

Midnight Lullaby

Mae Robertson

Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye
Hush-a bye my baby, no need to be crying
 You can burn the midnight oil with me
As long as you will stare out at the moon
 Upon the windowsill and dream
Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye
Hush-a bye my baby, no need to be crying
 There's dew drops on the window sill
Gumdrops in your head slipping into dream land
 You're nodding your head, so dream
Dream of West Virginia or of the British Isles
'Cause when you are dreaming you see for miles and miles
 When you are much older, remember when we sat
At midnight on the windowsill and had this little chat
And dream, come on and dream, come on and dream
And dream, and dream, come on dream

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