

The bent twig of darkness
Grows the petals of the morning;
It shows to them the birds singing
just behind the dawning.
Come dip into the cloud cream lapping;
I can't keep my hand on the plough
Because it's dying.

But I will lay me down with my arms
round a rainbow,
And I will lay me down to dream.
Oh, will your magic Christmas tree be shining
Gently all around?

Climbing up these figures
The sun is tugging at my shoulder.
And, every step I take,
I think my feet are getting older.
I see the crystal dreams unfolding,
I can't keep my eyes on the book because it's mouldring.

But I will lay me down with my arms
round a rainbow,
And I will lay me down to dream.
Oh, will your magic Christmas tree be shining
Gently all around?