GOODNIGHT LITTLE MOO



BY CHILDBOOK.AI

The sun dips low, the sky turns pink, Little Moo gives a sleepy blink. 'Time for bed,' Mama Moo says soft, 'Let's climb the hay up to the loft.' Moo hops and skips across the hay, 'But Mama, I don't want today to end!' She nuzzles Moo's fuzzy chin, 'Goodnight will come, let's tuck you in.' Little Moo yawns a tiny yawn, waiting for the day to be gone.



Moo waddles round to say goodnight, to every friend with sleepy sight. 'Goodnight, Hen, upon your nest!' The hen clucks back, 'Sleep well, rest.' 'Goodnight, Pig, in mud so deep!' Pig oinks once, then starts to sleep. A little owl blinks from the beam, 'Goodnight, Moo, go chase a dream.' Moo giggles soft and waves goodbye, then looks up at the darkening sky.



But in the loft, Moo starts to fret, 'It's dark up here, I'm scared, and yet...' A shadow moves, Moo gives a jump, then bumps her head with a worried thump. 'Mama! Mama! Something's there!' Mama Moo climbs up the stair. 'That shadow, dear, is just your tail, swinging gently, soft and pale.' Moo peeks behind and starts to grin, 'Silly me, let's snuggle in!'



Mama Moo pulls hay up tight, like a blanket soft and light. Through the window, stars appear, twinkling bright and oh so near. 'Goodnight, stars, goodnight, moon, goodnight, barn, I'll see you soon.' Moo's eyes grow heavy, sleepy, slow, wrapped in Mama's gentle glow. With a happy little sigh, Little Moo drifts off to the sky of dreams, so soft, so deep, goodnight, Little Moo, sweet sleep.



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