

### MY BABY SLEEPS.

The wind is loud in the west to-night,  
    But Baby sleeps;  
The wild wind blows with all its might,  
    But Baby sleeps;  
My Baby sleeps, and he does not hear  
The noise of the storm in the pine trees near.

The snow is drifting high to-night,  
    But Baby sleeps;  
The bitter world is cold and white,  
    But Baby sleeps;  
My Baby sleeps so fast, so fast,  
That he does not heed the wintry blast.

The cold snows drift, and the wild winds rave,  
    But Baby sleeps;  
And a white cross stands by his little grave,  
    While Baby sleeps;  
And the storm is loud in the rocking pine,  
But its moan is not so deep as mine.