

# A Cradle Song

Henrik Frisk

Text by W. B. Yeats

The ang - els are stoo - ping  
God's laug - hing in Hea - ven  
I sigh that kiss you,

A - bo - ve your bed;  
To see you so good;  
For I must own

3

They wear - y of troo - ping  
The sail - ing Sev - en  
That I sha - ll miss you

With the whim - pe - ring dead.  
Are gay with His mood.  
When you ha - ve gro - wn.