

Daisies White

Trad. USA (Appalachian)

At night when I go to my bed
I see the stars shine overhead
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often when I'm dreaming so
Across the sky the moon will go
She is the maiden sweet and fair
Who comes to gather daisies there.

And in the morn when I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies.
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Upon the meadow of the town.