

# A Cradle Song

words: W.B. Yeats

music: Tim Porter

Slow

Soprano: *p* The an - gels are stoo - ping A - bove — your — bed; They are

Alto: *p* An - gels stoo - ping A - bove — your bed; They are

Tenor: *p* The an - gels are stoo - - - - - ping A -

Bass: *p* Lul - la lul - la lul - - - la

Soprano: wea - ry of troo - ping With the whim - per - ing — dead.

Alto: wea - - - ry of — the whim - per - ing whim - per - ing dead.

Tenor: bove — your bed; — A - bove — your — bed; God's laugh - ing in —

Bass: Lul - la lul - - - - la lul - la Lul -

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If you perform it, please let me know!

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The Sail - ing Se-ven Are  
 To see you so good, so good, Gay  
 Hea-ven To see you so good, The Sail - ing Se-ven Are  
 - - la lul - la lul - - - la lul - la lul - la lul -

gay with his mood. I sigh that kiss you, For I must own That  
 with his mood. I sigh that kiss you, For I must own That  
 gay with his mood. I sigh, I sigh, For  
 - la lul - - la I sigh,

*slowen slightly*

I shall miss you When you have grown.  
 I shall miss you When you have grown.  
 I shall miss you When you have grown.  
 I shall miss you.