

Oh, the frosts of years have touched my hair,
And hope has long since fled,
But we will keep our tryst, dear heart,
When the sea gives up its dead.

THE DREAM-SHIP

OUT of the West, where the sun sinks low,
Softly swaying to and fro,
Floats a white ship of foamy cloud,
All sails set, and a banner proud,
Sailing slow, o'er an azure sea;
'Tis Baby's Boat, and it sails to me

Out from the mystic shores it glides,
Borne aloft upon airy tides,
Out from the glory of sunset glow,
Into the Lowlands where shadows grow,
There while the twilight is growing dim;
'Tis Baby's Boat, and it comes for him.

High on its prow is a silver star
Twinkling brightly from realms afar;
Golden curls on a pillow white,—
Dream-ship sailing into the night,—
Sweet-voiced angels singing low,
Into the land of dreams they go.