

## POETRY - THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

By Robert Louis Stevenson

In this file you will find:

1. Poem with illustrations
2. Picture sheet with no words
3. Coloring sheets



**The Land of Story-Books**  
By Robert Louis Stevenson

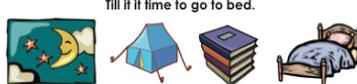
At evening when the lamp is lit,  
Around the fire my parents sit;  
They sit at home and talk and sing,  
And do not play at anything.



Now, with my little gun, I crawl  
All in the dark along the wall,  
And follow round the forest track  
Away behind the sofa back.



There, in the night, where none can spy,  
All in my hunter's camp I lie,  
And play at books that I have read  
Till it is time to go to bed.



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1.



2.



3.



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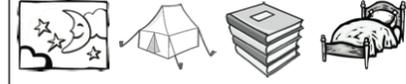
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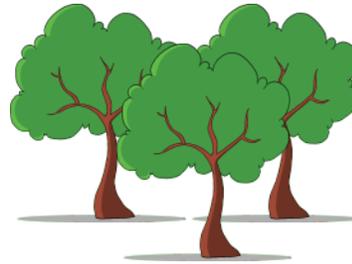
# The Land of Story-Books

*By Robert Louis Stevenson*

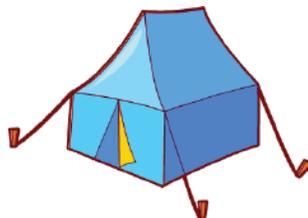
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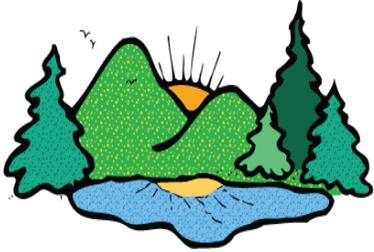
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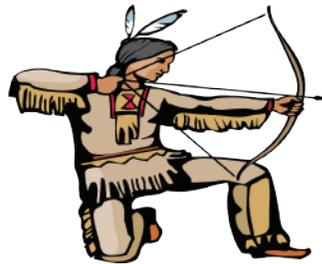
There, in the night, where none can spy,  
All in my hunter's camp I lie,  
And play at books that I have read  
Till it is time to go to bed.



These are the hills, these are the woods,  
These are my starry solitudes;  
And there the river by whose brink  
The roaring lions come to drink.



I see the others far away  
As if in firelit camp they lay,  
And I, like to an Indian scout,  
Around their party prowled about.



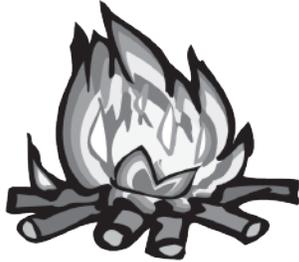
So, when my nurse comes in for me,  
Home I return across the sea,  
And go to bed with backward looks  
At my dear land of Story-Books.



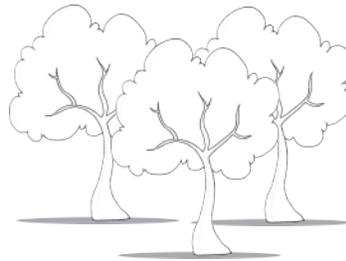
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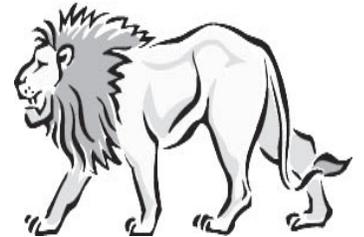
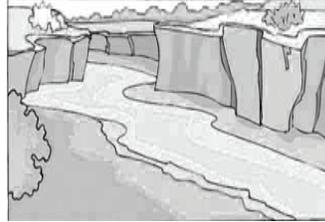
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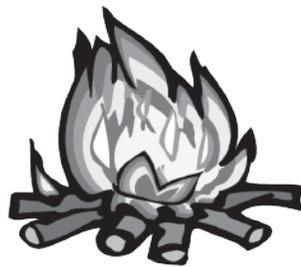
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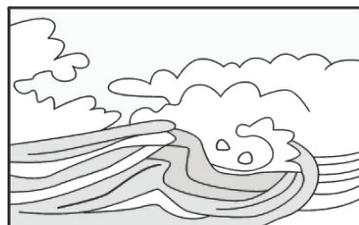
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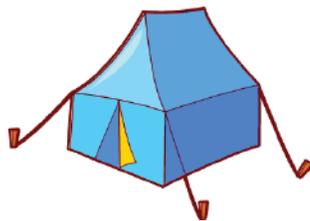
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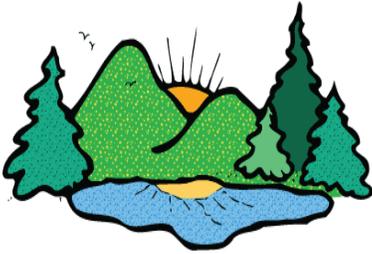
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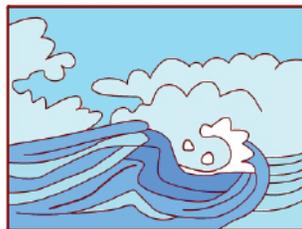
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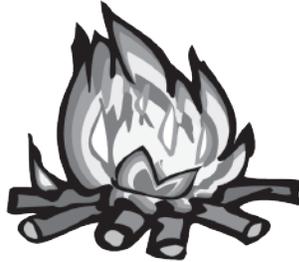
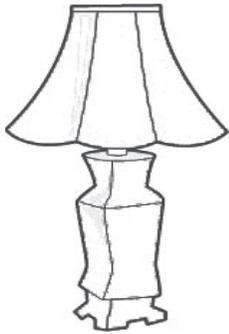
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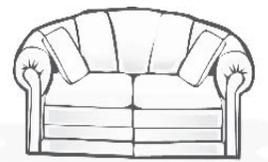
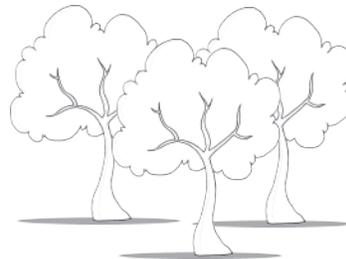
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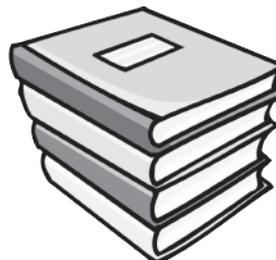
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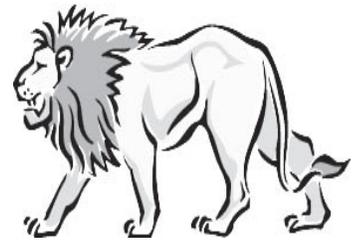
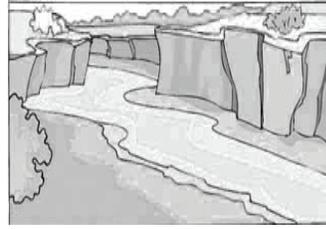
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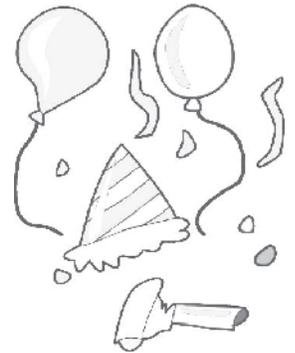
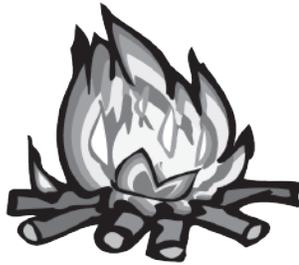
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