# Night and Stars

Night takes away

The light of day

In a black sack.

Bright white stars escape

Through holes they make

In the black sack

The night has on its back.

*Stanley Cook*

# Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

Twinkle, twinkle little star

How I wonder what you are

Up above the world so high

Like a diamond in the sky

Twinkle, twinkle little star

How I wonder what you are.

*Anon*

Week 1

# Star Light, Star Bright

Star light

Star bright

First star I see tonight

I wish I may

I wish I might

Have this wish I wish tonight….

Anon

Week 1

# Escape at Bedtime

The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out

Through the blinds and the windows and bars;

And high overhead and all moving about,

Were thousands of millions of stars.

There ne’er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,

Nor of people in church or the park,

As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,

And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog and the Plough and the Hunter and all,

And the star of the sailor and Mars,

These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall,

Would be half full of water and stars.

They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,

And they soon had me packed into bed;

But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,

And the stars going round in my head.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

Week 2

### Counting the Stars

It’s late at night

and John is counting the stars

he’s walking through the woods

and counting the stars.

The night is clear

and the stars are like salt

on a black tablecloth.

John counts silently,

his lips moving, his head tilted.

It’s late at night

and John is counting stars

until he walks into a tree

that he never saw

because he was counting stars.

Look at John

lying in the woods.

The woodland creatures are gathering around him

laughing.

In little woodland voices.

MORAL: Even when you’re looking up,

Don’t forget to look down.

##### Ian McMillan

Week 2

###### **Moonlight, Summer Moonlight**

‘Tis moonlight, summer moonlight,

All soft and still and fair;

The silent time of midnight

Shines sweetly everywhere,

But most where trees are sending

Their breezy boughs on high,

Or stooping low are lending

A shelter from the sky.

*Emily Bronte*

Week