

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

### Norse Lullaby by Eugene Field

The sky is dark and the hills are white

As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night;

And this is the song the storm-king sings,

As over the world his cloak he flings:

"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep";

He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:

"Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountain-side a vine

Clings at the foot of a mother pine;

The tree bends over the trembling thing,

And only the vine can hear her sing:

"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep—



What shall you fear when I am here?

Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,

The tree may croon to the vine to-night,

But the little snowflake at my breast

Liketh the song *I* sing the best—

Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;

Weary thou art, a-next my heart

Sleep, little one, sleep.

