

Hush-A-Bye

Peter, Paul and Mary

Hush-a-bye, don't you cry, go to sleep you little baby.
When you wake you shall have all the pretty little horses.
Dapples and greys, pintos and bays, all the pretty little horse
s.

Way down yonder, in the meadow,
Poor little baby cryin, "mama";
Birds and the butterflies flutter round his eyes,
Poor little baby cryin' "mama".

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