lullaby

Sidney Perrin  
*Composer*

Henry Wise  
*Lyricist*

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### Recommended Citation

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# THE CABIN NEAR THE MISSISSIPPI SHORE

LULLABY

Words by Henry Wise Music by Sidney Perrin

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. Way  
2. Thro' the

*p*

down in Louis - i - an - na, near the Miss - is - sip - pi's flow, There  
win - dows of the cab - in beams the sil - ve - ry moon, While

Vp. 000624  
1908  
CAB

stands an old log cab - in on the hill, . . . . . Be -  
 night - birds they are coo - ing soft and low, . . . . . An d

hind the cab - in in the fields the corn and 'ta - ters grow, In the  
 mam - my says that dad - dy will be com - ing migh - ty soon, As she

trees the birds send forth their sweet - est trill, . . . . . With -  
 slow - ly rocks the cra - dle to and fro, . . . . . The

in the old log cab - in lives a dar - key and his wife, And  
 ring - ing of a ban - jo com - ing to them down the lane, Tells

nev - er caused your moth - er's heart to ache, . . . . . From the  
moth - er's wish and yet her heart will ache, . . . . . When she

hearth-stone and the plough, war and du - ty call you now, I  
hears her darl - ing boy, on the bat - tle field a - lone, Gave

bid you go, fight for your Coun-try's sake." . . . . .  
up his young life for his Coun-try's sake." . . . . .

REFRAIN.  
*Espressivo.*

"You're go - ing to the war, my boy, and while you are a - way, Re-

mem - ber that a moth - er's pray'rs are with you night and day, In

bat - tle lad, re - mem - ber there is no such word as fear, Your

God comes first, your coun - try next, then moth - er dear."