

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

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.

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 fire-lit camp they lay,  
And I, like to an Indian scout,  
Around their party prowled about.