

for M.A.  
**Little Unicorn**

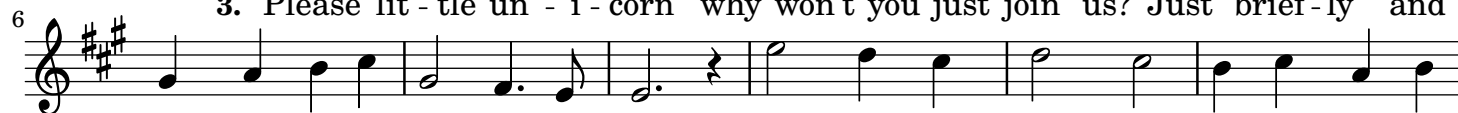
S.W. Black

John Francis Wade (1711–1786)

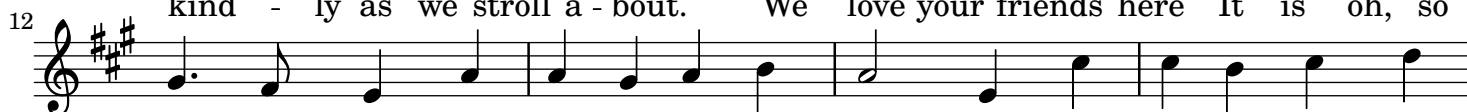
tune of *O Come, All Ye Faithful*



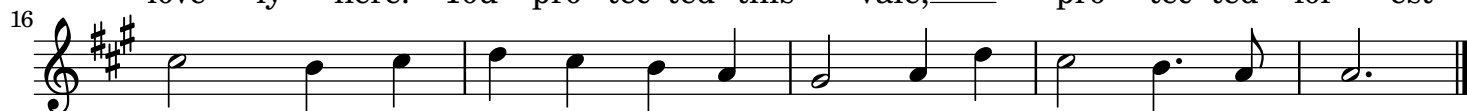
1. Please lit - tle un - i - corn why don't you join us for some bis-cuits and
2. Please lit - tle un i - corn don't you run a - way! We don't want to suck
3. Please lit - tle un - i - corn why won't you just join us? Just brief-ly and



tea\_\_\_ as we sit in this field. Please! We won't hurt you we just want to  
your blood or to stuff our\_ face. We won't de - horn you rob you of that  
kind - ly as we stroll a - bout. We love your friends here It is oh, so



play with you, and look up - on your beau - ty that poin-ty sharp held  
sin - gu lar thing, that won - der - ful and horny thing that glor - i - ous sharp  
love - ly here. You pro - tec - ted this vale,\_\_\_ pro - tec - ted for - est



beau - ty that love - ly lit - tle point of a un - i - corn's horn.  
poin ty thing no we will not de - horn you\_ ne - ver - more!  
vale.\_\_\_\_\_ It's oh, so love - ly from your\_ ma - gic horn.