

EDGAR, Felham

DREAM FACES.

SLUMB'ROUS airs and sleep-tunes hover  
O'er my weary head,  
Day's desires and doubts are over,  
And o'er all the past is shed  
The glamour that our dreams recover  
From memories of pleasures fled.

Ere the spells of sleep dissever  
Links of yielding pain,  
Soothe the soul of strong endeavour  
With fair hopes that wax and wane,  
Thronging forms float on forever  
Through the portals of my brain.

And amid the myriads streaming  
In the spirit's light,  
Shines one dear face through my dreaming,  
Vaguely through the gloom of night,  
And those eyes ethereal beaming  
Thrill my slumber with delight.