



## Brahms Lullaby (Lullaby and Good Night)

Lullaby and good night, with roses bedight  
With lilies o'er spread is baby's wee bed  
Lay thee down now and rest, may thy slumber be blessed  
Lay thee down now and rest, may thy slumber be blessed

Lullaby and good night, thy mother's delight  
Bright angels beside my darling abide  
They will guard thee at rest, thou shalt wake on my breast  
They will guard thee at rest, thou shalt wake on my breast

*[original German]*

Guten Abend, gute Nacht, Mit Rosen bedacht,  
Mit Naeglein besteckt, schlupf unter die Deck'  
Morgen frueh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder geweckt  
Morgen frueh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder geweckt

Guten Abend, gute Nacht, Von Englein bewacht  
Die zeigen im Traum, dir Christkindleins Baum  
Schlaf nun selig und suess, Schau im Traum's Paradies  
Schlaf nun selig und suess, Schau im Traum's Paradies



## Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

Traditional, Written By: Jane Taylor, Copyright Unknown

Twinkle, twinkle, little star  
How I wonder what you are.  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are!

When the blazing sun is gone,  
When there's nothing he shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, through the night.  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are!

In the dark blue sky so deep  
Through my curtains often peep  
For you never close your eyes  
Til the morning sun does rise  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star  
How I wonder what you are

Twinkle, twinkle, little star  
How I wonder what you are



## Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral

Irish Lullaby, Written By: J. R. Shannon in 1913, Copyright Unknown

Over in Killarney  
Many years ago,  
Me Mither [*my mother*] sang a song to me  
In tones so sweet and low.  
Just a simple little ditty,  
In her good 'ould' [*old*] Irish way,  
And I'd give the world if she could sing  
That song to me this day.

"Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, hush now, don't you cry!  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish lullaby."

Oft in dreams I wander  
To that cot again,  
I feel her arms a-huggin' me  
As when she held me then.  
And I hear her voice a-hummin'  
To me as in days of yore,  
When she used to rock me fast asleep  
Outside the cabin door.

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, hush, now don't you cry!  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish lullaby.



## Hush, Little Baby

Hush, little baby, don't say a word.  
Mama's gonna buy you a mockingbird  
And if that mockingbird won't sing,  
Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring  
And if that diamond ring turns brass,  
Mama's gonna buy you a looking glass  
And if that looking glass gets broke,  
Mama's gonna buy you a billy goat  
And if that billy goat won't pull,  
Mama's gonna buy you a cart and bull  
And if that cart and bull turn over,  
Mama's going to buy you a dog named Rover.  
And if that dog named Rover won't bark,  
Mama's going to buy you a horse and cart.  
And if that horse and cart fall down,  
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town.



## Frère Jacques

(English: Are You Sleeping)  
Written By: Unknown  
Copyright Unknown

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping?  
Brother John, Brother John?  
Morning bells are ringing, Morning bells are ringing  
Ding Ding Dong, Ding Ding Dong.

*[French]*

Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques,  
Dormez vous? Dormez vous?  
Sonnez les matines, Sonnez les matines  
Ding Ding Dong, Ding Ding Dong



## Kum Ba Yah

Kum ba yah, my lord, Kum ba yah!  
Kum ba yah, my lord, Kum ba yah!  
Kum ba yah, my lord, Kum ba yah.  
O Lord, Kum ba yah

Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!  
Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!  
Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!  
O Lord, Kum ba yah

Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!  
Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!  
Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!  
O Lord, Kum ba yah

Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!  
Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!  
Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!  
O Lord, Kum ba yah



## All the Pretty Little Horses (Hush-a-bye)

American Folk Traditional: According to *Living Documents in American History from Earliest Colonial Times to the Civil War*, edited by John A Scott, (Trident Press 1963), the song was collected by Alan Lomax, who learned it from his mother, who took it from North Carolina to Texas after the Civil War.

Hush-a-bye, don't you cry,  
Go to sleepy little baby.  
When you wake, you'll have cake,  
And all the pretty little horses.

Black and bay, dapple and grey,  
Coach and six little horses,  
Hush-a-bye, don't you cry,  
Go to sleepy little baby.  
Hush-a-bye, don't you cry,  
Go to sleepy little baby,  
When you wake, you'll have cake,  
And all the pretty little horses.

Way down yonder, down in the meadow,  
There's a poor wee little lamby.  
The bees and the butterflies pickin' at its eyes,  
The poor wee thing cried for her mammy.

Hush-a-bye, don't you cry,  
Go to sleepy little baby.  
When you wake, you'll have cake,  
And all the pretty little horses.



## Que Sera, Sera

from THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH  
words by Ray Evans, music by Jay Livingston

When I was just a little girl  
I asked my mother  
What will I be?  
Will I be pretty?  
Will I be rich?  
Here's what she said to me:

*== Chorus ==*

Que sera, sera.  
Whatever will be, will be.  
The future's not ours to see.  
Que sera, sera.  
What will be, will be.

When I grew up and fell in love  
I asked my sweetheart  
What lies ahead?  
Will we have rainbows  
Day after day?  
Here's what my sweetheart said:

*[repeat chorus]*

Now I have children of my own.  
They ask their mother,  
What will I be?  
Will I be handsome?  
Will I be rich?  
I tell them tenderly:

*[repeat chorus]*





## Rock-A-Bye Baby

(author unknown)

Rock-a-bye, baby  
In the treetop  
When the wind blows  
The cradle will rock  
When the bough breaks  
The cradle will fall  
And down will come baby  
Cradle and all

Baby is drowsing  
Cozy and fair  
Mother sits near  
In her rocking chair  
Forward and back  
The cradle she swings  
And though baby sleeps  
He hears what she sings

From the high rooftops  
Down to the sea  
No one's as dear  
As baby to me  
Wee little fingers  
Eyes wide and bright  
Now sound asleep  
Until morning light



## Oh, How Lovely is the Evening

Oh, how lovely is the evening  
Is the evening  
When the bells are sweetly ringing  
Sweetly ringing  
Ding, dong, ding  
Ding, dong, ding



## Raisins and Almonds

(Rozhinkes mit Mandlen)

Written By: Abraham Goldfaden (1840 - 1906)  
Copyright Unknown

Under baby's cradle in the night  
Stands a goat so soft and snowy white  
The goat will go to the market  
To bring you wonderful treats  
He'll bring you raisins and almonds  
Sleep, my little one, sleep.



## All Through the Night

By Sir Harold Boulton

Sleep my child and peace attend thee,  
All through the night  
Guardian angels God will send thee,  
All through the night;  
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,  
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping,  
I my loved ones' watch am keeping,  
All through the night.

Angels watching, e'er around thee,  
All through the night  
Midnight slumber close surround thee,  
All through the night  
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,  
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping  
I my loved ones' watch am keeping,  
All through the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping,  
All through the night  
While the weary world is sleeping,  
All through the night  
O'er thy spirit gently stealing,  
Visions of delight revealing  
Breathes a pure and holy feeling,  
All through the night.



## Lavender's Blue

Lavender's blue, dilly dilly, lavender's green  
When you are King, dilly dilly, I shall be Queen  
Who told you so, dilly dilly, who told you so?  
'Twas my own heart, dilly dilly, that told me so.

Call up your friends, dilly, set them to work  
Some to the plough, dilly dilly, some to the fork  
Some to the hay, dilly dilly, some to cut corn  
While you and I, dilly dilly, keep ourselves warm.

Lavender's blue, dilly dilly, lavender's green  
When you are King, dilly dilly, I shall be Queen  
Who told you so, dilly dilly, who told you so?  
'Twas my own heart, dilly dilly, that told me so.



## Basque Lullaby

Lullaby, twilight is spreading  
Silver wings over the sky;  
Fairy elves are softly treading,  
Folding buds as they pass by.  
Lullaby, whisper and sigh,  
Lullaby, lullaby.

Lullaby, deep in the clover  
Drone the bees softly to rest;  
Close white lids your dear eyes over,  
Mother's arms shall be your rest.  
Lullaby, whisper and sigh,  
Lullaby, lullaby.



## Au Clair de la Lune

Traditional

Words and Music By: Jean Baptiste Lully

Copyright Unknown

*[French only]*

Au clair de la lune,  
Mon ami, Pierrot,  
Prete-moi ta plume  
Pour ecrire un mot!  
Ma chandelle est morte,  
Je n'ai plus de feu;  
Ouvre-moi ta porte,  
Pour l'amour de Dieu.

Au clair de la lune,  
Pierrot repondit:  
"Je n'ai pas de plume,  
Je suis dans mon lit;  
Va chez la voisine,  
Je crois qu'elle y est;  
Car dans la cuisine,  
On bat le briquet."

## Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.  
    Though stock-dove whose echo resounds from the hill  
    Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny dell  
Thou green created lapwing, thy screaming for bear  
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills  
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills  
There daily I wander, as morn rises high  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.  
    How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below  
    Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow  
There oft, as mild evening creeps over the lea  
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides  
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave  
As gathering sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave.  
    Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes  
    Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.



# Lullaby Lyrics



## Suo-Gan

To my lullaby surrender  
Warm and tender is my breast  
Mother's arms with love caressing  
Lay their blessing on your rest  
Nothing shall tonight alarm you  
None shall harm you, have no fear  
Lie contented, calmly slumber  
On your mother's breast, my dear

Here tonight I tightly hold you  
And enfold you while you sleep  
Why, I wonder, are you smiling  
Smiling in your slumber deep?  
Are the angels on you smiling  
And beguiling you with charm  
While you also smile, my blossom  
In my bosom soft and warm?

Have no fear now, leaves are knocking  
Gently knocking at our door  
Have no fear now, waves are beating  
Gently beating on the shore  
Sleep, my darling, none shall harm you  
Nor alarm you, never cry  
In my bosom sweetly smiling  
And beguiling those on high

*[Welsh]*

Hunan blentyn, ar fy mynwes  
Clyd a chynnes ydyw hon  
Breichiau mam sy'n dyn amdanat  
Cariad mam sy dan fy mron  
Ni chaiff dim amharu'th gyntun  
Ni wna undyn a thi gam  
Huna'n dawel, annwyl bientyn  
Huna'n fwyn ar fron dy fam

Huna'n dawel hana huna  
Huna'n fwyn y del ei lun  
Pam yr wyt yn awr yn gwenum

*Alternate Lyrics*

Sleep, my baby, on my bosom,  
Closely nestle, safe and warm;  
Mother wakeful, watches o'er you,  
Nothing threatens here your rest;  
Sleep, my baby, sleep and fear not,  
Sleep you sweetly on my breast.

Lulla, lulla sweetly slumber,  
Mother's treasure, slumber deep;  
Lulla, lulla now you're smiling,  
Smiling, dear one through your sleep.  
Say, are angels bending o'er you,  
Smiling down from heaven above?  
Is that heavenly smile your answer,  
Love from dreamland answering love?

Hush my treasure, 'tis a leaflet  
Beating, beating on the door;  
Hush, my pretty, 'tis the ripple  
Lapping, lapping on the shore.  
Mother watches, nought can harm you,  
Angel warders gather nigh;  
Blessed angels bending o'er you,  
Sing your lulla, lullaby.

Gwenu'n dirion yn dy hun  
Ai angylion fry sy'n gwenu  
Arnat yno'n gwenu'n lion  
Titha'u'n gwenu'n ol a huno  
Huno'n dawel ar fy mron

Paid ag ofni, dim ond deilen  
Gura, gura ar y ddor  
Paid aga ofni ton fach unig  
Sua, sua ar lan y mor  
Huna blentyn nid oes yma  
Ddim i roddi iti fraw  
Gwena'n dawel ar fy mynwes  
Ar yr engyl gwynion draw



## Sleep, Baby, Sleep

Sleep, baby, sleep  
Your father tends the sheep  
Your mother shakes the dreamland tree  
And from it fall sweet dreams for thee  
Sleep, baby, sleep  
Sleep, baby, sleep

Sleep, baby, sleep  
Our cottage vale is deep  
The little lamb is on the green  
With snowy fleece so soft and clean  
Sleep, baby, sleep  
Sleep, baby, sleep

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Down where the woodbines creep  
Be always like the lamb so mild  
A kind, and sweet, and gentle child  
Sleep, baby, sleep  
Sleep, baby, sleep

# Lullaby Lyrics

Write your own lyrics here:



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