THE LITTLE LAND

Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time—
O dear me,
That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover-tree,
And just come back, a sleepy head,
Late at night to go to bed.

Bibl. d. TU.
Braunschweig

http://www.digibib.tu-bs.de/?docid=00022969