LULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS

Shielding their sleep,
Unyielding to sleep,
The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep,—

Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep.

ks you

n your

anch of curling

leep is

ep,

open