The Land of Counterpane

Prologue (spoken) – words as item 10

1 – Windy Nights

_Gallop and gallop and gallop and gallop_ 
_and gallop and gallop and gallop_

Whenever the moon and stars are set, 
Whenever the wind is high, 
All night long in the dark and wet, 
A man goes riding by. 
Late in the night when the fires are out, 
Why does he gallop and gallop about? 

_Gallop and gallop and gallop and gallop_ 
_and gallop and gallop and gallop_ 
_and gallop and gallop and gallop_

Whenever the trees are crying aloud, 
And ships are tossed at sea, 
By, on the highway, low and loud, 
By at the gallop goes he. 
By at the gallop he goes, and then 
By he comes back at the gallop again.

_Gallop and gallop and gallop and gallop_ 
_and gallop and gallop and gallop_ 
_and gallop...and gallop...gallop...

_Gallop and gallop and gallop.

2 – Singing

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings 
And nests among the trees; 
The sailor sings of ropes and things 
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan, 
The children sing in Spain; 
The organ with the organ man 
Is singing in the rain.

3 – Where go the Boats?

Dark brown is the river, 
Golden is the sand. 
It flows along for ever, 
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating, 
Castles of the foam, 
Boats of mine a-boating— 
Where will all come home?

On goes the river 
And out past the mill, 
Away down the valley, 
Away down the hill.

Away down the river, 
A hundred miles or more, 
Other little children 
Shall bring my boats ashore.

4 – Marching Song

Bring the comb and play upon it! 
Marching, here we come! 
Willie cocks his highland bonnet, 
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party, 
Peter leads the rear; 
Feet in time, alert and hearty, 
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner 
Marching double-quick; 
While the napkin like a banner 
Waves up...on the....stick.
6 – Night and Day

When the golden day is done,
Through the closing portal,
Child and garden, flower and sun,
Vanish all things mortal.

As the blinding shadows fall,
As the rays diminish,
Under evening’s cloak, they all
Roll away and vanish.

Garden darkened, daisy shut,
Child in bed, they slumber,
Glow-worm in the highway rut,
Mice among the lumber.

In the darkness houses shine,
Parents move with candles,
Till, on all, the night divine
Turns the bedroom handles.

Till at last the day begins
In the east a-breaking,
Every path and every plot,
Every bush of roses,
Every blue forget-me-not
Where the dew reposes,

‘Up!’ they cry, ‘the day is come
On the smiling valleys;
We have beat the morning drum;
Playmate, join your allies!’

8 – Young Night Thought

All night long, and every night,
When my mamma puts out the light,
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,

All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day,

So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of Sleep/

10 – The Land of Counterpane

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 bed-clothes, 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.