

**DAISIES FROM A
CHILD'S
GARDEN OF VERSES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649297610

Daisies from A Child's Garden of Verses by Robert Louis Stevenson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

**DAISIES FROM A
CHILD'S
GARDEN OF VERSES**





from a
Child's Garden of Verses
BY
Robert Louis Stevenson.

20485. 28. 50



Brought to the library of
The College Museum

Copyright



Boston · 1898 ·



First Day.

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?

Second 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 SEA-SIDE.

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.

Third Day.



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.



Fourth Day.

SINGING.

Of 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.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.