

Joan Baez, All The Pretty Little Horses

Hush-a-bye, don't you cry
Go to sleepy, little baby
When you wake you shall have
All the pretty little horses

Way down yonder in the meadow
Lies a poor little lambie
Bees and butterflies, picking out its eyes
Poor little thing's crying, "Mami"

Hush-a-bye, don't you cry
Go to sleepy, little baby.