

“THE FISHER CHILD’S LULLABY”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

The wind is out in its rage to–night,
And your father is far at sea.
The rime on the window is hard and white
But dear, you are near to me.

Heave ho, weave low,
Waves of the briny deep;
Seethe low and breathe low,
But sleep you, my little one, sleep, sleep.

The little boat rocks in the cove no more,
But the flying sea–gulls wail;
I peer through the darkness that wraps the shore,
For sight of a home set sail.

Heave ho, weave low,
Waves of the briny deep;
Seethe low and breathe low,
But sleep you, my little one, sleep, sleep.

Ay, lad of mine, thy father may die
In the gale that rides the sea,
But we'll not believe it, not you and I,
Who mind us of Galilee.

Heave ho, weave low,
Waves of the briny deep;
Seethe low and breathe low,
But sleep you, my little one, sleep, sleep.