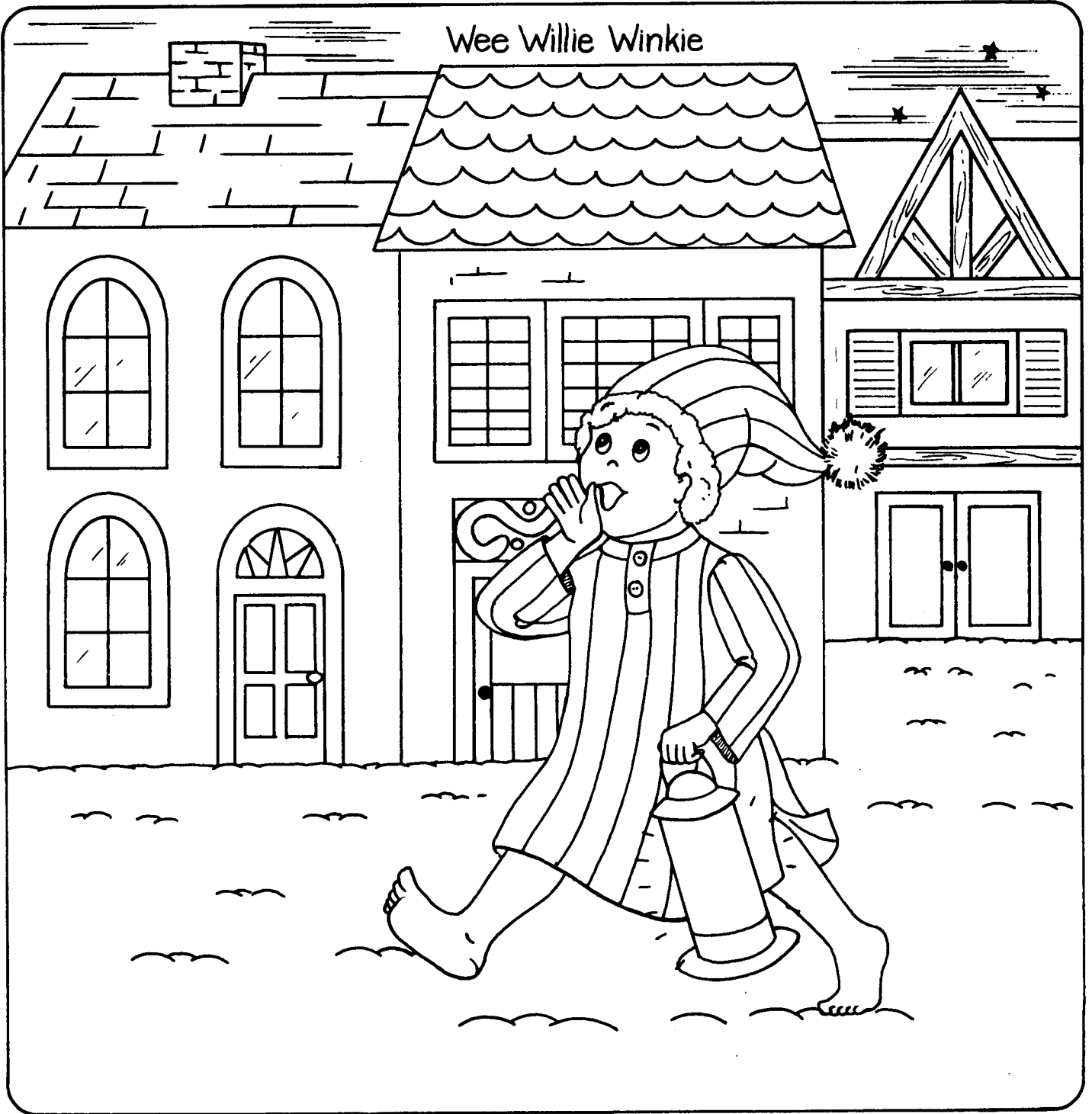


Wee Willie Winkie



Wee Willie Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs,
In his nightgown,
Rapping at the window,
Crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds?
Now it's eight o'clock."