

I come when the children are sleeping,  
And many surprises I bring;  
As long as no child is peeking,  
I'll leave my tokens of spring,  
I'll leave my tokens of spring.

I come when the children are sleeping,  
Hiding eggs in each cranny and nook;  
And then quick as a wink, I'm leaping  
Right back into my storybook,  
Right back into my storybook.

