

John O' Dreams

When midnight (comes/sings) the people homeward tread.
Seek now your blankets and your feather beds.
Home is the rover,
His journey's over.
Yield up the darkness to old John O' Dreams,
Yield up the darkness to old John O' Dreams.

Across the hills the sun has gone astray.
Tomorrow's cares are many dreams away.
The stars are flying,
Your candle's dying.
Yield up the darkness to old John O' Dreams,
Yield up the darkness to old John O' Dreams.

Both man and master in the night they're one
All things are equal when the day is done
The prince, the plowman,
The slave, the freeman,
All find their comfort in old John O' Dreams,
All find their comfort in old John O' Dreams.

(When sleep it comes and dreams come running clear.
/Now as you sleep the dreams come winging clear.)
The hawks of morning cannot (reach/harm) you here.
Sleep is (a/your) river,
(Flows/Float on) down forever.
And for your boatman choose old John O' Dreams,
And for your boatman choose old John O' Dreams.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.