Bed in Summer

Poem • Read it, then copy it neatly. Keep going on the back.

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.

— Robert Louis Stevenson, A Child's Garden of Verses

Bed in Summer (continued)