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1881

The Empty Cradle

J. David Murphy

Composer

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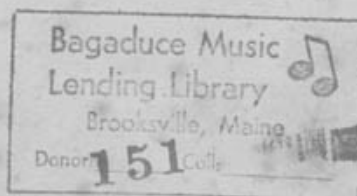
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FAVORITE
SONGS AND BALLADS
—BY—

J. D. MURPHY

AND OTHER
POPULAR AUTHORS.

THE EMPTY CRADLE	Murphy	35
APPLE BLOSSOMS	Murphy	35
MAMMA HEAR THE ANGELS	Murphy	35
ONE MORE FOND LOOK	Murphy	35
SWEET BIRDIE	Murphy	35
RAMBLING THRO' THE CLOVER	Murphy	35
DANUBE RIVER	Hamilton Aide	30
CLOCHETTE, AND MY LADY WIND	Molloy	30
BEEZNESS IS BEEZNESS	Freeman	35
SWINGING ON A VINE	Schwensky	35
O FRED, TELL THEM TO STOP	Meen	35
SPEAK TO ME, SPEAK	Campana	30
OVER THE GARDEN WALL	Fox	35



Vp. 001224
1881
EMP

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

Words and Music by

J.D.MURPHY.

Moderato con Espressione.

INTRODUCTION.

Musical notation for the introduction, featuring a piano (p) and a forte (sf) dynamic. The melody is in G major, 4/4 time, and the bass line is in G major, 4/4 time.

Musical notation for the first two verses of the song. The melody is in G major, 4/4 time, and the bass line is in G major, 4/4 time. The first verse is marked with a piano (p) dynamic.

1. Lit - tle cra - dle now so emp - ty, Once a cas - ket for my gem, Eyes of
 2. Lit - tle cra - dle oh what plea - sure, When with wea - ried lit - tle feet, Ba - by

Musical notation for the third verse of the song. The melody is in G major, 4/4 time, and the bass line is in G major, 4/4 time. The third verse is marked with a piano (p) dynamic.

blue and tresses gold - en, Mammas's pride lay slum - ber - ing, Of - ten
 Bes - sie lit - tle treas - ure, Sank to rest in slum - ber sweet, Loving

poco rit.

at your side while watch · ing, Buried deep in pen · sive thought —
 glan · ces, fond em · bra · ces, Dimpled hands that pressed my own —

Gold · en prom · ise of the fu · ture, Fond an · tie · · i · pa · tion brought.
 Ro · sy cheek with sunbeam tra · ces, All are now for · ev · er flown.

CHORUS.

SOP.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
PIANO.

f Lit · tle cra · dle oh how pre · cious, Though it emp · ty stands to.

day Once up . on your snow . y pil . low Ba . by Bes . sie peaceful lay.

Empty cradle _ how your mem'ries

Sadly sweet upon me press

As I yearn for Baby Bessie

And those hours of happiness

Birds have never sang so sweetly

Flowers have never bloomed so fair

Stars have never shone so brightly

Since the cradle lost its care