Little Sandman's Song

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.