**The Land of Counterpane**

*By: Robert Louis Stevenson*

When I was sick and lay a-bed,  
I had two pillows at my head,  
And all my toys beside me lay  
To keep me happy all the day.  
  
And sometimes for an hour or so  
I watched my leaden soldiers go,  
With different uniforms and drills,  
Among the bedclothes, through the hills;  
  
And sometimes sent my ships in fleets  
All up and down among the sheets;  
Or brought my trees and houses out,  
And planted cities all about.  
  
I was the giant great and still  
That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
And sees before him, dale and plain,  
The pleasant land of counterpane.