

# 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 -

©2007 MusicOLib and Tim Porter

You may copy this score for performance and archival purposes only.

If you want to reproduce it in journals, books, websites or other publications, please obtain written consent from MusicOLib .

If you perform it, please let me know!

oliver.barton@talktalk.net

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.