He'd Rather Rock The Cradle - song lyrics

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He'd Rather Rock the Cradle.
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Words and Music by Marcus G. Harrison.

How happy is the father who so fondly rocks to sleep
His only little baby, who has hardly learned to creep,
And the loving mother sits there with a glad and cheerful eye;
How often she will smile to hear him sing a rock-a-bye;
He'd rather spend his evenings home than other joys to seek;
He'd rather play with baby boy, and teach him how to speak,
Than to stroll out in the evening, with his older friends to roam,
For since the little one has come, he loves to stay at home.

Chorus.
He'd rather rock the cradle, he'd rather rock to sleep
His only little baby, who's hardly learned to creep,
Than to stroll out in the evening, with older friends to roam,
For since the little one has come, he'd rather stay at home.

How overjoyed at night he'll be, when through with dally toil,
And swift the moments seem to fly, as he trends o'er the soil,
For his only thought while speeding on is of that baby boy;
To say and sing the songs he likes has grown to be his joy;
No fear of bitter quarrels ever dawns upon his mind;
Tills little boy, his greatest joy, has never fault to find,
And oft-times the mother will recall their blissful wedding day-
It seems a solace to her heart to hear her husband say:- Chorus.