

Gregory J. Hutter

A Cradle Song

for SATB Chorus

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84 *rit.* *f* *mf* *p* *poco allargando* *rit.* *lunga* *mp* *p* *n*

smiles are His own smiles; Heav - en and earth to peace be - guiles.

div. *f* *mf* *p* *mp* *p* *n*
unis. *div.* *unis.*

smiles - are His own smiles; Heav - en and earth to peace - be - guiles.

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rit. *poco allargando* *rit.* *lunga*

August 14, 2011
Chicago, Illinois
4'00"

A Cradle Song

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head!
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, sweet, moony beams!
Sweet Sleep, with soft down,
Weave thy brows an infant crown!
Sweet Sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child!
Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight!
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the livelong night beguiles.
Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes!
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child!
All creation slept and smiled.
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace;
Sweet babe, once like thee
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me:

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee!

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who became an infant small;
Infant smiles are His own smiles;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

—William Blake (1757–1827)