

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