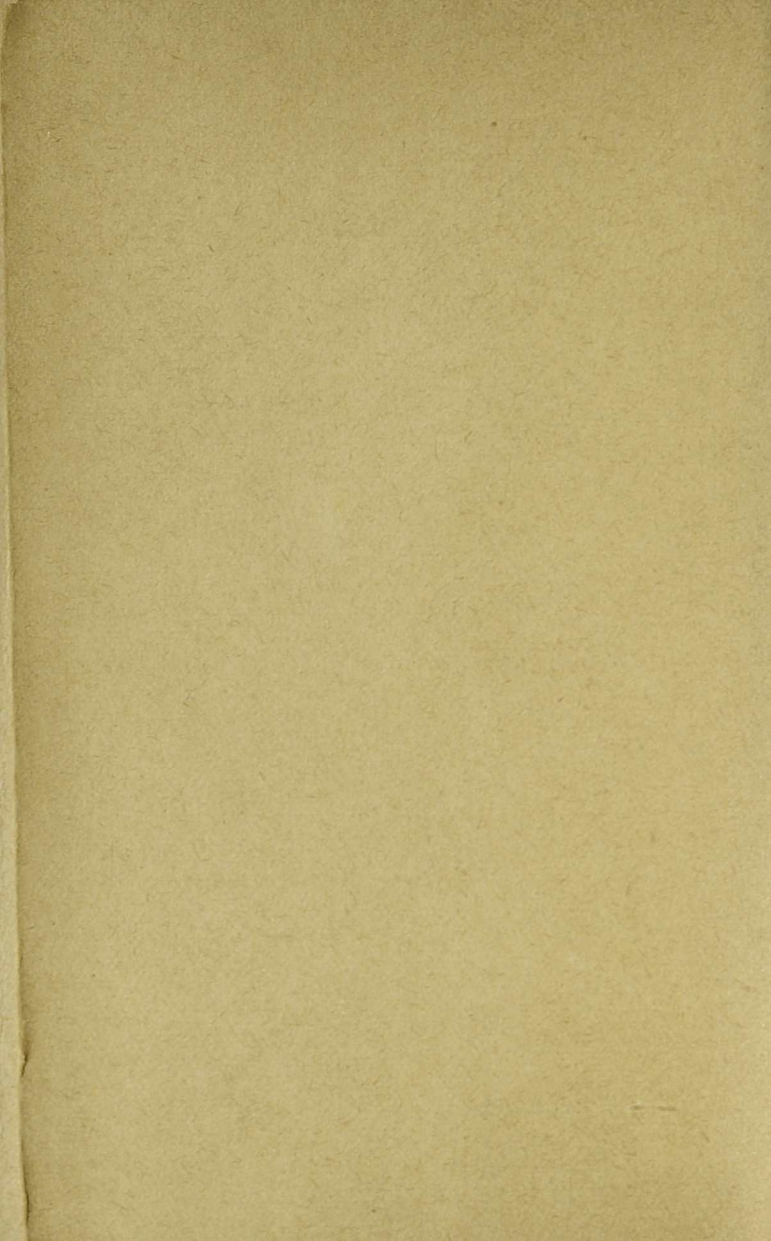


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The Smaller Classics

II

ENGLISH CRADLE SONGS

THE SMALLER CLASSICS

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ENGLISH
CRADLE SONGS

An Anthology



LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS

1904

PLYMOUTH
WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON
PRINTERS

*Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
No glory that ever was shed
From the crowning star of the seven
That crown the north world's head,*

*No word that ever was spoken
Of human or godlike tongue,
Gave ever such godlike token
Since human harps were strung.*

*No sign that ever was given
To faithful or faithless eyes,
Showed ever beyond clouds riven
So clear a Paradise.*

*Earth's creeds may be seventy times seven
And blood have defiled each creed :
If of such be the kingdom of heaven,
It must be heaven indeed.*

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

NOTE

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Mr. A. C. Swinburne, Mr. Alexander Anderson, Mr. Matthias Barr, Dr. J. A. Goodchild, Miss Fiona Macleod, Miss L. Alma Tadema, Mr. John Lane, Messrs. G. Routledge and Sons, and Messrs. Isbister and Co.; also to "Moirá O'Neill" for permission to reproduce "Johneen" from "Songs of the Glen of Antrim," and "The Little Son"; to Messrs. Chatto and Windus for "Baby," from the poems of Dr. George MacDonald, published by them; and to Dr. Joseph Needham for Mr. Fahy's "Irish Lullaby," which has been set to music by Mrs. Alicia A. Needham, and published by Messrs. Novello and Co.

S. WELLWOOD.

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LULLABY

LULLABY

LULLY, lulla, thw littell tiné child ;
By by, lully, lullay, thw littell tiné child ;
By by, lulla, lullay.

O sisters, too ! how may we do
For to preserve this day
This pore yongling, for whom we do singe
By by, lully, lullay.

Herod, the King, in his raging,
Chargid he hath this day
His men of might, in his owne sight,
All yonge children to slay.

LULLABY

That wo is me, pore child, for thee,
And ever morne and say,
For thi parting nether say nor sing
By by, lully, lullay.

From the Shearmen and Taylor's Play
(Coventry).

COME, LITTLE BABE

COME, LITTLE BABE

COME, little babe, come, silly soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thyself unhappy chief :
Sing lullaby and lap it warm,
Poor soul that thinks no creature
harm.

Thou little think'st, and less dost know
The cause of this thy mother's moan.
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
And I myself am all alone.
Why dost thou weep? Why dost
thou wail?
And know'st not yet what thou
dost ail.

COME, LITTLE BABE

Come, little wretch! Ah! silly heart,
Mine only joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart,
That may the destinies implore,
'Twas I, I say, against my will—
I wail the time, but be thou still.

And dost thou smile? O that sweet face!
Would God Himself He might thee see!
No doubt thou soon wouldst purchase
grace,
I know right well, for thee and me.
But come to mother, babe, and play,
For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
Thy father home again to send,
If Death do strike me with his lance,
Yet may'st thou me to him commend:
If any ask thy mother's name,
Tell her by love she purchased blame.

COME, LITTLE BABE

Then will his gentle heart soon yield :

I know him of a noble mind :

Although a lion in the field,

A lamb in town thou shalt him find :

Ask blessing, babe, be not afraid !

His sugared words hath me betrayed.

Then may'st thou joy and be right glad,

Although in woe I seem to moan.

Thy father is no rascal lad :

A noble youth of blood and bone,

His glancing looks, if he once smile,

Right honest women may beguile.

Come, little boy, and rock a-sleep !

Sing lullaby, and be thou still !

I, that can do naught else but weep,

Will sit by thee and wail my fill :

God bless my babe, and lullaby

From this thy father's quality.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

LULLABY

LULLABY

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby :
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you ;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby :
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

THOMAS DEKKER.

WEEP NOT, MY WANTON

WEEP NOT, MY WANTON

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee ;

When thou art old there's grief enough for
thee !

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
When thy father first didst see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe :
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee ;

When thou art old there's grief enough for
thee !

WEEP NOT, MY WANTON

Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl-drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies.
Thus he grieved in every part :
Tears of blood fell from his heart
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee ;
When thou art old there's grief enough for
thee !

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt ;
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide :
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,

WEEP NOT, MY WANTON

For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee ;

When thou art old there's grief enough for
thee !

ROBERT GREENE.

LULLABY

LULLABY

UPON my lap my sovereign sits
And sucks upon my breast ;
Meantime his love maintains my life
And gives my sense her rest.
Sing lullaby, my little boy ;
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me ;
So may thy mother and thy nurse
Thy cradle also be.
Sing lullaby, my little boy ;
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

LULLABY

I grieve that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would,
Because I would not be to thee
But in the best I should.

Sing lullaby, my little boy ;
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

Yet as I am, and as I may,
I must and will be thine,
Though all too little for thy self
Vouchsafing to be thine.

Sing lullaby, my little boy ;
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

RICHARD ROWLANDS.

MY SWEET LITTLE BABY

MY SWEET LITTLE BABY

MY sweet little baby, what meanest thou
to cry?

Be still my blessed babe, though cause
thou hast to mourn,

Whose blood most innocent to shed the
cruel king hath sworn;

And lo, alas! behold what slaughter he
doth make,

Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet
Saviour, for thy sake.

A King, a King is born, they say, which
King this king would kill:

O woe and woeful heavy day when wretches
have their will!

Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby.

MY SWEET LITTLE BABY

Three kings this King of kings to see are
come from far,
To each unknown, with offerings great,
by guiding of a star ;
And shepherds heard the song, which
angels bright did sing,
Giving all glory unto God for coming of
this King,
Which must be made away—King Herod
would him kill ;
O woe and woeful heavy day when wretches
have their will !
Lulla, etc.

Lo, lo, my little babe, be still, lament no
more ;
From fury thou shalt step aside, help have
we still in store :
We heavenly warning have some other
soil to seek ;
From death must fly the Lord of life, as
lamb doth mild and meek :

MY SWEET LITTLE BABY

Thus must my babe obey the king that
would him kill ;
O woe and woeful heavy day when wretches
have their will !

Lulla, etc.

But thou shalt live and reign, as sibyls
hath foresaid,
As all the prophets prophesy, whose mother,
yet a maid
And perfect virgin pure, with her breasts
shall upbreed
Both God and man that all hath made, the
son of heavenly seed :
Whom caitives none can 'tray, whom
tyrants none can kill :
O joy and joyful happy day when wretches
want their will !

Lulla, etc.

From "Byrd's Psalmes, Sonets, etc.," 1588.

MY LITTLE SWEET DARLING

MY little sweet darling, my comfort and
joy,

Sing lullaby, lulla.

In beauty surpassing the princes of Troy,

Sing lullaby, lulla.

Now suck, child, and sleep, child, thy
mother's sweet boy,

Sing lullaby, lulla.

The Gods bless and keep thee from cruel
annoy,

Sing lulla, lulla.

Sweet baby, lulla lulla, sweet baby, lullaby
lulla.

ANONYMOUS.

BALOW, MY BABE

BALOW, MY BABE

BALOW, my babe, lie still and sleep !
It grieves me sore to see thee weep.
Would'st thou be quiet I'se be glad,
Thy mourning makes my sorrow sad :
Balow my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father breeds me great annoy—
Balow, la-low !

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugared words me move,
His faynings false and flattering cheer
To me that time did not appear :
But now I see most cruellye
He cares ne for my babe nor me—
Balow, la-low !

BALOW, MY BABE

Lie still, my darling, sleep awhile,
And when thou wak'st thou'll sweetly
smile :

But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids : nay, God forbid !
But yet I fear thou wilt go near
Thy father's heart and face to bear—
Balow, la-low !

I cannot choose but ever will
Be loving to thy father still ;
Where'er he go, where'er he ride,
My love with him doth still abide ;
In weal or woe, where'er he go,
My heart shall ne'er depart him fro—
Balow, la-low !

But do not, do not, pretty mine,
To faynings false thy heart incline !
Be loyal to thy lover true,
And never change her for a new :

BALOW, MY BABE

If good or fair, of her have care,
For women's banning's wondrous sare—
Balow, la-low !

Bairn, by thy face I will beware ;
Like Siren's words, I'll not come near ;
My babe and I together will live ;
He'll comfort me when cares do grieve.
My babe and I right soft will lie,
And ne'er respect man's cruelty—
Balow, la-low !

Farewell, farewell, the falsest youth
That ever kist a woman's mouth !
I wish all maids be warn'd by me
Never to trust man's curtesye ;
For if we do but chance to bow,
They'll use us then they care not how—
Balow, la-low !

ANONYMOUS.

LULLABY

LULLABY

YOU spotted snakes with double tongue,

Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;

Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,

Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody

Sing in our sweet lullaby ;

Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby :

Never harm,

Nor spell, nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh ;

So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here ;

Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !

Beetles black, approach not near ;

Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody, etc.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A ROCKING HYMN

A ROCKING HYMN

SWEET baby, sleep! What ails my
dear?

What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear
To hear me sing thy lullaby.

My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes He took delight:
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in His sight.

Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A ROCKING HYMN

A little Infant once was He,
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon His virgin-mother's knee,
That power to thee might be conveyed.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of Kings, when He was born,
Had not so much for outward ease ;
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such like swaddling clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay and asses fed ;
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

A ROCKING HYMN

The wants that He did then sustain
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee,
And by His torments and His pain
Thy rest and ease secured be.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

GEORGE WITHER.

EPITAPHS

EPITAPH UPON A CHILD THAT DIED

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood ;
Who as soon fell fast asleep
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

ANOTHER

HERE a pretty baby lies,
Sung asleep with lullabies ;
Pray, be silent, and not stir
Th' easy earth that covers her.

ROBERT HERRICK.

BALOO, LOO, LAMMY

BALOO, LOO, LAMMY

BALOO, loo, lammy; now baloo, my
dear;

Does wee lammy ken that it's daddie's no
here?

Ye're rockin fu' sweetly on mammie's
warm knee,

But daddie's a-rockin upon the saut sea.

Now hush-a-ba, lammy; now hush-a, my
dear,

Now hush-a-ba, lammy, ain minnie is
here;

The wild wind is ravin, and mammie's
heart's sair;

The wild wind is ravin, and ye dinna
care.

BALOO, LOO, LAMMY

Sing baloo, loo, lammy ; sing baloo, my
dear,

Sing baloo, loo, lammy, ain minnie is
here ;

My wee bairnie's dozin, it's dozin now
fine,

And, oh ! may its wauk'nin be blyther
than mine.

ANONYMOUS.

A CRADLE HYMN

A CRADLE HYMN

HUSH ! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed !
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide ;
All without thy care and payment :
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended
And became a child like thee !

A CRADLE HYMN

Soft and easy is thy cradle :

Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe ! what glorious features—

Spotless fair, divinely bright !
Must He dwell with brutal creatures ?
How could angels bear the sight ?

Was there nothing but a manger

Cursed sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly stranger ?
Did they thus affront their Lord ?

Soft, my child : I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too
hard ;

'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

A CRADLE HYMN

Yet to read the shameful story
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky !
Where they sought Him, there they found
Him,
With His Virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing ;
Lovely infant, how He smiled !
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hush'd the holy child.

Lo ! He slumbers in His manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed ;
Peace, my darling ; here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

A CRADLE HYMN

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days ;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise !

ISAAC WATTS.

CRADLE SONG

CRADLE SONG

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night !
Sleep, sleep ; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

CRADLE SONG

O, the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep !
When thy little heart shall wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

CRADLE SONG

CRADLE SONG

SWEET dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head !
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams !

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown !
Sweet sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child !

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight !
Sweet smiles, mother's smile,
All the livelong night beguile.

CRADLE SONG

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thine eyes !
Sweet moan, sweeter smile,
All the dovelike moans beguile.

Sleep, sleep, happy child !
All creation slept and smiled.
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee doth mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace ;
Sweet babe, once like thee
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me :

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou his image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee !

CRADLE SONG

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who became an infant small ;
Infant smiles are His own smiles :
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

INFANT JOY

INFANT JOY

“I HAVE no name ;
I am but two days old.”
What shall I call thee ?

“I happy am,
Joy is my name.”
Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty joy !
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee ;
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while ;
Sweet joy befall thee !

WILLIAM BLAKE.

HEE BALOU !

HEE BALOU !

HEE balou ! my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald ;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie ;
An thou live, thou'll steal a naigie :
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my babie, may thou further :
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
The north wind sings a doleful song ;
Then hush again upon my breast ;
All merry things are now at rest,
 Save thee, my pretty Love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth ;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse,
 Then why so busy thou ?

Nay ! start not at that sparkling light ;
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window pane bedropped with rain :
Then, little darling ! sleep again
 And wake when it is day.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

LULLABY

LULLABY

O, HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a
knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;
The woods and the glens, from the towers
which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it
blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy
repose ;
Their bows would be bended, their blades
would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to
thy bed.

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo.

LULLABY

O, hush thee, my babie, the time will soon
come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet
and drum ;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest
while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and
waking with day.

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE HYMN

THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE HYMN

SLEEP, sweet babe ! my cares beguiling :
Mother sits beside thee smiling ;
 Sleep, my darling, tenderly !
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth :
 Come, soft slumber, balmily !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

O SLEEP, MY BABE

O SLEEP, MY BABE

O SLEEP, my babe ; hear not the rip-
pling wave,
Nor feel the breeze that round thee lin-
g'ring strays
 To drink thy balmy breath,
 And sigh one long farewell.

Soon shall it mourn above thy wat'ry
bed,
And whisper to me, on the wave-beat
shore,
 Deep murm'ring in reproach,
 Thy sad untimely fate.

O SLEEP, MY BABE

Ere those dear eyes had open'd on the
light,
In vain to plead, thy coming life was
sold,
O waken'd but to sleep,
Whence it can wake no more !

A thousand and a thousand silken
leaves
The tufted beech unfolds in early
spring,
All clad in tenderest green,
All of the self-same shape :

A thousand infant faces, soft and sweet,
Each year sends forth, yet every mother
views
Her last not least beloved,
Like its dear self alone.

O SLEEP, MY BABE

No musing mind hath ever yet foreshaped
The face to-morrow's sun shall first reveal,
 No heart hath e'er conceived
 What love that face will bring.

O sleep, my babe, nor heed how mourns
 the gale
To part with thy soft locks and fragrant
 breath,
 As when it deeply sighs
 O'er autumn's latest bloom.

SARA COLERIDGE.

SWEET AND LOW

SWEET AND LOW

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon :
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

BABY, BABY BRIGHT

BABY, baby bright,
Sleep can steal from sight
Little of your light :

Soft as fire in dew,
Still the life in you
Lights your slumber through.

Four white eyelids keep
Fast the seal of sleep
Deep as love is deep :

Yet, though closed it lies,
Love behind them spies
Heaven in two blue eyes.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

BABY, BABY SWEET

BABY, baby sweet,
Love's own lips are meet
Scarce to kiss your feet.

Hardly love's own ear,
When your laugh grows clear,
Quite deserves to hear.

Hardly love's own wile,
Though it please awhile,
Quite deserves your smile.

Baby, full of grace,
Bless us yet a space :
Sleep will come apace.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

WILLIE WINKIE

WILLIE WINKIE

WEE Willie Winkie
Rins through the toun,
Up stairs and down stairs
In his nicht-gown,
Tirling at the window,
Crying at the lock,
“Are the weans in their bed,
For it's now ten o'clock?”

Hey, Willie Winkie,
Are ye coming ben?
The cat's singing grey thrums
To the sleeping hen;

WILLIE WINKIE

The dog's spelder'd on the floor,
And disna gie a cheep ;
But here's a waukrife laddie
That winna fa' asleep.

Anything but sleep, you rogue !
Glow'ring like the moon,
Rattling in an airn jug
Wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' round about,
Crawing like a cock,
Skirlin like a kenna-what,
Wauk'nin' sleeping folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie,
The wean's in a creel !
Wamblin aff a body's knee
Like a very eel,

WILLIE WINKIE

Ruggin at the cat's lug,
Rav'llin' a' her thrums—
Hey, Willie Winkie,
See, there he comes!

Wearied is the mither
That has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpie stousie
That canna rin his lane ;
That has a battle aye wi' sleep,
Before he'll close an e'e ;
But a kiss fra aff his rosy lips
Gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

THE FAIRY NURSE

THE FAIRY NURSE

SWEET babe ! a golden cradle holds
thee,
And soft the snow-white fleece enfolds
thee ;
In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
Where branchy trees to the breeze are
sweeping.

Shuheen sho, lulo lo !

.

Within our magic halls of brightness
Trips many a foot of snowy whiteness ;
Stolen maidens, queens of fairy—
And kings and chiefs a sluagh shee airy.

Shuheen sho, lulo lo !

THE FAIRY NURSE

Rest thee, babe ! I love thee dearly,
And as thy mortal mother nearly ;
Ours is the swiftest steed, and proudest,
That moves where the tramp of the host
is loudest.

Shuheen sho, lulo lo !

Rest thee, babe ! for soon thy slumbers
Shall flee at the magic koelshie's num-
bers ;
In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
Where branchy trees to the breeze are
sweeping.

Shuheen sho, lulo lo !

EDWARD WALSH.

PHILIP, MY KING

PHILIP, MY KING

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king !
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities :
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden ;
I am thine Esther to command
Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my king.

O the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king !
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,

PHILIP, MY KING

Thou dost enter, love-crown'd, and there
Sittest love-glorified. Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah ! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king.

Up from thy sweet mouth—up to thy brow,
Philip, my king !

The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one heaven-chosen amongst his
peers :

My Saul, than thy brethren taller and
fairer,

Let me behold thee in future years ;
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king.

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my king,

Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny and cruel and cold and gray :

PHILIP, MY KING

Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on,
glorious
Martyr, yet monarch, till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the king!"

DINAH MARIA CRAIK.

POLLY

POLLY

BROWN eyes,
Straight nose ;
Dirt pies,
Rumpled clothes ;

Torn books,
Spoilt toys ;
Arch looks,
Unlike a boy's ;

Little rages,
Obvious arts ;
(Three her age is,)
Cakes, tarts ;

POLLY

Falling down
Off chairs ;
Breaking crown
Down stairs ;

Catching flies
On the pane ;
Deep sighs,—
Cause not plain ;

Bribing you
With kisses
For a few
Farthing blisses ;

Wide awake,
As you hear,
“ Mercy’s sake,
Quiet, dear ! ”

POLLY

New shoes,
New frock ;
Vague views
Of what's o'clock

When it's time
To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
Of what is said ;

Folded hands,
Saying prayers,
Understands
Not, nor cares ;

Thinks it odd,
Smiles away ;
Yet may God
Hear her pray !

POLLY

Bedgown white,
Kiss Dolly ;
Good night !—
That's Polly.

Fast asleep,
As you see ;
Heaven keep
My girl for me !

W. B. RANDS.

LULLABY

LULLABY

THE wind whistled loud at the window-
pane,—

Go away, wind, and let me sleep !
Ruffle the green grass billowy plain,
Ruffle the billowy deep !
“Hush-a-bye, hush ! the wind is fled,
The wind cannot ruffle the soft smooth
bed,—
Hush thee, darling, sleep !”

The ivy tapped at the window-pane,—
Silence, ivy ! and let me sleep !
Why do you patter like drops of rain,
And then play creepity-creep ?
“Hush-a-bye, hush ! the leaves shall lie
still,
The moon is walking over the hill,—
Hush thee, darling, sleep !”

LULLABY

A dream-show rode on a moonbeam
white,—

Go away, dreams, and let me sleep !
The show may be gay and golden bright,
But I do not care to peep.

“Hush-a-bye, hush ! the dream is fled,
A shining angel guards the bed,
Hush thee, darling, sleep !”

W. B. RANDS.

LULLABY, OH, LULLABY

LULLABY, oh, lullaby !
Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping ;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
Stars are up, the moon is peeping ;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
While the birds are silence keeping,
(Lullaby, oh, lullaby !)
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby !

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

LOVE ME,—I LOVE YOU

LOVE me,—I love you,
Love me, my baby ;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Sing it as may be.

Mother's arms under you,
Her eyes above you ;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Love me,—I love you.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

FAIRY AND CHILD

FAIRY AND CHILD

OH, listen, little Dear-My-Soul,
To the fairy voices calling,
For the moon is high in the misty sky
And the honey dew is falling ;
To the midnight feast in the clover bloom
The bluebells are a-ringing,
And it's "Come away to the land of fay,"
That the katydid is singing.

Oh, slumber, little Dear-My-Soul,
And hand in hand we'll wander—
Hand in hand to the beautiful land
Of Balow, away off yonder ;
Or we'll sail along in a lily leaf
Into the white moon's halo—
Over a stream of mist and dream
Into the land of Balow.

FAIRY AND CHILD

Or, you shall have two beautiful wings—
Two gossamer wings and airy,
And all the while shall the old moon smile
And think you a little fairy ;
And you shall dance in the velvet sky,
And the silvery stars shall twinkle
And dream sweet dreams as over their
beams
Your footfalls softly tinkle.

EUGENE FIELD.

DUTCH LULLABY

DUTCH LULLABY

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you
wish?”

The old man asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in the beautiful sea ;
Nets of silver and gold have we,”

Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

DUTCH LULLABY

The old moon laughed and sung a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe ;
And the wind that sped them all night
long

Ruffled the waves of dew ;

The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.

“ Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeared are we ! ”

So cried the stars to the fishermen three,

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden
shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home ;

DUTCH LULLABY

'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed *paule*
As if it could not be ;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream
they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea :
But I shall name you the fishermen
three :

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little
eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the
skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed ;

DUTCH LULLABY

So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen
three,—

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby
street

Comes stealing ; comes creeping ;
The poppies they hang from her head to
her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and
fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my
sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping !

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

There is one little dream of a beautiful
drum—

“Rub-a-dub!” it goeth;

There is one little dream of a big sugar
plum,

And lo! thick and fast the other dreams
come

Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that
hum,

And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little
dreams

With laughter and singing;

And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,

And the stars peek-a-boo with their own
misty gleams,

And up, up, and up, where the Mother
Moon beams,

The fairies go winging!

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

Would you dream all these dreams that
are tiny and fleet?

They'll come to you sleeping ;

So shut the two eyes that are weary, my
sweet,

For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby
street,

With poppies that hang from her head to
her feet,

Comes stealing ; comes creeping.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE FIRSTBORN

THE FIRSTBORN

SO fair, so dear, so warm upon my bosom,
And in my hands the little rosy feet.
Sleep on, my little bird, my lamb, my
blossom ;
Sleep on, sleep on, my sweet.

What is it God hath given me to cherish,
This living, moving wonder which is
mine—
Mine only? Leave it with me or I perish,
Dear Lord of love divine.

Dear Lord, 'tis wonderful beyond all
wonder,
This tender miracle vouchsafed to me,
One with myself, yet just so far asunder
That I myself may see.

THE FIRSTBORN

Flesh of my flesh, and yet so subtly
linking
New selfs with old, all things that I
have been
With present joys beyond my former
thinking
And future things unseen.

There life began, and here it links with
heaven,
The golden chain of years scarce dipped
adown
From birth, ere once again a hold is
given
And nearer to God's throne.

Seen, held in arms, and clasped around so
tightly,
My love, my bird, I will not let thee go.
Yet soon the little rosy feet must lightly
Go pattering to and fro.

THE FIRSTBORN

Mine, Lord, all mine thy gift and loving
token.

Mine—yes or no, unseen its soul divine?
Mine by the chain of love with links
unbroken,
Dear Saviour, Thine and mine.

J. A. GOODCHILD.

ONLY A BABY SMALL

ONLY A BABY SMALL

ONLY a baby small, dropt from the skies ;
Only a laughing face, two sunny eyes ;
Only two cherry lips, one chubby nose ;
Only two little hands, ten little toes.

Only a golden head, curly and soft ;
Only a tongue that wags loudly and oft ;
Only a little brain, empty of thought ;
Only a little heart troubled with nought.

Only a tender flower, sent us to rear ;
Only a life to love while we are here ;
Only a baby small, never at rest ;
Small, but how dear to us, God knoweth
best.

MATTHIAS BARR.

CUDDLE DOON

CUDDLE DOON

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faught an' din ;
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your faither's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak ;
I try to gie a froom,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa',
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

CUDDLE DOON

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance,
He's kittlin¹ wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon ;
But aye I hap them up and cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their faither's fit,
An', as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon ;
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsel's,
We look at our wee lambs,
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
And Rab his airm roun' Tam's.

¹ Tickling.

CUDDLE DOON

I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me ;
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who rules aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bald,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

BABY

BABY

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and
spin?
Some of the starry twinkles left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and
high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm
white rose?
I saw something better than anyone
knows.

BABY

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss ?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear ?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands ?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling
things ?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you ?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear ?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

MY BIRDEEN

MY BIRDEEN

OH, bonnie birdeen,
Sweet bird of my heart—
Tell me, O tell me,
How shall we part?

He calls me, he cries,
Who is father to thee :
O birdeen, his eyes
In these blue eyes I see.

Thou art wrought of our joy,
Of our joy that was slain :
My birdeen, my boy,
My passion, my pain.

FIONA MACLEOD.

HUSHING SONG

HUSHING SONG

EILIDH,¹ Eilidh,
My bonnie wee lass :
The winds blow,
And the hours pass.

But never a wind
Can do thee wrong,
Brown Birdeen, singing
Thy bird-heart song.

And never an hour
But has for thee
Blue of the heaven
And green of the sea :

¹ Pronounced Eily.

HUSHING SONG

Blue for the hope of thee,
Eilidh, Eilidh ;
Green for the joy of thee,
Eilidh, Eilidh.

Swing in thy nest, then,
Here on my heart,
Birdeen, Birdeen,
Here on my heart,
Here on my heart !

FIONA MACLEOD.

MO-LENNAV-A-CHREE

MO-LENNAV-A-CHREE¹

EILIDH, Eilidh, Eilidh, dear to me, dear
and sweet,
In dreams I am hearing the noise of your
little running feet—
The noise of your running feet that like
the sea-hoofs beat
A music by day and night, Eilidh, on the
sands of my heart, my Sweet!

Eilidh, blue i' the eyes, as all babe-children
are,
And white as the canna that blows with
the hill-breast wind afar,
Whose is the light in thine eyes—the light
of a star?—a star
That sitteth supreme where the starry
lights of heaven a glory are!

¹ My darling wee wean.

MO-LENNAV-A-CHREE

Eilidh, Eilidh, Eilidh, put off your wee
hands from the heart o' me,

It is pain they are making there, where no
more pain should be :

For the little running feet, an' wee white
hands, an' croodlin' as of the sea,

Bring tears to my eyes, Eilidh, tears,
tears out of the heart o' me—

Mo-lennav-a-chree,

Mo-lennav-a-chree !

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE LITTLE SON

THE LITTLE SON

WHEN my little son is born on a sunny
summer morn,
I'll take him sleepin' in my arms to wake
beside the sea,
For the windy wathers blue would be
dancin' if they knew,
An' the weeny waves that wet the sand
come creepin' up to me.

When my little son is here in the noonday
warm an' clear,
I'll carry him so kindly up the glen to
Craig's wood ;
In a green an' tremblin' shadow there I'll
hush my tender laddo,
An' the flittin' birds'll *quet* their songs
as if they understood.

THE LITTLE SON

When my pretty son's awake, och, the
care o' him I'll take !

An' we'll never pass a *gentle* place
between the dark an' day ;

If he's lovely in his sleep on his face a veil
I'll keep,

Or the wee folk an' the good folk might
be wantin' him away.

When my darlin' comes to me he will lie
upon my knee,—

Though the world should be my pillow
he must know no harder place ;

Sure a queen's son may be cold in a cradle
all o' gold,

But my arm shall be about him an' my
kiss upon his face.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

JOHNEEN

JOHNEEN

SURE he's five months old, an' he's two
foot long,

Baby Johneen ;

Watch yerself now, for he's terrible
sthrong,

Baby Johneen.

An' his fists 'ill be up if ye make any slips,
He has finger-ends like the daisy-tips,
But he'll have ye attend to the words of
his lips,

Will Johneen.

There nobody can rightly tell the colour
o his eyes,

This Johneen ;

For they're partly o' the earth an' still
they're partly o' the skies,

Like Johneen.

JOHNEEN

So far as he's thravelled he's been laughin'
all the way,
For the little soul is quare an' wise, the
little heart is gay ;
An' he likes the merry daffodils, he thinks
they'd do to play
With Johneen.

He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his
luck,
Young Johneen,
For he takes to the wather like any little
duck,
Boy Johneen ;
Sure them are the hands now to pull on a
rope,
An' nate feet for walkin' the deck on a
slope,
But the ship she must wait a wee while
yet, I hope,
For Johneen.

JOHNEEN

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just
yet,

Och, Johneen ;

'Tis you that are the daisy, an' you that
are the pet,

Wee Johneen.

Here's to your health, an' we'll dhrink it
to-night.

Slainte gal, avic machree! live an' do right,

Slainte gal avourneen! may your days be
bright,

Johneen !

MOIRA O'NEILL.

IRISH LULLABY

IRISH LULLABY

OH, to and fro on my bosom of love,
Like a bird on the bough of the white
hazel swinging ;
While a husho falls from the skies above,
And a lul-la-lo are the fairies singing.
Sleep, Sthoreen bawn, sleep on till dawn ;
Peace to my heart your sweet breath
bringing.

Oh, weeshie handies and mouth of the
rose !
My share of the world in his warm nest is
lying,
While a husho falls as the blue eyes close,
And a lul-la-lo on the night wind dying.
Sleep, flower of love, sleep, cooing dove,
Softly above my heart's glad sighing.

IRISH LULLABY

Alanna machree, cling closer to me,
Now daylight has flown and the pale stars
are peeping,
While a husho falls o'er the land and the
sea,
And a lul-la-lo from the far hills creeping.
Sleep, Sthoreen bawn, sleep on till dawn,
Angels then watch above you keeping.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

KING BABY

KING BABY

KING Baby on his throne
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!
King Baby on his throne
Sits reigning all alone.

His throne is Mother's knee,
So tender O, so tender O!
His throne is Mother's knee,
Where none may sit but he.

His crown it is of gold,
So curly O, so curly O!
His crown it is of gold,
In shining tendrils rolled.

KING BABY

His kingdom is my heart,
So loyal O, so loyal O!

His kingdom is my heart,
His own in every part.

Divine are all his laws,
So simple O, so simple O!

Divine are all his laws,
With love for end and cause.

King Baby on his throne
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!

King Baby on his throne
Sits reigning all alone.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

THE NESTING HOUR

THE NESTING HOUR

ROBIN-FRIEND has gone to bed,
Little wing to hide his head—
Mother's bird must slumber too
Just as baby Robins do—
When the stars begin to rise,
Birds and babies close their eyes.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

ANY FATHER

ANY FATHER

WE talked of you ; in happy dreams
Our hearts foretold you,
O little blossom !
And yet how marvellous it seems
To see and hold you !
We guessed you boy, we guessed you
maid,
Right glad of either ;
How like, how unlike all we said,
Upon her knee there,
You lie and twit us,
O little blossom !

WILLIAM CANTON.

ANY MOTHER

ANY MOTHER

SO sweet, so strange—so strange, so
sweet,

Beyond expression,

O little blossom !

To sit and feel my bosom beat

With glad possession ;

For you are ours, our very own,

None other's, ours ;

God made you of our two hearts alone,

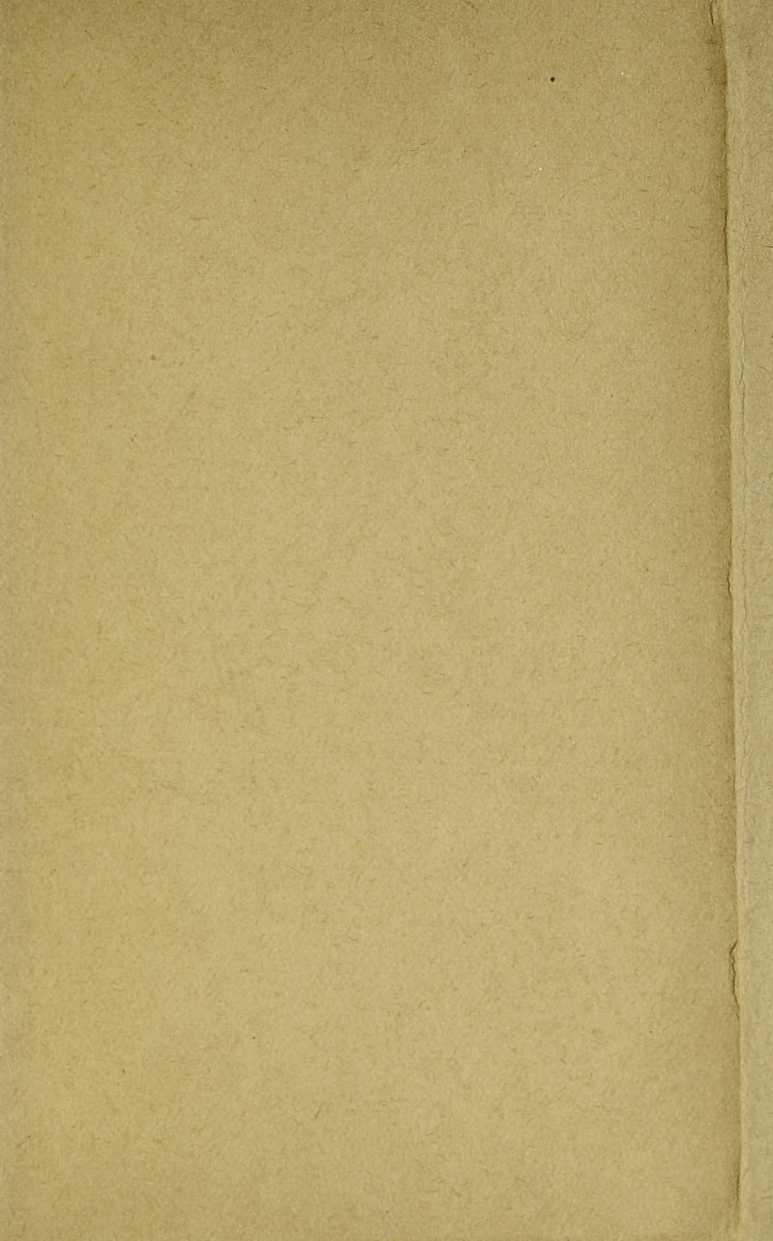
As God makes flowers

Of earth and sunshine,

O little blossom !

WILLIAM CANTON.

PLYMOUTH
WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON
PRINTERS

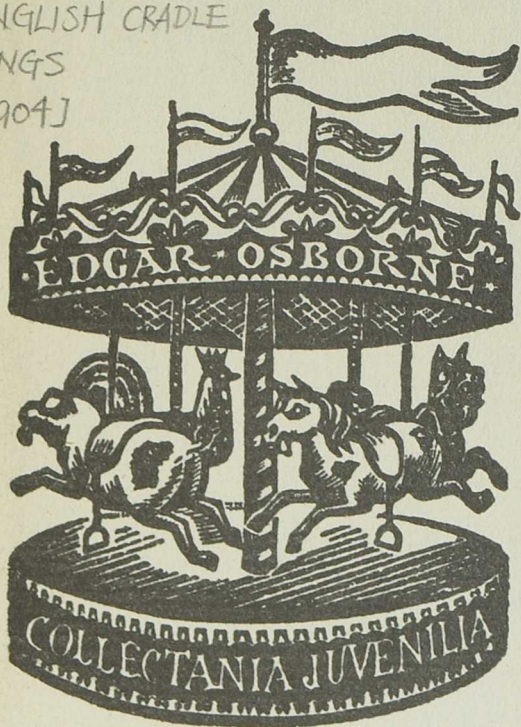


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ENGLISH CRADLE

SONGS

[1904]



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