

**The Night Wind**  
**by Eugene Field**

**Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo"?**  
**'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!**  
**It seems to chill you through and through**  
**With a strange and speechless fear.**  
**'T is the voice of the night that broods outside**  
**When folk should be asleep,**  
**And many and many 's the time I 've cried**  
**To the darkness brooding far and wide**  
**Over the land and the deep:**  
**"Whom do you want, O lonely night,**  
**That you wail the long hours through?"**  
**And the night would say in its ghostly way:**  
**"Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo!"**

**My mother told me long ago**  
**(When I was a little tad)**  
**That when the night went wailing so,**  
**Somebody had been bad;**  
**And then, when I was snug in bed,**  
**Whither I had been sent,**  
**With the blankets pulled up round my head,**  
**I 'd think of what my mother 'd said,**  
**And wonder what boy she meant!**  
**And "Who's been bad today?" I'd ask**  
**Of the wind that hoarsely blew,**  
**And the voice would say in its meaningful way:**  
**"Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo!"**

**That this was true I must allow---**  
**You 'll not believe it, though!**  
**Yes, though I 'm quite a model now,**  
**I was not always so.**  
**And if you doubt what things I say,**  
**Suppose you make the test;**  
**Suppose, when you've been bad some day**  
**And up to bed are sent away**  
**From mother and the rest---**

**Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"  
And then you 'll hear what 's true;  
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:  
"Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo!"**