

LULLABY.

Now the little white sheep,
And the little black sheep,
They have all gone to sleep
In the fold.

And the little children, too,
Must do as lambs do;
They must all go to sleep
In the fold.

Nothing is black,
Nothing is white,
When the kind old night
Hides them all out of sight
In the fold.

Nothing is hungry,
Nothing is cold,
When it once goes to sleep
In the fold.

—*Edith M. Thomas.*