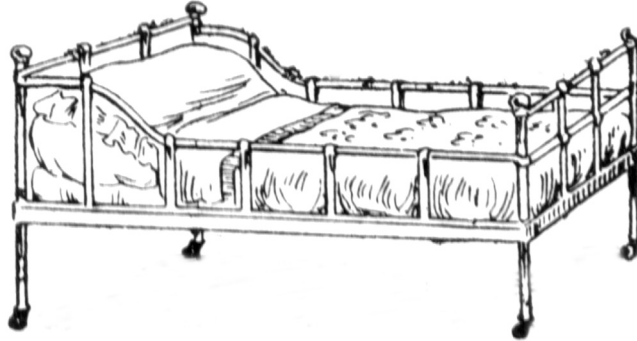


# MY BED IS A BOAT

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



My bed is like a little boat;  
Nurse helps me in when I embark;  
She girds me in my sailor's coat  
And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say  
Good-night to all my friends on shore;  
I shut my eyes and sail away  
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,  
As prudent sailors have to do;  
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,  
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;  
But when the day returns at last,  
Safe in my room beside the pier,  
I find my vessel fast.