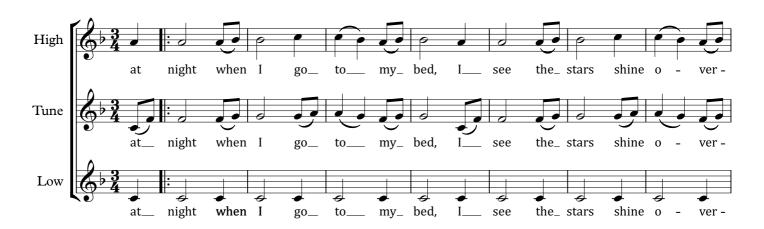
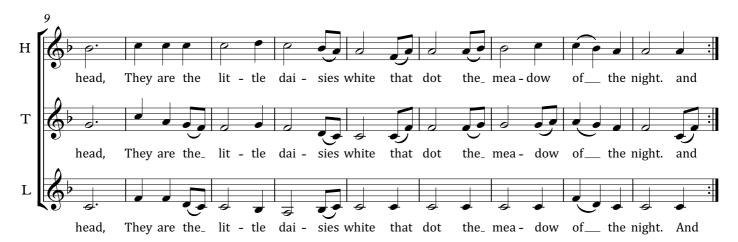
## **Daisies White**

Trad. Appalachian lullaby, arr. P. Stone





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

And often when I'm dreaming so Across the sky the moon will go She is the maiden sweet and fair Who comes to gather daisies there.

And in the morn when I arise, There's not a star left in the skies. She's picked them all and dropped them down Upon the meadow of the town.