

# Bed Time Song

The evening is coming;  
The sun sinks to rest.  
The crows are all flying  
Straight home to the nest.  
"Caw" says the crow  
As he flies overhead.  
"It's time little people  
Were going to bed!"  
The flowers are closing;  
The daisy's asleep.  
The primrose is buried  
In slumber so deep.

Closed for the night  
Are the roses so red.  
It's time little people  
Were going to bed!

This song has been downloaded from [BusSongs.com](http://BusSongs.com).