

Lullaby

From JAKOBOWSKI'S "Erminie"

Moderato

p

1. Dear moth - er, in dreams I see her, . . With lov'd face sweet and calm, . . And
2. Ah! e'en when her life was ebb - ing, . . Her words were all to me, . . My

hear her voice With love re - joice When nest - ling on her arm. . . . I
fu - ture years Were all her fears, Her fate 'twas not to see. . . . My

think how she soft - ly press'd me, Of the tears in each glist'-ning eye, . . As her
fa - ther, I heard him weep - ing, As in sor - row he hov - er'd nigh, . . And my

mf

watch she'd keep, When she rock'd to sleep Her child with this lul - la - by, Bye,
moth - er's plaint, In her ac - cent faint, Was ev - er this lul - la - by, Bye,

mf

