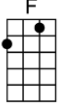
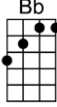
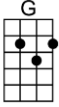
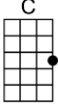
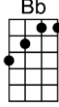
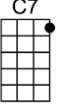
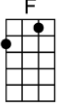
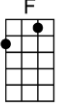
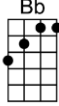
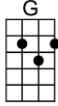
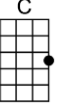
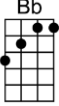
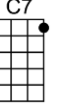
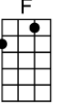


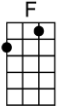
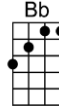
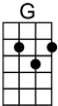
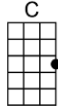
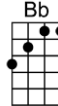

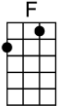
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

4/4 1...2...1234

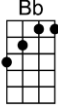
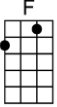
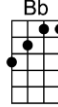
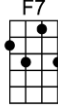
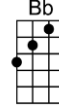
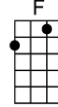

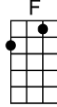

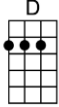
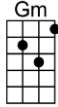
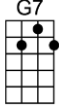
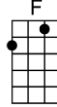
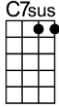

Intro:   /   /   /  /

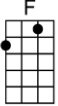
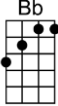
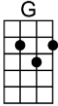
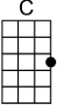
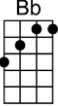
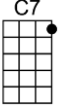
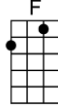
Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, all through the night

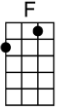
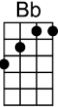
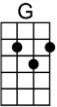
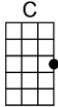
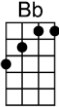
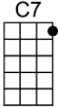
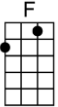
Guardian angels God will send thee, all through the night

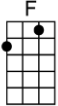
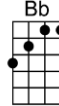
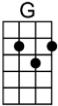
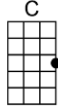
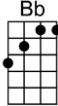
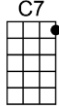
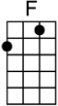
Soft, the drow-sy hours are creep-ing, hill and dale, in slumber sleep - ing

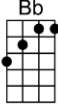
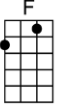
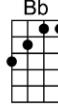
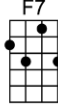
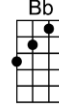
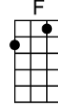

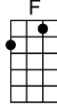

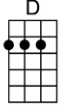
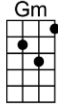
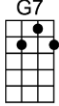
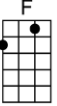
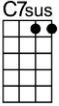
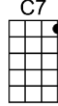
I my longing vigil keeping, all through the night

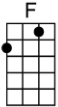
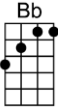
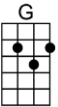
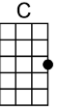
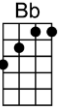
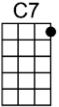
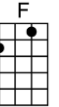
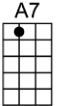
While the moon her watch is keeping, all through the night

While the weary world is sleeping, all through the night

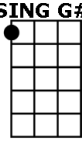
              

O'er thy spir - it gent - ly steal - ing, vis - ions of the light re-veal - ing

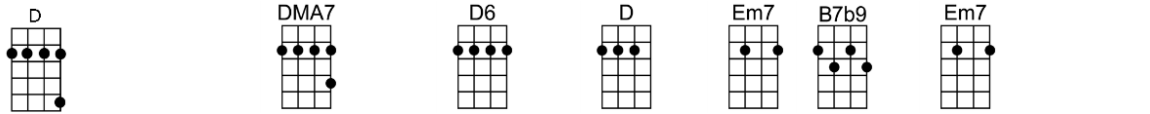
       

Breathes a pure and holy feeling, all through the night.

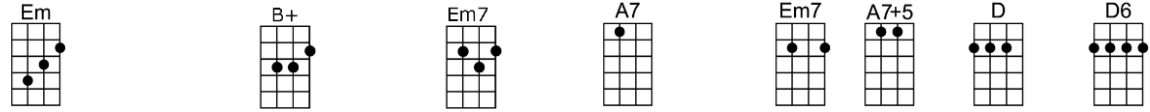
SING G#



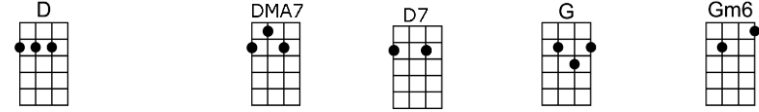
LULLABY IN RAGTIME - Sylvia Fine



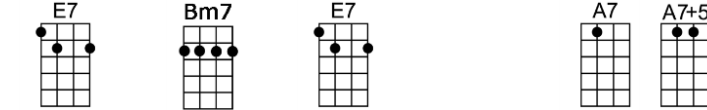
Won't you play the music so the cradle can rock to a lullaby in ragtime



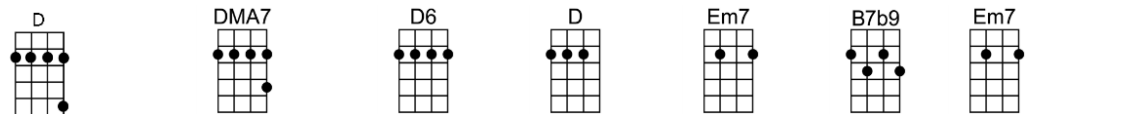
Sleepy hands are creeping to the end of the clock, play a lullaby in ragtime



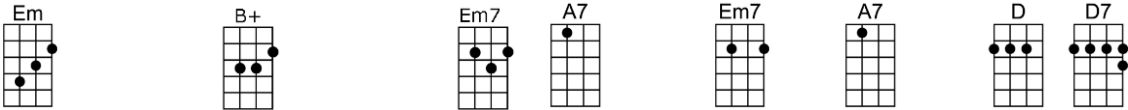
You can tell the sandman is on his way by the way that they play



As still as the trill of a thrush at twilight's hush.....so you can hear the



Rhythm of the ripples on the side of the boat as you sail a-way to dreamland



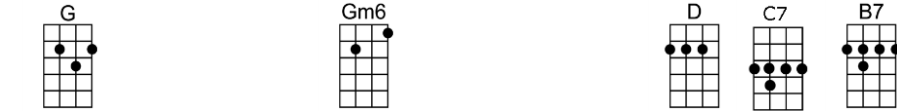
High above the moon you hear a silvery note as the sandman takes your hand



So rock-a-bye my baby, don't you cry my baby, sleepy time is nigh



Won't you rock me to a ragtime lull - a - by.



So rock-a-bye my baby, don't you cry my baby, sleepy time is nigh



Won't you rock me to a ragtime lull - a - by.