

A DREAM.

LAST night I was wakeful and restless,
My heart was so heavy with care,
My thoughts wandered over the ocean
To France and my Highland lad there.
Then, in the grey dawn of the morning,
I slumbered, and dreamed a strange dream.
I thought I was in a large building
That stood by a dark, rushing stream.

And toward me I saw my lad coming,
With wide, outstretched arms and glad cry.
He called me by name, and said sadly,
"I've come, dear, to bid you good-bye."
He looked, oh! so pale and so weary,
And leaned his dear head on my breast.
I kissed him and stroked his hair fondly,
With tender words soothed him to rest.

And then in a moment he vanished;
I woke to a dull, bitter pain.
Oh, can it be that I shall never
See my bonnie laddie again?
Oh, does my dream mean I have lost him,
That no more my heart will be glad?
Now through the dark days I am waiting
For news of my dear Highland lad.