

# Oscar Brand, Rock-A-Bye Baby

Rock-a-bye, baby, Daddy's a Whig;  
When he comes home, hard cider he'll swig.  
When he has swug, he'll fall in a stew;  
And down will come Tyler and Tippecanoe.

Rock-a-bye, baby, when you awake,  
You will discover Tip is a fake.  
Far from the battle, war cry, and drum,  
He sits in his cabin a-drinking bad rum.

Rock-a-bye, baby, never you cry;  
You need not fear ol' Tip and his Ty.  
What they would ruin, Van Buren will fix:  
Van's a magician; they are but tricks.