

Morag's Cradle Song

Trad

Chorus



Would she were here my lit - tle one Would she were here my

4



joy, my trea - sure Would she were here my lit - tle one.

8 Verses



1. Blue her eye as skies in sum-mer, Sweet her smile as flow - 'ret bloom-ing
2. Soft her cheek as ei - der-down is, Warm and soft her arms en - fold - ing
3. Gaze I sea - ward in the gloam-ing Gaze I sky - ward, sad and wea - ry