

## John O Dreams

Christy Moore

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