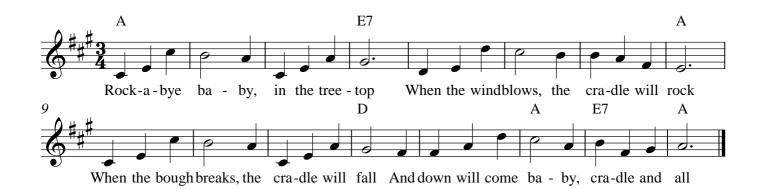
Rock A Bye Baby

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Baby is drowsing, cozy 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.