

When The Night Wind Howls

By W. S. Gilbert

When the night wind howls in the chimney cowl,
And the bat in the moonlight flies,
And inky clouds, like funeral shrouds,
Sail over the midnight skies;
When the footpads quail at the night bird's wail,
And the black dogs bay the moon,
Then is the spectres' holiday,
Then is the ghosts' high noon!

As the sob of the breeze sweeps over the trees,
And the mists lie low in the fen,
From grey tombstones are gathered the bones
That once were women and men;
And away they go, with a mop and a mow,
To the revel that ends too soon,
For cock crow limits our holiday,
The dead of the night's high noon!

And then each ghost, with his lady toast,
To their churchyard beds take flight,
With a kiss, perhaps, on her lantern chaps,
And a grisly grim "Goodnight."
Till the welcome knell of the midnight bell
Rings forth its jolliest tune,
And ushers in our next high holiday,
The dead of the night's high noon!