

Levi Pennington

People

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1940

## Old Missouri Shore

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OLD MISSOURI SHORE.

*Oh!*  
All the days are dark and dreary since I left my cabin home down  
on the old Missouri shore,

But in dreams I often see it and the faces that I loved, with the  
morning glories climbing round the door.

The old skiff lies at anchor <sup>'neath</sup> in the willows near the shore.

The grape vine where I used to swing, I see it o'er and o'er.

But the voice I heard at twilight I never can forget,  
The voice of mother singing to her baby.

Chorus:

*Rock, rock low!*

Rock low my baby, ~~Rock~~ low my baby, rock a'low.

I hear sweet voices ringing

I hear my mother singing

In her cabin on the old Missouri shore.

Of another face I ~~am~~ dreaming as I sit alone tonight, one that I ~~left~~ *loved*  
long, long ago.

And I seem to hear the river as it rippled on its way  
When she promised to be mine so soft and low.

Those dear old days so happy they will never come again

When we gathered sweet wild roses as we wandered down the lane.

For the vows of love are broken and I am old and gray.

But still I hear the voice of mother singing.