

In The Sunken Lane Of The Moor

In the sunken lane of the moor,
Blacks imps, werewolves,
When night has come, as in a mad noisy dance,
Pursue one another like lunatics.

I hear noise close to the door
Close your eyes my little boy
The malicious werewolves carry off
The children who do not sleep.

Go to sleep, my little man
Because your mom, close to the cradle
Watches over your light nap
Until tomorrow, until tomorrow.
Go to sleep.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.