

DREAM MARCH OF THE CHILDREN.

BY JAMES WHITCOMBE RILEY.

Was n't it a funny dream?—perfectly
bewilderin'!

Last night and night *before* and night
before that,

Seemed like I saw the march o' regi-
ments o' children,

Marching to the robin's fife and
cricket's rat-ta-tat!

Lily-banners overhead, with the dew
upon 'em,

On flashed the little army, as with
sword and flame;

Like the buzz o' bumble wings with
the honey on 'em,

Came an eerie, cheery chant, chiming
as it came:

Where go the children? Traveling!
Traveling!

Where go the children, traveling
ahead?

Some go to kindergarten; some go to
day-school;

Some go to night-school; and some
go to bed!

Smooth roads or rough roads, warm
or winter weather,

On go the children, tow-head and
brown,

Brave boys and brave girls, rank and
file together,

Marching out of babyland, over dale
and down:

Some go a-gipsying out in country
places—

Out through the orchards, with
blossoms on the boughs

Wild, sweet and pink and white as
their own glad faces:

And some go at evening calling home
the cows.

Where go the children! Traveling!
Traveling?

Where go the children, traveling
ahead?

Some go to foreign wars and camps
by the firelight—

Some go to glory so; and some go to
bed!

Some go through grassy lanes leading
to the city—

Thinner grow the green trees and
thicker grows the dust;

Ever, though, to little people any
path is pretty

So it leads to newer lands as they
know it must.

Some go to singing less; some go to
listening;

Some go to thinking over ever nobler
themes,

Some go an hungered, but ever brave-
ly whistling,

Turning never home again but only
in their dreams.

Where go the children? Traveling!
Traveling!

Where go the children, traveling
ahead?

Some go to conquer things; some
go to try them;

Some go to dream them; and some
go to bed!

—*St. Nicholas.*