

WHERE
GO THE
BOATS

ESCAPE
AT
BEDTIME

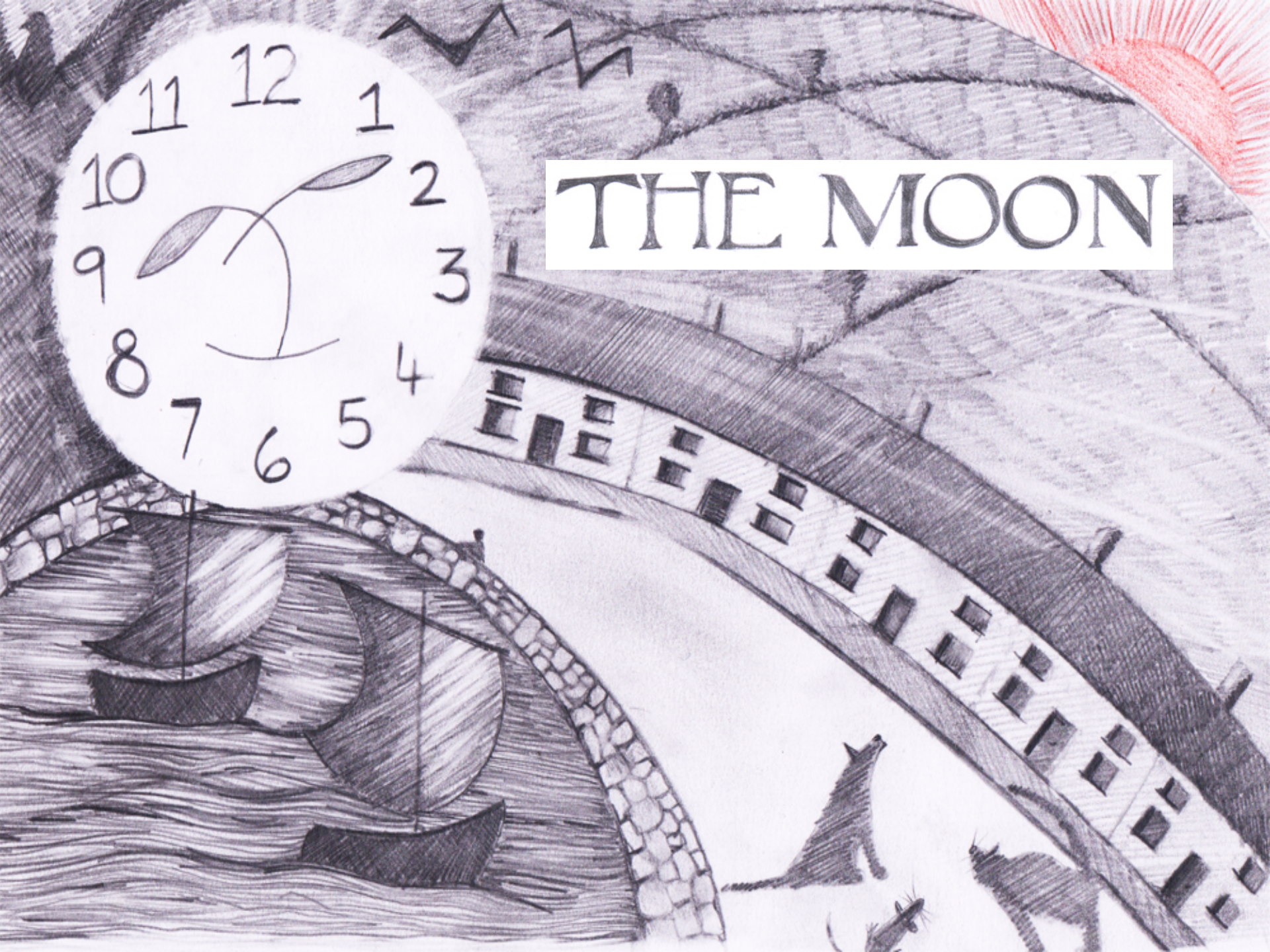
WINDY NIGHTS

FROM
A
RAILWAY
CARRIAGE

THE MOON
THE SWING

Robert Louis Stevenson

THE MOON





THE MOON

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

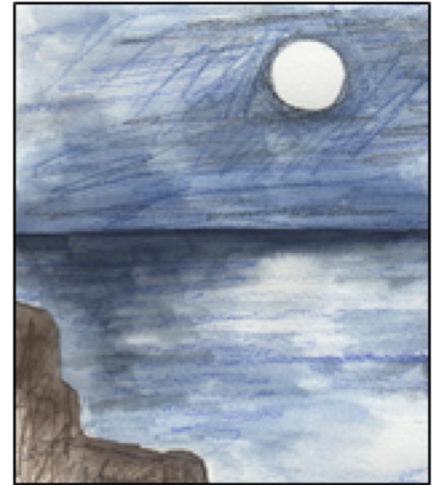
What do you notice about the phrases highlighted in yellow?

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Phrases

A **phrase** is a group of words which adds meaning to a sentence.

over the moor
in the air
till teatime
for days and days

There is **no active verb** in a phrase; it does not make sense on its own.

Prepositions

Prepositions tell us how words are related.

Prepositions link a phrase to a sentence.

Where?	When?
inside outside	before in
between	during
over	while
under	for
at	at
above	after
with	until/till

The wind is howling over the moor.

I like to in the air.

We played till teatime.

We sailed along for days.

Where?

When?

Prepositions

inside the bedroom

under the bed

before bedtime

in the evening

outside the window

while everyone slept

Are these **prepositional phrases** telling you **where** or **when**?

Yes, they all had prepositions.
Look at these.



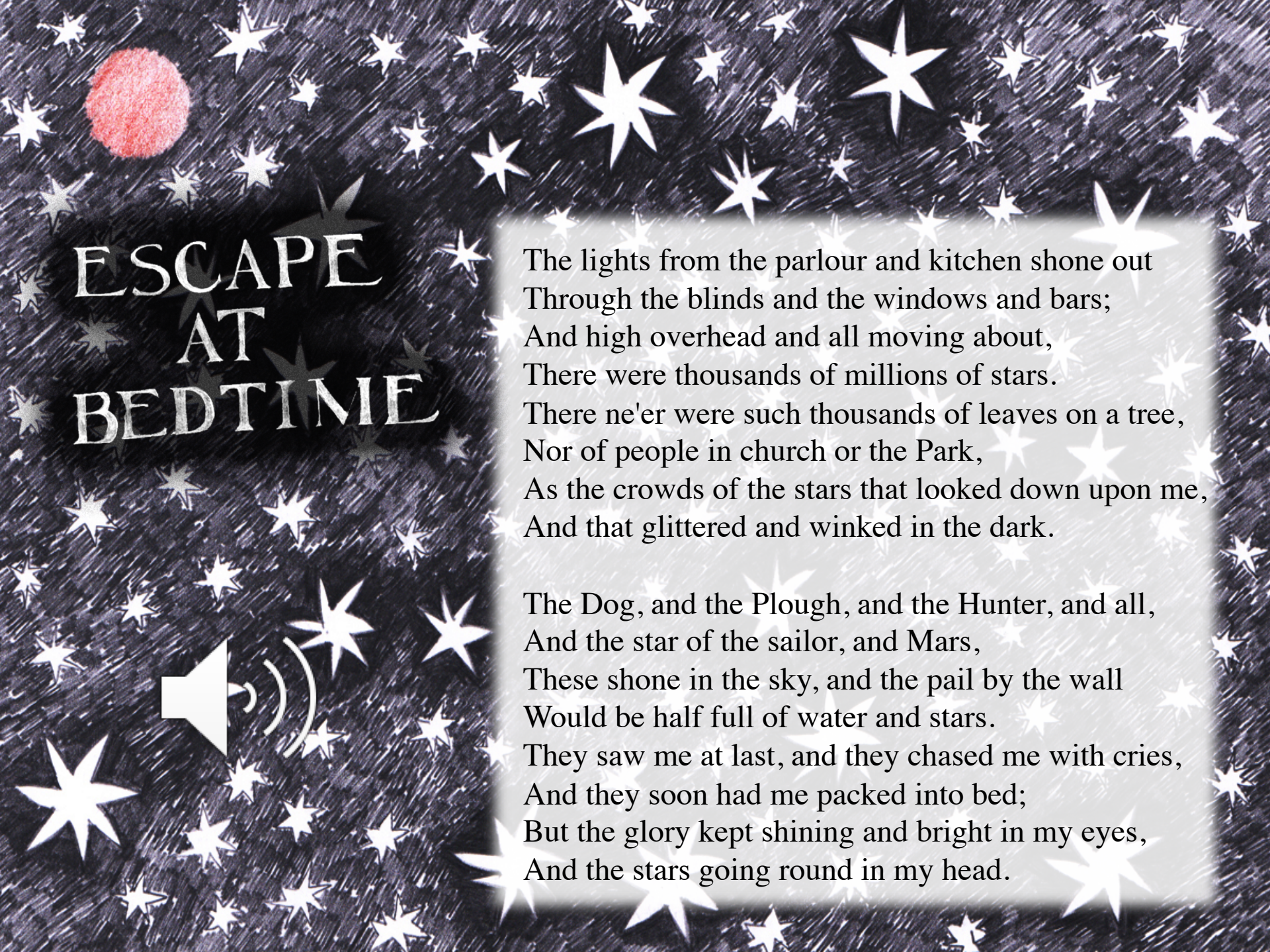
Can you make your own list of prepositions from the poem like this?



Where?

When?

Well done. Now here are some
more poems for you to listen to.
Enjoy!

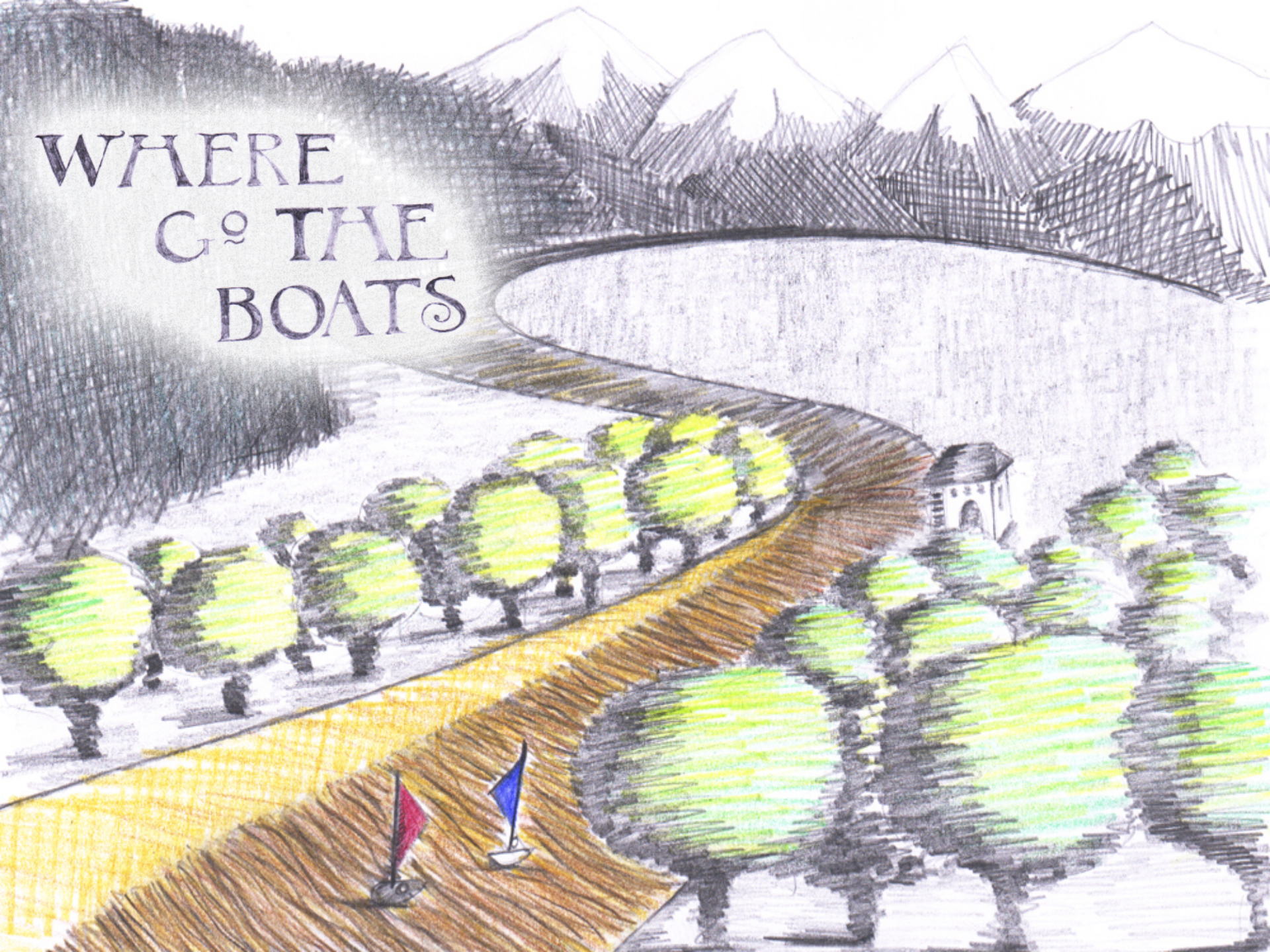


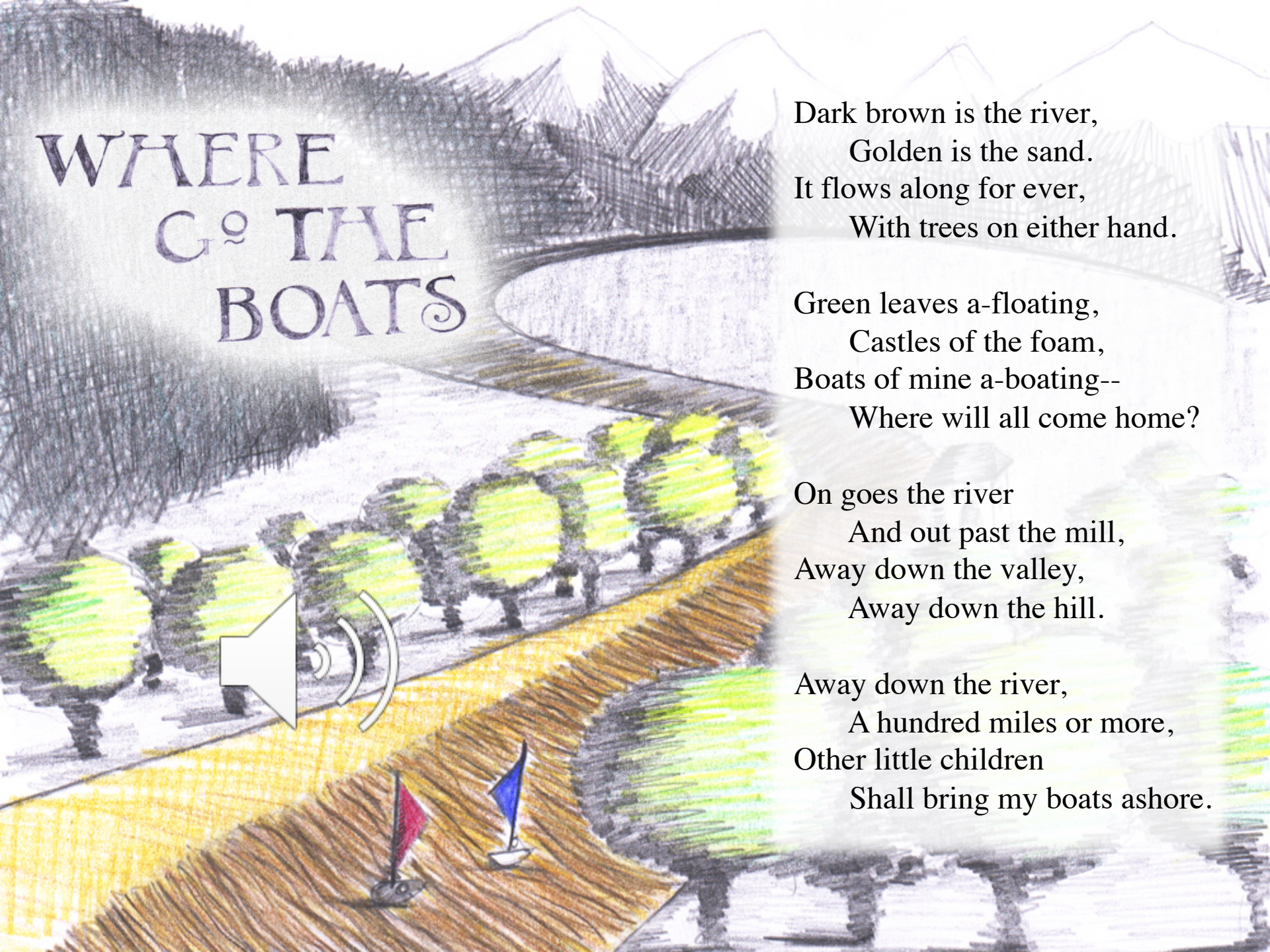
ESCAPE AT BEDTIME

The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

WHERE
GO THE
BOATS





WHERE GO THE BOATS

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating--
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

The background is a dark, textured surface, possibly a book cover or a piece of fabric, with a prominent circular light source in the upper left corner. The light source is bright white and has a soft, glowing aura. The rest of the background is dark grey and black, with a dense, fibrous texture. A large, dark, shadowed figure is visible in the center, appearing to be a person or a creature, but it is mostly obscured by the texture and shadows. The overall mood is mysterious and atmospheric.

WINDY NIGHTS



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.



Robert Louis Stevenson

1850-1894