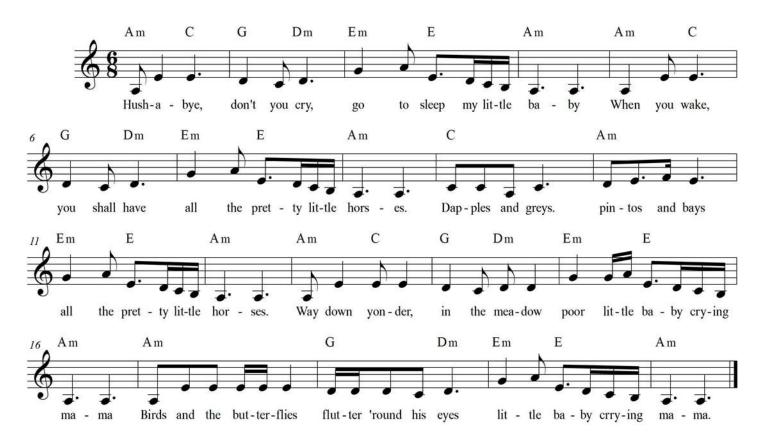
All The Pretty Little Horses

www.singing-bell.com



Hush-a-by, don't you cry, go to sleep, little baby. When you wake, you shall have all the pretty little horses.

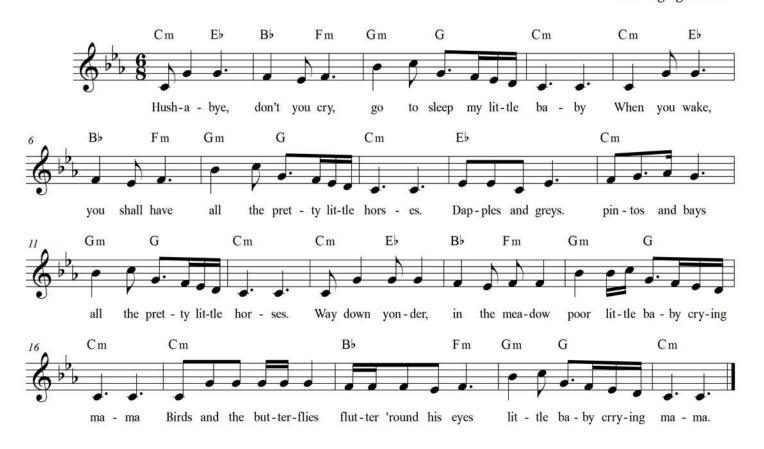
Dapples and grays, pintos and bays all the pretty little horses.

Way down yonder, in the meadow poor little baby crying mama.

Birds and the butterflies flutter 'round his eyes, little baby crying mama.

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