

Name: _____

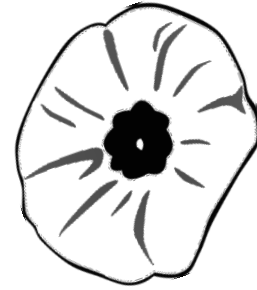
Date: _____

The Rock-a-By Lady by Eugene Field

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street

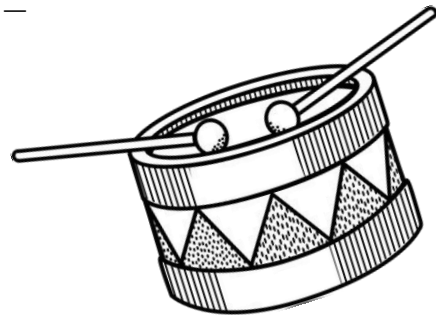
Comes stealing; comes creeping;

The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,



And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet –

She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,

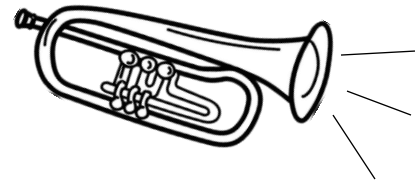


When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum –

“Rub-a-dub!” it goeth;

There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,



And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come

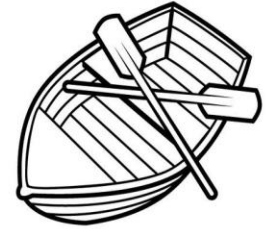
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,

And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams

With laughter and singing;

And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,



And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,

And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,



The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?

They'll come to you sleeping;

So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,

For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,

With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,

Comes stealing; comes creeping.

