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Lullaby

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suppressive applications of the McCarran Act make it too dangerous a legal instrument to be tolerated in a country that intends to remain democratic.

Lullaby . . .

. . . Mary Louise Lemon

Sleep now, child; your mother is worn
—Fa! my boy, my dear, naughty boy—
You've hidden your blocks and you've broken your horn
—Fa, Fa! my dear, naughty boy—
You looked for adventure and you soon found
A frog in the pond, a worm on the ground.
And now you must sleep with what you have found
—Fa, Fa! my dear, naughty boy.

Away to the west where the sun goes down
—La! my boy, my sweet darling boy—
Away to the night on your bed of down
—La, La! my sweet, darling boy—
Away I will whisk you; and we shall see
Stars that are ships on the night's dark sea,
Bobbing, and blinking the lights on their lee
—La, La! my sweet, darling boy—

Then back to the east where the sun comes up
—Ha! my boy, my pretty, bright boy—
Back to the morning when you'll wake up
—Ha, Ha! my pretty, bright boy—
Back to your room, to your wee, blue crib,
To your tall highchair and your messy bib,
Back to the day and the toys that you hid.
(Fa! my dear naughty boy, my boy!)
—Ha, Ha! my pretty bright boy!—