

ROCK-A-BYE BABY

Rock-a-bye baby in the tree top

When the wind blows the cradle will rock

When the bough breaks the cradle will fall

And down will come baby, cradle and all

Baby is drowsing, cozy and fair

Mother is near in her rocking chair

Forward and back the cradle she swings

Though baby is sleeping, he hears what she sings

Rock-a-bye baby do not you fear

Never mind baby, mother is near

Wee little fingers, eyes are shut tight

Now soundly sleeping until morning's light