

Sh-Ta-Ra-Dah-Dey (Irish lullaby) [1927]

Arranged by Edward Joseph Collins, composer

Introduction by Carl Sandburg, AMERICAN SONGBAG author,
and Chicago acquaintance of Collins.

This little croon is an impromptu, made up in some hour when a man or woman holding a baby, or rocking a cradle, needed hushing words for a hushing tune. Of course, the statistical information that a dollar a day is all they pay for work on the boulevard does not interest a sleepy child, but as crooned by Robert E. Lee, of the *Chicago Tribune*, the word "boul-e-ward" has a comforting and soothing quality. Lee heard the song from an Irishman in charge of the railroad station at Wallingford, Iowa. While selling passenger tickets, or making out way-bills, or figuring freight demurrage, or hustling trunks off and on baggage cars, or piling crates of eggs, "the agent" would ease his heart with this lullaby.

Sh-ta-ra-dah-dey, sh-ta-dey,
Times is mighty hard,
A dollar a day is all they pay,
For work on the boulevard.