

go - ing To where the stream-lets are ev - er flow - ing. I'm a
 drear - y, I have been wandering, for-lorn and wea - ry. I'm a
 sigh - ing, Nor an - y sin there, nor an - y dy - ing. I'm a

pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

Cradle Song

C. M. VON WEBER

Moderato

1. Sleep, my heart's darling, in slumber re - pose; Let the fair lids o'er those blue eyes now close;
2. Now, dear-est ba - by, is morn's golden time; Not thus thou'lt slumber in life's la - ter prime;
3. An - gels from heav-en, as love-ly as thou, Watch o'er thy cra-dle and smile on thee now;
4. Sleep, my heart's darling, straight cometh the night; Mother doth watch by thy bed with de - light;

All is as peace-ful and still as the tomb, Nor shall the gnats wake thee with their low hum.
 Sor - row and care then will watch by thy bed, Ne'er more sweet peace will there pillow thy head.
 An - gels will tend thee in life's la - ter years; Then they will come to dry manhood's sad tears.
 Tho' it be ear - ly, or late it may be, Mother's love slumbers not, watch-ing o'er thee.