

## LULLABY

Hush my little daughter,  
hush my little son,  
like the sturdy olive  
growing tall and strong.

I said to my daughter:  
“Hush my baby, do,  
here beneath my poncho  
is a pineapple for you.”

I said to my son:  
“Hush my little child,  
here’s a shell I’ve brought  
from the seashore wild.”

Hush my little daughter,  
hush my little son,  
like the sturdy olive  
growing tall and strong.

I looked at my children  
sleeping close to me,  
I gave them each one olive,  
black as black could be.

After they had eaten  
I took away the stones.  
In the earth I placed them,  
so olive trees might grow.

Hush my little daughter,  
hush my little son,  
like the sturdy olive  
growing tall and strong.