

# “THE SAND-MAN”

BY

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I know a man  
With face of tan,  
But who is ever kind;  
Whom girls and boys  
Leaves games and toys  
Each eventide to find.

When day grows dim,  
They watch for him,  
He comes to place his claim;  
He wears the crown  
Of Dreaming-town;  
The sand-man is his name.

When sparkling eyes  
Troop sleepywise  
And busy lips grow dumb;  
When little heads  
Nod toward the beds,  
We know the sand-man's come.