

AFTER STRIFE

I WONDER if they ever dream
Beneath yon silent hill
Where every face is white in sleep
And every heart is still.

For if they do—ah, if they do—
And I come there to dream,
I want to dream about a hut
That stands beside a stream;

A little hut, a little stream,
A little hill hard by,
A smoky bed of smould'ring coals
Where blackened embers lie;

Four little walls of dove-tailed pines,
A sodden roof, a floor
Of mouldy earth where sunlight falls
A-slant through open door;

A little path that angling runs
To where the trail comes down
Across the hills from Far Away,
Where men have built a town;

A little trail where strangers pass
And bid the time of day,
Or pause a while to fill a pipe
And rest beside the way.

Let others dream—if dream they must—
Of mansions yet to be;
A hut, a stream, a hill, a trail—
Dear God, give these to me!