BABYS. ULLABY BOOK OTHER SONGS



Copyright 1644 (u.L. Prengado Bratan.

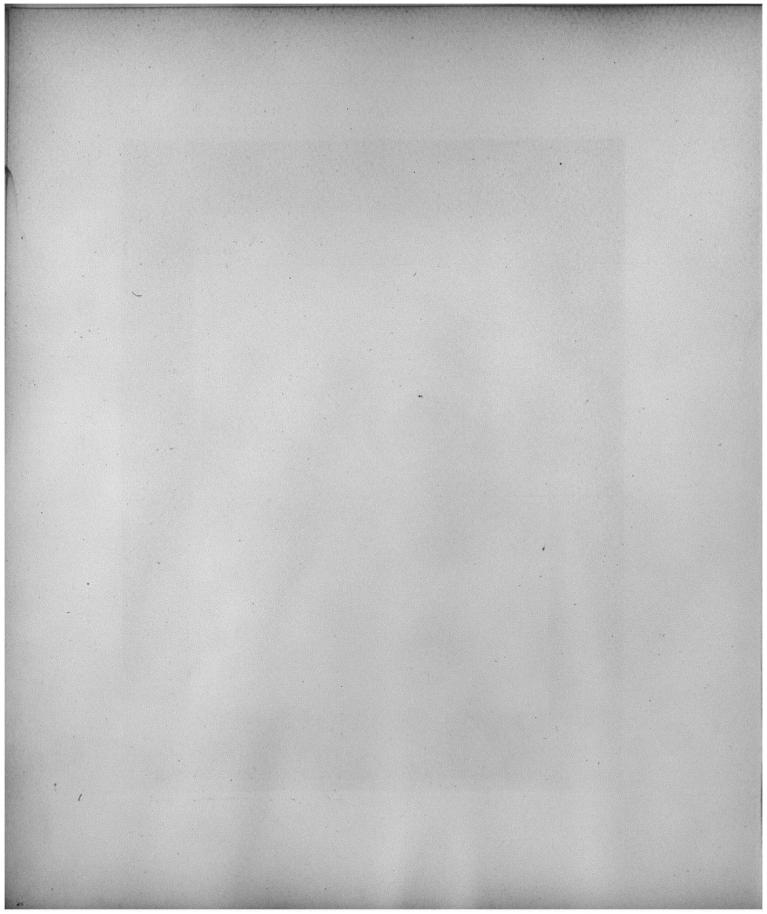


BABY'S LULLABY BOOK

MOTHER: SONGS

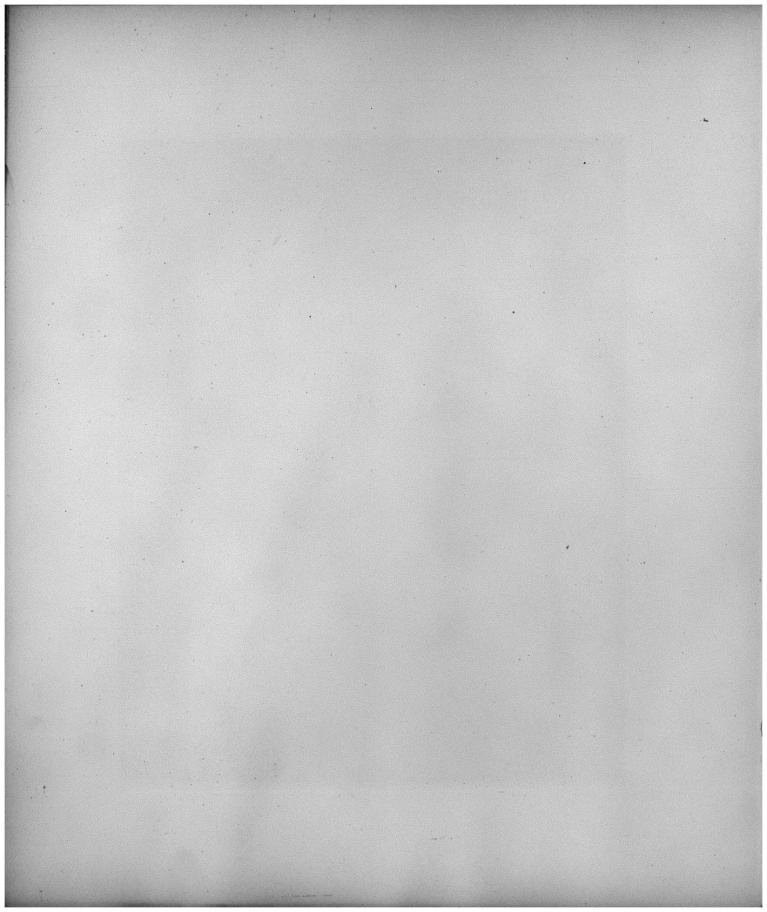
WATER COLORS by W.L. TAYLOR MUSIC .. by . G.W. (HADWICK

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To the Mothers.

With hearts of song or sorrow,
Cloud-hid or shining sky,
To-day, and, yea, to-morrow,
You'll sing the hullaby.





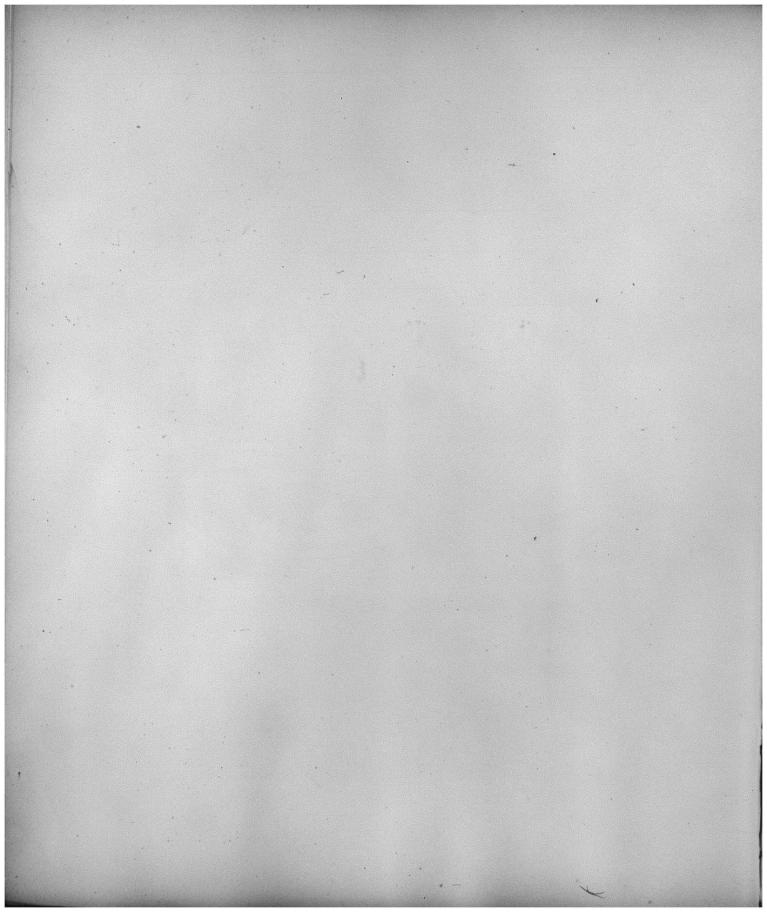
When her light nest the south wind swings,
Still sings when wild the north winds blow
From out the land of storm and snow
The while her nestlings grow their wings.

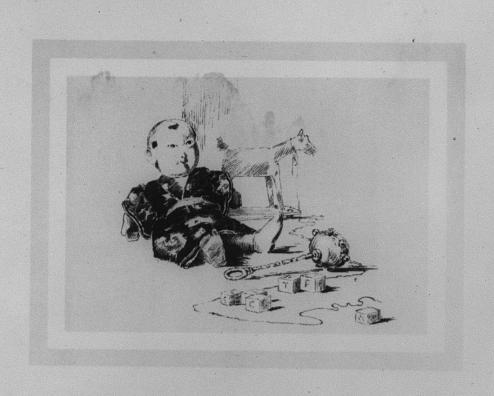
Held safe within the coiled hair rings, What wind of south or north wind brings Is naught to them, if she sing so A fulfaby.

And peasant child, or child of kings,
Round mother's neck the baby clings,
Smiles out from every baby woe,
And falls asleep, when she sings low,
With sweet bird notes and twitterings,
A fullaby.











The snowflakes float down from the skies;

(Hush-a-by, baby,

Hush-a-by-by!)

Tis bed-time at seven.

And no blue in heaven_

Still I see the soft blue of your eyes.

(Rock-a-by, baby,

Rock-a-by-by!)

The cloudies have hid the sky blue;

(Rock-a-by, baby,

Rock-a-by-by!)

So wink-a-wink-wink,

So blink-a-blink-blink

And the heaven of your eyes is hid too.

(Hush-a-by, baby,

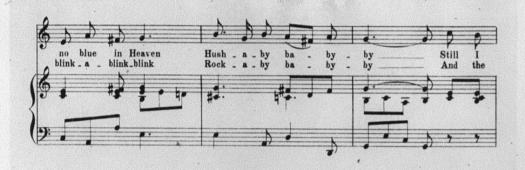
Hush-a-by-by!)















The snow birds that chirped in the sun (Chick a dee, chick a de de dee!)

Have folded their wings, every one,

(Chick a ree, chick a re re ree!)

Tucked under their wings their wee heads,

And snuggled them down in their beds_

In their beds of white snow.

And now these quick fingers and thumbs (Chick-a-dee, chick-a-de-de-dee!)

That tossed to the birdies the crumbs, (Chick-a-ree, chick-a-re-re-ree!)

And trot-feet that trotted all day,

Grow still, and I tuck him away

In his bed white as snow.









11)

In MARCH!

Hark, and hear the March wind blowing,
Blowing high, blowing low,
Like a winding river flowing,
Flowing swift, flowing slow —
Hark, hark!
For, my dear, this tree-top swinger
Is to us a good-time bringer!

From the South the March wind blowing, a Blowing high, blowing low,
To the frozen North is flowing,
Flowing swift, flowing slow—
Hark, hark!
For my down this windy wingers

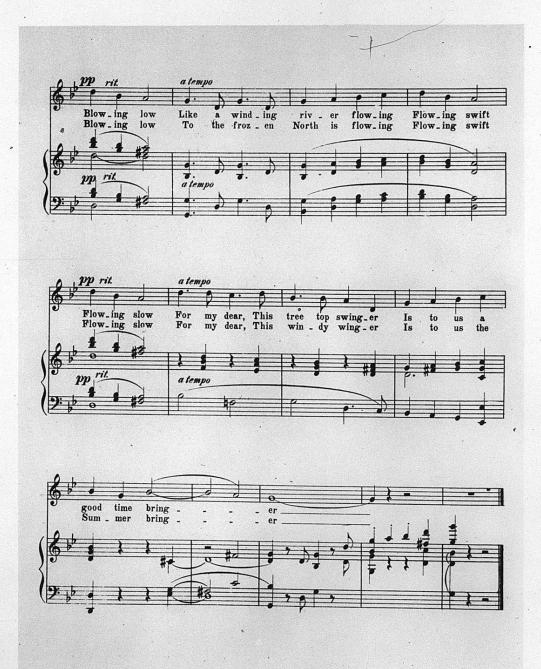
For, my dear, this windy winger Is to us the Summer bringer!



(13)







1.



Now the birds begin to twitter.

Tweet, tweet, twitter;

In the sun the raindrops glitter.

Glint, glint, glitter:

Baby's tears are April, showers.

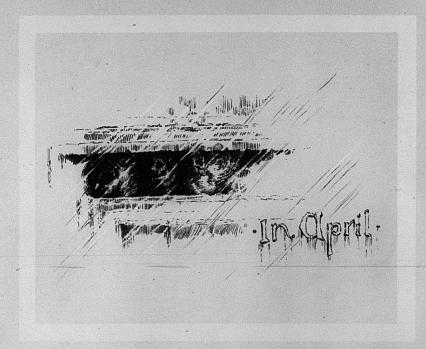
Dropping from blue eyes,

And his smile makes sunny hours

In his mamma's skies.



Copyright 1888 by L. Pronty all Brown







A)

IN MAY.

This sweet May day, my dear,
I hear a bird sing clear;
The song is brought upon the breeze
Through pink-white bloom of apple-trees.
O, hark! the blue-bird sings, "I bring,
Upon my azure wing,
The spring, the spring!

For birds and babes so dear,
I bring the sun-days near;
And everywhere I sing my song
The budding flowers to hear me throng—
And glad am I, because I bring,
Upon my azure wing,
The spring, the spring, the spring.



Concide 1839 b. Panel C. Rushin







a In June.

the red rose-tree has a bud, my dear,
So sweet, so sweet;
Thy mother a babe to her heart holds near,
So sweet, so sweet:
And the bud shall blow
To a rose,
And baby shall grow —
O, who Knows

To what wonder my baby may grow!

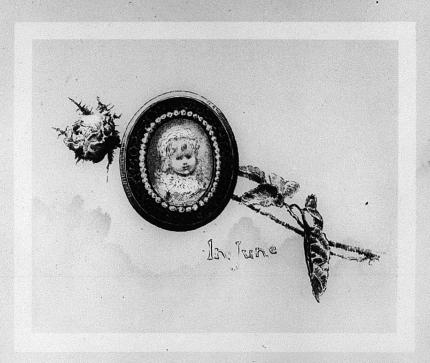
In the still rose-tree sleeps the bud all night,
My sweet, my sweet, my sweet;
So sleep in my heart while the stars shine bright.
My sweet, my sweet, my sweet:
O the bud shall blow

To a rose,
And baby shall grow
O, who knows

To what wonder my baby may grow !



Coungle 1866 by L. PrengaCa Bushe









I_were a lily, a white water-lily_ A white lily_

And you were my sweet yellow heart, My petals of snow should enfold you, Till none

But the sun

And the stars in the blue could behold you, So sheltered apart.

Dream now_ I'm a lily, thing own mother lily_ A love lily_

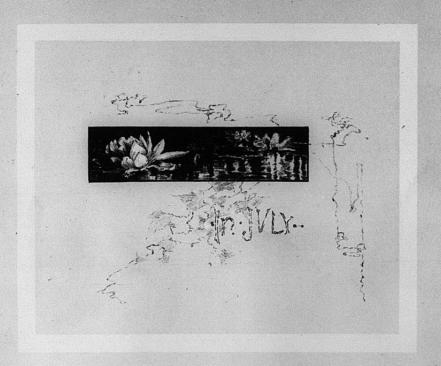
And you are my golden sweet heart;
My arms and my love both enfold you,
Till none

Till none But the Son

And the Father in Heaven can be hold you, So sheltered thou art.



Compliant on Project John







X

IN AUGUST

In the hammock we swing,
My baby and I,
Loike two birds in the sky,
Swinging low, Swinging high;
And I sing as we swing,
Loike a lark on the wing,
Sing, "lullaby, baby,"
Sing, "O, lullaby!"

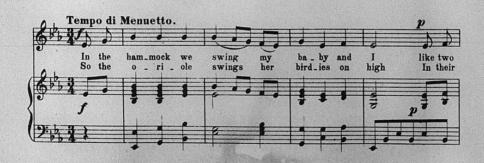
So the oriole swings

Her birdies on high,
In their light hammock nest,
Swinging east, swinging west,
And the oriole sings,
With a Hutter of wings,
Sings, "lullaby, birdies,"
Sings, "O, lullaby!"



Converged 1850 levi, Praint &Co Books







IN SEPTEMBER

One twilight time, a stender silver boat,
Through all the amber sky we saw you float,
And with you went the evening star,
As down the west
You sailed in quest
Of fairy-land, where bright things are.

In moon, full moon,
Full harvest moon!
To-night, along the starpy azure track,
With happy hearts we see you sailing back,
My baby boy and I;
And big are baby's wonder eyes,
As in the east,
With hight increased,
From fairy-land we see you rise.



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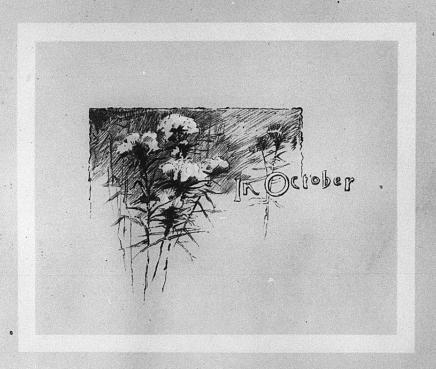
JIN OCTOBER:

Through the day the Heavenly Father_ He that notes a sparrow's fall_ From unnumbered unknown dangers, Safely guards the children all: So, through all the still dark night-time, Though the stars burn dim, Sure as in the sunny light-time Is the ceaseless care of Him.

Slumber on, my dreaming baby_
And the heavenly angel band,
Through the smiling dreamland meadows,
Safe shall lead thee by the hand:
For, through all the still dark night-time,
Be thou here or there,
Sure as in the sunny light-time.
Is the Heavenly Father's care.



(32)







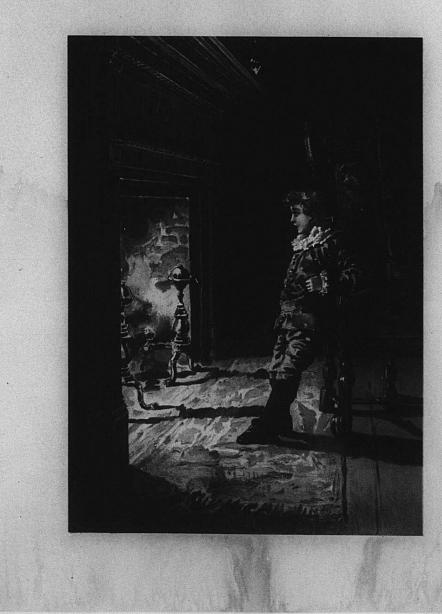




In NOVEMBER /

Summer birds have taken wing,
Never one is left to sing
A bye-O song for baby;
Only in the silent dark
We can hear, if we but hark,
A cricket singing, may be:
Singing, shrilling, all the darkness filling
With its merry trilling, trilling, trilling.

Baby shall not miss the birds,
There shall be, in sweetest words,
A bye-O song for baby;
Ever in the silent dark
Mamma'll be a singing lark,
A piping robin, may be:
Singing, thrilling, all the darkness filling
With her merry trilling, trilling, trilling.



Cipyriffe 1838 by I. PrangaCo Beatin







-In December-

Long years ago, in the Eastern heaven, Too shepherds watching under,
Beyond the glory of all the stars
Thone out the Star of Wonder:
Bright star for you, bright star for them,
The radiant Star of Bethlehem!
For in the halo of its light
The dear Christ Child was born that night,
That glad first Gristmas night!

Liong years ago, from the Eastern heaven,
The shephends list ning under.
Heard angels singing a strange new song,
The great sweet Song of Wonder:
Of peace on earth, to men good-will.
The song the world is singing still!
For in the song and great starlight
The dear Christ Child was born that night,
That glad first Christmas night!



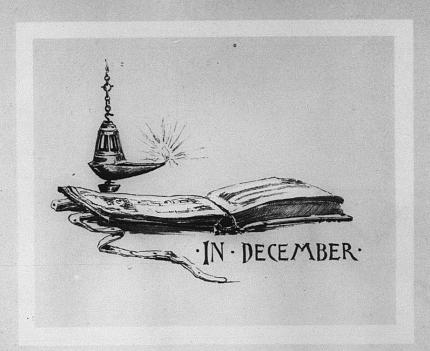
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The baby sleeps, and soft and low The songs of bye-o-baby-o,
The luring songs that led the way Of baby feet from baby play,
With baby into dreamland go.

Without, the world is white with snow, Above the world stars brighter grow, And all is hushed, as if to say, "The baby sleeps."

And aureoled in the firelight glow. The singer, rocking to and fro,
Prays in her heart as mothers pray,
And longs and hopes as mothers may
Whose happy hearts by heart-beats know.
The baby sleeps.



Connect that we thought have

