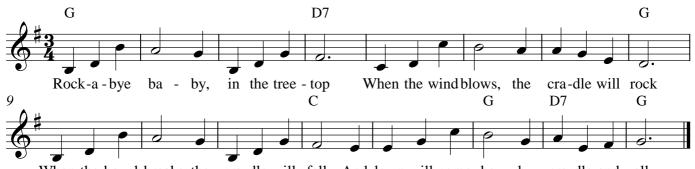
Rock A Bye Baby

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When the boughbreaks, the cra-dle will fall And down will come ba - by, cra-dle and all

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.