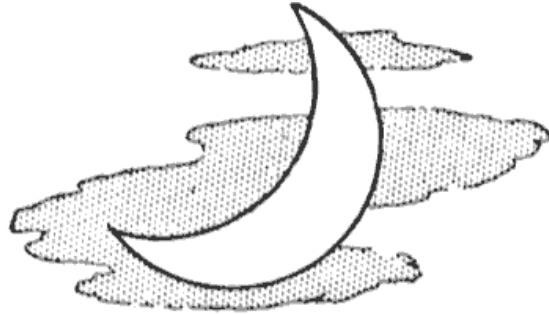


# YOUNG NIGHT-THOUGHT

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



All night long and every night,  
When my mama puts out the light,  
I see the people marching by,  
As plain as day before my eye.

Armies and emperor and kings,  
All carrying different kinds of things,  
And marching in so grand a way,  
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen  
At the great circus on the green;  
For every kind of beast and man  
Is marching in that caravan.

As first they move a little slow,  
But still the faster on they go,  
And still beside me close I keep  
Until we reach the town of Sleep.