

From My Gallery

SING ME TO SLEEP

Sing me to sleep, sing me to sleep,
O river of the by-gone years!
How softly still your waters creep,
And hum around my dreaming ears!

When twists of smoke from house-tops rise,
And o'er the grass the shadows creep,
Come, Rideau, close my weary eyes,
Sing me to sleep; sing me to sleep.

When in the thick of life's alarms
I back to childhood wistful creep,
Come Rideau, take in your arms,
Sing me to sleep; sing me to sleep.

GIFTS

Plod, plod, plod!
And day by weary day the load
Cuts deeper, and the hod
Grows heavier, while the spur and goad
Fail, and the heart turns to a clod,
And there seems to be no end to the road
Save underneath the sod.

Lift, lift, lift!
Yes: the road is steep;
Yes: dark is the drift;
But where the mist-mantle is deep,
Through its folds a glimmer will creep:
The dark is My gift;
So is the rift.