

C. POEMS

THE LAND OF NOD

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.

The strangest things are these 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.

Robert Louis Stevenson

THE SWING

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,
 River and trees and cattle and all
 Over the countryside--

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!

Robert Louis Stevenson

