

## THE DREAMER AND THE VOICE.

BY EVELYN DURAND.

### THE VOICE.

Thou art building thy house on the sands—O dreamer,  
And in sound of the threatening wave ;  
That shall shatter the work of thy hands—Poor schemer,  
For the mercy of God will not save.

Quick, arise, and begone to the rocks—Nor tarry,  
For already thou surely canst hear ;  
The upheavings beneath and the shocks—That carry,  
But a presage of ruin too near.

### THE DREAMER.

Still I never will flee,  
For but here I can see,  
The fair house where my loved one doth dwell ;  
And far rather than go,  
I would perish below,  
In the yawning despair of a hell.

### THE VOICE.

But the house of thy love on the height is standing,  
And disaster and flood strive in vain,  
To o'ercome its imperial might commanding,  
Force of castle and fortress and fane.

And thy love cannot heed thee so far above thee,  
For the distance that lieth between,  
Nor can warm thee, nor keep thee, the star nor love thee,  
For the star can but shed thee its sheen.

### THE DREAMER.

Still mine eyes can descry,  
That sweet light in the sky,  
And the presence and form of my love,  
If the warmth of the beams  
Only reach me in dreams,  
Then in dream, not in life, I would move.