A Cradle Song

words: W.B. Yeats

music: Tim Porter

The angels are stooping Above your bed; They are

slow

Lul la lul la lul la

weary of troop- ping With the whim- per- ing dead.

weary of the whim- per- ing whim- per- ing dead.

bove your bed; Above your bed; God’s laugh- ing in_

Lul la lul la lul la Lul -
Gay Heaven To see you so good, The Sailing Seven Are

La la lul la lul la lul la lul la lul

Gay with his mood. I sigh, I sigh, For I must own That

SLOWEN SLIGHTLY

I shall miss you When you have grown.