

Good Night 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
Down will come baby, cradle and all.

Baby is drowsing, cozy and fair
Mother sits near in her rocking chair
Forward and back, the cradle she swings
Though baby sleeps, he hears what she sings.