

# A Cradle Song

for a son

**Adagio**

*p rubato a piacere*

5

The an-gels are stoop-ing a-bove your bed; they wea-ry of

9

troop-ing with the whim-per-ing dead, God's laugh-ing in Hea-ven to see you so

12

good; the Sai-ling Se-ven are gay with his mood. The

15

an-gels are stoop-ing a-bove your bed; \_\_\_\_\_ God's laugh-ing, laugh-ing, laugh-ing...\_\_\_\_\_

18

*rit.*

\_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_ sigh that kiss you, for I must own that I shall miss you \_\_\_ when you have

22

**tempo primo**

grown. \_\_\_\_\_

**molto rit.**

25

**ppp**