

My Bed is a Boat

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me 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.



Robert Louis Stevenson

**girds – dresses*

***prudent – sensible, careful*