

STARS

- unknown author

I'm glad the stars are over me and not beneath my feet
Where we should trample on them like cobbles on the street
I think it is a happy thing that they are set so far
It's best to have to look up high when you would see a star

GO TO SLEEP MY DEAR LITTLE BABY

- unknown author

Go to sleep, my dear little baby
Go to sleep, sweet baby of mine
Your Mommy will bake a beautiful cake
Your Daddy will go and buy you some cocoa
Go to sleep, my dear little baby
Go to sleep, sweet baby of mine

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

- Welsh, 1917 – by Sir Harold Boulton - public domain

Sleep my child and peace attend thee, all through the night
Guardian angels God will send thee, all through the night
Softly now the hours are creeping
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping
I my loving vigil keeping all through the night.