THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

Words by Eugene Field

Music by M. Irene Gurney

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THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

Words by EUGENE FIELD.

Music by M. IRENE GURNEY.

Andante sostenuto.

VOICE.

The Rock-a-by Lady from

Hush-a-by Street Comes stealing; comes creeping; The

poppies they hang from her head to her feet, And each hath a dream that is

tiny and fleet. She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet, When she findeth you
Sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—"Rub-a-dub-dub!" it goeth; There is one little dream of a big sugar plum, And

lo! thick and fast the other dreams come Of pop-guns that bang, and tin
p rit. - ff a tempo
tops that hum, And a trumpet that bloweth!

Allegretto.

And

dol - lies peep out of those wee lit - tle dreams With laugh - ter and

sing - ing; And boats go a - float - ing on sil - ve - ry streams, And the

A.C. 1155
stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams, And up, up and up, where the

mother Moon beams, The fairies go winging!

Would you

dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet? They'll come to you
sleeping; So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet, For the

Rocca-by Lady from Hush-a-by Street, With poppies that hang from her

head to her feet, Comes stealing; comes creeping.