



See the mother bird tenderly singing,
Away in the treetop high,
Where her cozy nest is gently swinging,
In time to her lullaby.
Hush-a-bye, rock-a-bye,
In their cradles the babies swing,
Hush-a-bye, lullaby,
All the world loves to hear mothers sing.



Hear the good night song tenderly falling,
O'er cradles where babies sleep,
Where, in love, a prayer softly is calling,
That angels, their watch will keep.
Hush-a-bye, rock-a-bye,
In their cradles the babies swing,
Hush-a-bye, lullaby,
All the world loves to hear mothers sing.

See the stars, their watch steadily keeping,
O'er birdies and babies fair;
All night long, while dear babies are sleeping,
They're safe in the Father's care.
Hush-a-bye, rock-a-bye,
In their cradles the babies swing,
Hush-a-bye, lullaby,
All the world loves to hear mothers sing.

