

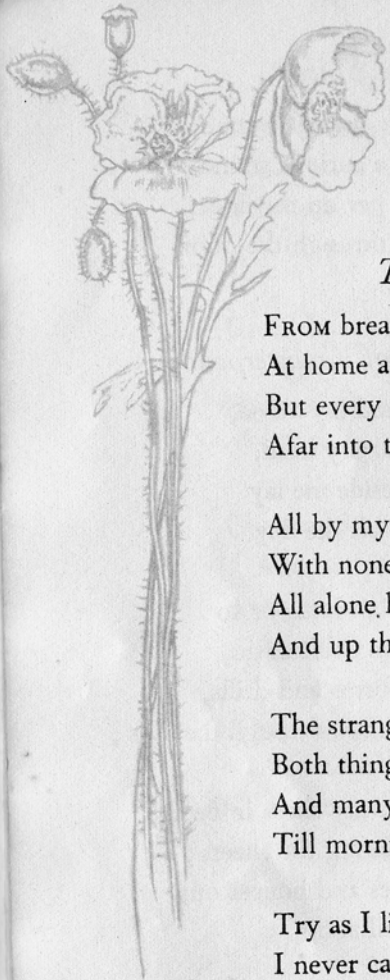


A Puffin Story Book

A
CHILD'S GARDEN
of VERSES
BY
Robert Louis Stevenson



DECORATIONS
BY
EVE GARNETT



The Land of Nod

FROM breakfast on all through 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 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

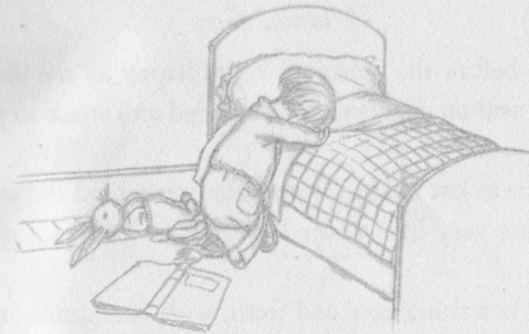
I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head ;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

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.
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 buttercup ;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.



System

EVERY 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.

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.

