

SM 7535

# There's A Cradle In Caroline

Words by  
LEWIS and YOUNG

Tune-a-Uke  
B $\flat$  E $\flat$  G C

Music by  
FRED E. AHLERT

Not too fast

Piano *f*

Voice

There's no rest for all the wear-y,  
The long road is get-tin' rough-er,

*Till ready*

*p* *mp*

I said the wear-y  
It's get-tin' rough-er,

The drear-y, drear-y kind. Who  
It's get-tin' tough-er now, 'cause

wan-der far from home— far from home.— There's no rest  
you're so far from home— far from home.— The long road

for those who trav-el, I mean who trav-el, thru sand and grav-el,  
say, there's no guessin', No there's no guess-in', you've learned your les-son,

mind — un-less you know where to roam — where to roam —  
how — you ought to know where to roam — where to roam —

Chorus

There's a cradle in Car-o-line — A bough on a tree — A bow-in'to me. There's a

cradle that I call mine — A car-pet of green — you know what I mean. — And while I

stretch and yawn up-on a lawn the Heav-ens kissed, Why ev-en in my sleep I seem to weep, "Oh!

what I've missed." There's a blank-et of stars that shine ——— To com-fort a

guest, — a shel-ter-ing nest. There's a Cra-dle in Car - o - line

Call-in'me back, call-in'me back to rest. — There's a rest. —