

# Lullaby

Louisa May Alcott (1832-1888)

Kristopher Reese



Now the day is done, Now the shepherd sun Drives his white flocks from the sky; Now the flowers



rest On their mother's breast, Hushed by her low lulla - by. Now the glowworms glance, Now the fire\*flies



dance, Under fern-boughs green and high; And the western breeze To the forest trees Chants a tune-ful lul-la -



by. Now 'mid shadows deep Falls blessed sleep, Like dew from the summer sky; And the whole earth



dreams, In the moon's soft beams, While night breathes a lul-la - by. Now, birdlings, rest, In your windrocked



nest, Unscared by the owl's shrill cry; For with folded wings Little Brier swings, And singeth your lulla - by.

\* Fire: use a triphthong. pronounced [f a ʊ ə ]