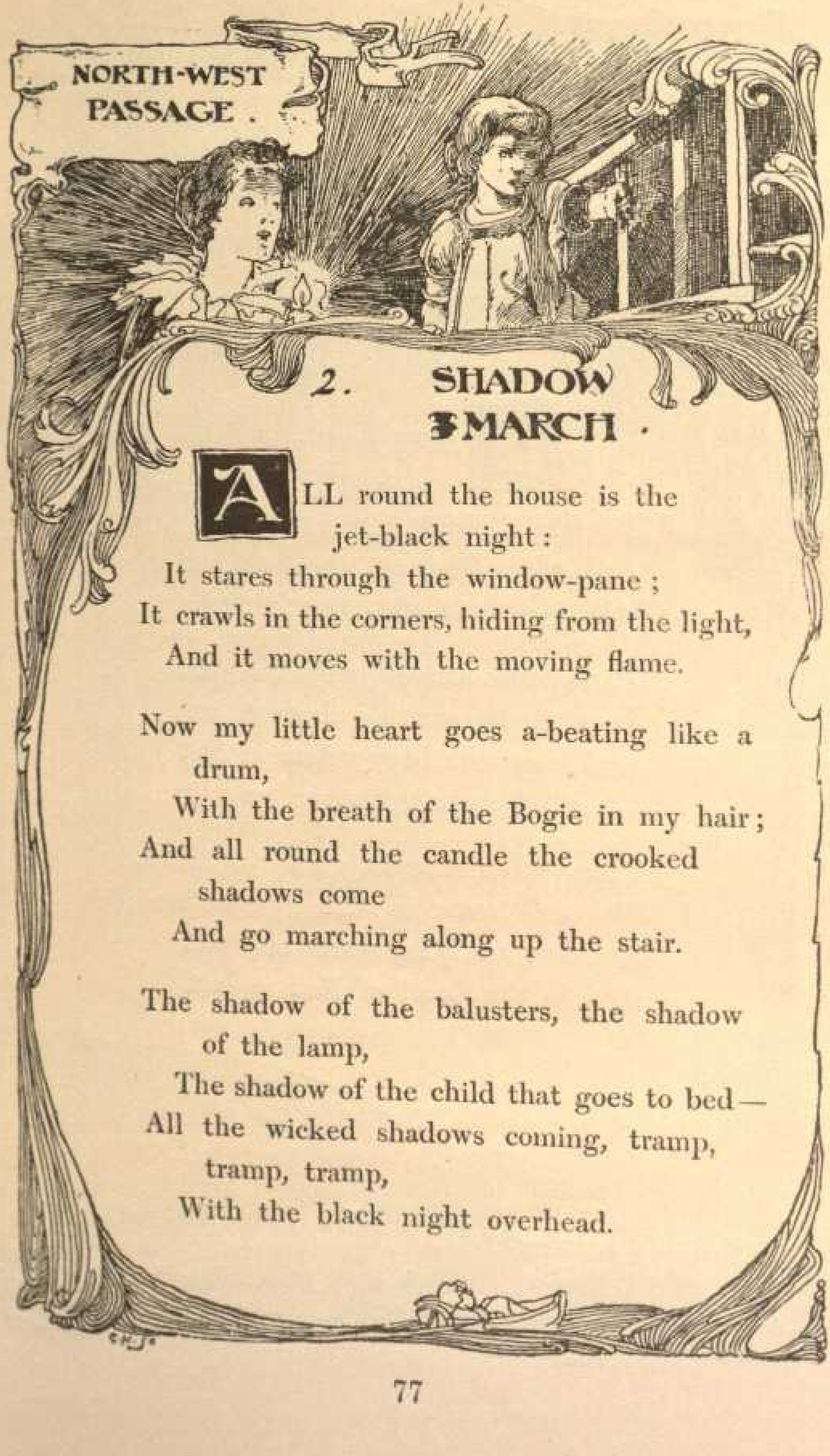

2. SHADOW MARCH.

ALL round the house is the
jet-black night:
It stares through the window-pane;
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like a
drum,
With the breath of the Bogie in my hair;
And all round the candle the crooked
shadows come
And go marching along up the stair.

The shadow of the balusters, the shadow
of the lamp,
The shadow of the child that goes to bed—
All the wicked shadows coming, tramp,
tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead.

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