

NIGHT TIME

Little owlets in the tree,
Will you come and play with me?
Tell me all the secrets deep
That you learn when I'm asleep?

How the moon man shines all night,
Making all the world so bright?
Sometimes he looks in at me,
But then he's very pale, you see.

And do the fairies really dance
In the glen behind the mill?
And do they ever wander here
And come to me quite near?

And really do you owls at night
Talk quite like Prue and me?
And do you answer questions right,
Whatever they may be?

I wish I were a little bird
And could fly, fly away
Into the nice moonlight
And with the fairies play.

I really think when I'm a man
I shall sleep, sleep all day,
And only come out when its night
And everything's so gay.