

Dream-Song.

CAM'ST thou not nigh to me
In that one glimpse of thee
When thy lips, tremblingly,
Said : " My Beloved."
'Twas but a moment's space,
And in that crowded place
I dared not scan thy face
O ! my Beloved.

Yet there may come a time
(Though loving be a crime
Only allowed in rhyme
To us, Beloved),
When safe 'neath sheltering arm
I may, without alarm,
Hear thy lips, close and warm,
Murmur : " Beloved !"