

Little Sister

BATH-TIME

BABY'S got no legs at all;
They're soft and pinky, crumpied things.
If he stood up he'd only fall;
But then, you see, he's used to wings.

BED-TIME

Baby, baby, bye,
Close your little eye!
When the dark begins to creep
Tiny-wees must go to sleep.

Lammy, lammy, lie,
I am seven, I;
Little boys must sleep and wait
If they want their bed-time late.

Fidgy, fidgy, fie,
There's no need to cry!
Soon you'll never dress in white,
But sit up working half the night.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.