

## FOREVER

Do I dream, dear love, of the years that live  
    In memory's sacred bower?  
Do I vision again in the twilight,  
    Midst quiet of the evening hour,  
That I hold you close as in days that fled,  
    And whisper "Dear love, dear love,"  
While I fancy you murmur "Forever,"  
    My girl, from your home above?

Do I speak to you vainly, my darling,  
    And fancy I see you yet?  
Do I dream, as the shadows are falling,  
    Of words I can ne'er forget?  
Do I cling to a hope that was broken,  
    The wreck of what might have been?  
'Then, my darling, may God in His mercy  
    Forever just let me dream.