

Cradle song

Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826)

Moderato

Sleep, my heart's dar - ling, in slum - ber re - pose;
Now, dear - est ba - by, is morn's gol - den time;
An - gels from heav - en, as love - ly as thou;
Sleep, my heart's dar - ling, strai - ght cometh the night;

Let the fair lids o'er those blue eyes now close;
Not thus thou'lt slum - ber in life's la - ter prime;
Watch o'er thy cra - dle and smile on thee now;
Mo - ther doth watch by thy bed with de - light;

All is as peace - ful and still as the tomb,
Sor - row and care then will watch by the bed,
An - gels will tend thee in life's la - ter years;
Tho' it be ear - ly, or late it may be,

Nor shall the gnats wake thee with their low hum.
Ne'er more sweet peace will there pil - low thy head.
Then they will come to dry man - hood's sad tears.
Mo - ther's love slum - bers not, watch - ing o'er thee.