

**A CHILD'S GARDEN  
OF VERSES**

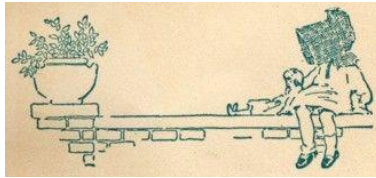
**By**

**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON**



# A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES

By  
**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON**



With illustrations by  
**Bessie Collins Pease**



NEW YORK  
DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
220 East 23d Street  
Copyright, 1905, by  
Dodge Publishing Company.

First edition, March, 1905  
Second edition, January, 1906  
Third edition, January, 1907  
Fourth edition, October, 1908



# CONTENTS

[Armies in the Fire](#)  
[At the Sea-Side](#)  
[Auntie's Skirts](#)  
[Autumn Fires](#)  
[Bed in Summer](#)  
[Block City](#)  
[Child Alone, The](#)  
[Cow, The](#)  
[Dumb Soldier, The](#)  
[Escape at Bed-Time](#)  
[Envoys](#)  
[Fairy Bread](#)  
[Farewell to the Farm](#)  
[Flowers, The](#)  
[Foreign Children](#)  
[Foreign Lands](#)  
[From a Railway Carriage](#)  
[Garden Days](#)  
[Gardener, The](#)  
[Good and Bad Children](#)  
[Good Boy, A](#)  
[Good Night](#)  
[Good Play, A](#)  
[Happy Thought](#)

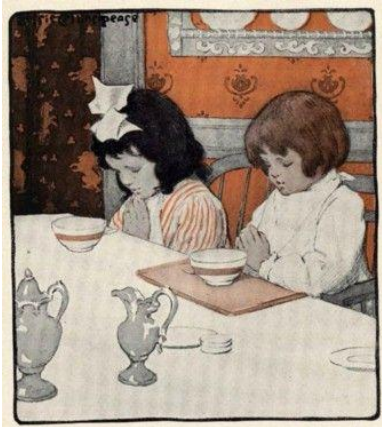
[Hayloft, The](#)  
[Historical Associations](#)  
[In Port](#)

[Keepsake Mill](#)  
[Lamplighter, The](#)  
[Land of Counterpane, The](#)  
[Land of Nod, The](#)  
[Land of Story-Books, The](#)  
[Little Land, The](#)  
[Looking Forward](#)  
[Looking-Glass River](#)  
[Marching Song](#)  
[Moon, The](#)  
[My Bed Is a Boat](#)  
[My Kingdom](#)  
[My Shadow](#)  
[My Ship and I](#)  
[My Treasures](#)  
[Nest Eggs](#)  
[Night and Day](#)  
[Northwest Passage](#)  
[Picture-Books in Winter](#)  
[Pirate Story](#)  
[Rain](#)  
[Shadow March](#)  
[Singing](#)  
[Summer Sun](#)  
[Sun's Travels, The](#)  
[Swing, The](#)  
[System](#)

[Thought, A](#)  
[Time to Rise](#)  
[To Any Reader](#)

[To Auntie](#)  
[To Minnie](#)  
[To My Mother](#)  
[To My Name-Child](#)  
[To Willie and Henrietta](#)  
[Travel](#)  
[Unseen Playmate, The](#)  
[Where Go The Boats?](#)  
[Whole Duty of Children](#)  
[Wind, The](#)  
[Windy Nights](#)  
[Winter-Time](#)  
[Young Night Thought](#)

# A Child's Garden of Verses



## 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.

## 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 peoples' 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?



## YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHT

All night long and every night,  
When my mama 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.

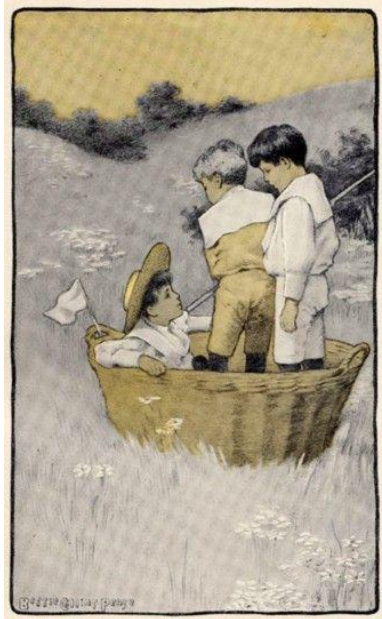


## PIRATE STORY

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 harbor and the garden is the shore.



**FOREIGN LANDS**

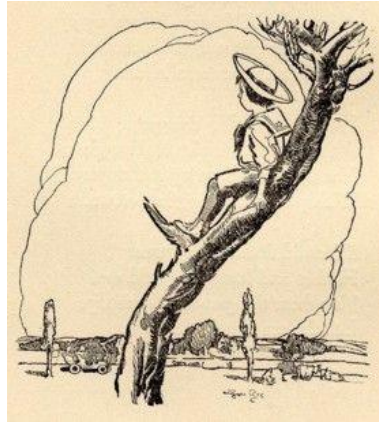
Up into the cherry tree  
Who should climb but little me?  
I held the trunk with both my hands  
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

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?

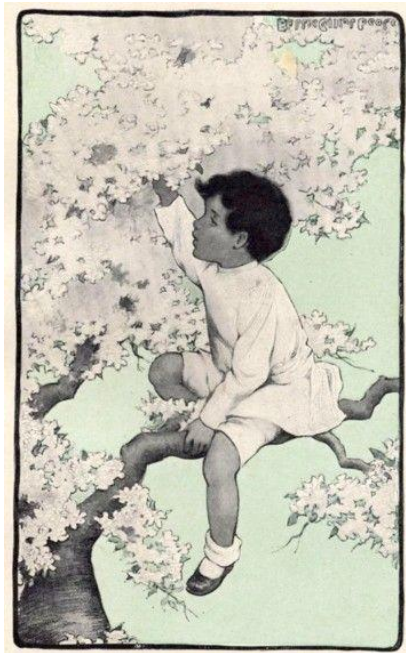
Whenever the trees are crying aloud,  
And ships are tossed at sea,  
By, on the highway, low and loud,  
By at the gallop goes he.  
By at the gallop he goes, and then  
By he comes back at the gallop again.



## TRAVEL

I should like to rise and go  
Where the golden apples grow;—  
Where below another sky  
Parrot islands anchored lie,  
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,  
Lonely Crusoes building boats;—  
Where in sunshine reaching out  
Eastern cities, miles about,  
Are with mosque and minaret  
Among sandy gardens set,  
And the rich goods from near and far  
Hang for sale in the bazaar;—  
Where the Great Wall round China goes,  
And on one side the desert blows,  
And with bell and voice and drum,  
Cities on the other hum;—

Where are forests, hot as fire,  
Wide as England, tall as a spire,  
Full of apes and cocoa-nuts  
And the negro hunters' huts;—  
Where the knotty crocodile  
Lies and blinks in the Nile,



And the red flamingo flies  
Hunting fish before his eyes;—  
Where in jungles, near and far,  
Man-devouring tigers are,  
Lying close and giving ear



Lest the hunt be drawing near,  
Or a comer-by be seen  
Swinging in a palanquin;—  
Where among the desert sands  
Some deserted city stands,  
All its children, sweep and prince,  
Grown to manhood ages since;  
Not a foot in street or house,  
Not a stir of child or mouse,  
And when kindly falls the night,  
In all the town no spark of light.  
There I'll come when I'm a man  
With a camel caravan;  
Light a fire in the gloom  
Of some dusty dining-room;  
See the pictures on the walls,  
Heroes, fights and festivals;  
And in a corner find the toys  
Of the old Egyptian boys.

## **WHERE GO THE BOATS?**

Dark brown is the river,  
    Golden is the sand.  
It flows along for ever,  
    With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,  
    Castles of the foam,

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

