

RARE BOOK COLLECTION



Dr Holmes  
Beverly Farms









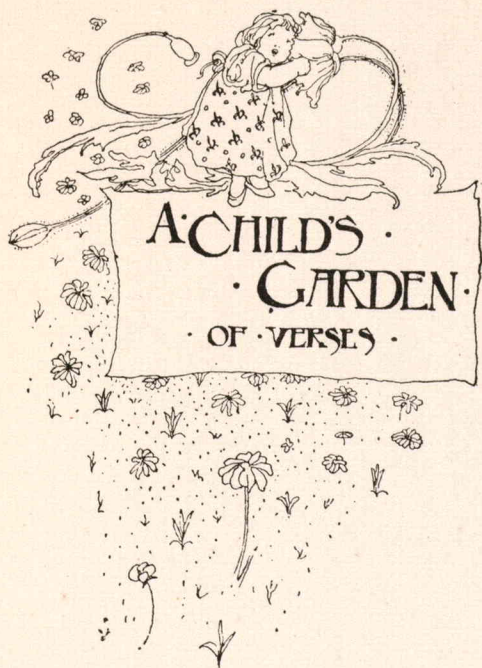






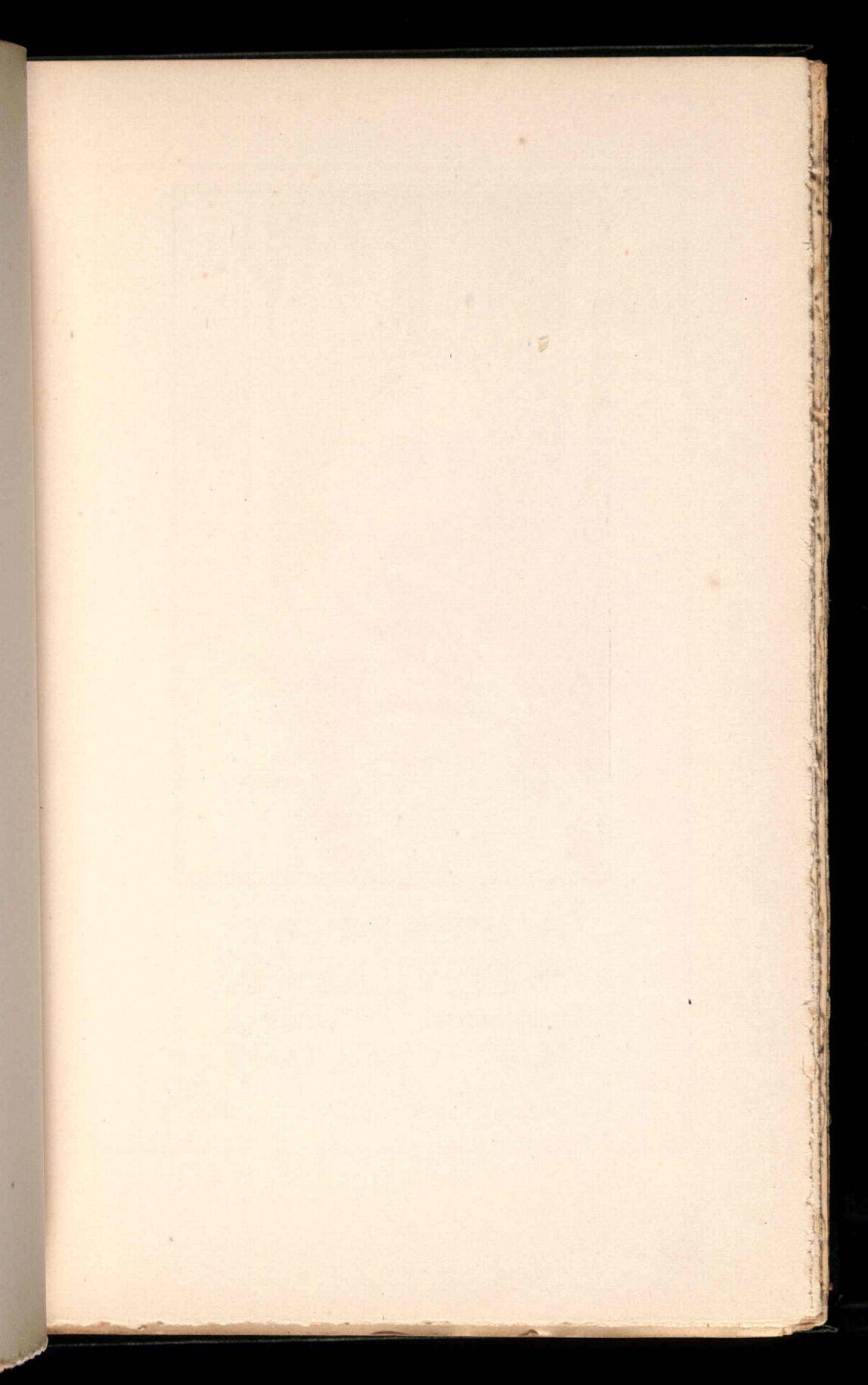


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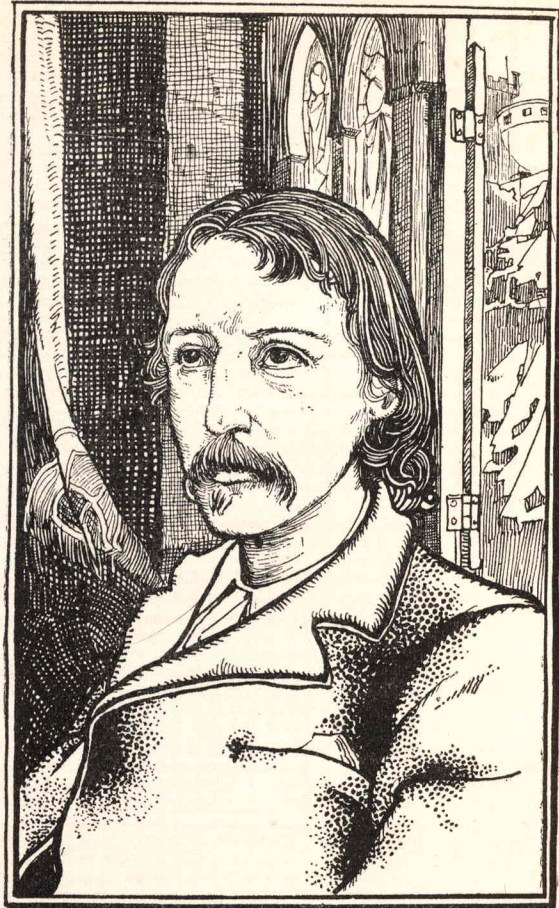




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ROBERT·LOUIS  
STEVENSON

EDINBURGH.

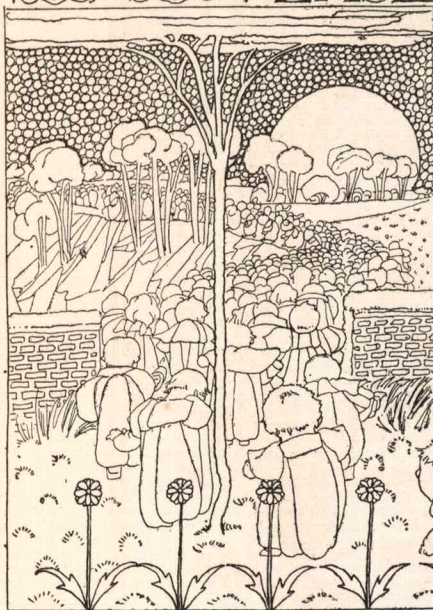
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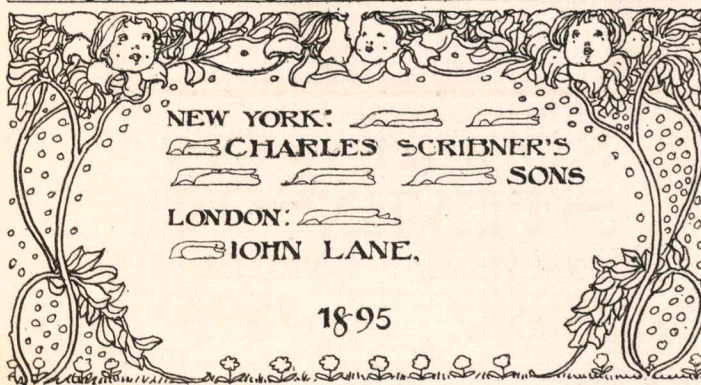
1894



# A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES



BY ROBERT LOUIS  
STEVENSON  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
CHARLES ROBINSON.

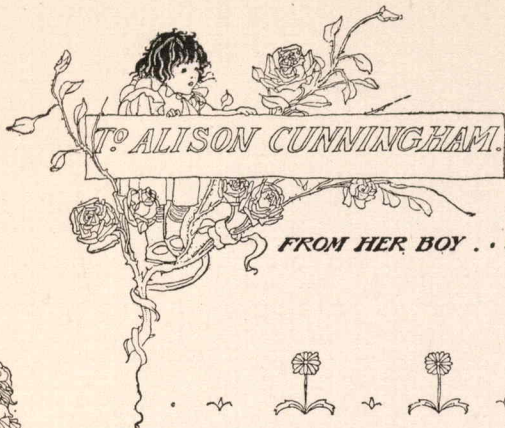


NEW YORK:  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S  
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LONDON:  
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1895



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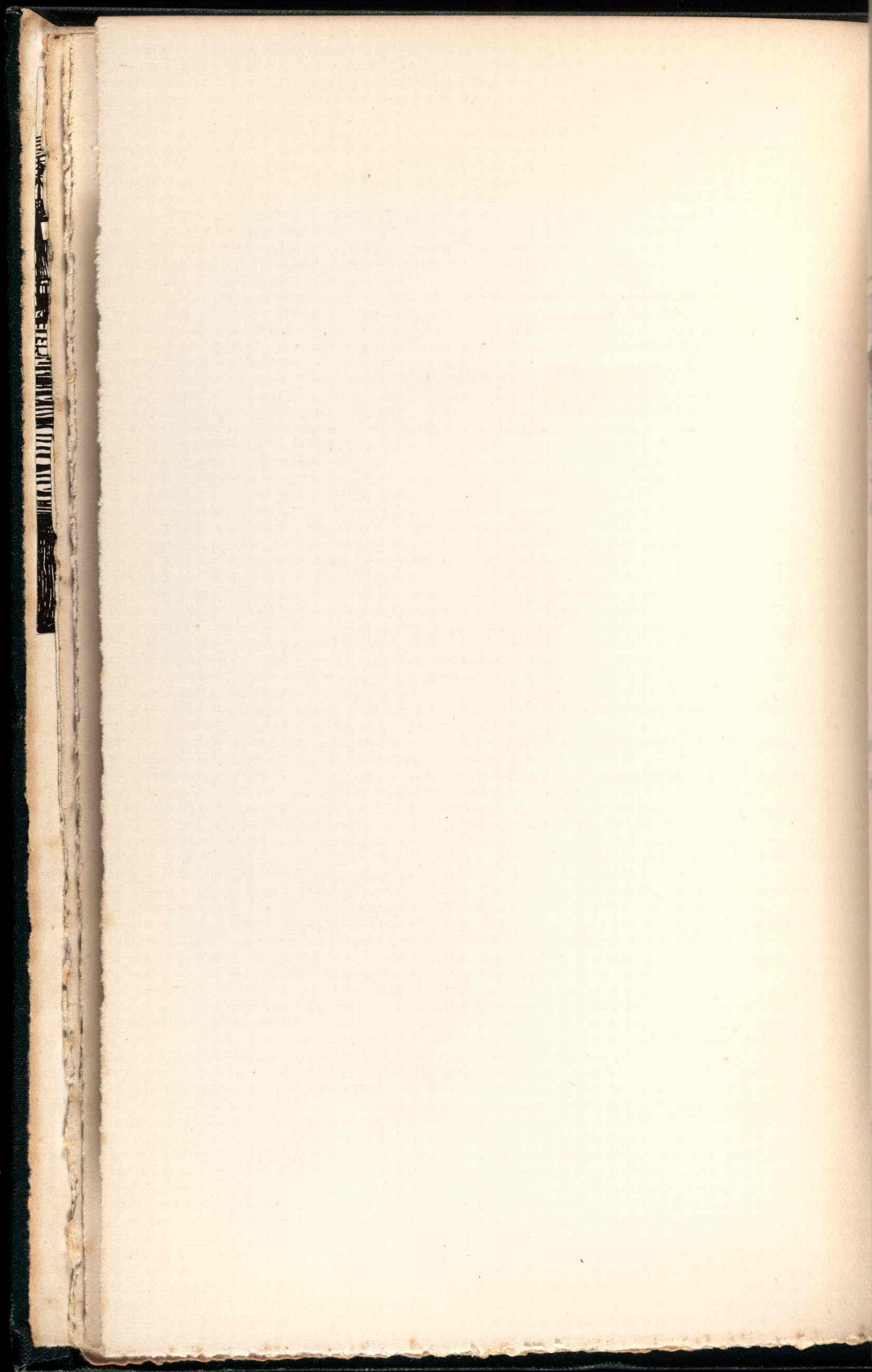


FOR THE LONG NIGHTS YOU LAY AWAKE  
AND WATCHED FOR MY UNWORTHY SAKE:  
FOR YOUR MOST COMFORTABLE HAND  
THAT LED ME THROUGH THE UNEVEN LAND:  
FOR ALL THE STORY BOOKS YOU READ:  
FOR ALL THE PAINS YOU COMFORTED:  
FOR ALL YOU PITIED, ALL YOU BORE,  
IN SAD AND HAPPY DAYS OF YORE:—  
MY SECOND MOTHER, MY FIRST WIFE,  
THE ANGEL OF MY INFANT LIFE—  
FROM THE SICK CHILD, NOW WELL AND OLD,  
TAKE, NURSE, THE LITTLE BOOK YOU HOLD!

AND GRANT IT, HEAVEN, THAT ALL WHO READ  
MAY FIND AS DEAR A NURSE AT NEED,  
AND EVERY CHILD WHO LISTS MY RHYME,  
IN THE BRIGHT, FIRESIDE, NURSERY CLIME,  
MAY HEAR IT IN AS KIND A VOICE  
AS MADE MY CHILDISH DAYS REJOICE!

R. L. S.







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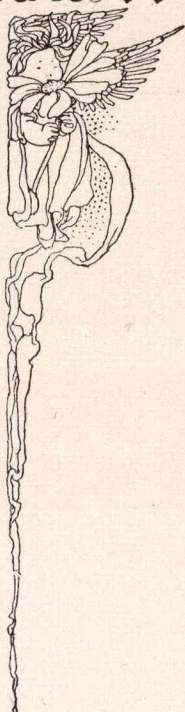
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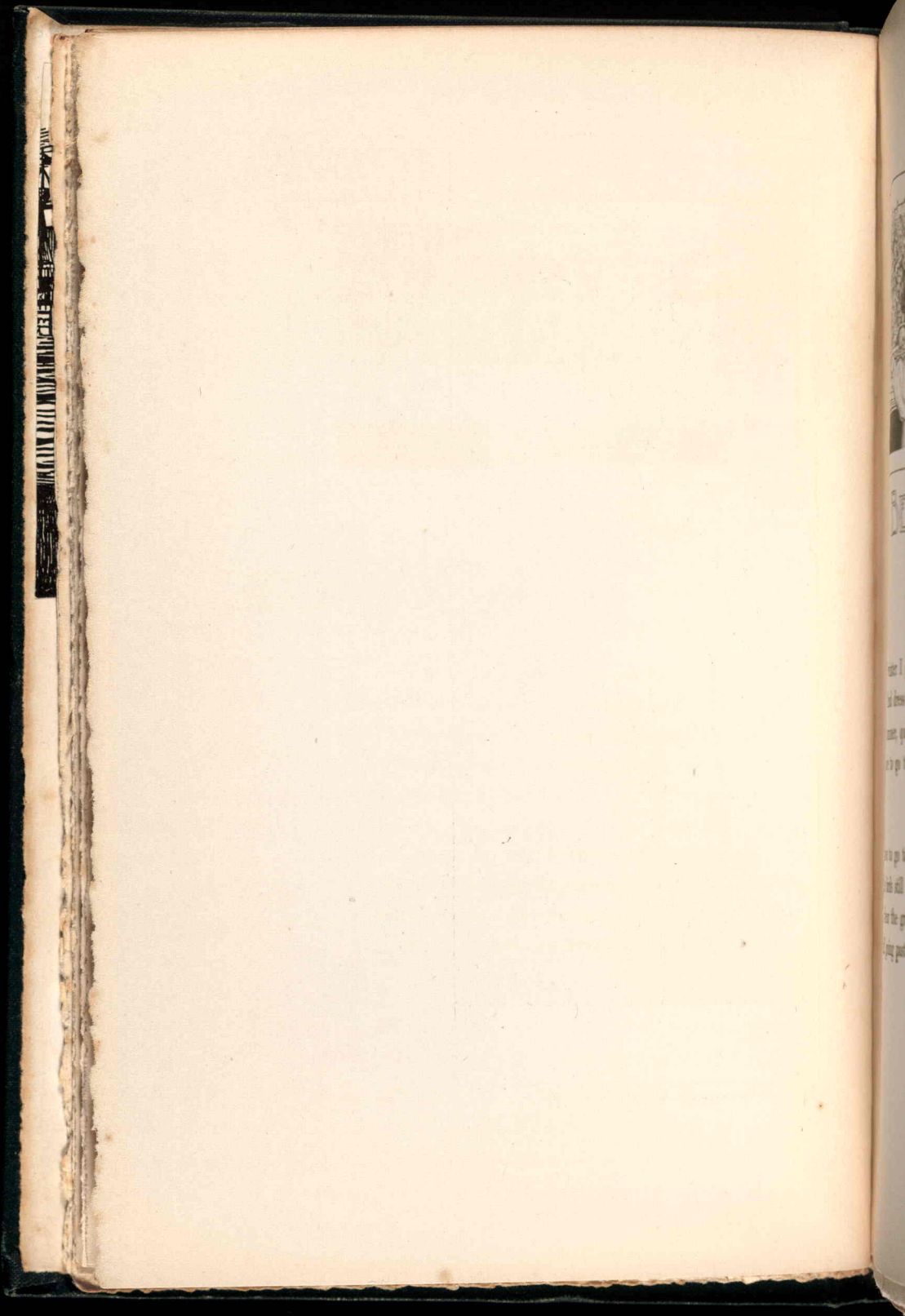


A CHILD'S  
GARDEN of  
Verses . . .



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## BED IN SUMMER

**I**N 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.

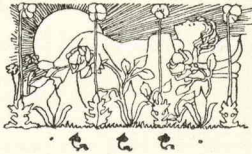
I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.



BED IN SUMMER



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?







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.

# A Thought.



C.H. Sc



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 .

At  
The Seaside .



c.H. J°





## • 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.





## YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHT

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



c. H. S.

**T**HE rain is raining all around,  
It falls on field and tree,  
It rains on the umbrellas here,  
And on the ships at sea.





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,

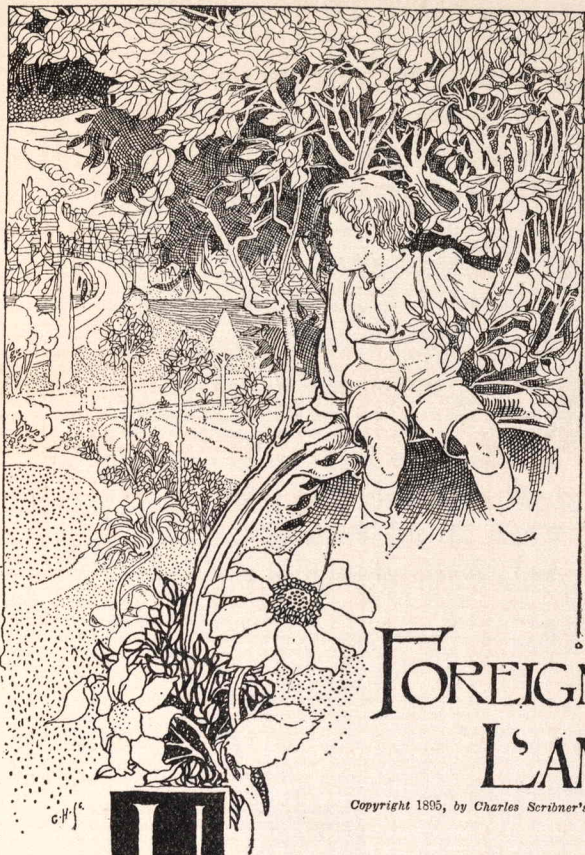
Wary of the weather and steering by a star?  
Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,  
To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?



## PIRATE STORY

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

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**U**

P 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.



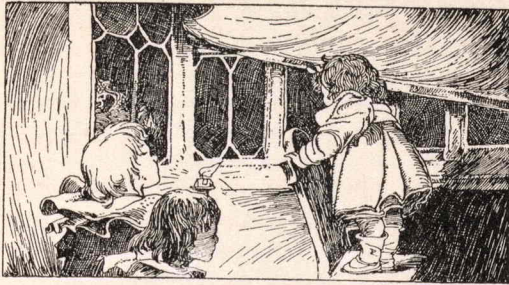
## FOREIGN LANDS

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

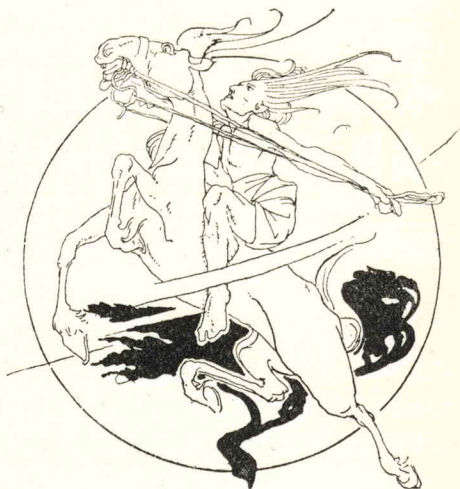


WHENEVER the moon and stars  
are set,  
Whenever the wind is high,  
All night long in the dark and wet,  
A man goes riding by.  
Late in the night when the fires are out,  
Why does he gallop and gallop about?



## WINDY NIGHTS

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.





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 ;—



## TRAVEL

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 ;

## TRAVEL

See the pictures on the walls,  
Heroes, fights and festivals;  
And in a corner find the toys  
Of the old Egyptian boys.

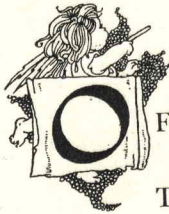






# SINGING

C.H. J.F.



F speckled eggs the birdie sings  
 And nests among the trees ;  
 The sailor sings of ropes and things  
 In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,  
 The children sing in Spain ;  
 The organ with the organ man  
 Is singing in the rain.



"OF SPECKLED EGGS THE BIRDIE SINGS."

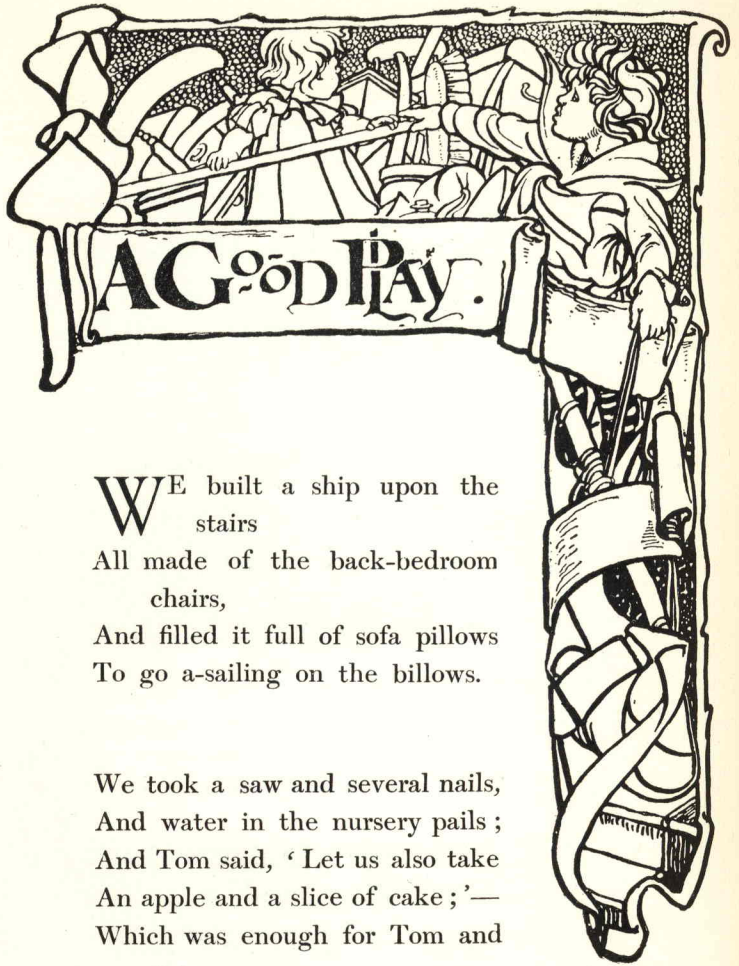


LOOK-FOR-ING-WARD

WHEN I am grown to man's estate  
I shall be very proud and great,  
And tell the other girls and boys  
Not to meddle with my toys.

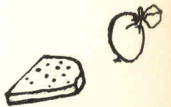
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WE built a ship upon the  
stairs  
All made of the back-bedroom  
chairs,  
And filled it full of sofa pillows  
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,  
And water in the nursery pails ;  
And Tom said, ' Let us also take  
An apple and a slice of cake ; '—  
Which was enough for Tom and  
me  
To go a-sailing on, till tea.



## A GOOD PLAY

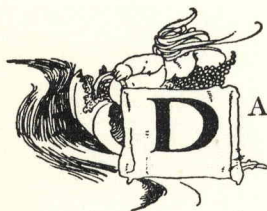
We sailed along for days and days,  
And had the very best of plays ;  
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,  
So there was no one left but me.







## WHERE GO THE BOATS?



DAWK 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,  
Boats of mine a-boating—  
Where will all come home?

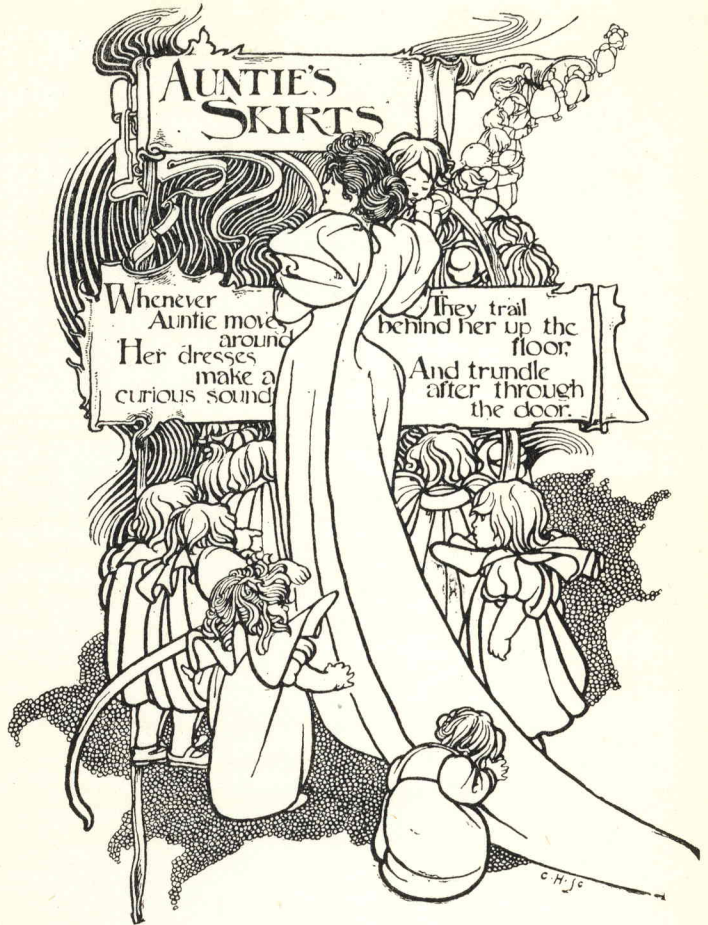
On goes the river  
And out past the mill,  
Away down the valley,  
Away down the hill.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Away down the river,  
A hundred miles or more,  
Other little children  
Shall bring my boats ashore.







# AUNTIE'S SKIRTS

Whenever Auntie moves around  
Her dresses make a curious sound

They trail behind her up the floor,  
And trundle after through the door.

The  
LAND  
OF  
COUN-  
-ER-  
-PANE



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WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed,  
I had two pillows at my head,  
And all my toys beside me lay  
To keep me happy all the day.

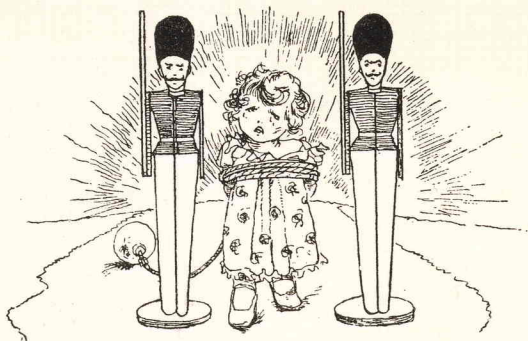
And sometimes for an hour or so  
I watched my leaden soldiers go,  
With different uniforms and drills,  
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets  
All up and down among the sheets;  
Or brought my trees and houses out,  
And planted cities all about.



## THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

I was the giant great and still  
That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
And sees before him, dale and plain,  
The pleasant land of counterpane.

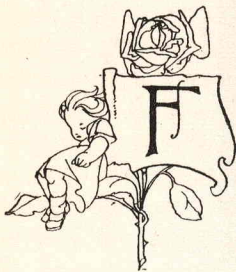




C.H. 5c

· THE LAND ·  
· OF ·  
· NOD ·

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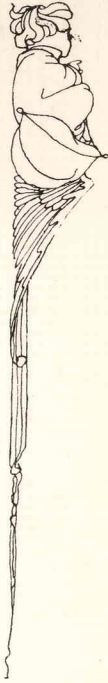
FROM breakfast on through all  
the day  
At home among my friends  
I stay ;  
But every night I go abroad  
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,  
With none to tell me what to do—  
All alone beside the streams  
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.





"Up the  
mountain  
sides of  
dreams?"



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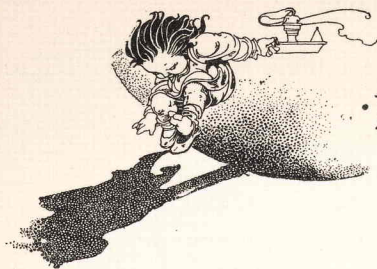
## THE LAND OF NOD

The strangest things are there for me,  
Both things to eat and things to see,  
And many frightening sights abroad  
Till morning in the land of Nod.

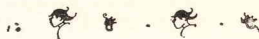
Try as I like to find the way,  
I never can get back by day,  
Nor can remember plain and clear  
The curious music that I hear.







## · MY SHADOW ·



I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out  
with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I  
can see.  
He is very, very like me from the heels up to  
the head ;  
And I see him jump before me, when I jump  
into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes  
to grow—  
Not at all like proper children, which is always  
very slow ;  
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an india-  
rubber ball,  
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none  
of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to  
play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of  
way.

## MY SHADOW

He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you  
can see ;

I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow  
sticks to me !

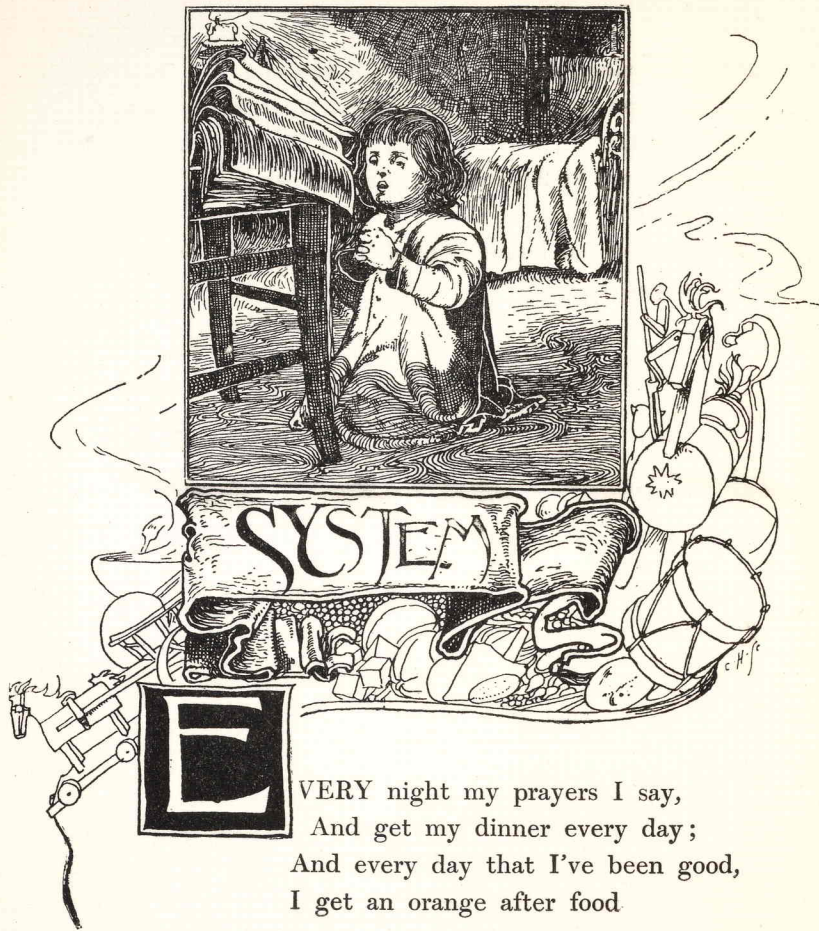
One morning, very early, before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew on every but-  
tercup ;

But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-  
head,

Had stayed at home behind me and was fast  
asleep in bed.







VERY night my prayers I say,  
And get my dinner every day;  
And every day that I've been good,  
I get an orange after food.

## SYSTEM

The child that is not clean and neat,  
With lots of toys and things to eat,  
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—  
Or else his dear papa is poor.







**I** WOKE before the morning, I was  
happy all the day,  
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck  
to play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind  
the wood,  
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been  
good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen  
smooth and fair,  
And I must off to sleeps-in-by, and not forget my  
prayer.

I know that, till to-morrow I shall see the sun  
arise,  
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly  
sight my eyes,

## A GOOD BOY

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the  
dawn,  
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round  
the lawn.





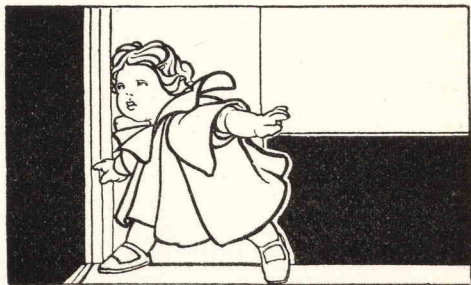


ESCAPE · AT · BEDTIME



THE lights from the parlour and  
kitchen shone out  
Through the blinds and the windows  
and bars ;  
And high overhead and all moving  
about,

There were thousands of millions of stars.  
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a  
tree,  
Nor of people in church or the Park,  
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon  
me,  
And that glittered and winked in the dark.



## ESCAPE AT BEDTIME

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and  
all,

And the star of the sailor, and Mars,  
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall,  
Would be half full of water and stars.

They saw me at last, and they chased me with  
cries,

And they soon had me packed into bed ;  
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,  
And the stars going round in my head.







## • MARCHING~ ~ SONG •

**B**RING the comb and play upon it!  
Marching, here we come!  
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,  
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,  
Peter leads the rear;  
Fleet in time, alert and hearty,  
Each a Grenadier!

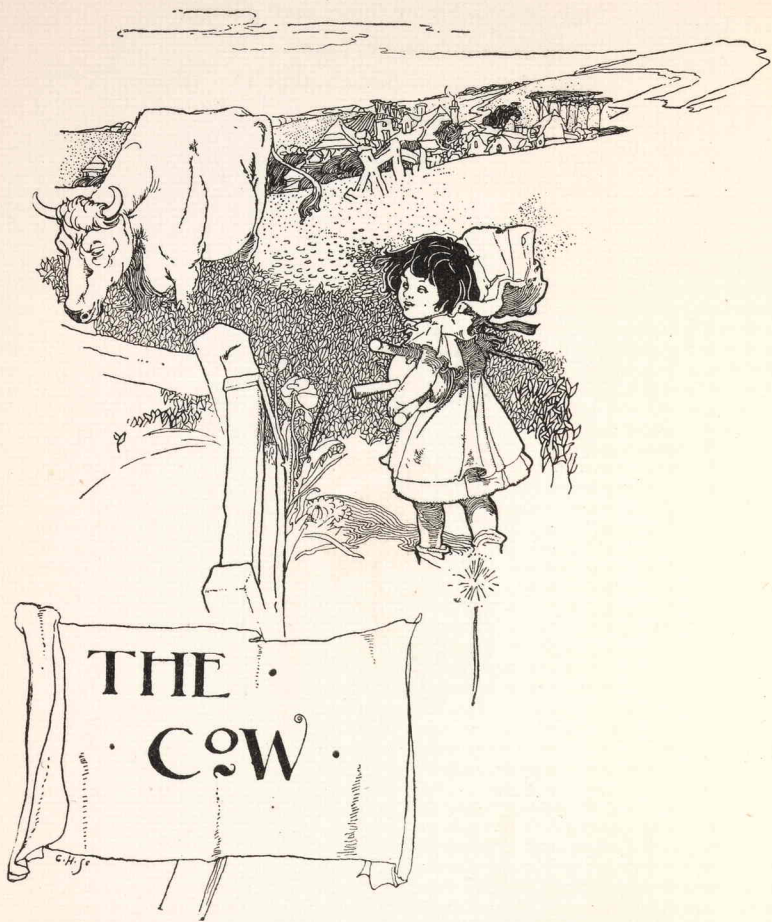
All in the most martial manner  
Marching double-quick;  
While the napkin like a banner  
Waves upon the stick!

## MARCHING SONG

Here's enough of fame and pillage,  
Great commander Jane!  
Now that we've been round the village,  
Let's go home again.







THE  
COW

THE friendly cow all red and white,  
I love with all my heart :  
She gives me cream with all her might,  
To eat with apple-tart.

## THE COW

She wanders lowing here and there,  
And yet she cannot stray,  
All in the pleasant open air,  
The pleasant light of day ;

And blown by all the winds that pass  
And wet with all the showers,  
She walks among the meadow grass  
And eats the meadow flowers.







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## THE WIND

I SAW you toss the kites on high  
And blow the birds about the sky ;  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song !

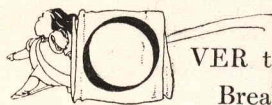
I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all—  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song !



## THE WIND

O you that are so strong and cold,  
O blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!





OVER the borders, a sin without pardon,  
Breaking the branches and crawling  
below,  
Out through the breach in the wall of the garden,  
Down by the banks of the river, we go.

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder,  
Here is the weir with the wonder of foam,  
Here is the sluice with the race running under—  
Marvellous places, though handy to home!

Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller,  
Stiller the note of the birds on the hill;  
Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,  
Deaf are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river  
Wheel as it wheels for us, children, to-day,  
Wheel and keep roaring and foaming for ever  
Long after all of the boys are away.



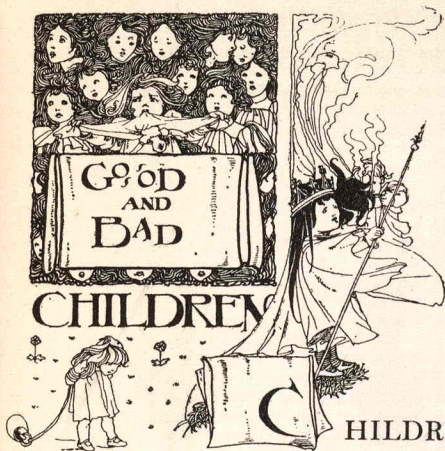
## KEEPSAKE MILL

Home from the Indies and home from the ocean,  
Heroes and soldiers we all shall come home;  
Still we shall find the old mill wheel in motion,  
Turning and churning that river to foam.

You with the bean that I gave when we  
quarrelled,  
I with your marble of Saturday last,  
Honoured and old and all gaily apparelled,  
Here we shall meet and remember the past.



"THE BEAN THAT I GAVE WHEN WE  
QUARRELLED"



CHILDREN, you are very little,  
And your bones are very brittle ;  
If you would grow great and stately,  
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,  
And content with simple diet ;  
And remain, through all bewild'ring,  
Innocent and honest children.

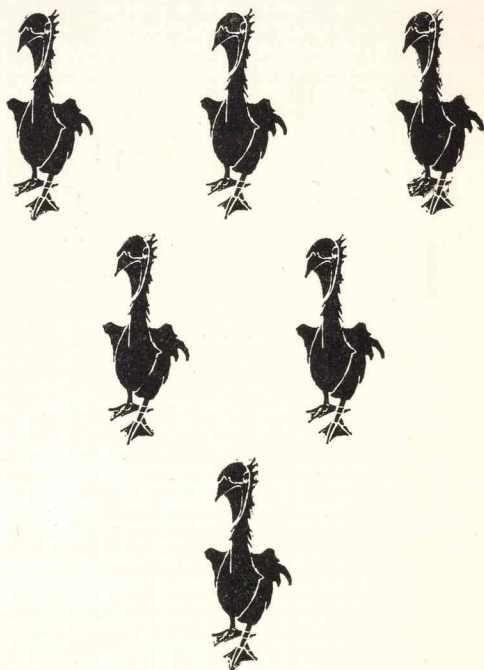
Happy hearts and happy faces,  
Happy play in grassy places—  
That was how, in ancient ages,  
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,  
And the sort who eat unduly,  
They must never hope for glory—  
Theirs is quite a different story !



GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN

Cruel children, crying babies,  
All grow up as geese and gabies,  
Hated, as their age increases,  
By their nephews and their nieces.





## FOREIGN CHILDREN

LITTLE Indian, Sioux or Crow,  
Little frosty Eskimo,  
Little Turk or Japanee,  
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees  
And the lions over seas;  
You have eaten ostrich eggs,  
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,  
But it's not so nice as mine:  
You must often, as you trod,  
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

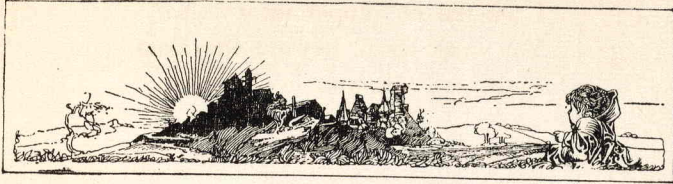


## FOREIGN CHILDREN

You have curious things to eat,  
I am fed on proper meat;  
You must dwell beyond the foam,  
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,  
Little frosty Eskimo,  
Little Turk or Japaneese,  
O! don't you wish that you were me?





· THE SUN'S ·  
· TRAVELS ·



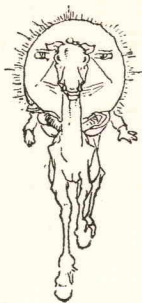
THE sun is not a-bed, when I  
At night upon my pillow lie;  
Still round the earth his way  
he takes,  
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,  
We round the sunny garden play,  
Each little Indian sleepy-head  
Is being kissed and put to bed.



## THE SUN'S TRAVELS

And when at eve I rise from tea,  
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea,  
And all the children in the West  
Are getting up and being dressed.





## THE LAMP- LIGHTER.

MY tea is nearly ready and the sun has left  
the sky;

It's time to take the window to see Leerie going  
by;

For every night at tea-time and before you take  
your seat,

With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up  
the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,  
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he  
can be;

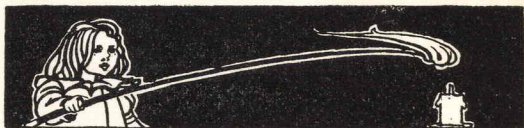
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what  
I'm to do,

O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the  
lamps with you!



## THE LAMPLIGHTER

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the  
door,  
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many  
more ;  
And O ! before you hurry by with ladder and with  
light,  
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him  
to-night !





*MY BED IS  
A BOAT*



BED is like a little boat;  
Nurse helps me in when I em-  
bark;  
She girds me in my sailor's coat  
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say  
Good-night to all my friends on shore;  
I shut my eyes and sail away  
And see and hear no more.

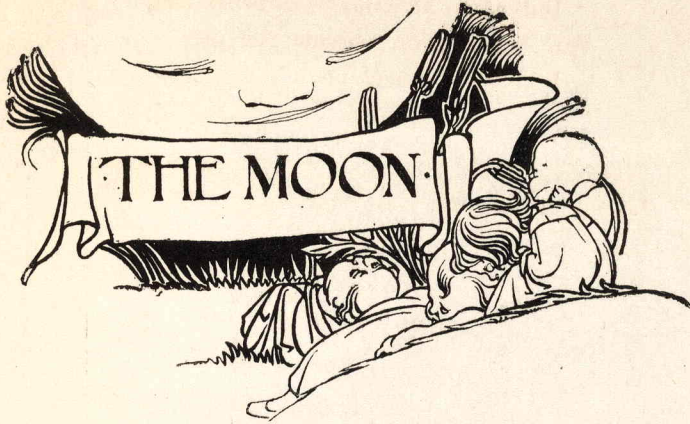
And sometimes things to bed I take,  
As prudent sailors have to do:  
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,  
Perhaps a toy or two.



MY BED IS A BOAT

All night across the dark we steer:  
But when the day returns at last,  
Safe in my room, beside the pier,  
I find my vessel fast.





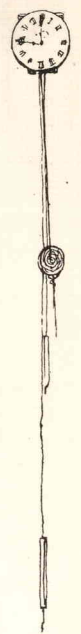
THE moon has a face like the clock in the  
hall ;  
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,  
On streets and fields and harbour quays,  
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,  
The howling dog by the door of the house,  
The bat that lies in bed at noon,  
All love to be out by the light of the moon.



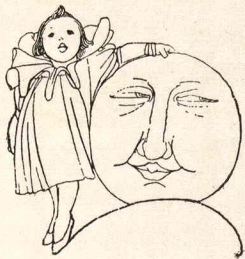


The moon  
has a  
face like  
the  
clock in  
the hall;

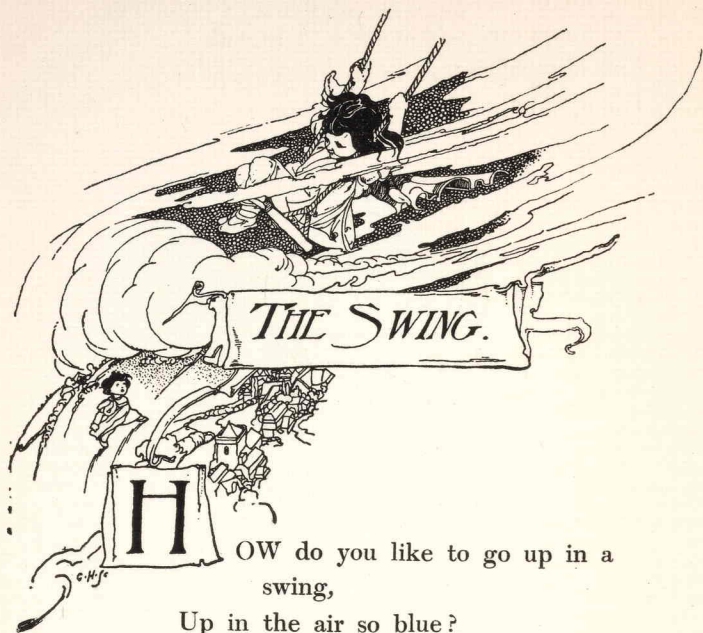


## THE MOON

But all of the things that belong to the day  
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;  
And flowers and children close their eyes  
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.





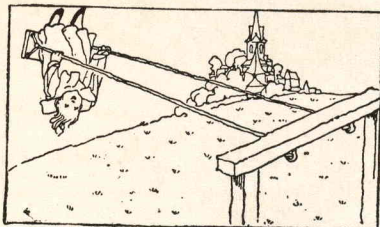


HOW do you like to go up in a  
swing,  
Up in the air so blue?  
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing  
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,  
Till I can see so wide,  
Rivers and trees and cattle and all  
Over the countryside—

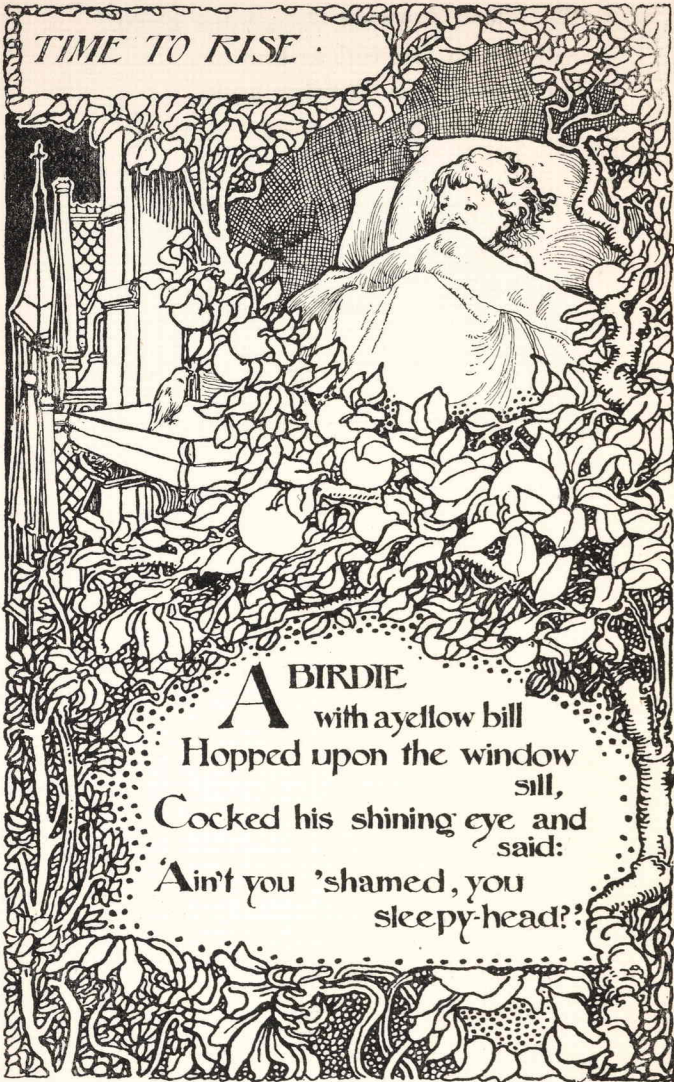
## THE SWING

Till I look down on the garden green,  
Down on the roof so brown—  
Up in the air I go flying again,  
Up in the air and down!





TIME TO RISE



**A** BIRDIE  
with a yellow bill  
Hopped upon the window  
sill,  
Cocked his shining eye and  
said:  
'Ain't you 'shamed, you  
sleepy-head?'

C.H.J.



## LOOKING-GLASS RIVER



SMOOTH it slides upon its travel,  
Here a wimple, there a gleam—  
O the clean gravel!  
O the smooth stream!

Sailing blossoms, silver fishes,  
Paven pools as clear as air—  
How a child wishes  
To live down there!



We can see our coloured faces  
Floating on the shaken pool  
Down in cool places,  
Dim and very cool;





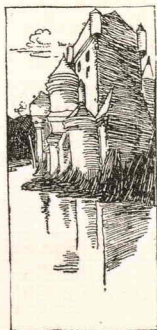
## LOOKING-GLASS RIVER

Till a wind or water wrinkle,  
Dipping marten, plumping trout,  
Spreads in a twinkle  
And blots all out.

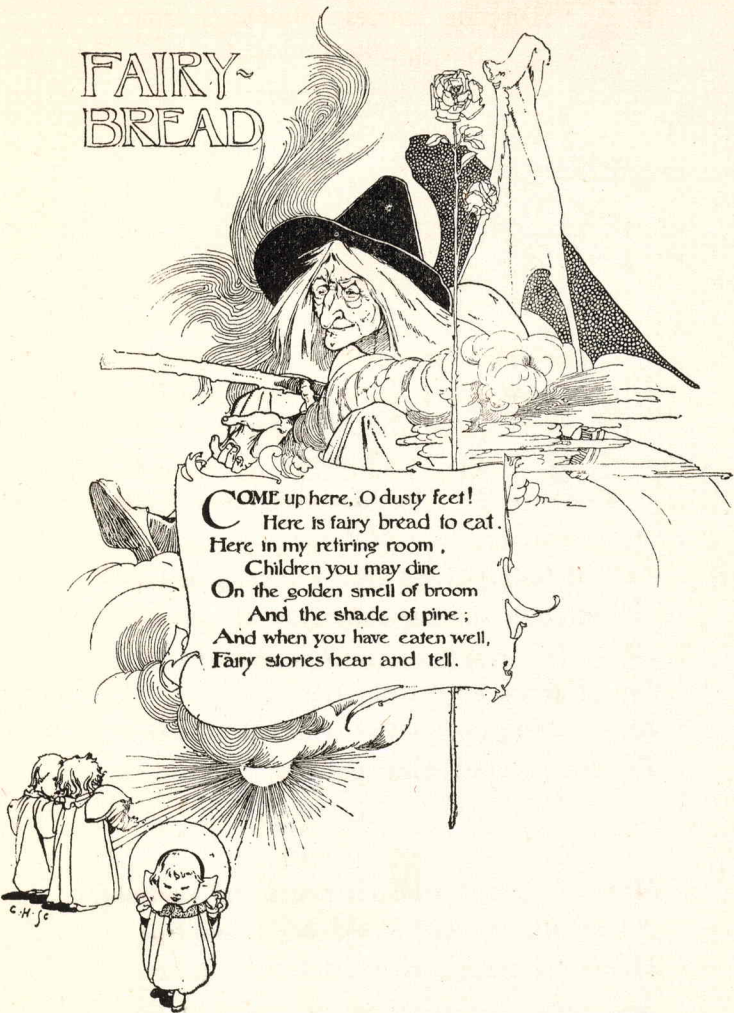


See the rings pursue each other ;  
All below grows black as night,  
Just as if mother  
Had blown out the light !

Patience, children, just a minute—  
See the spreading circles die ;  
The stream and all in it  
Will clear by-and-by.



FAIRY-  
BREAD



COME up here, O dusty feet!  
Here is fairy bread to eat.  
Here in my retiring room,  
Children you may dine  
On the golden smell of broom  
And the shade of pine;  
And when you have eaten well,  
Fairy stories hear and tell.



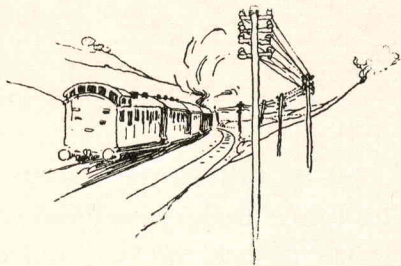


**F**ASTER than fairies, faster than  
witches,  
Bridges and houses, hedges and  
ditches ;  
And charging along like troops in a battle,  
All through the meadows the horses and cattle :  
All of the sights of the hill and the plain  
Fly as thick as driving rain ;  
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,  
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,  
All by himself and gathering brambles ;  
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes ;  
And there is the green for stringing the daisies !

## FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

Here is a cart run away in the road  
Lumping along with man and load ;  
And here is a mill and there is a river :  
Each a glimpse and gone for ever !







**L**AKE lies the wintry sun a-bed,  
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;  
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,  
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,  
At morning in the dark I rise;  
And shivering in my nakedness,  
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.



## WINTER-TIME

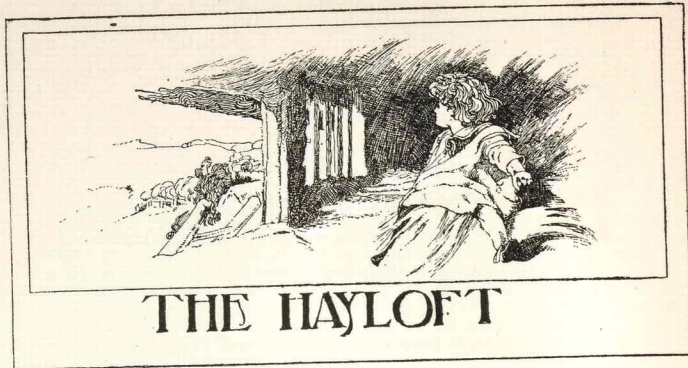
Close by the jolly fire I sit  
To warm my frozen bones a bit ;  
Or, with a reindeer-sled, explore  
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap  
Me in my comforter and cap :  
The cold wind burns my face, and blows  
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod ;  
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad ;  
And tree and house, and hill and lake,  
Are frosted like a wedding-cake.







## THE HAYLOFT



THROUGH all the pleasant meadow-side  
The grass grew shoulder-high,  
Till the shining scythes went far and  
wide

And cut it down to dry.

These green and sweetly smelling crops  
They led in waggons home ;  
And they piled them here in mountain tops  
For mountaineers to roam.

Here is Mount Clear, Mount Rusty-Nail,  
Mount Eagle and Mount High ;—  
The mice that in these mountains dwell,  
No happier are than I !

## THE HAYLOFT

O what a joy to clamber there,  
O what a place for play,  
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,  
The happy hills of hay.







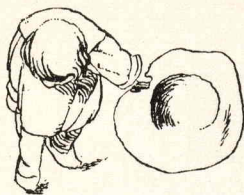
HE coach is at the door at last ;  
The eager children, mounting fast  
And kissing hands, in chorus sing :  
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything !

To house and garden, field and lawn,  
The meadow-gates we swang upon,  
To pump and stable, tree and swing,  
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything !

And fare you well for evermore,  
O ladder at the hayloft door,  
O hayloft, where the cobwebs cling,  
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything !

## FAREWELL TO THE FARM

Crack goes the whip, and off we go ;  
The trees and houses smaller grow ;  
Last, round the woody turn we swing :  
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything !







NORTH -  
WEST -  
PASSAGE .

I. • GOOD  
NIGHT •

**W**HEN the bright lamp is  
carried in,

The sunless hours again begin ;  
O'er all without, in field and lane,  
The haunted night returns again.

Now we behold the embers flee  
About the firelit hearth ; and see  
Our faces painted as we pass,  
Like pictures, on the window-glass.

Must we to bed, indeed? Well then,  
Let us arise and go like men,  
And face with an undaunted tread  
The long, black passage up to bed.

Farewell, O brother, sister, sire !  
O pleasant party round the fire?  
The songs you sing, the tales you  
tell,

Till far to-morrow, fare ye well !



NORTH-WEST  
PASSAGE .

2.      **SHADOW  
MARCH**

**A**

LL round the house is the  
jet-black night :

It stares through the window-pane ;  
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,  
And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like a  
drum,  
With the breath of the Bogie in my hair ;  
And all round the candle the crooked  
shadows come  
And go marching along up the stair.

The shadow of the balusters, the shadow  
of the lamp,  
The shadow of the child that goes to bed—  
All the wicked shadows coming, tramp,  
tramp, tramp,  
With the black night overhead.





NORTH - WEST  
PASSAGE

3.

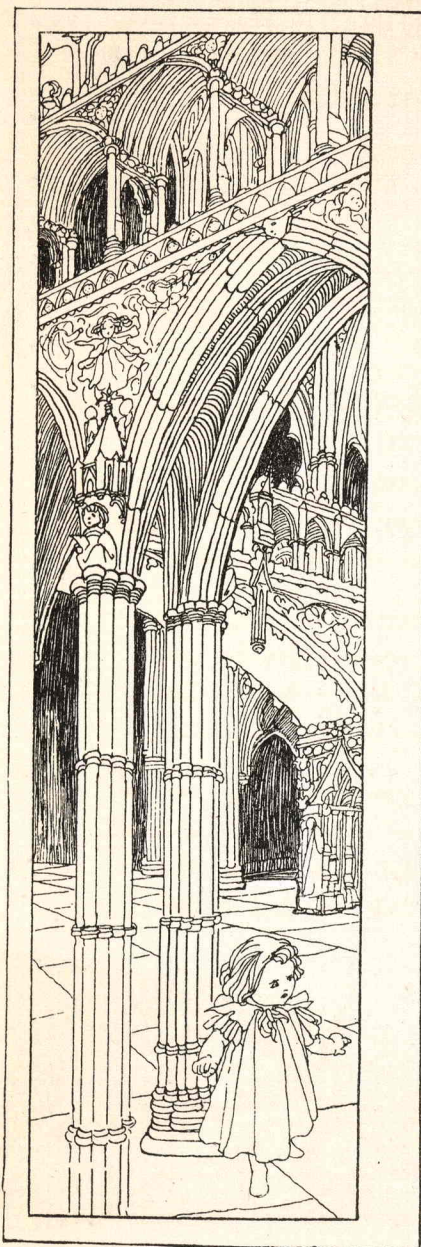
IN  
PORT.

**L**AST, to the chamber where  
I lie

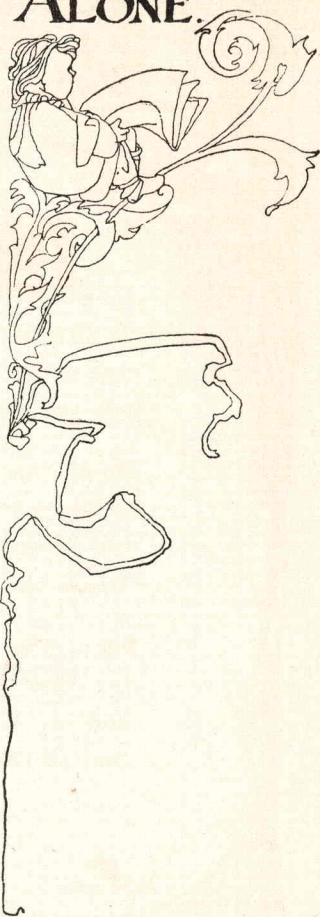
My fearful footsteps patter nigh,  
And come from out the cold and gloom  
Into my warm and cheerful room.

There, safe arrived, we turn about  
To keep the coming shadows out,  
And close the happy door at last  
On all the perils that we past.

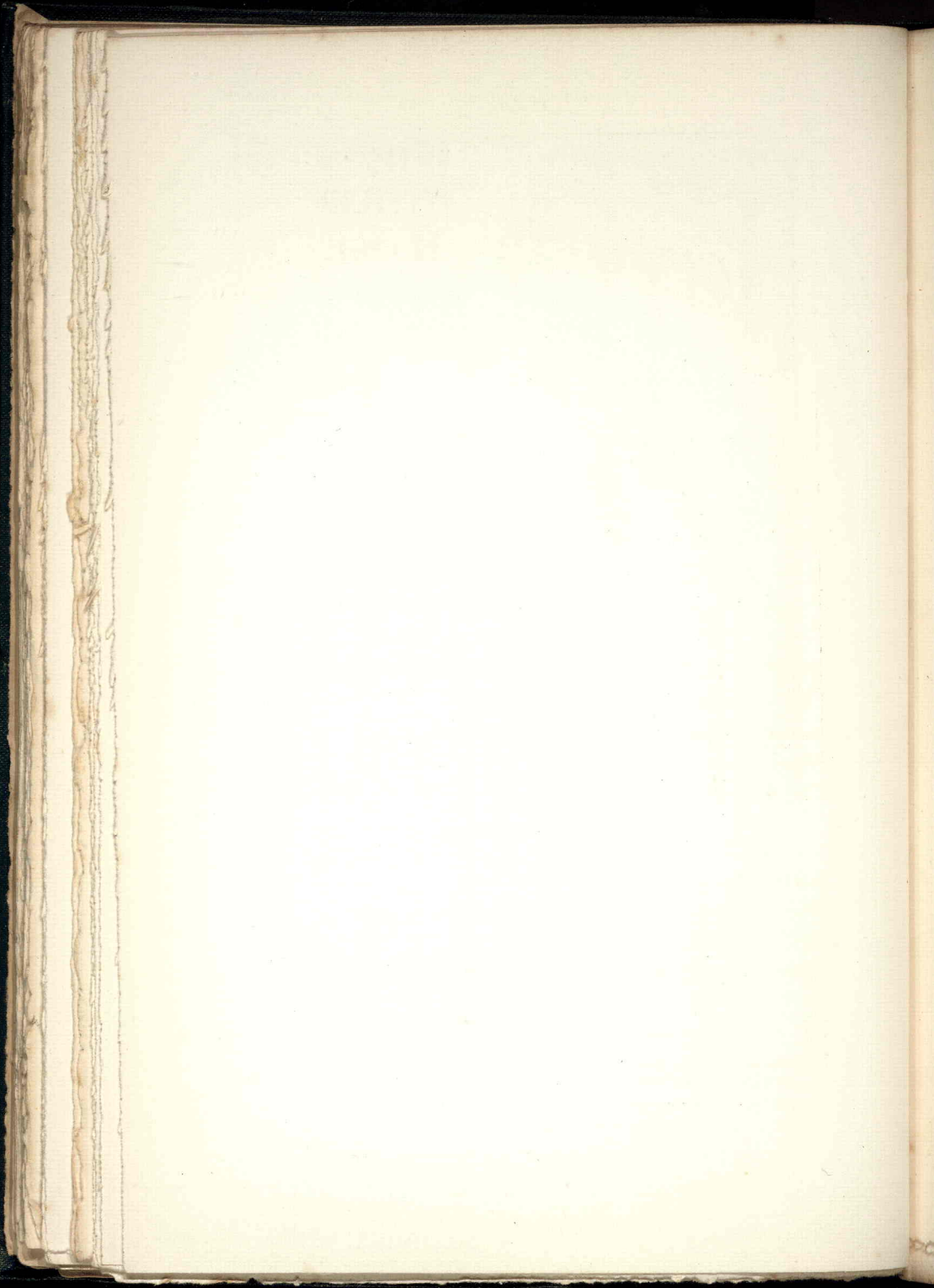
Then, when mamma goes by to bed,  
She shall come in with tip-toe tread,  
And see me lying warm and fast  
And in the Land of Nod at last.



# THE CHILD ALONE.

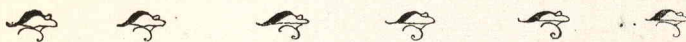








## THE UNSEEN PLAYMATE



WHEN children are playing alone on the  
green,  
In comes the playmate that never was seen.  
When children are happy and lonely and good,  
The Friend of the Children comes out of the  
wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw,  
His is a picture you never could draw,  
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,  
When children are happy and playing alone.

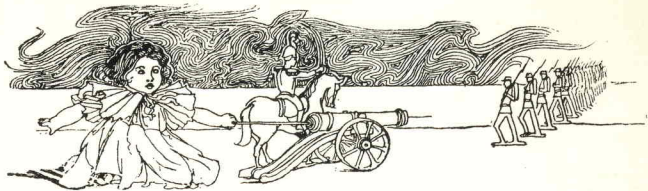
He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass,  
He sings when you tinkle the musical glass ;



## THE UNSEEN PLAYMATE

Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why  
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by!

He loves to be little, he hates to be big,  
'T is he that inhabits the caves that you dig;  
'T is he when you play with your soldiers of tin  
That sides with the Frenchmen and never can win.



'T is he, when at night you go off to your bed,  
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your  
head;  
For wherever they're lying, in cupboard or shelf,  
'T is he will take care of your playthings himself!





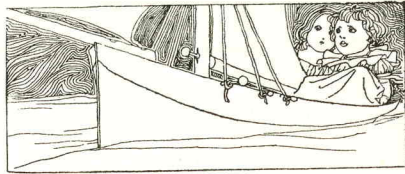
O IT'S I that am the captain of a tidy little  
ship,  
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond ;  
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all  
about ;  
But when I'm a little older, I shall find the secret  
out  
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the  
helm,  
And the dolly I intend to come alive ;  
And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing I  
shall go,  
It's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly breezes  
blow,  
And the vessel goes a divie-divie-dive.



## MY SHIP AND I

O it's then you'll see me sailing through the  
rushes and the reeds,  
And you'll hear the water singing at the prow ;  
For beside the dolly sailor, I'm to voyage and  
explore,  
To land upon the island where no dolly was  
before,  
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.





**D**OWN by a shining water well  
I found a very little dell,  
No higher than my head.  
The heather and the gorse about  
In summer bloom were coming out,  
Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea ;  
The little hills were big to me ;  
For I am very small.  
I made a boat, I made a town,  
I searched the caverns up and down,  
And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said,  
The little sparrows overhead,  
The little minnows too.  
This was the world and I was king ;  
For me the bees came by to sing,  
For me the swallows flew.

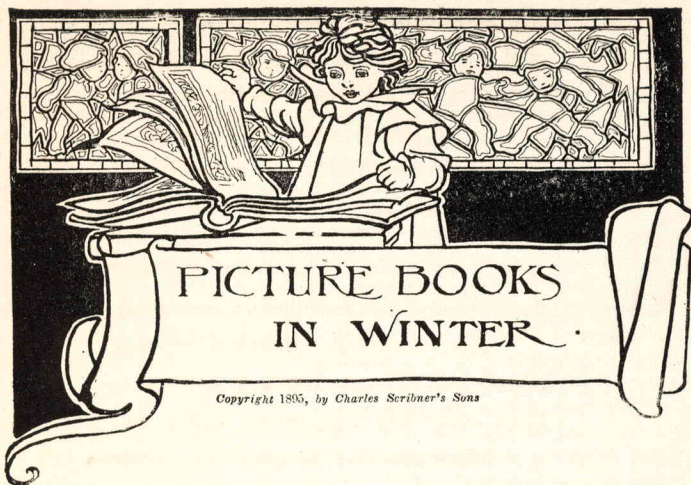


## MY KINGDOM

I played, there were no deeper seas,  
Nor any wider plains than these,  
Nor other kings than me.  
At last I heard my mother call  
Out from the house at evenfall,  
To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,  
And leave my dimpled water well,  
And leave my heather blooms.  
Alas! and as my home I neared,  
How very big my nurse appeared,  
How great and cool the rooms!





SUMMER fading, winter comes—  
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,  
Window robins, winter rooks,  
And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone  
Nurse and I can walk upon ;  
Still we find the flowing brooks  
In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by,  
Wait upon the children's eye,  
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks  
In the picture story-books

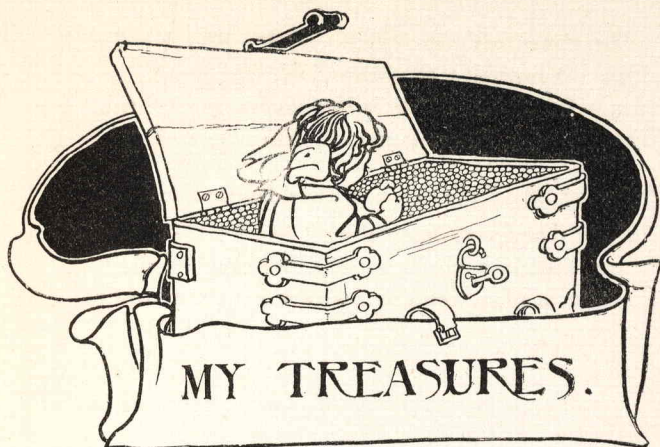


## PICTURE BOOKS IN WINTER

We may see how all things are,  
Seas and cities, near and far,  
And the flying fairies' looks,  
In the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise,  
Happy chimney-corner days,  
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,  
Reading picture story-books?





THESE nuts, that I keep in the back of the  
nest

Where all my lead soldiers are lying at rest,  
Were gathered in autumn by nurseie and me  
In a wood with a well by the side of the sea.

This whistle was made (and how clearly it sounds!)  
By the side of a field at the end of the grounds.  
Of a branch of a plane, with a knife of my own—  
It was nurseie who made it, and nurseie alone!



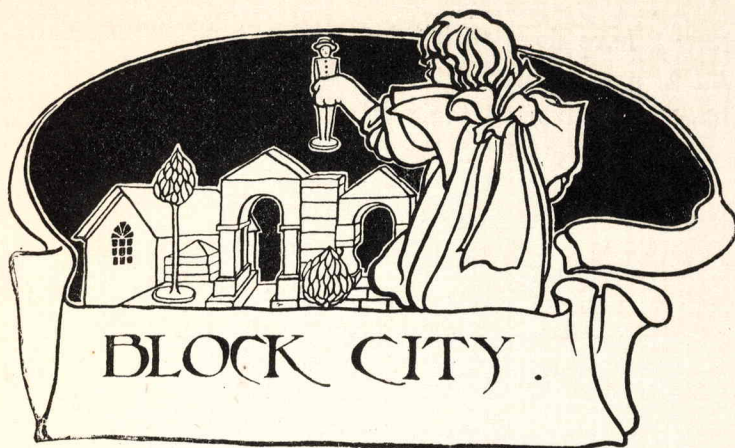


## MY TREASURES

The stone, with the white and the yellow and grey,  
We discovered I cannot tell *how* far away;  
And I carried it back although weary and cold,  
For though father denies it, I'm sure it is gold.

But of all of my treasures the last is the king,  
For there's very few children possess such a thing;  
And that is a chisel, both handle and blade,  
Which a man who was really a carpenter made.





**W**HAT are you able to build with your blocks?  
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.  
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,  
But I can be happy and building at home

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,  
There I'll establish a city for me:  
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,  
And a harbour as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,  
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,  
And steps coming down in an orderly way  
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:  
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!  
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings  
Coming and going with presents and things!



## BLOCK CITY

Now I have done with it, down let it go!  
All in a moment the town is laid low.  
Block upon block lying scattered and free,  
What is there left of my town by the sea?

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,  
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,  
And as long as I live and where'er I may be,  
I'll always remember my town by the sea.





AT evening, when the lamp is lit,  
Around the fire my parents sit ;  
They sit at home and talk and sing,  
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl  
All in the dark along the wall,  
And follow round the forest track  
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,  
All in my hunter's camp I lie,  
And play at books that I have read  
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,  
These are my starry solitudes ;  
And there the river by whose brink  
The roaring lions come to drink.

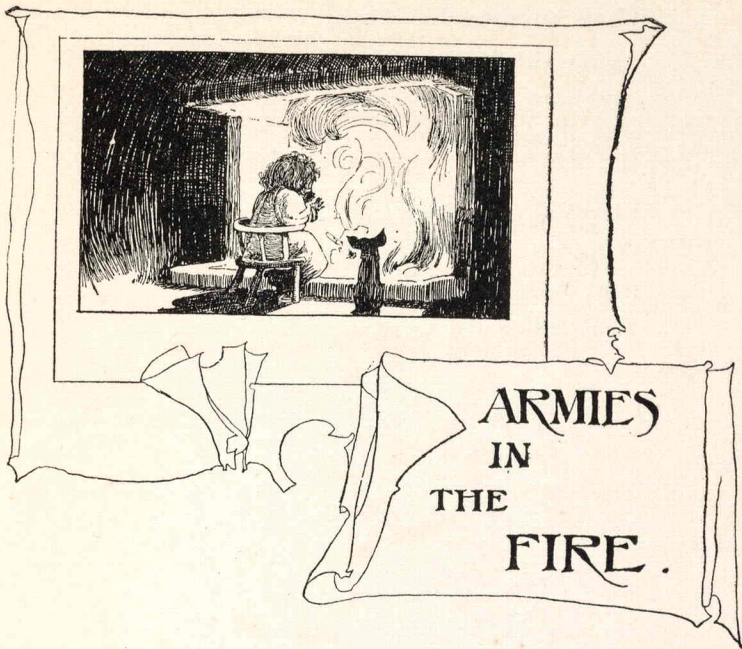


## THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

I see the others far away  
As if in firelit camp they lay,  
And I, like to an Indian scout,  
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,  
Home I return across the sea,  
And go to bed with backward looks  
At my dear land of Story-books.





ARMIES  
IN  
THE  
FIRE.

THE lamps now glitter down the street;  
Faintly sound the falling feet;  
And the blue even slowly falls  
About the garden trees and walls.

Now in the falling of the gloom  
The red fire paints the empty room:  
And warmly on the roof it looks,  
And flickers on the backs of books.

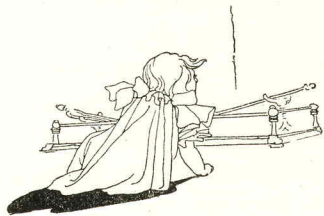
Armies march by tower and spire  
Of cities blazing, in the fire;  
Till as I gaze with staring eyes,  
The armies fade, the lustre dies.



## ARMIES IN THE FIRE

Then once again the glow returns ;  
Again the phantom city burns ;  
And down the red-hot valley, lo !  
The phantom armies marching go !

Blinking embers, tell me true,  
Where are those armies marching to,  
And what the burning city is  
That crumbles in your furnaces !





## · THE · LITTLE · LAND ·

WHEN at home alone I sit  
And am very tired of it,  
I have just to shut my eyes  
To go sailing through the skies—  
To go sailing far away  
To the pleasant Land of Play ;  
To the fairy land afar  
Where the little people are ;  
Where the clover-tops are trees,  
And the rain-pools are the seas,  
And the leaves like little ships  
Sail about on tiny trips ;  
And above the daisy tree  
Through the grasses,  
High o'erhead the Bumble Bee  
Hums and passes.



## THE LITTLE LAND



In that forest to and fro  
I can wander, I can go;  
See the spider and the fly,  
And the ants go marching by  
Carrying parcels with their feet  
Down the green and grassy street.  
I can in the sorrel sit  
Where the ladybird alit.  
I can climb the jointed grass;  
    And on high  
See the greater swallows pass  
    In the sky,  
And the round sun rolling by  
Heeding no such things as I.



Through that forest I can pass  
Till, as in a looking glass,  
Humming fly and daisy tree  
And my tiny self I see,

## THE LITTLE LAND

Painted very clear and neat  
On the rain-pool at my feet.  
Should a leaflet come to land  
Drifting near to where I stand,  
Straight I'll board that tiny boat  
Round the rain-pool sea to float.



Little thoughtful creatures sit  
On the grassy coasts of it ;  
Little things with lovely eyes  
See me sailing with surprise.  
Some are clad in armour green—  
(These have sure to battle been !)—  
Some are pied with ev'ry hue,  
Black and crimson, gold and blue ;  
Some have wings and swift are gone ;—  
But they all look kindly on.



When my eyes I once again  
Open, and see all things plain :  
High bare walls, great bare floor ;



## THE LITTLE LAND

Great big knobs on drawer and door ;  
Great big people perched on chairs,  
Stitching tucks and mending tears,  
Each a hill that I could climb,  
And talking nonsense all the time—

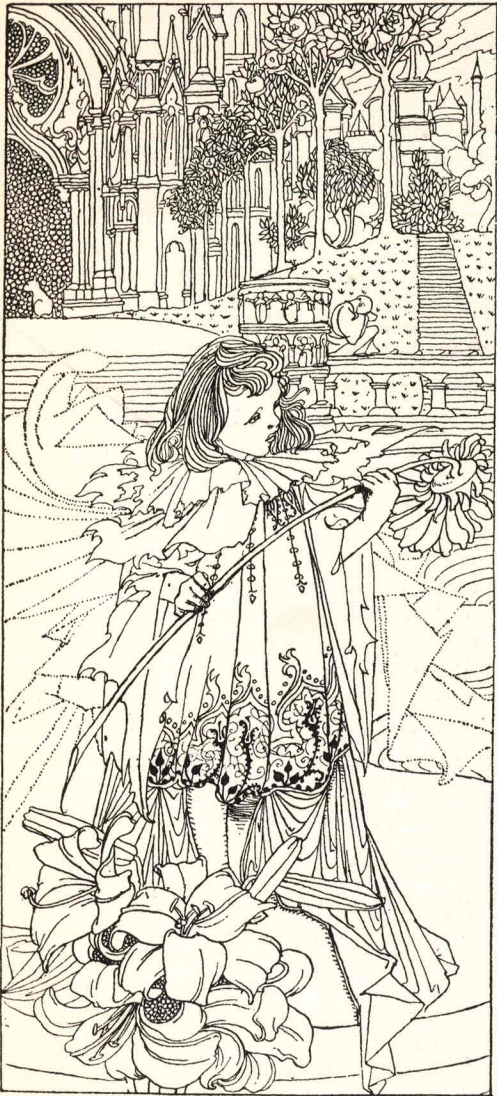
O dear me,

That I could be

A sailor on the rain-pool sea,  
A climber in the clover-tree,  
And just come back, a sleepy head,  
Late at night to go to bed.

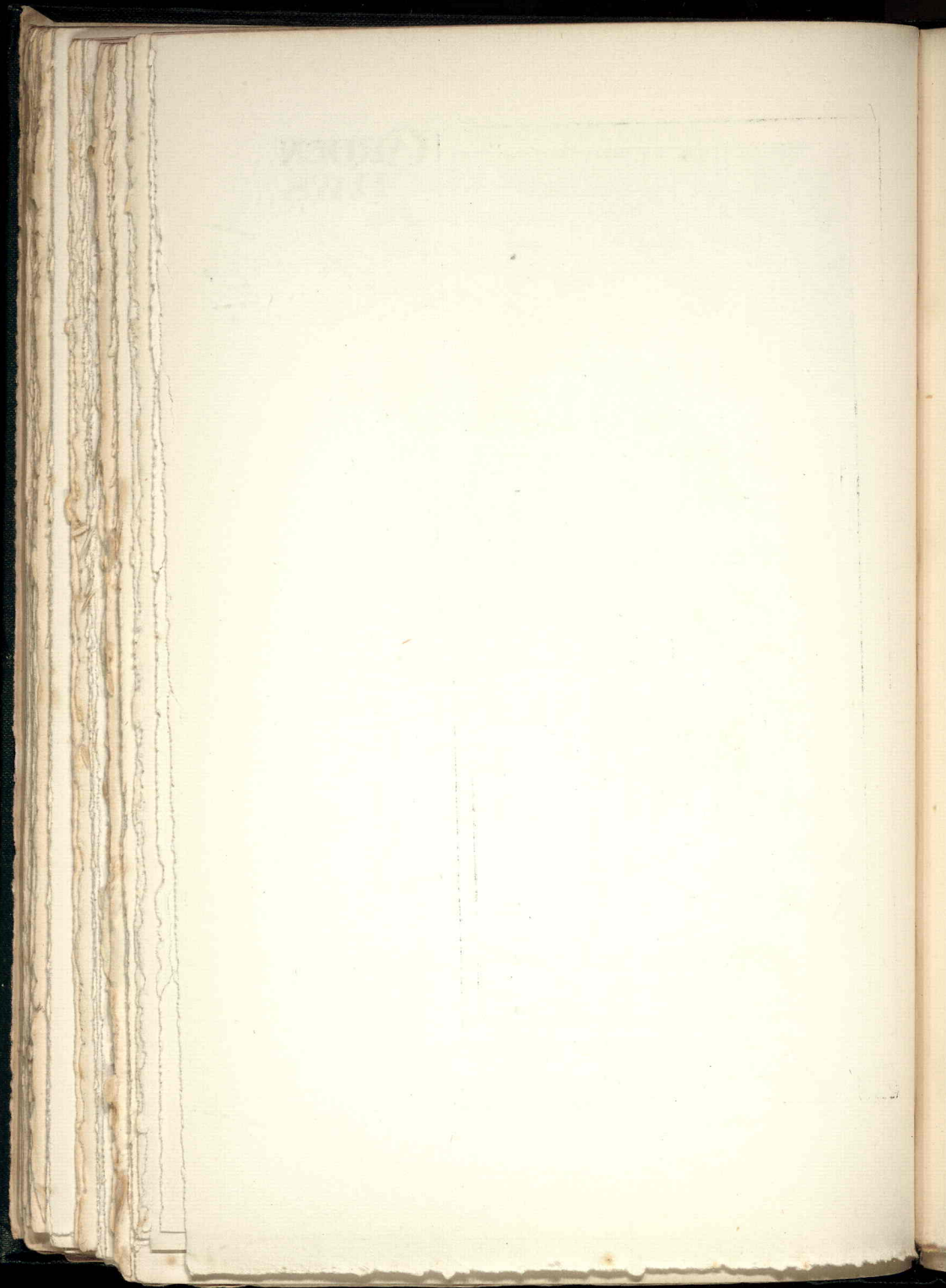


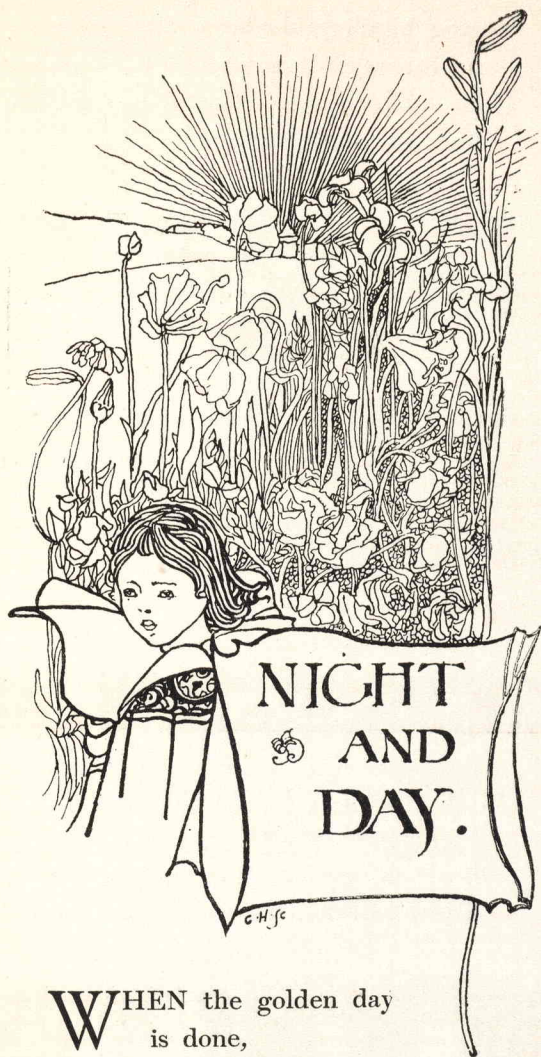
# GARDEN DAYS.



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WHEN the golden day  
is done,  
Through the closing portal,  
Child and garden, flower and sun,  
Vanish all things mortal.



## NIGHT AND DAY

As the blinding shadows fall,  
As the rays diminish,  
Under the evening's cloak, they all  
Roll away and vanish.



Garden darkened, daisy shut,  
Child in bed, they slumber—  
Glow-worm in the highway rut,  
Mice among the lumber.



In the darkness houses shine,  
Parents move with candles;  
Till on all, the night divine  
Turns the bedroom handles.



## NIGHT AND DAY

Till at last the day begins  
In the east a-breaking,  
In the hedges and the whins  
Sleeping birds a-waking.

In the darkness shapes of things,  
Houses, trees, and hedges  
Clearer grow ; and sparrow's wings  
Beat on window ledges.



These shall wake the yawning maid ;  
She the door shall open—  
Finding dew on garden glade  
And the morning broken.

There my garden grows again  
Green and rosy painted,  
As at eve behind the pane  
From my eyes it fainted.

Just as it was shut away,  
Toy-like, in the even,  
Here I see it glow with day  
Under glowing heaven.



## NIGHT AND DAY

Every path and every plot,  
Every bush of roses,  
Every blue forget-me-not  
Where the dew reposes,

“Up!” they cry, “the day is come  
On the smiling valleys :  
We have beat the morning drum ;  
Playmate, join your allies !”





IRDS all the sunny day  
Flutter and quarrel  
Here in the arbour-like  
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork  
The brown nest is seated ;  
Four little blue eggs  
The mother keeps heated.



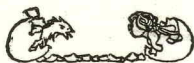
## NEST EGGS

While we stand watching her,  
Staring like gabies,  
Safe in each egg are the  
Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall  
Chip, and upspringing  
Make all the April woods  
Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,  
O children, and frailer,  
Soon in blue air they'll be,  
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,  
Taller and stronger,  
We shall look down on the  
Birdies no longer.



They shall go flying  
With musical speeches  
High overhead in the  
Tops of the beeches.

## NEST EGGS

In spite of our wisdom  
And sensible talking,  
We on our feet must go  
Plodding and walking.





# THE FLOWERS



ALL the names I know from nurse :  
Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse ;  
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,  
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,  
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,  
Tiny trees for tiny dames—  
These must all be fairy names !

## THE FLOWERS

Tiny woods below whose boughs  
Shady fairies weave a house ;  
Tiny tree tops, rose or thyme,  
Where the braver fairies climb !

Fair are grown-up people's trees,  
But the fairest woods are these ;  
Where, if I were not so tall,  
I should live for good and all.







**G**REAT is the sun, and wide he goes  
Through empty heaven without repose ;  
And in the blue and glowing days  
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

## SUMMER SUN

Though closer still the blinds we pull  
To keep the shady parlour cool,  
Yet he will find a chink or two  
To slip his golden fingers through.

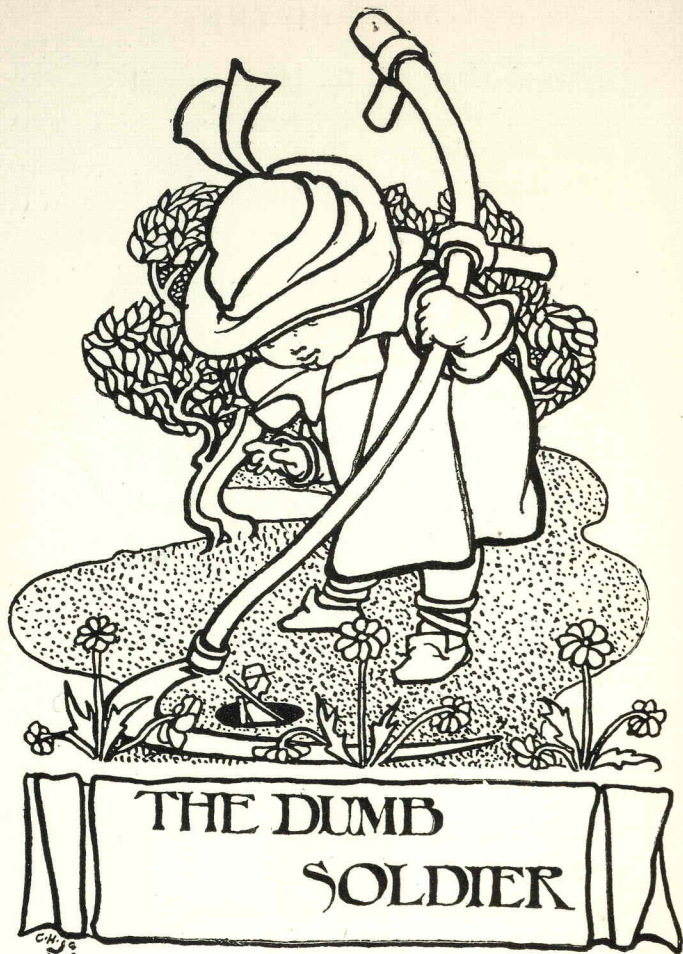
The dusty attic spider-clad  
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;  
And through the broken edge of tiles,  
Into the laddered hayloft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around  
He bares to all the garden ground,  
And sheds a warm and glittering look  
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,  
Round the bright air with footing true,  
To please the child, to paint the rose,  
The gardener of the World, he goes.







WHEN the grass was closely mown,  
Walking on the lawn alone,  
In the turf a hole I found  
And hid a soldier underground.

## THE DUMB SOLDIER

Spring and daisies came apace ;  
Grasses hide my hiding place ;  
Grasses run like a green sea  
O'er the lawn up to my knee.

Under grass alone he lies,  
Looking up with leaden eyes,  
Scarlet coat and pointed gun,  
To the stars and to the sun.

When the grass is ripe like grain,  
When the scythe is stoned again,  
When the lawn is shaven clear,  
Then my hole shall reappear.



I shall find him, never fear,  
I shall find my grenadier ;  
But for all that's gone and come,  
I shall find my soldier dumb.

He has lived, a little thing,  
In the grassy woods of spring ;  
Done, if he could tell me true,  
Just as I should like to do.



## THE DUMB SOLDIER

He has seen the starry hours  
And the springing of the flowers ;  
And the fairy things that pass  
In the forests of the grass.

In the silence he has heard  
Talking bee and ladybird,  
And the butterfly has flown  
O'er him as he lay alone.

Not a word will he disclose,  
Not a word of all he knows.  
I must lay him on the shelf,  
And make up the tale myself.





# AUTUMN FIRES

I N the other gardens  
And all up the vale,  
From the autumn bonfires  
See the smoke trail!



## AUTUMN FIRES

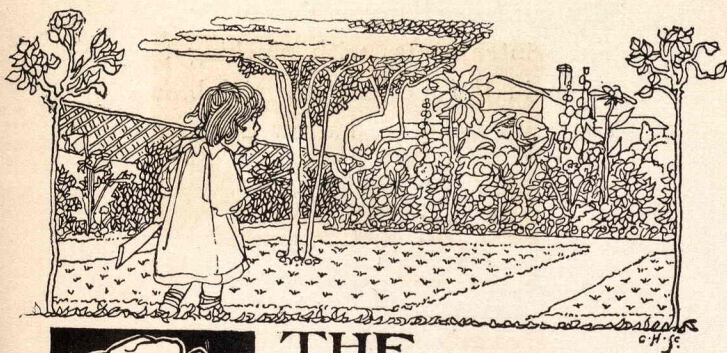


Pleasant summer over  
And all the summer flowers,  
The red fire blazes,  
The grey smoke towers.



Sing a song of seasons!  
Something bright in all!  
Flowers in the summer,  
Fires in the fall!





## THE GARDENER

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THE gardener does not love to talk,  
He makes me keep the gravel walk ;  
And when he puts his tools away,  
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row  
Where no one else but cook may go,  
Far in the plots, I see him dig,  
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red and blue,  
Nor wishes to be spoken to.  
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,  
And never seems to want to play.



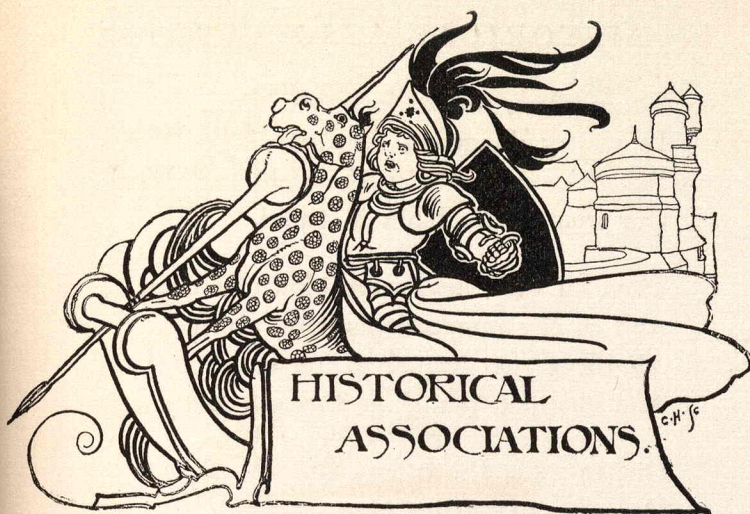
## THE GARDENER

Silly gardener! summer goes,  
And winter comes with pinching toes,  
When in the garden bare and brown  
You must lay your barrow down.



Well now, and while the summer stays,  
To profit by these garden days,  
O how much wiser you would be  
To play at Indian wars with me!





**D**EAR Uncle Jim, this garden ground  
That now you smoke your pipe around,  
Has seen immortal actions done  
And valiant battles lost and won.

Here we had best on tip-toe tread,  
While I for safety march ahead,  
For this is that enchanted ground  
Where all who loiter slumber sound.

Here is the sea, here is the sand,  
Here is simple Shepherd's Land,  
Here are the fairy hollyhocks,  
And there are Ali Baba's rocks.

But yonder, see! apart and high,  
Frozen Siberia lies; where I,  
With Robert Bruce and William Tell,  
Was bound by an enchanter's spell.



## HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS

There, then, awhile in chains we lay,  
In wintry dungeons, far from day ;  
But ris'n at length, with might and main,  
Our iron fetters burst in twain.

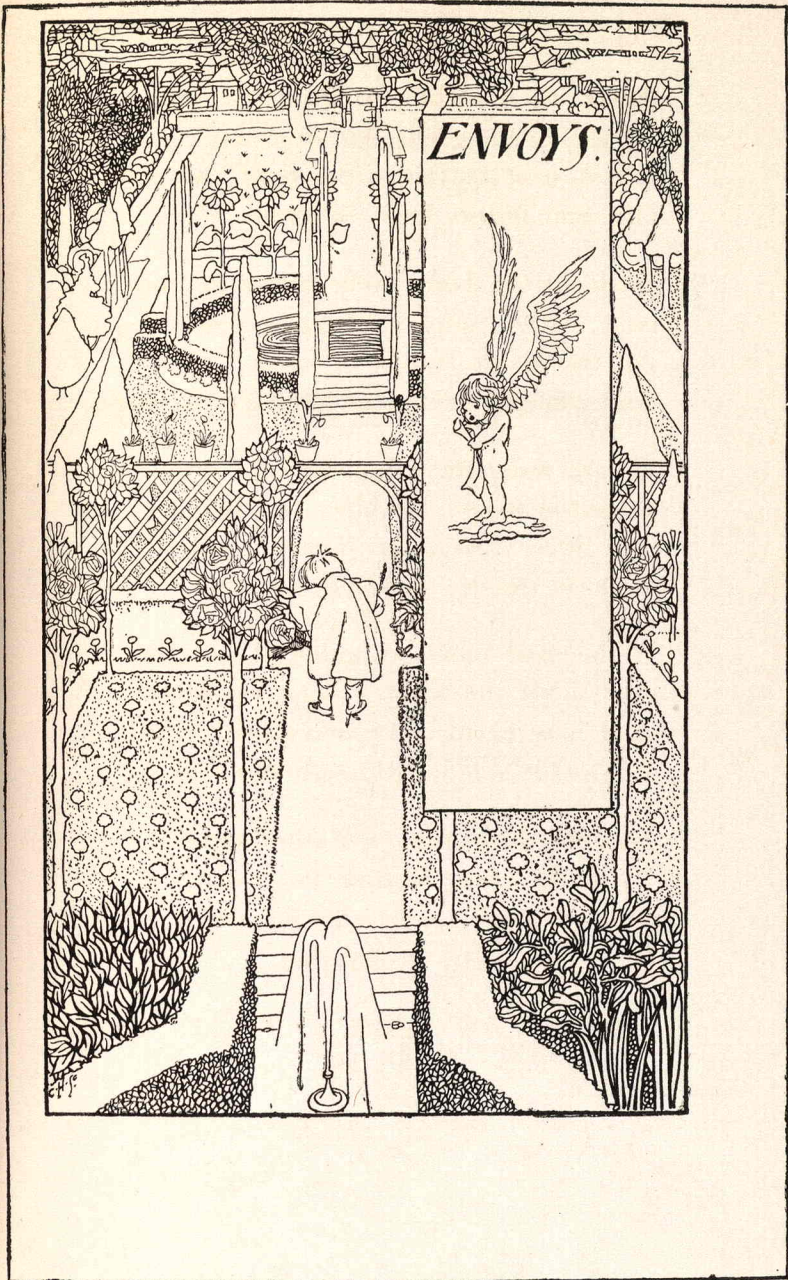
Then all the horns were blown in town ;  
And to the ramparts clanging down,  
All the giants leaped to horse  
And charged behind us through the gorse.

On we rode, the others and I,  
Over the mountains blue, and by  
The Silver River, the sounding sea,  
And the robber woods of Tartary.

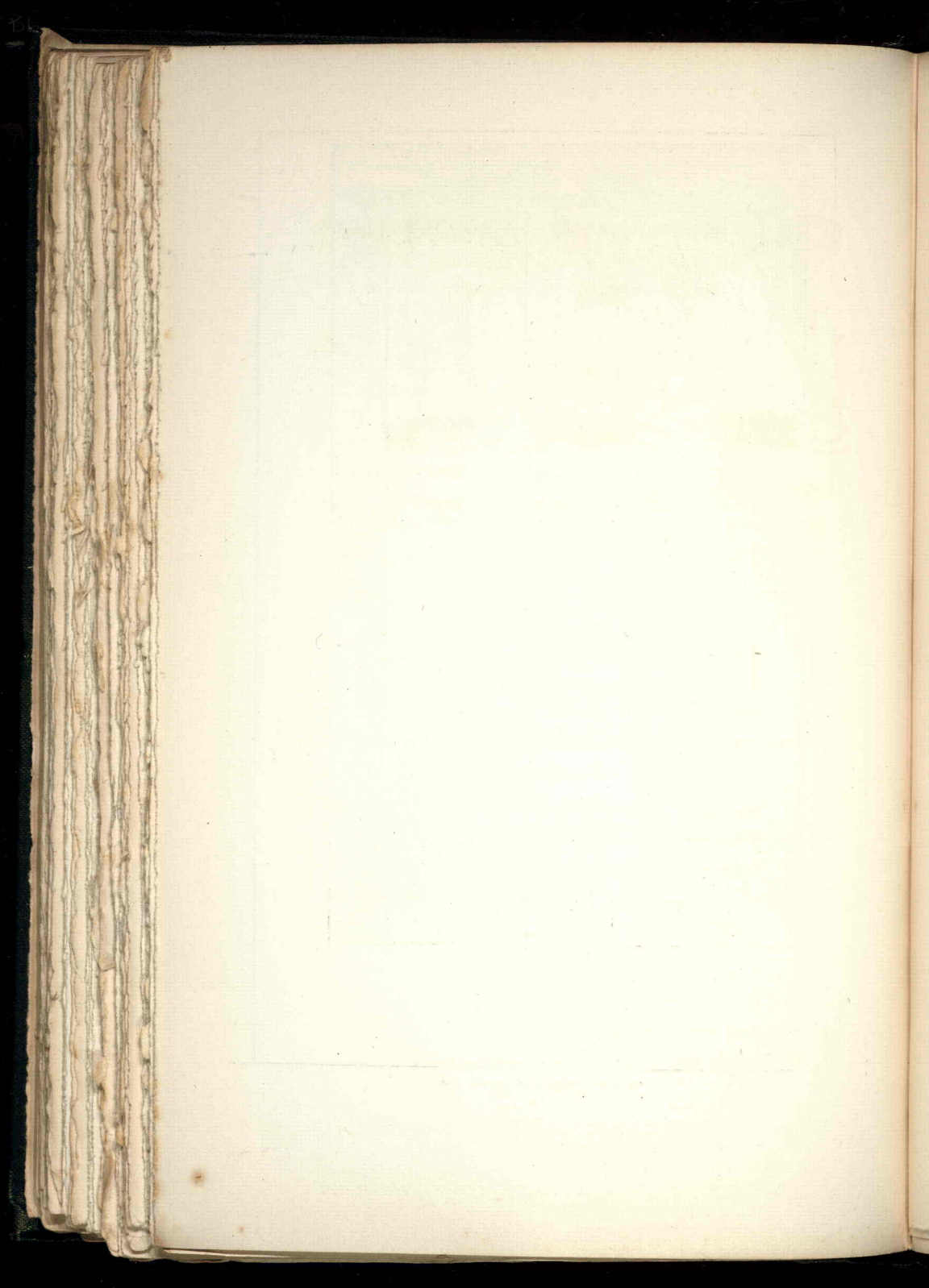
A thousand miles we galloped fast,  
And down the witches' lane we passed,  
And rode amain with brandished sword,  
Up to the middle, through the ford.

Last we drew rein—a weary three—  
Upon the lawn, in time for tea,  
And from our steeds alighted down  
Before the gates of Babylon.











TO WILLIE  
AND HENRI-  
ETTA



IF two may read aright  
These rhymes of old delight  
And house and garden play,  
You two, my cousins, and you only, may.

You in a garden green  
With me were king and queen,  
Were hunter, soldier, tar,  
And all the thousand things that children are.

Now in the elders' seat  
We rest with quiet feet,  
And from the window-bay  
We watch the children, our successors, play.

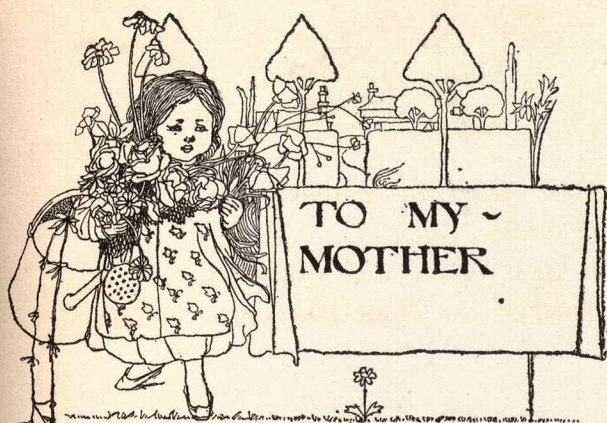


TO WILLIE AND HENRIETTA



“Time was,” the golden head  
Irrevocably said ;  
But time which none can bind,  
While flowing fast away, leaves love behind.





**Y**OU too, my mother, read my rhymes  
For love of unforgotten times,  
And you may chance to hear once more  
The little feet along the floor.







· TO AUNTIE ·

*CHIEF* of our aunts — not only I,  
But all your dozen of nurslings cry —  
*What did the other children do?*  
*And what were childhood, wanting you?*



· · · · ·



## TO MINNIE

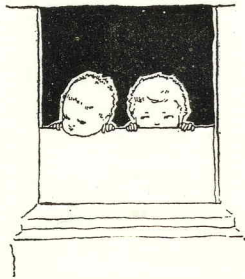
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THE red room with the giant bed  
Where none but elders laid their head ;  
The little room where you and I  
Did for awhile together lie  
And, simple suitor, I your hand  
In decent marriage did demand ;  
The great day nursery, best of all,  
With pictures pasted on the wall  
And leaves upon the blind—  
A pleasant room wherein to wake  
And hear the leafy garden shake  
And rustle in the wind—



TO MINNIE

And pleasant there to lie in bed  
And see the pictures overhead—  
The wars about Sebastopol,  
The grinning guns along the wall,  
The daring escalade,  
The plunging ships, the bleating sheep,  
The happy children ankle-deep,  
And laughing as they wade:  
All these are vanished clean away,  
And the old manse is changed to-day;  
It wears an altered face  
And shields a stranger race.  
The river, on from mill to mill,  
Flows past our childhood's garden still;  
But ah! we children never more  
Shall watch it from the water-door!  
Below the yew—it still is there—  
Our phantom voices haunt the air  
As we were still at play,  
And I can hear them call and say:  
*'How far is it to Babylon?'*



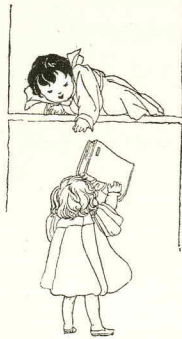
TO MINNIE

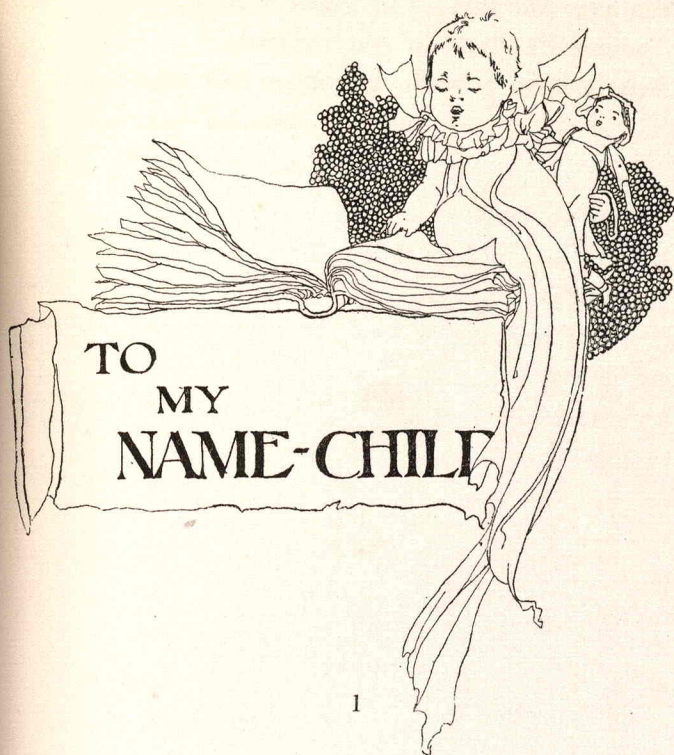
Ah, far enough, my dear,  
Far, far enough from here—  
Yet you have farther gone!  
*'Can I get there by candlelight?'*  
So goes the old refrain.  
I do not know—perchance you might—  
But only, children, hear it right,  
Ah, never to return again!  
The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt,  
Shall break on hill and plain,  
And put all stars and candles out,  
Ere we be young again.  
To you in distant India, these  
I send across the seas,  
Nor count it far across.  
For which of us forgets  
The Indian cabinets,  
The bones of antelope, the wings of albatross,  
The pied and painted birds and beans,  
The junks and bangles, beads and screens,  
The gods and sacred bells,  
And the loud-humming, twisted shells?  
The level of the parlour floor  
Was honest, homely, Scottish shore;  
But when we climbed upon a chair,  
Behold the gorgeous East was there!  
Be this a fable; and behold  
Me in the parlour as of old,  
And Minnie just above me set  
In the quaint Indian cabinet!



TO MINNIE

Smiling and kind, you grace a shelf  
Too high for me to reach myself.  
Reach down a hand, my dear, and take  
These rhymes for old acquaintance' sake.





TO  
MY  
NAME-CHILD

1

SOME day soon this rhyming volume, if you  
learn with proper speed,  
Little Louis Sanchez, will be given you to read.  
Then shall you discover that your name was  
printed down  
By the English printers, long before, in London  
town.

In the great and busy city where the East and  
West are met,  
All the little letters did the English printer set ;



TO MY NAME-CHILD

While you thought of nothing, and were still too  
young to play,  
Foreign people thought of you in places far away.

Ay, and while you slept, a baby, over all the  
English lands  
Other little children took the volume in their  
hands ;  
Other children questioned, in their homes across  
the seas :  
Who was little Louis, won't you tell us, mother,  
please ?



2

Now that you have spelt your lesson, lay it down  
and go and play,  
Seeking shells and seaweed on the sands of  
Monterey,

## TO MY NAME-CHILD

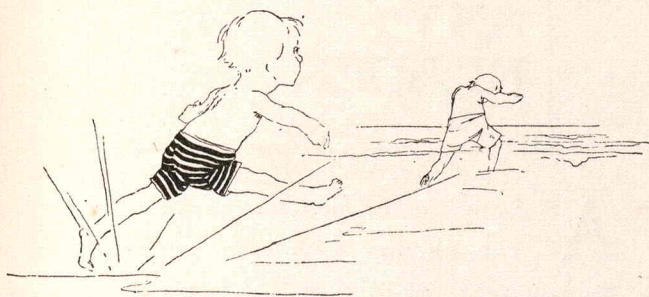
Watching all the mighty whalebones, lying buried  
by the breeze,  
Tiny sandy-pipers, and the huge Pacific seas.

And remember in your playing, as the sea-fog rolls  
to you,

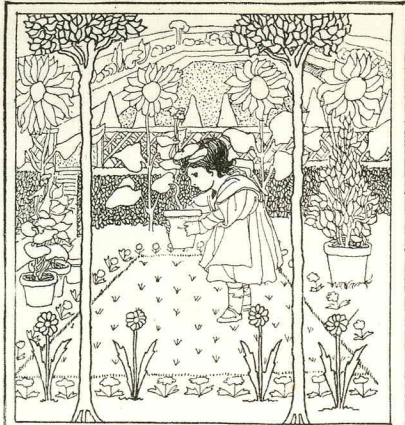
Long ere you could read it, how I told you what  
to do ;

And that while you thought of no one, nearly half  
the world away

Some one thought of Louis on the beach of  
Monterey !







TO  
ANY  
READER.

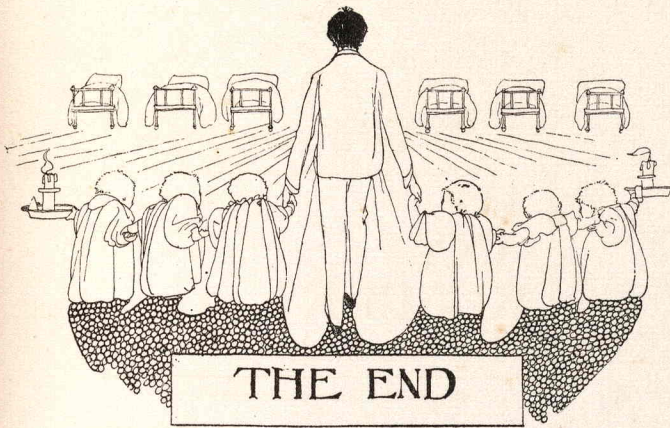


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AS from the house your mother sees  
You playing round the garden trees,  
So you may see, if you will look  
Through the windows of this book,  
Another child, far, far away,  
And in another garden, play.  
But do not think you can at all,  
By knocking on the window, call  
That child to hear you. He intent  
Is all on his play-business bent.  
He does not hear; he will not look,  
Nor yet be lured out of this book.

TO ANY READER

For, long ago, the truth to say,  
He has grown up and gone away,  
And it is but a child of air  
That lingers in the garden there.







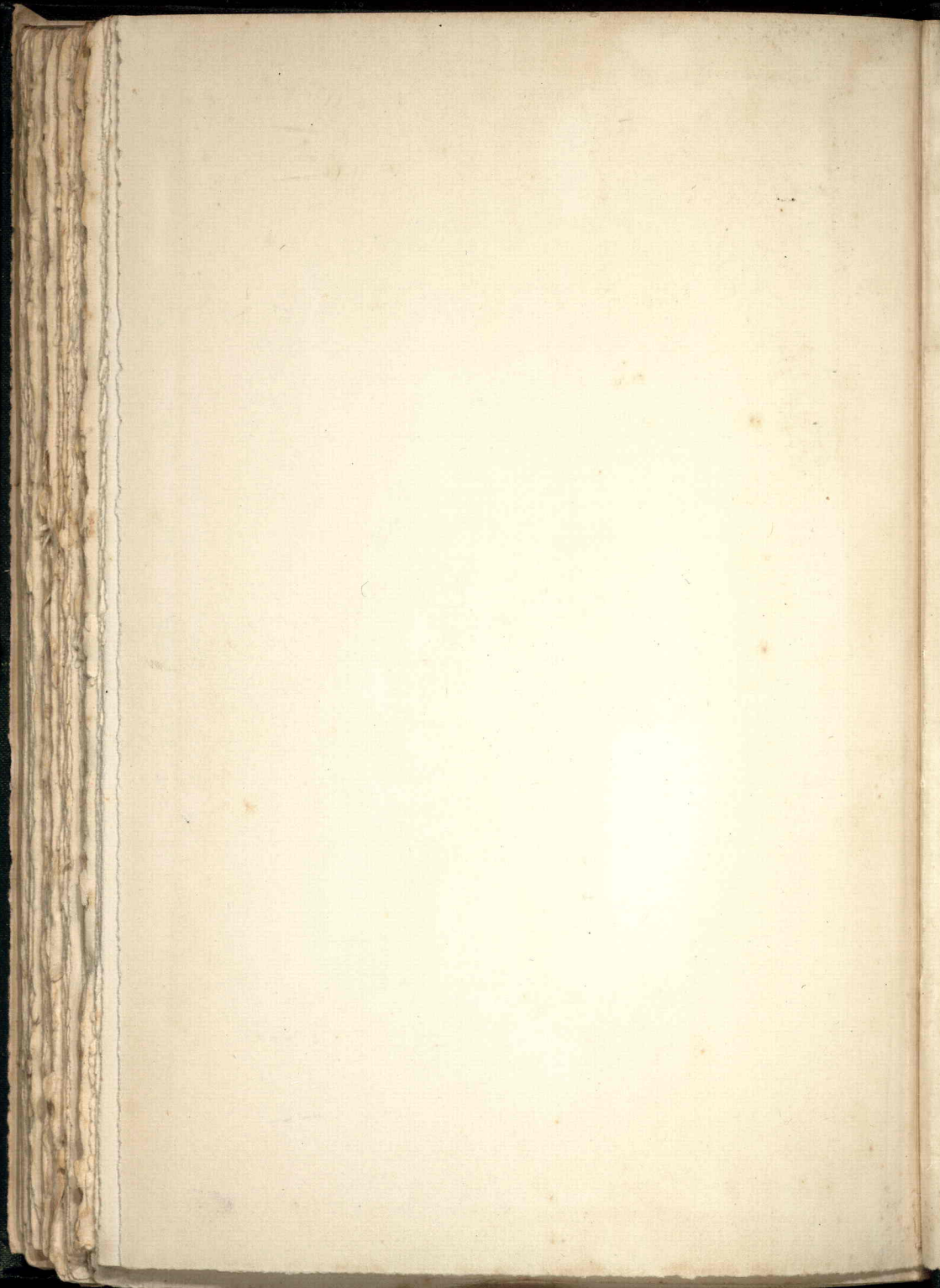






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