

Christy Moore, John O'Dreams

When midnight comes and people homeward tread
Seek now your blanket and your feather bed
Home comes the rover his journeys over
Yield up the night time to old John O'Dreams
Across the hills the sun has gone astray
Tomorrows cares are many dreams away
They stars are flying your candle is dying
Yield up the darkness to old John O'Dreams
Both man and master in the night are one
All things are equal when the day is done
The prince and the ploughman, the slave and the freeman
All find their comfort in old John O'Dreams
When sleep it comes the dreams come running clear
The hawks of morning cannot reach you here
Sleep is a river, flow on forever
And for your boatman choose old John O'Dreams