



# THE LITTLE LAND

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

When at home alone I sit  
And am very tired of it,  
I have just to shut my eyes  
To go sailing through the skies—  
To go sailing far away  
To the pleasant Land of Play;  
To the fairy land afar  
Where the Little People are;  
Where the clover-tops are trees,  
And the rain-pools are the seas,  
And the leaves, like little ships,  
Sail about on tiny trips;  
And above the Daisy tree  
    Through the grasses,  
High o'erhead the Bumble Bee  
    Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro  
I can wander, I can go;  
See the spider and the fly,  
And the ants go marching by,  
Carrying parcels with their feet  
Down the green and grassy street.  
I can in the sorrel sit  
Where the ladybird alit.  
I can climb the jointed grass  
    And on high  
See the greater swallows pass  
    In the sky,  
And the round sun rolling by  
Heeding no such things as I.  
Through that forest I can pass  
Till, as in a looking-glass,  
Humming fly and daisy tree

And my tiny self I see,  
Painted very clear and neat  
On the rain-pool at my feet.  
Should a leaflet come to land  
Drifting near to where I stand,  
Straight I'll board that tiny boat  
Round the rain-pool sea to float.  
Little thoughtful creatures sit

On the grassy coasts of it;  
Little things with lovely eyes  
See me sailing with surprise.  
Some are clad in armour green—  
(These have sure to battle been!)—  
Some are pied with ev'ry hue,  
Black and crimson, gold and blue;  
Some have wings and swift are gone;—  
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again  
Open, and see all things plain:  
High bare walls, great bare floor;  
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 a the rain-pool sea,  
A climber in the clover tree,  
And just come back a sleepy-head,  
Late at night to go to bed.