

“THE FARM CHILD’S LULLABY”

BY

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Oh, the little bird is rocking in the cradle of the wind,
And it’s bye, my little wee one, bye;
The harvest all is gathered and the pippins all are binned;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
The little rabbit’s hiding in the golden shock of corn,
The thrifty squirrel’s laughing bunny’s idleness to scorn;
You are smiling with the angels in your slumber, smile till morn;
So it’s bye, my little wee one, bye.

There’ll be plenty in the cellar, there’ll be plenty on the shelf;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
There’ll be goodly store of sweetings for a dainty little elf;
Bye, my little wee one, bye.
The snow may be a–flying o’er the meadow and the hill,
The ice has checked the chatter of the little laughing rill,
But in your cosey cradle you are warm and happy still;
So bye, my little wee one, bye.

Why, the Bob White thinks the snowflake is a brother to his song;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
And the chimney sings the sweeter when the wind is blowing strong;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
The granary's overflowing, full is cellar, crib, and bin,
The wood has paid its tribute and the ax has ceased its din;
The winter may not harm you when you're sheltered safe within;
So bye, my little wee one, bye.