A Child's Garden of Verses

A Fully Illustrated Complete Edition

Robert Louis Stevenson

Choral Software

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Bed In Summer

IN winter I get up at night

And dress by yellow candle-light.

In summer, quite the other way,

I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see

The birds still hopping on the tree,

Or hear the grown-up people's feet

Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,

When all the sky is clear and blue,

And I should like so much to play,

To have to go to bed by day?



A Thought

IT is very nice to think

The world is full of meat and drink,

With little children saying grace

In every Christian kind of place.



At The Seaside

WHEN I was down beside the sea

A wooden spade they gave to me

To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup,

In every hole the sea came up,

Till it could come no more.



Young Night Thought

ALL night long and every night,

When my mamma puts out the light,

I see the people marching by,

As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,

All carrying different kinds of things,

And marching in so grand a way,

You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen,

At the great circus on the green;

For every kind of beast and man

Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,

But still the faster on they go,

And still beside them close I keep

Until we reach the town of Sleep.



Whole Duty Of Children

A CHILD should always say what's true

And speak when he is spoken to,

And behave mannerly at table;

At least as far as he is able.



Rain

THE rain is raining all around,

It falls on field and tree,

It rains on the umbrellas here,

And on the ships at sea.



Pirate Story

THREE of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,

Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.

Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,

And waves are on the meadow like the waves there are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, to-day that we're afloat,

Wary of the weather and steering by a star?

Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,

To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here's a squadron a-rowing on the sea—

Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!

Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad as they can be,

The wicket is the harbour and the garden is the shore.



Foreign Lands

UP into the cherry tree

Who should climb but little me?

I held the trunk with both my hands

And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,

Adorned with flowers, before my eye,

And many pleasant places more

That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass

And be the sky's blue looking-glass;

The dusty roads go up and down

With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree

Farther and farther I should see,

To where the grown-up river slips

Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand

Lead onward into fairy land,

Where all the children dine at five,

And all the playthings come alive.



Windy Nights

WHENEVER the moon and stars are set,

Whenever the wind is high,

All night long in the dark and wet,

A man goes riding by.

Late in the night when the fires are out,

Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,

And ships are tossed at sea,

By, on the highway, low and loud,

By at the gallop goes he.

By at the gallop he goes, and then

By he comes back at the gallop again.