

CRADLE SONG

From the opera "Pskovityanka"

Translated from the Russian
of L. MEI by Robert H. Hamilton(Original Key, D \flat)NIKOLAS RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, Op. 2, No. 3
(1844-1908)

Not fast, flowingly

VOICE

PIANO

BASS

Bye - lo, ba - by, bye - lo, bye;

Hush, my lit - tle fawn so shy. —

At the first glad peep of light In the for-est far - from sight,

Birds of God build nests and sing, Sum-mer-time or ear- ly spring.

Bye - lo, ba - by, bye - lo— bye,— Hush, my lit - tle fawn so shy;

Lit - tle wood-land night-in-gale, Build no nest in yon - der vale;

To our bird-home hith - er fly, Seek our for - est cham - ber high.

pp

Bye - lo, ba - by, bye - lo, bye; Hush, my lit - tle fawn so

p

shy. Flut - ter round the bush - es low,

p

Where the red - ripe ber - ries grow, Warm thy small wings in - the sun;

Sing un - til thy song is done. pp

Bye - lo, ba - by,

bye - lo, bye; Hush, my lit - tle fawn so

shy.