

How bright the little firefly shines

How bright the little firefly shines,
In the night, by the tall, rustling pines,
Buzzing quietly, floating through the cold, misty air,
Guiding bears like a star guiding a seafarer.

How bright the twinkling stars shine,
Guiding sailors at the time,
Beside the stars, the fancy moon,
Appears the brightest at the nighttime, noon,

How bright the shadowy moon shines,
Like a shiny round sign,
And follows people to their homes,
As the moon falls, the sun rises.

How bright the boiling sun shines,
Giving us lots of light,
Making our lives very bright,
Bringing us light till the night.

