

# Lullaby In Ragtime

[Harry Nilsson](#)

Fine Won't you play the music so the cradle can rock,  
to a lullaby in ragtime.

Sleepy hands are creeping to the end of the clock,  
play a lullaby in ragtime.

You can tell the sandman is on his way,  
by the way,  
that they play,

As still, as the trill, of a thrush, in a twilight high. So you can hear the:-  
Rhythm of the ripples on the side of the boat, as you sail away to dreamland.

High above the moon you hear a silvery note,  
as the sandman takes your hand.

So rock-a-by my baby,  
don't you cry my baby,  
sleepy-time is nigh.

Won't you rock me to a ragtime lullaby,  
So rock-a-by my baby,

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