

**To Alison Cunningham**

*From Her Boy*

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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## I

**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?

II

**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.

## III

## 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.

## IV

**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 emperor 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.

As first they move a little slow,  
But still the faster on they go,  
And still beside me close I keep  
Until we reach the town of Sleep.



## V

**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.