

To my Mother.  
LULLABY.

By Margaret Tuggle.

mf *p* *f*

*mf*

Queen of the world she sits to-night, And sort her star-eyes, gleaming, Look

*mf*

ten-der-ly down in the bright fire-light, To where her boy lies dream-ing;

*mf*

*cres.* *rall.*

And as the cra-dle she light-ly swings; Low and sweet so gai-ly sings,

*cres.* *rall.*