

THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE

Sometimes I am a hunter bold and tall,
And trail the savage bear or cunning fox
Up the steep mountain height of garden wall,
Or through thick forests of potato stalks.

My trusty air-gun slung across my back,
I prowl about the jungle field of wheat,
And follow swiftly down the beaten track,
Worn hard and smooth by countless padded feet.

Again I am a merchant prince; each day
My shingle ships the seapool sail for me;
Bring silks from France, or tea from far Cathay,
Rare wines from Spain, bright gems from Kimberley

Astride my broomstick charger riding free,
I lead my wooden troops across the plain,
To storm the fortress of the enemy
Between the fences of the pasture lane.

I've dug for pirate gold beneath the tree
That stands alone just down behind the hill;
Once made a journey to a polar sea
Across the little pond above the mill.

Thus each new day to me adventure brings;
I roam at will from morn till dewy eve,
And play at soldiers, sailors, beggars, kings,
In boyhood's glorious land of Make-Believe.

—R. G. E. '27