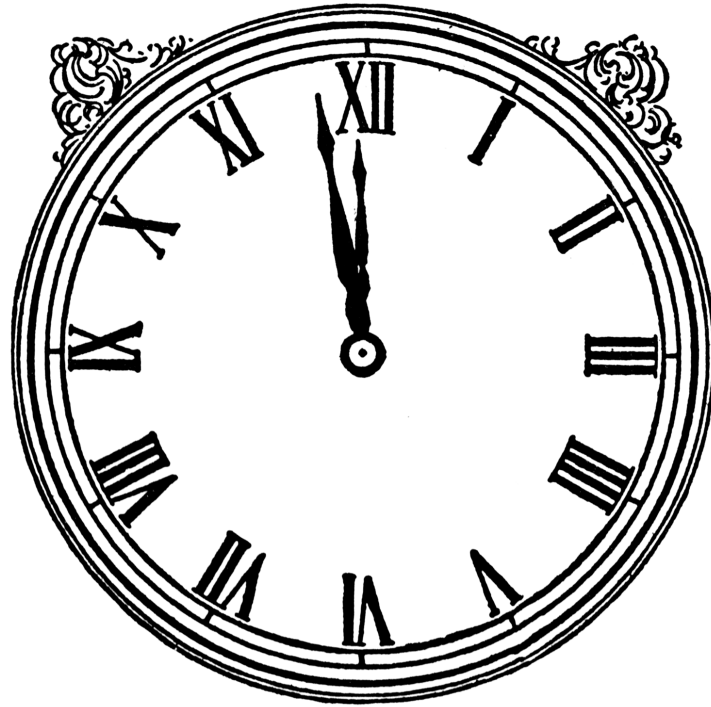


Wee Willie Winkie

By William Miller



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, for now it’s eight
o’clock?”