

Lullaby of the Iroquois

Little brown baby-bird, lapped in yo
nest,

Wrapped in your nest,

Strapped in your nest,

Your straight little cradle-board rocks yo
to rest;

Its hands are your nest,

Its bands are your nest;

It swings from the down-bending branch o
the oak;

You watch the camp flame, and the curling
gray smoke;

But, oh, for your pretty black eyes sleep is
best,—

Little brown baby of mine, go to rest.

Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep,

Winging to sleep,

Singing to sleep,

Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open
keep,