

No phantoms mock thy dreams,
 No ice nor snow
 Can chill thee with their breath,
 Or summer's glow
 Warm thy young breast again
 My love to know.

No words of mine can reach
 To where thou art,
 Nor sign from thee may come
 To heal my heart,
 So vast the heights that hold
 Our souls apart.

Sleep on, for *thee* the years,
 Unheeded fly,
Thy dreams are full of *rest*,
 But *I*
 Grow weary, waiting for
 Thy company.

O sleep, my darling, sleep,
 Tho' deep and wide
 The sea, that our two souls
 Doth now divide,
 Shall drift us, afterwards,
 Close, side by side.