

LULLABY IN RAGTIME



Won't you play the music so the cradle can rock
To a lullaby in ragtime.
Sleepy hands are creepin' to the end of the clock ---
Play a lullaby in ragtime.
You can tell the sandman is on his way
By the way
That they play
As still as a trill of a thrush
In a twilight hush
So you can hear the
Rhythm of the ripples on the side of the boat
As you sail away to dreamland;
High above the moon you hear a silvery note
As the sandman takes your hand.
So rockabye my baby,
Don't you cry, my baby,
Sleepy-time is nigh.
Won't you rock me to a ragtime lullaby.

Sylvia Fine
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