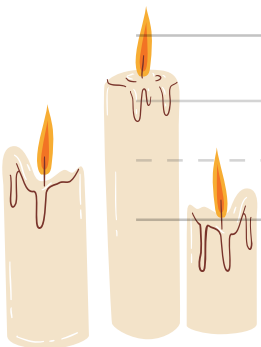


Bed in Summer

by Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at
night

And dress by yellow
candle-light.



Bed in Summer

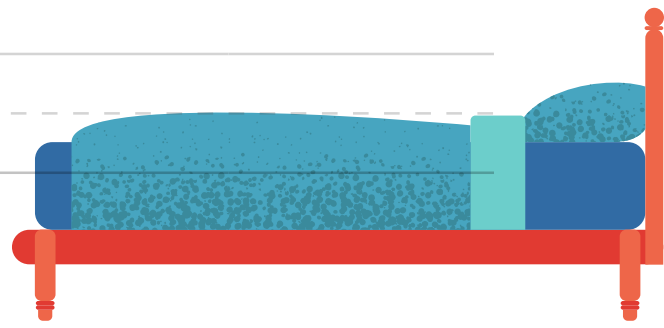
by Robert Louis Stevenson

In summer, quite the

other way,

I have to go to bed

by day.



Bed in Summer

by Robert Louis Stevenson

I have to go to bed

and see

The birds still

hopping on the tree,



Bed in Summer

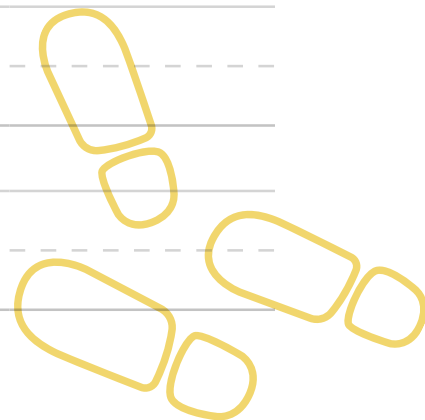
by Robert Louis Stevenson

Or hear the grown-

up people's feet

Still going past me in

the street.



Bed in Summer

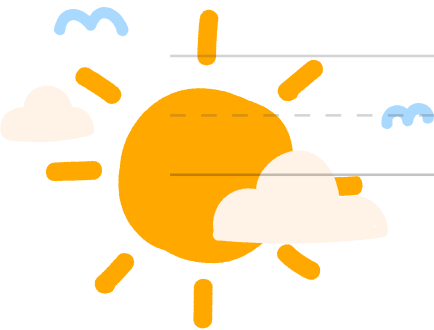
by Robert Louis Stevenson

And does it not seem

hard to you,

When all the sky is

clear and blue,



Bed in Summer

by Robert Louis Stevenson

And I should like so

much to play,

To have to go to bed

by day?

