

LULLABY

WIEGENLIED

English version by
Edith Tillotson

MOZART

Andante

p

Slum-ber my dar-ling, and rest, Birds are a-sleep in their
Nev-er a sound doth a - rise, Ev'-ry one slumbering
Who spends a hap - pi - er day? Naught but to rest and to

p

p

nest, Si - lent the gar - den and hill. Bees in the meadow are
lies, Each one a - sleep in the house, Ev - en the wee lit - tle
play: Sweetmeats and toys to a - muse. Waiting whenev - er you

mf

still. Soft - ly the moon's sil - ver light
mouse. Each one in search of a dream,
choose. All things are done for thy ease,

mf

Peeps thro' thy win-dow, to - night, Ev - er a watch it will
 Un - der the moonlight's soft gleam, Rest shall be qui - et and
 All things thy wish - es to please, Nev - er a rea - son to

keep, Slum-ber, then dar-ling, and sleep. Oh
 deep, Slum-ber, then dar-ling, and sleep. Oh
 weep, Slum-ber, then dar-ling, and sleep. Oh

dolcissimo
 sleep — oh sleep.—
 sleep — oh sleep.—
 sleep — oh sleep.—