

"Hush-a-bye, Ma Baby"

The Missouri Waltz

music by John Valentine Eppel • lyrics by J.R. Shannon • 1914

Hush - a - bye, ma ba - by, slum - ber time is com - in' soon, Rest yo' head up -
Hush - a - by, ma ba - by, go to sleep on Mam - my's knee, Jour - ney back to

on Dix - ma breast while Mam - my sings a tune, The sand - man is call - in' where
ie - land, in dreams a - gain with me, It seems like yo' Mam - my was

shad - ows are fall - in', While the soft breez - es sigh, as in days long gone by,
there once a - gain, And the old folks were strum - min' that same old re - frain:

'Way down in Mis - sou - ri, where I heard this mel - o - dy, When I was a
'Way down in Mis - sou - ri, where I learned this lul - la - by, When the stars were

lit - tle ba - by on ma Mam - my's knee, The old folks were hum - min', their
blink - in' and the moon was climb - in' high, And I hear Mam - my Cloe, as in

ban - jos were strum - min', So sweet and low. *Fine*
days long a - go, Sing - in' hush - a - bye.

Strum, strum, strum, strum, strum, Seems I hear those ban - jos play - in' once a - gain.

Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, That same old plain - tive strain.

Hear that mourn - ful mel - o - dy, It jsut haunts you the whole day long, And you

wan - der in dreams back to Dix - ie, it seems, When you hear that old - time song. *D.C. al Fine*