

In Dreamland.

I DREAMT a dream of the old, old days,
When life was sweet and strong,
When the breath of morn swept thro' the groves
Like the notes of a joyous song;
And I knelt beside my mother's knee,
And lisped in faith her prayer,
When the lilacs bloomed and the roses bled,
Too full of the morning air.

For the world to me was bright and fair
In the days of long ago,
When each summit peak was bathed in light
That streamed to the vale below;
And the birds sang songs in tender notes,
As sweet as the voice of love,
And the earth was full of roseate dreams
That ripen'd in faith above.

And I threw my arms about the past,
Its hopes, its griefs, its love,
As I pressed to my heart each cherish'd thought
That nestl'd like some fond dove;
And I lived again the joys of youth,
Made strong through the summer's rays,
As I drank the wine from Memory's cup
In dreams of the old, old days.