For Christina Stelmacovich

Baby Boy
Songs from a mother to her son

James Moffett

mezzo soprano + piano
Mezzo recit

Very free $\dot{=} 60$

At first ev'rything you

Very free $\dot{=} 60$

were came from me.

At

were came from me.

at a tempo

At

first ev'rything you were ev'rything you
were, Ev’ry sin-gle thing that made your bo-dy came from me, came from my bo-dy, At first ev’ry-thing you
were came from me.
Ev'ry single cell came from me, Except that one cell from your father.
Lullaby

Adagietto \( \frac{j}{4} = 50 \)

Lul - la-lul-la-by_

my_ ba-by boy, my_ ba - by_ boy big - ger
now than me, my baby, baby boy

Used to be that I sat up awake with.
you rocking you to sleep, my baby, baby

boy Holding you close to my heart

My baby boy, my baby
boy  Now I lie in bed a-wake,- waiting for you to come__

in.  I still hold__ you close__ to my heart

Al- ways my ba- by boy, al- ways my ba- by

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When you were tiny—You looked up at me.  

I saw my reflection fill your
eyes.  

So small

And ev'ry day you've grown, your world has expanded

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Running so quickly out from my arms
As the world's reflection fills your eyes.

One day You'll look
up at her, Her reflection will fill your eyes. You'll take her in your arms

31

rit. . . . . a tempo \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{r}} = 80 \) take her in your arms

34

rit. . . . . a tempo \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{r}} = 80 \)
I will have grown small in the background

I will fade away.

And then one day may-be you'll
hold a little one     So small in your arms

And you'll see my reflection

in her eyes.

a tempo \( \frac{\text{j}}{\text{= 80}} \)
Gently \( \frac{d}{4} = 68 \)

Milk-y-sweet smelling baby,

Skin soft and warm as cream,

Just a little bit
_longer,  Let_me_hold___________ you

Keep you_safe__ and, warm__________

Just___ a____ lit-tle___ bit____ lon__ger,  I'll take you_
in my arms. Let my magic kisses heal you and my stories send you off to sleep. Let me tuck you in snug and warm, For the world is cold and
dark, And it's made me so tired, And it's made me
old and a little sad and worn. Now you can tuck the
wool blanket around my legs, tell me stories of when you
were__ young. One heal-ing kiss__ to my fore__ head.

Now____ stay a lit-tle__ bit____ lon-ger, Cheer__ me__

up____ and listen to____ me, make____ me__ laugh__

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like we used to. Stay just a little bit longer, Take my hand in your soft, warm hand, "

\textit{meno mosso}

My honey sweet

\textit{meno mosso}

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