

## A DAY DREAM.

THIS mossy bank shall be my bed,  
This stone a pillow for my head,  
And I will dream that I am dead.

Who come? The Violets, white and blue,  
And Buttercups of yellow hue,  
And Mayflowers glittering in the dew.

They kiss my cheeks, my lips, my eyes,  
They whisper, "Wake, arise, arise,  
And put away this sad disguise."

Around my brow the South-wind plays  
As in the old and better days,  
And fancies strange my soul amaze.

Above my head the Robin swings,  
And builds her nest, and building, sings;  
And Butterflies with golden wings

Flit here and there; while 'neath the hill  
The sun descends—the Whippoorwill  
Pours forth her plaint—and all is still.

The days glide by—the fields are sere,  
The snows descend, and dies the Year,  
And no man knows who slumbers here,  
And no man cares. Still ebb and flow  
The tides of human joy and wo,  
And it is well that it is so.

I dreamed my dream—I played my play—  
I mourned my loss—I sung my lay—  
My place was sought—I passed away.

H. L. S.