A Dutch Lullaby

Verse by
Alfred Hyatt

Music by
Charles Gilbert Spross

High Voice 6 Low Voice

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
Cincinnati
New York London
Chicago Leipzig
The boats will be leaving the Zuyder Zee
To fish 'neath the silvery moon at sea.
At anchor is rocking each tawny sail,
Till filled for its journey with evening's gale.
    So come, evening gale,
    And fill each red sail,
    That waits by the dune
    'Neath the rising moon.

As small as the sabot your bed beside,
A little boat waits on a fairy tide
To take you a journey to fairyland far.
Beyond the bright port of the evening star.
    So lullaby low,
    This little sabot
    Will sail with you far
    To the evening star.

The fairies will bring you safe thro' the dawn,
Back over the sea when wakes the morn;
When stars have gone out and is hid the moon,
Will sail back to mother a wee little shoon.
    So, sleep till the morn
    In beauty is born,
    And home o'er the sea
    Sails a sabot to me.

Alfred H. Hyatt.
A Dutch Lullaby

ALFRED HYATT

Moderato

The boats will be leaving the

Zuy - der Zee To fish 'neath the sil-ver-y moon at sea, At'

an-chor is rock-ing each taw-ny sail, Till filled for its jour-ney with ev-ning gale. So

Copyright, MCMXI, by The John Church Company
International Copyright
come, ev'-ning gale
And fill each red sail
That waits by the dune
'Neath the rising moon,
'Neath the rising moon.

As small as your sabots your bed beside,
A
Little boat waits on a fairy tide, To take you a journey to

Fairy-land far Beyond the bright port of the evening star; So

lullaby low, This little sa-

boat Will sail with you far to the
Evening star

Lullaby

by,

Lullaby

The

fairies will bring you safe through the dawn, Back over the sea when

wakes the morn; When stars have gone out and is hid the moon, Will
sail back to mother a wee little shoon, So sleep till the morn.
In beauty is born, And home o'er the sea Sails a sabot to me, Sails a sabot to me.