

Prairie Lullaby

Birds of Chicago

Shadows slowly creeping down the prairie trail
Everything is sleeping - ah, but the nightingale
Moon will soon be climbing in the purple sky
Night winds all a-humming this tender lullaby.

Cares of the day have fled

My little sleepyhead

Stars are in the sky

Time that the prayers were said

My little sleepyhead

To a prairie lullaby

Saddle up your pony

The sandman's here

To guide you down the trail of dreams

Tumble in bed my tired

My little sleepyhead,

To a prairie lullaby

Saddle up your pony

The sandman's here

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Tumble in bed my tired

My little sleepyhead

To a prairie lullaby

Lyrics provided by

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