

# Sleep Poems by Robert Louis Stevenson

## A Good Boy<sup>1</sup>

*By Robert Louis Stevenson*

I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day,  
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,  
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth and fair,  
And I must be off to sleep—sin-by, and not forget my prayer.

I know that, till to-morrow I shall see the sun arise,  
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly sight my eyes.

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the dawn,  
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round the lawn.

## The Land of Nod<sup>2</sup>

*By Robert Louis Stevenson*

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.

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<sup>1</sup> Stevenson, R.L. (1913). A Child's Garden of Verses. Simon & Schuster Children's. / CC0

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