

## SONG FOR A FIFTH CHILD

Mother, oh Mother, come shake out your cloth  
empty the dustpan, poison the moth,  
hang out the washing and butter the bread,  
sew on a button and make up a bed.

Where is the mother whose house is so shocking?

*She's up in the nursery, blissfully rocking.*

Oh, I've grown shiftless as **LITTLE BOY BLUE**  
(lullaby, rockaby, lullaby loo).

Dishes are waiting and bills are past due  
(pat-a-cake, darling, and peek, peekaboo).

The shopping's not done and there's nothing for stew  
and out in the yard there's a hullabaloo

**BUT I'M PLAYING KANGA AND THIS IS MY ROO.**

Look! Aren't her eyes the most wonderful hue?  
(lullaby, rockaby, lullaby loo).

The cleaning and scrubbing will wait till tomorrow,  
for children grow up, as I've learned to my sorrow.

*So quiet down, cobwebs. Dust go to sleep.*

*I'm rocking my baby and babies don't keep.*

by Ruth Hulburt Hamilton