ESCAPE · AT · BEDTIME

THE lights from the parlour and
kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows
and bars;
And high overhead and all moving
about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a
tree,
Nor of people in church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon
me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.

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