

Bed in Summer

Robert Louis Stevenson

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?

What do you do to get ready for bed?

