

HUSHABY

Sleep little velvety Dove on my heart,
Droop your soft eyelids in rest.
Fear nought of harm while your Mother's warm
arm
Gathers you close to her breast.

Little waves lapping along the low shore
Whisper a drowsy-sweet song :
Softly they flow where the green rushes grow
Dreaming the hours along.

Gently the moon as she rocks in the sky
Lulls the wee birdies to sleep.
To my white Dove, she is crooning in love,
While the bright Stars their watch keep.

Slowly comes Night in her dim clinging gown
Kissing the slumbering flowers.
Sweetly she sings, and a dream-cloud she brings,
From the far Land of Lost Hours.

Velvety Dove, cuddle close to my heart
Droopy soft eyelids in rest.
Mother's warm arm will protect you from harm
Sleeping so safe on her breast.