

CRADLE SONG.

Softly shines the little star,
From the western deep,
See it twinkles faint and far,
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

Daisy flowers are all at rest,
Buttercups are too,
Birdies sleep within the nest,
Sheltered from the dew.

In the meadows dusky green,
Lie the snowy sheep,
And the gentle cows between,
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

How the night winds gently blow,
O'er the silent hill !
Hear the murmur and the flow
Of the little rill.

Silken lashes fringe the eyes,
Hazel-hued and deep,
Sweet breath comes in gentle sighs,
Baby's fast asleep.