



Wee Willie Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie
runs through the town.
Upstairs and downstairs
in his nightgown.
Rapping at the windows,
crying through the lock.
“Are the children all in bed?”
“Are the children all in bed?”
For it’s now eight o’clock.

Star light, star bright,
first star I see tonight.
I wish I may, I wish I might,
have the wish I wish tonight.

Catchat