*A child’s dream*

*At seven when I go to bed*

*I find such pictures in my head*

*Everywhere I go there are colourful flowers*

*Fascinating castles with mountain-high towers*

*This place is like a mystical dream*

*The sun sends out a warm summer beam*

*The magical swans gliding in the breeze*

*While beside them sway the undead trees*

*I find so clearly in my head*

*At seven when I go to bed*

*At seven when I wake again*

*The magic land I seek in vain*

*The magnificent sun beam is dark once more*

*Millions of people in the world are poor*

*The beautiful swans are all stone dead*

*Because of the hunters the animals have fled*

*The smell of wet grass on a cold autumn day*

Is replaced with one of smoke and shouts of dismay

The magic land I seek in vain

At seven when I wake again