

# ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

**Robert Louis Stevenson, (1850-1894) - Scottish novelist, poet, and essayist, best known for his adventure stories.**

**Stevenson was a sickly man (he died of tuberculosis) who nevertheless led an adventurous life.**

**He spent his last five years on the island of Samoa as a planter and chief of the natives.**

**A Child's Garden of Verses (1885) - A collection of poetry written for children and from a child's point of view.**

## **FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.**

FASTER than fairies, faster than witches, Bridges and houses,  
hedges and ditches; And charging along like troops in a battle,  
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:

All of the sights of the hill and the plain Fly as thick as driving  
rain; And ever again in the wink of an eye, Painted stations  
whistle by.

Here is a child who clammers and scrambles, All by himself and  
gathering brambles; Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;  
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!

Here is a cart run away in the road Lumping along with man  
and load; And here is a mill and there is a river:

Each a glimpse and gone forever!

## **WINDY NIGHTS.**

WHENEVER the moon and stars are set, Whenever the wind is high,  
All night long in the dark and wet, A man goes riding by.

Late in the night when the fires are out, Why does he gallop  
and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud, And ships are tossed at  
sea, By, on the highway, low and loud, By at the gallop goes  
he.

By at the gallop he goes, and then By he comes back at the  
gallop again.

## KEEPSAKE MILL.

OVER the borders, a sin without pardon, Breaking the branches  
and crawling below, Out through the breach in the wall of the  
garden,

Down by the banks of the river, we go.

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder, Here is the weir  
with the wonder of foam, Here is the sluice with the race  
running underMarvelous places, though handy to home!

Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller, Stiller the notes of  
the birds on the hill; Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,  
Deaf are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river Wheels as it  
wheels for us, children, to-day, Wheel and keep roaring and  
foaming forever Long after all of the boys are away.

Home from the Indies and home from the ocean, Heroes and  
soldiers we all shall come home; Still we shall find the old mill-  
wheel in motion, Turning and churning that river to foam.

You with the bean that I gave when we quarreled,

I with your marble of Saturday last, Honored and old and all  
gayly appareled, Here we shall meet and remember the past.