

" I am thy dream, thou poor worn face,  
And this is thy heart's abiding place.

" Too much in the world, come back and be  
Once more my dream-fellow with me,

" In the far-off untarnished years  
Before thy furrows were washed with tears,

" Or ever thy serious creature eyes  
Were aged with a mist of memories.

" Hast thou forgotten the long ago  
In the garden where I used to flow,

" Among the hills, with the maple tree  
And the roses blowing over me? —

" I who am now but a wraith of this river,  
Forsaken of thee forever and ever,

" Who then was thine image fair, forecast  
In the heart of the water rimpling past.

" Out in the wide of the summer zone  
I lulled and allured thee apart and alone,

The Face  
In the  
Stream