

My Favorite Old-Time Poem

“AS A CHILD, I read this poem, and it enchanted me with its charming simplicity,” writes Helen Smith of St. James, New York. “From this one poem, I developed a love for writing my own poems and essays.”

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?

—Robert Louis Stevenson