

My Trundle Bed - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

MY TRUNDLE BED.

As I rumag'd thro' the attic, list'ning to the falling rain.
As it patter'd on the shingles and against the window pane.
Peeping over ohests and boxes which with dust were thickly spread.
Saw in the farthest corner what was once my trundle bed.

So I drew It from the recess, where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music of my mother's voice and song;
As she sung in sweetest accents what I since have often read-
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, holy angels guard thy bed."

As I llisten'd, recollections that I thought had been forgot,
Came with a gush of memory, rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wander'd back to childhood, to those merry days of yore.
When I knelt beside my mother, by this bed upou the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently placed upon my infant head.
That she taught my lips to utter carefully the words she said :
Never can they be forgotten, deep are they in mem'ry riven-
"Hallowed be thy name, O, Father ! Father, Thou, who art in heaven."

Years have pass'd, and that dear mother long has moulder'd 'neath the sod.
And I trust her sainted spirit revels in the home of God ;
But that scene at Summer twilight never has from mem'ry fled.
And it comes in all its freshness when I see my trundle bed.

This she taught me when she told me of its import, great and deep
After which I learned to utter, " Now I lay me down to sleep;"
Then it was with hands uplifted, and in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked, " Our Father I Father I do Thou bless my child."