

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.