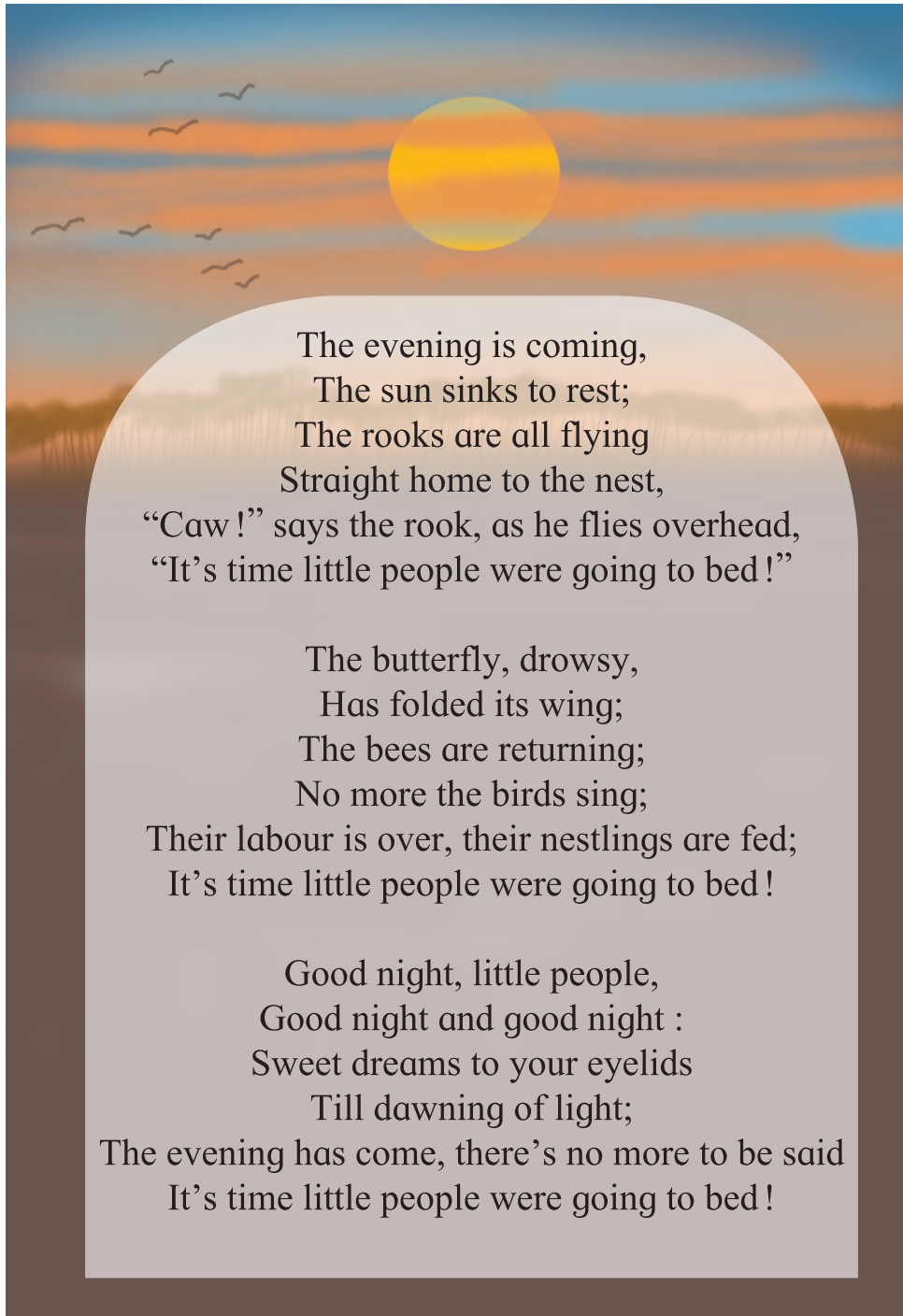


37. Bedtime



The evening is coming,
The sun sinks to rest;
The rooks are all flying
Straight home to the nest,
“Caw!” says the rook, as he flies overhead,
“It’s time little people were going to bed!”

The butterfly, drowsy,
Has folded its wing;
The bees are returning;
No more the birds sing;
Their labour is over, their nestlings are fed;
It’s time little people were going to bed!

Good night, little people,
Good night and good night :
Sweet dreams to your eyelids
Till dawning of light;
The evening has come, there’s no more to be said
It’s time little people were going to bed!

- **rook** : a kind of bird. ● **drowsy** : sleepy. ● **labour** : hard work.
- **nestlings** : young birds which haven’t yet left their nest.

Things to do :

1. Read the poem aloud.
2. Write what the following are doing – * rooks * butterfly * bees * birds.
3. What is your ‘bedtime’ ? Who tells you to go to bed ?