The Lullaby Of Broadway

Come-on a-long and listen to the lul-la-by of Broadway.

The hip hoo-ray and bal-ly hoo, the lul-la-by of Broadway.

The hid-dee-hi and boop-a-doo, the lul-la-by of Broadway.

The rum-ble of the sub-way train, The rat-tle of the tax-is.

The band be-gins to go to town, and ev-ry one goes cra-zy.

The daf-fy-dils who en-ter-tain at An-gelo's and
You rock-a-bye your ba-by 'round 'til ev-ry things get

Max-ie's. When a Broad-way ba-by says "Good-night,"
haz-y. Hush-a-bye, I'll buy you this and that

it's ear-ly in the morn-ing. Man-hat-tan ba-bies don't sleep tight
you hear a dad-dy say-ing. And ba-by goes home to her flat

un-til the dawn: Good-night Baby, good-night to sleep all day:
milk-man's on his way. Sleep tight, Baby, sleep tight,

let's call it a day Hey! Let's call it a day. Listen to the

lullaby of old Broadway.