

## The Harvest I Never Sowed

I DREAMED, that a little meadow  
Was given to me by the Lord,  
For thoughts to blossom like daisies,  
That dapple the dewy sod.

And in that glorious harvest,  
My deeds were the golden grain;  
'Twas wet by my tearful sorrows,  
And reaped by the sickle—pain.

And Work—Oh! he was the farmer,  
And Duty his help-meet true;  
And Hope was the little lantern  
That cheered us the long night through.