



Lullaby.

Sleep, mother's flower of heaven,
Sleep, little rose of mine!
Haloed with gold more precious
Than gleams on eastern shrine,
Looking with eyes of sapphire
On a world that seems all divine.

Fain would I follow thee, sweetheart,
Into the world of dreams,
Catch the bright shimmer of heaven
That on thy vision gleams,
Share thy white soul's wanderings
On banks of perfumed streams.

Only to thee comes the summons;
Mother must vigil keep,
Stand at the gate of dreamland
Guarding thy slumbers deep.
Sleep, little flower of heaven,
Sleep, mother's rose-bud, sleep!

Mother Songs

By Eunice Tietjens.

Mother's Christmas.

Little, white soul in my keeping, mine to guard and mine to sway,
Little heart so pure and tender, (May God keep it so alway!)
Baby mine, we must rejoice, for to-day is Christmas day

Christmas is the day of babies, is the best day of the year,
When the whole glad world rejoices for the Christ Child that is here,
And a mother's heart lies trembling with a wondrous joy- and fear.

The Little Woes

Hush, baby sonling! Mother will banish
All of the little woes.
To the Land of Nowhere they will vanish
Where the little shadow goes.

Where the little shadow runs to hide him
When the brave, gold sunshine glows.
All the little woes shall run beside him,
For mother, mother knows!

Waking Song.

Wake, mother's baby, so warm and wee
Soft and sleepy, so easy to see;
Rub pink fists in rose-lidded eyes
And tell old Sand Man it's time to arise!

The Careless Angel.

Babykin, babykin, dear little mite,
Are you a mortal or are you a sprite?
Surely the angel to whom you were given
Lost your real label: "A Cherub From Heaven."