

(must)

The Small Ghostie

When it's late and it's dark
And everyone sleeps shhh shhh shhh,
Into our kitchen
A small ghostie creepsk shhh shhh shhh.
We hear knocking and raps
And then rattles and taps,
Then he clatters and clangs
And he batters and bangs,
And he whistles and yowls
And he screeches and howlsk
So we pull up our covers over our heads
And we block up our ears and WE STAY IN
OUR BEDS

Barbara Ireson

(should)

Bed in Summer

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?

Robert Louis Stevenson

(could)

Silver

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

Walter De La Mare