Lullabies and Night Songs

Collected By Christine Natale

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Mp3 files of the following songs can be accessed via Dropbox.

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Brahm’s Lullaby

My Translation

Little Angel, sleep tight under coverlet white
Like a pink rose in its bed, lay down your sleepy head
In the morning you’ll wake to a new happy day
In the morning you’ll wake to a new happy day.

Little Angel, sleep tight the Christ Child awaits you
He will play with you in dreams till the first morning beams
Sleep now sweetly and safe, deep in dream’s Paradise
Sleep now sweetly and safe, deep in dream’s Paradise

Little Angel, sleep tight I will watch through the night
Mother’s heart will wakeful be if you have a need of me
Like a bird in her nest under mother’s warm breast
Like a bird in her nest under mother’s warm breast

Little Angel, sleep tight overhead stars shine bright
Guarding you as you sleep and God’s promises will keep
Nighty-night little one, wake to me with the sun
Nighty-night little one, wake to me with the sun

Christine Natale 2010
Guten Abend, Gute Nacht

Guten Abend, gute Nacht, mit Rosen bedacht,
Mit Näglein besteckt, schlüpf unter die Deck!
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder geweckt
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder geweckt

Guten Abend, gute Nacht, von Englein bewacht
Die zeigen im Traum, dir Christkindleins Baum
Schlaf nun selig und süß, schau im Traum's Paradies
Schlaf nun selig und süß, schau im Traum's Paradies

A literal English translation of which is:

Good evening, and good night, with roses adorned,
With carnations covered, slip under the covers.
Early tomorrow, so God willing, you will wake once again.
Early tomorrow, so God willing, you will wake once again.

Good evening, and good night. By angels watched,
Who show you in your dream the Christ-child's tree.
Sleep now peacefully and sweetly, see the paradise in your dream.
Sleep now peacefully and sweetly, see the paradise in your dream.
**Hush Little Baby**

Hush, little baby, don't say a word.
Papa's gonna buy you a mockingbird

And if that mockingbird won't sing,
Papa's gonna buy you a diamond ring

And if that diamond ring turns brass,
Papa's gonna buy you a looking glass

And if that looking glass gets broke,
Papa's gonna buy you a billy goat

And if that billy goat won't pull,
Papa's gonna buy you a cart and bull

And if that cart and bull turn over,
Papa's gonna buy you a dog named Rover

And if that dog named Rover won't bark,
Papa's gonna buy you a horse and cart.

And if that horse and cart fall down,
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town.

**Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star**

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are

Twinkle, twinkle, little star
Tell me, tell me what you are
We are God's own loving light
Guiding safely through the night

Twinkle, twinkle little star
Eyes of God are what we are.
All Through the Night

Sleep my child and peace attend thee,
All through the night
Guardian angels God will send thee,
All through the night
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and dale in slumber sleeping
I my loving watch am keeping,
All through the night

Rock-a-Bye-Baby

Rock a bye baby
On the tree top
When the winds blow
The cradle will rock

When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall
And down will come baby
Cradle and all

Down tumbles baby
Into my arms
I'll keep my darling
Always from harm

Let the winds blow
Through tree tops above
Nothing will bother
The one that I love.
**Sleep Baby Sleep**

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy father guards the sheep;
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree
Then comes a little dream for thee
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little ones the lambs, I guess,
The gentle moon the shepherdess,
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

**Tender Shepherd**

Tender Shepherd
Tender Shepherd
Let me help you count your sheep
One in the meadow
Two in the garden
Three in the nursery
Fast asleep

Tender Shepherd
Tender Shepherd
Let me help you count your sheep
One say your prayers
And two close your eyes
And three safe and happily
Fall asleep
Fall asleep
Distant Melody

(From Peter Pan)

Once upon a time and long ago
I heard someone singing
Soft and low
Now when day is done
And night is near
I recall this song I used to hear
My child, my very own,
Don't be afraid, you're not alone
Sleep until the dawn
For all is well
Long ago this song was sung to me
Now it's just a distant melody
Somewhere from the past I used to know
Once upon a time
And long ago...

Walk, Shepherdess, Walk

By Eleanor Farjeon

Walk, Shepherdess, walk
And I'll walk too
To find the ram with the ebony
horn
And the gold footed ewe
The lamb with the fleece of silver
Like summer sea foam
And the wether with the crystal
bell
That leads them all home.

Walk, Shepherdess, Walk
And I'll walk too
And if we never find them,
I sha'n't mind, shall you?
The Sandman

The little flowers are sleeping
Already in the moon light
Their little heads are nodding
And they close their eyes so tight

There's a sandman in the flower bed
He is rustling in their dreams
Sleep now, sleep, my little child sleep
Sleep my little babe

Die Blümlein, sie schlafen
Schon längst im Mondenschein,
Sie nicken mit den Köpfchen
Auf ihren Stengelein.
Es rüttelt sich der Blütenbaum,
Er säuselt wie im Traum;
Schlaf, schlaf, du mein Kindlein.

Good Night

Good Night, Good Night
Good Night, Good Night
Good Night, Sleep Tight
Good Night, Good Night

(like a clock chiming)
Do You Know How Many Stars

Do know how many stars shine
Up in Heaven's sky tonight?
Do you know how many birds fly
Through the daytime clouds so bright?
Only God does, He has counted
Every star and tiny fledgling
Only God does, He has counted
And has blessed them one and all.

Do you know how many flowers
Bloom in sunshine and in rain?
Do you know how many hours
Through forever still remain?
Only God does, He has counted
Every minute, every petal
Only God does, He has counted
And has blessed them one and all.

Translation – Christine Natale 2010

Weist Du wie viel Sternlein stehen

Weißt du, wie viel Sternlein stehen
an dem blauen Himmelszelt?
Weißt du, wie viel Wolken gehen
weithin über alle Welt?
Gott, der Herr, hat sie gezählet,
daß ihm auch nicht eines fehlet
an der ganzen großen Zahl,
an der ganzen großen Zahl!

Weißt du, wie viel Mücken spielen
in der heißen Sonnenglut?
Wie viel Fische auch sich kühlen
in der hellen Wasserflut?
Gott, der Herr, rief sie mit Namen,
daß sie all ins Leben kamen,
daß sie nun so. munter sind,
daß sie nun so munter sind!

Weißt du, wie viel Kinder frühe
stehn aus ihren Bettlein auf,
daß sie ohne Sorg' und Mühe
fröhlich sind im Tageslauf?
Gott im Himmel hat an allen
seine Lust, ein Wohlgefallen,
kennt auch dich und hat dich lieb,
kennt auch dich und hat dich lieb!
Somewhere Over the Rainbow

lyrics by E.Y. Harburg

Somewhere over the rainbow
Way up high,
There's a land that I heard of
Once in a lullaby.
Somewhere over the rainbow
Skies are blue,
And the dreams that you dare to dream
Really do come true.

Someday I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are far
Behind me.
Where troubles melt like lemon drops
Away above the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me.

We are going,
Heaven knows where we are going,
But we know within.

And we will get there,
Heaven knows how we will get there,
But we know we will.

It will be hard, we know,
And the road will be muddy and rough,
But we will get there,
Heaven knows how we will get there,
But we know we will.

Somewhere over the rainbow
Bluebirds fly.
Birds fly over the rainbow.
Why then, oh why can't I?

If happy little bluebirds fly
Beyond the rainbow
Why, oh why can't I?

We are going,
Heaven knows where we are going
But we know within.
And we will get there,
Heaven knows how we will get there,
But we know we will.

Woyaya

By Osibisa

We are going,
Heaven knows where we are going,
But we know within.

And we will get there,
Heaven knows how we will get there,
But we know we will.

We are going,
Heaven knows where we are going
But we know within.
And we will get there,
Heaven knows how we will get there,
But we know we will.
Puff, the Magic Dragon

Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee,
Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff,
and brought him strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff. Oh

Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee,
Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee.

Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail
Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail,
Noble kings and princes would bow whene'er they came,
Pirate ships would lower their flag when Puff roared out his name. Oh!

Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee,
Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee.

A dragon lives forever but not so little boys
Painted wings and giant rings make way for other toys.
One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more
And Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar.

His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain,
Puff no longer went to play along the cherry lane.
Without his life-long friend, Puff could not be brave,
So Puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped into his cave. Oh!

Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee,
Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee.

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ASCAP
New Verses – Christine Natale

Yes, dragons live forever, though little boys grow up
Sometimes it seems that childhood dreams forever have to stop.
But life is just a circle and childhood lives anew
And Puff still waits on Cherry Lane for his new friend – that's you!

You never have to see him to know that he is there.
He's by your side at any time you really, really care.
So close your eyes and call him, “Dear Puff, come from your cave!”
And climb aboard his mighty tail – together you'll be brave. Oh,

Puff, the magic dragon lives by the sea
And frolicks in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee,
Puff, the magic dragon lives by the sea
And frolicks in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee.

Honah Lee is waiting, not far from Cherry Lane.
Sail around the world and back – then sail around again.
And if some day you grow up, do not be sad for Puff –
Forever little boys and girls will love him well enough! Oh,

Puff, the magic dragon lives by the sea
And frolicks in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee,
Puff, the magic dragon lives by the sea
And frolicks in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee.
The Rock-A-By Lady

By Eugene Field

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.
The Sandman

By Margaret Vandergrift

The rosy clouds float overhead,
The sun is going down;
And now the sandman's gentle tread
Comes stealing through the town.
"White sand, white sand," he softly cries,
And as he shakes his hand,
Straightway there lies on babies' eyes
His gift of shining sand.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

From sunny beaches far away—
Yes, in another land—
He gathers up at break of day
His store of shining sand.
No tempests beat that shore remote,
No ships may sail that way;
His little boat alone may float
Within that lovely bay.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.
He smiles to see the eyelids close
Above the happy eyes;
And every child right well he knows,
Oh, he is very wise!
But, if as he goes through the land,
A naughty baby cries,
His other hand takes dull gray sand
To close the wakeful eyes.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

So when you hear the sandman’s song
Sound through the twilight sweet,
Be sure you do not keep him long
A-waiting on the street.
Lie softly down, dear little head,
Rest quiet, busy hands,
Till, by your bed his good-night said,
He strews the shining sands.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.
Where Did You Come From, Baby Dear?

By George MacDonald

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs’ wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.
Ode - Intimations of Immortality  
From Recollections of Early Childhood  
(Excerpt)  
by William Wordsworth  

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar.  

Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
From God, who is our home:  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.”  

From my head to my feet  
I am the image of god.  
From my heart into my hands  
I feel God's living breath.  
When I speak with my mouth  
I shall follow God's will.  
When I see God  
In father and in mother  
In all loving people  
In birds, beasts and stones  
In flowers and trees  
No fear shall come near  
Only love for all  
Surrounds us here.  

Rudolf Steiner
Mother Mary
Guide us, protect us
Help us and heal us
From this day forth
And forever more
In the name of Thy Son
And our Lord,
Jesus Christ

Amen
On Children

By Kahlil Gibran

Your children are not your children.  
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.  
They come through you but not from you,  
And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.

You may give them your love but not your thoughts,  
For they have their own thoughts.  
You may house their bodies but not their souls,  
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow,  
which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.  
You may strive to be like them,  
but seek not to make them like you.  
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

You are the bows from which your children  
as living arrows are sent forth.  
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite,  
and He bends you with His might  
that His arrows may go swift and far.  
Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;  
For even as He loves the arrow that flies,  
so He loves also the bow that is stable
Words to Consider

“I do not believe that the accident of birth makes people sisters and brothers. It makes them siblings. Gives them mutuality of parentage. Sisterhood and brotherhood are conditions people have to work at. It's a serious matter. You compromise, you give, you take, you stand firm, and you're relentless...And it is an investment. Sisterhood means if you happen to be in Burma and I happen to be in San Diego and I'm married to someone who is very jealous and you're married to somebody who is very possessive, if you call me in the middle of the night, I have to come.”  
Maya Angelou

Someday, maybe there will exist a well-informed, well considered and yet fervent public conviction that the most deadly of all possible sins is the mutilation of a child's spirit.  
Eric Erickson

Nothing you do for children is ever wasted. They seem not to notice us, hovering, averting our eyes, and they seldom offer thanks, but what we do for them is never wasted.  
Garrison Keillor

A child educated only at school is an uneducated child.  
George Santayana

Every child begins the world again.  
Henry David Thoreau

Always kiss your children goodnight - even if they're already asleep.  
H. Jackson Brown, Jr.

It sometimes happens, even in the best of families, that a baby is born.  This is not necessarily cause for alarm. The important thing is to keep your wits about you and borrow some money.  
Elinor Goulding Smith

A baby is God's opinion that the world should go on.  
Carl Sandburg

It takes a village to raise a child.  
African proverb

Children require guidance and sympathy far more than instruction.  
Annie Sullivan

A three-year-old child is a being who gets almost as much fun out of a fifty-six dollar set of swings as it does out of finding a small green worm.  
Bill Vaughan

You can learn many things from children. How much patience you have, for instance.  
Franklin P. Jones

A child of five would understand this. Send someone to fetch a child of five.  
Groucho Marx

I have found the best way to give advice to your children is to find out what they want and then advise them to do it.  
Harry S Truman

Children have never been very good at listening to their elders, but they have never failed to imitate them.  
James Baldwin
For nothing is fixed, forever and forever and forever, it is not fixed; the earth is always shifting, the light is always changing, the sea does not cease to grind down rock. Generations do not cease to be born, and we are responsible to them because we are the only witnesses they have. The sea rises, the light fails, lovers cling to each other, and children cling to us. The moment we cease to hold each other, the sea engulfs us and the light goes out.

James Baldwin

Where did we ever get the crazy idea that in order to make children do better, first we have to make them feel worse? Think of the last time you felt humiliated or treated unfairly. Did you feel like cooperating or doing better?

Jane Nelson

You can understand and relate to most people better if you look at them -- no matter how old or impressive they may be -- as if they are children. For most of us never really grow up or mature all that much -- we simply grow taller. O, to be sure, we laugh less and play less and wear uncomfortable disguises like adults, but beneath the costume is the child we always are, whose needs are simple, whose daily life is still best described by fairy tales.

Leo C. Rosten

When I approach a child, he inspires in me two sentiments; tenderness for what he is, and respect for what he may become.

Louis Pasteur

Having children makes you no more a parent than having a piano makes you a pianist.

Michael Levine

The debt of gratitude we owe our mother and father goes forward, not backward. What we owe our parents is the bill presented to us by our children.

Nancy Friday

You know your children are growing up when they stop asking you where they came from and refuse to tell you where they're going.

P. J. O'Rourke

All children are artists. The problem is how to remain an artist once he grows up.

Pablo Picasso

If a child is to keep alive his inborn sense of wonder, he needs the companionship of at least one adult who can share it, rediscovering with him the joy, excitement and mystery of the world we live in.

Rachel Carson

If I had influence with the good fairy who is supposed to preside over the christening of all children, I should ask that her gift to each child in the world be a sense of wonder so indestructible that it would last throughout life.

Rachel Carson

We worry about what a child will become tomorrow, yet we forget that he is someone today.

Stacia Tauscher

A young child is, indeed, a true scientist, just one big question mark. What? Why? How? I never cease to marvel at the recurring miracle of growth, to be fascinated by the mystery and wonder of this brave enthusiasm.

Victoria Wagner

If you want your children to be brilliant tell them fairy tales. If you want your children to very brilliant, tell them even more fairy tales.

Albert Einstein.

Lullabies and Night Songs
Always be nice to your children because they are the ones who will choose your rest home.

Phyllis Diller

As I have discovered by examining my past, I started out as a child. Coincidentally, so did my brother. My mother did not put all her eggs in one basket, so to speak: she gave me a younger brother named Russell, who taught me what was meant by "survival of the fittest."

Bill Cosby

My childhood should have taught me lessons for my own parenthood, but it didn’t because parenting can be learned only by people who have no children.

Bill Cosby

Human beings are the only creatures that allow their children to come back home.

Bill Cosby

Don’t try to make children grow up to be like you, or they may do it.

Russell Baker

Children are a great comfort in your old age -- and they help you reach it faster, too.

Lionel Kauffman

I’ve noticed that one thing about parents is that no matter what stage your child is in, the parents who have older children always tell you the next stage is worse.

Dave Barry

You’ve got the brain of a four-year-old boy, and I bet he was glad to get rid of it.

Groucho Marx

Parents are the last people on earth who ought to have children.

Samuel Butler

Pretty much all the honest truth telling there is in the world is done by children.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

When my husband comes home, if the kids are still alive, I figure I’ve done my job.

Roseanne Barr

Your sons weren’t made to like you. That’s what grandchildren are for.

Jane Smiley

Each generation has been an education for us in different ways. The first child-with-bloody-nose was rushed to the emergency room. The fifth child-with-bloody-nose was told to go to the yard immediately and stop bleeding on the carpet.

Art Linkletter

Ask your child what he wants for dinner only if he’s buying.

Fran Lebowitz

Children are the most desirable opponents at Scrabble as they are both easy to beat and fun to cheat.

Fran Lebowitz

Do not, on a rainy day, ask your child what he feels like doing, because I assure you that what he feels like doing, you won’t feel like watching.

Fran Lebowitz

I wish to thank my parents for making it all possible...and I wish to thank my children for making it necessary.

Victor Borge
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Upcoming publications:

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Fairy Tales by Christine Natale – link to purchase as download or softcover copy
http://www.lulu.com/product/paperback/fairy-tales/12093029?productTrackingContext=search_results/search_shelf/center/1

**The Sky People**
A collection of stories in the Native American tradition written for Thanksgiving time in Christine’s Waldorf kindergarten. Suitable for all ages.

**Saint Nicholas Stories**
A collection of six stories about Saint Nicholas written for December 1 through December 6 (Saint Nicholas Day). These were created by Christine for her Waldorf Kindergarten in preparation for a visit from Saint Nicholas. Suitable for all ages.

**The Golden Soldier**
A Michaelmas story created for slightly older grades, due to length.

**Waldorf – Education for the Real World**
A collection of introductory articles on Waldorf Education written by Christine with new Waldorf parents in mind.

**Threefold Waldorf – Renewing the Paradigm**
A revolutionary work by Christine concerning the major problems facing the development and maintenance of Waldorf Schools today. Going back to the original paradigms used to create the first Waldorf School in Stuttgart, Germany, Christine is proposing some radical new approaches to the funding of Waldorf Schools and a more definitive approach to threefolding the structure of the school community.

**To Walk on Water**
A collection of original poetry for adults by Christine Natale.

**The Frog Princess**
Adapted from the Russian Fairy Tale by Christine Natale. To be performed by adults or older children. Suitable for all ages.