

All the Pretty Little Horses

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Hushaby, don' you cry
Go to sleepy little baby
When you awake you shall have cake
And all the pretty little horses.
Blacks and Bays, Dapples and Grays
Coach, and a six a little horses.
So hushaby, etc.
Way down yonda', down in the medder
There's a poor little lambie.
Bees an' the butterflies peckin' out his eyes
Poor lambie cried fo' his mammy. But hushaby, etc.

Folk Song U.S.A., Lomax

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