



PICTURE-BOOKS IN WINTER

Robert Louis Stevenson

Summer fading, winter comes—
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are,
Seas and cities, near and far;
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books?

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

- Who is the speaker in this poem?
- Why does the speaker like reading picture books in winter?
- Does the speaker like or dislike winter weather?
- What does the speaker mean by saying pretty things “wait” in picture books?
- Why is the speaker “safe” when sitting and reading in “nursery nooks”?