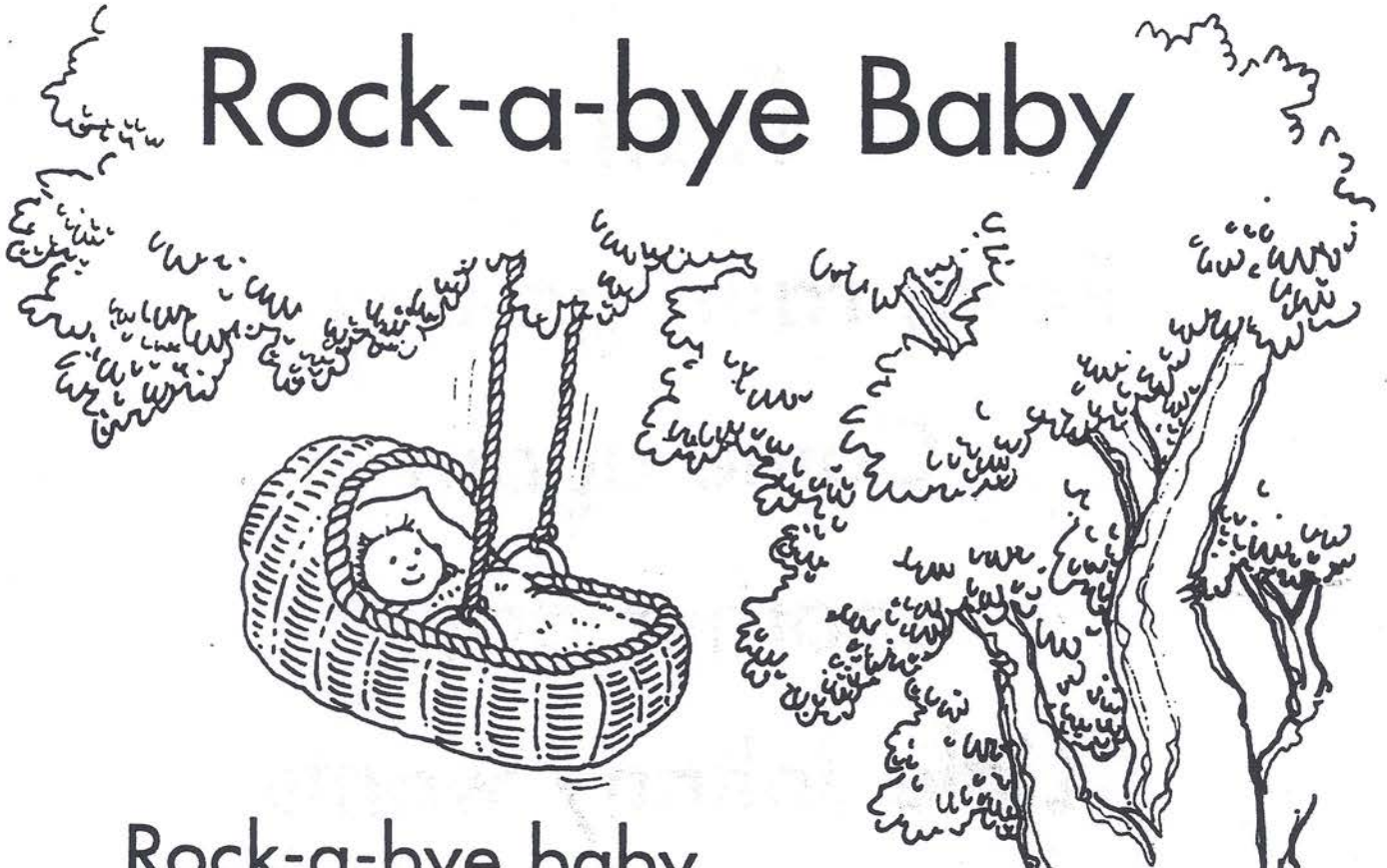


Rock-a-bye Baby



Rock-a-bye baby
On the treetop,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall,
And down will come
baby,
Cradle, and all.