

# Little Sandman's Song

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The flowers are all sleeping  
Safe in their starlit beds,  
And as the moon comes creeping  
They nod their fragrant heads.  
The drowsy, budding branch lets fall  
An air that seems to call:  
Sleep a while, sleep a while,  
My children, sleep a while.

The birds that sang so bravely  
Are silent in the nest,  
The sun itself has gravely  
Found pillows in the west.  
The cricket as he grinds away  
Works all night long to say:  
Sleep a while, sleep a while,  
My children, sleep a while.

The Sandman comes in gliding  
Up to each sleepyhead  
To see if someone's hiding  
Who should have gone to bed  
And when a yawning child he spies,  
He drops sand in his eyes.  
Sleep a while, sleep a while,  
My children, sleep a while.