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OUR BABY.

BABY'S LULLABY.

BY-BY, little birdie,
Baby's going to bed ;
On his snow-white pillow
Rests his golden head.
Gentle sleep is coming
To close each bright blue
eye ;
From the green trees, 'birdie,
Sing a lullaby.

By-by, little birdie,
Baby's going to rest,
Like a little birdie
In its warm wee nest.
The moon will keep her
vigil
In the star-lit sky ;
Baby's tired, birdie,
Sing a lullaby.

By-by, little birdie,
Green trees, pretty flowers ;
You must sleep, like baby,
Through the quiet hours.
When God bids fair Nature
Return to life and glee,
Birdie, waken baby
With your melody.

By-by, little birdie,
Baby's going to sleep ;
He who feeds the sparrows
Will our darling keep.
He will close His curtains
Softly by and by,
While His holy angels
Sing a lullaby.