

THE LITTLE STONE HOUSE

GRAY walled and roofed my house shall be,
Stone piled on chiselled stone,
With subtly fashioned mansionry
Where one may dwell alone.

I shall not care to open wide
My closely fastened door,
I shall not see the stars outside
But dreams shall pave my floor.

Quiet my house where I shall sleep
Day and the long night too,
The perfume of wan flowers shall steep
My chamber through and through.