

Oh! look how they go,
Some fast and some slow;
But everyone bright
With colors aglow.
The same as we've seen
In the shining rainbow;
Of yellow and purple,
Of orange and green;
Now, back here they come,
Oh! where have they been?

I think it quite time,
As it's now after nine,
To creep off to sleep
Sweet baby of mine.
I know you are weary,
Your eyelids are heavy;
We'll stop blowing bubbles,
We'll stop playing fairy.
So, come my little one,
Come my wee dearie,
In your warm cot,
I tuck you so cheery.