

“Perhaps she is going to sing in her sleep,” said Peter. “Wendy, sing the kind of house you would like to have.”

Immediately, without opening her eyes, Wendy began to sing:

“I wish I had a pretty house,
The littlest ever seen,
With funny little red walls
And roof of mossy green.”

They gurgled with joy at this, for by the greatest good luck the branches they had brought were sticky with red sap, and all the ground was carpeted with moss. As they rattled up the little house they broke into song themselves:

“We’ve built the little walls and roof
And made a lovely door,
So tell us, mother Wendy,
What are you wanting more?”

To this she answered rather greedily:

“Oh, really next I think I’ll have
Gay windows all about,
With roses peeping in, you know,
And babies peeping out.”

With a blow of their fists they made windows, and large yellow leaves were the blinds. But roses—?

“Roses,” cried Peter sternly.

Quickly they made-believe to grow the loveliest roses up the walls.
Babies?

To prevent Peter ordering babies they hurried into song again:

“We’ve made the roses peeping out,
The babes are at the door,
We cannot make ourselves, you know,
’Cos we’ve been made before.”