

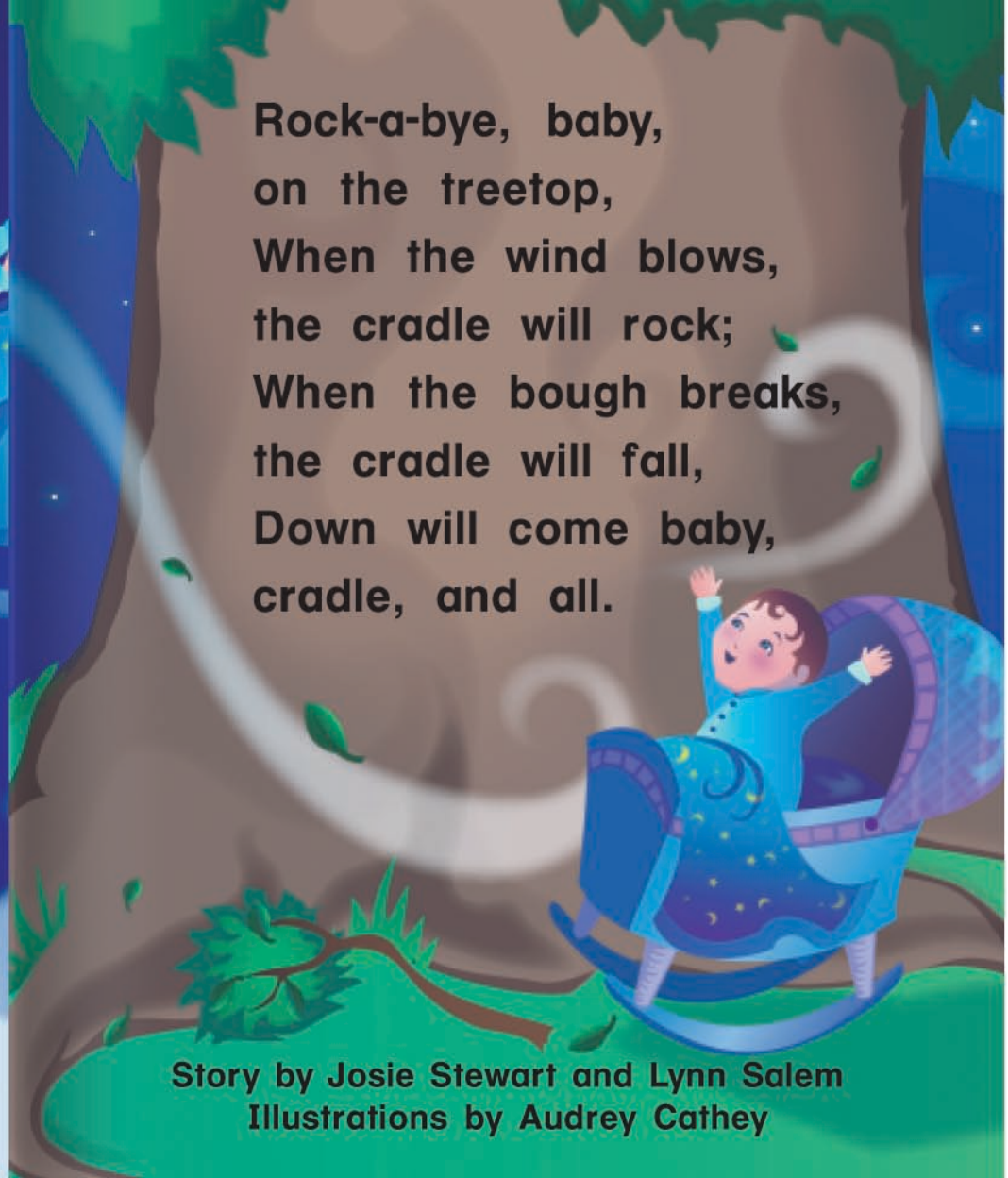
Rock-a-bye, baby,
on the treetop,
When the wind blows,
the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby,
cradle, and all.



Story by Josie Stewart and Lynn Salem
Illustrations by Audrey Cathey



**Up, up, up
went the baby to the moon.**



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