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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