



Music for all songs written by Jenny Phillips

Produced by Jenny Phillips

Arrangements by Kamie Bolen, Tyler Castleton, and Daniel Lee

Child's Lullaby

Emilie Poulsson, Adapted by Jenny Phillips

Chickens run to mother hen;
Pigs are curled in their pens.
In the field all tired with play,
Quiet now the lambs will stay.
Kittens cuddle in a heap—
Child, too, must go to sleep.

Now the cows from pasture come;
Bees fly home with drowsy hum.
Little birds are in the nest,
Under mother-bird's soft breast.
Over all soft shadows creep—
Child now must go to sleep.

(Vocalist: Kara Duraccio)

Mr. Owl

Unknown and Jenny Phillips

Late at night when you're in bed,
Mr. Owl perks up his head.
He looks left and he looks right,
In the dark all through the night.
Hear him hoot when you're in bed,
When Mr. Owl perks up his head—

Beautiful world outside,
Even in the night.

(Vocalist: Jenny Phillips)

The Nesting Hour

Laurence Alma-Tadema

Robin-friend has gone to bed,
Little wing to hide his head—
Mother bird must slumber too
Just as baby robins do—
When the stars begin to rise,
Birds and babies close their eyes.
Oh, close your eyes—
Close your eyes.

(Vocalist: Kate Phillips)

Thou God Seest Me

Henry Bateman

In my soft bed, when quite alone,
God watches me with care:
Sees me, at rising, kneeling down,
And listens to my prayer.

(Vocalist: Patch Crowe)

Song at Dusk

Nancy Byrd Turner

The flowers nod, the shadows creep,
 A star comes over the hill;
The youngest lamb has gone to sleep,
 The smallest bird is still.

The world is full of drowsy things,
 And sweet with candlelight;
The nests are full of folded wings—
 Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight!

(Vocalist: Kate Phillips)

Meadow of the Night

Frank Dempster Sherman

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night—
Of the night.

(Vocalist: Anna Richey)

Tender Shepherd

Mary L. Duncan

Jesus, the tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb tonight;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

(Vocalist: Jenny Phillips)

Goodnight

Rose Fyleman

The rabbits play no more,
The little birds are weary,
The buttercups are folded up—
Good night, good night, my dearie.

The children in the country,
The children in the city,
Go to beds with nodding heads—

(Vocalist: Anna Richey)