

## WPA Lullaby

By: Frank Sprague

The room is cold and dreary,  
And the feeble fire burns low;  
For "needs" must hoard the pennies  
'Though angry storm winds blow.  
A mother with her baby boy,  
To soothe his plaintive cry,  
Pretends that they are happy  
And sings this lullaby:

Double-U.P.A. for papa  
And a pension for grandad.  
You may be the President;  
Gee, but mama's glad.  
Swing him high and swing him low.  
Won't that be just grand  
When they shout my baby's name  
And play the big brass band?

His little face is puny,  
And his cheeks are pale and wan.  
He's always cold and hungry:  
The money is all gone.  
His skinny hands caress her  
When his mother starts to cry.  
He says, "Let's play at make believe  
And sing our lullaby."

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