

Crying, My Little One

Natalie Merchant

Are you crying, my little one

Footsore and weary

I must tramp on through the winter night dreary

Fall asleep, pretty baby, warm on my shoulder
While the snow falls upon me colder and colder
You are my
dearest one, I have not another

Sleep warm and soft in the arms of your mother,

Sleep soft, my darling, my trouble and treasure

Dream of pretty things, dream of your pleasure

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