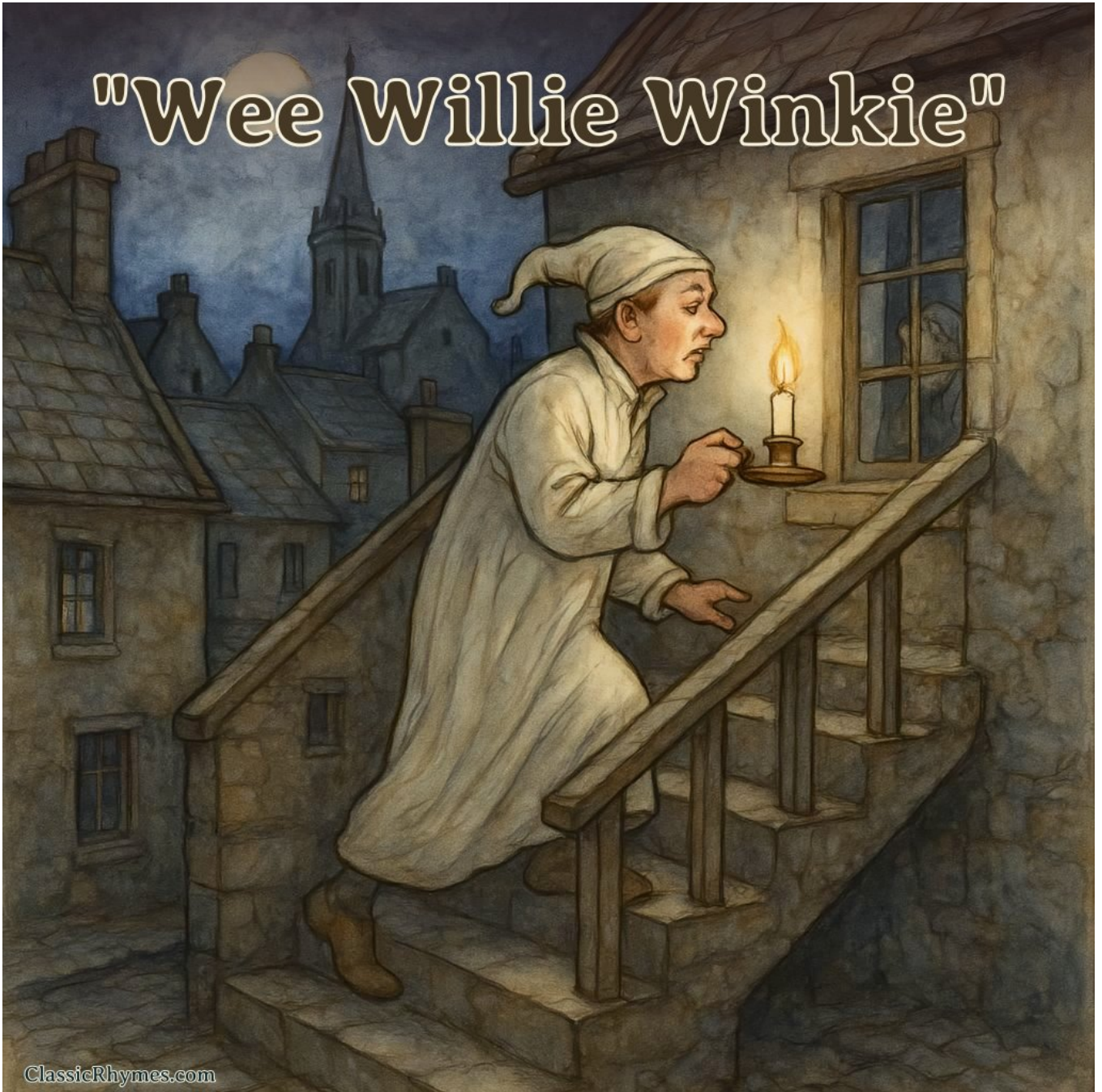


"Wee Willie Winkie"



Wee Willie Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown.
Tapping at the window, crying through the lock,
“Are the children all in bed? For it’s now eight o’clock.”