

And all is peace, and joy, and song, with ne'er a passing  
jar ;

Where Truth is light, and Innocence reigns without  
aught to mar.

Still, at my side, the maiden stands, her face lit like the  
rest,

With beauty transcendental ; while from her lovely eyes,  
As on my face she rests her gaze, a look my being thrills.  
She smiles—ah such a smile—then quickly glides from  
me away ;

And, though I call, stops not, nor turns, still with that  
'wilderer smile

Points upward with a beckoning hand—is gone—I wake  
the while.