

Rock-a-bye, baby,
In the treetop,
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,
Cosy and fair.
Mother sits near,
In her rocking chair.
Forward and back
The cradle she swings,
And though baby sleeps,
He hears what she sings.

From the high rooftops
Down to the sea,
No one's as dear
As baby to me.
Wee little fingers,
Eyes wide and bright —
Now sound asleep
Until morning light.

