

RICHARD BRAIT

## THE NIGHT TROLL AT THE WINDOW

Every year the person left to guard the farm  
on Christmas Eve—found either dead or mad at morning.

And now the ugly thing stares in  
at the young girl left defending.

*What a pretty hand you have,  
my quick one, my keen one, and diddly-doe.*

Don't let them take your hand and go.

*What pretty eyes you have,  
my quick one, my keen one, and diddly-doe.*

Don't let them dim the eyes that know.

*What a pretty foot you have,  
my quick one, my keen one, and diddly-doe.*

Run from them, don't be slow.

*Day is dawning in the east,  
my quick one, my keen one, and diddly-doe.*

Just get yourself to morning—  
that troll turned to stone by the sun's hard glow.

Don't let the dreams that stalk you  
in the night survive the dawning.