The Sand-Man

When day grows dim, they watch for him, he comes to place his claim;

Copyright © 2008 Gary Bachlund  All international rights reserved.  www.bachlund.org
he wears the crown of Dream-ing-town; the Sand-man is his name.

spark-ling eyes troop sleep-y-wise and bu-sy lips grow dumb; when

lit-tle heads nod towards the beds, we know the Sand-man's come.