

Now all thy hopes seem truth at last,  
One well-loved waits for thee  
With hand outheld to guide thee past  
The dream-bars of the sea.

Sleep on until the shafts of day  
Pierce through the veil of sleep,  
Rest till thy dreamland fades away  
Into thy memory's keep.

Sleep, for the ills of daytime  
Have drifted far away,  
Thy dreamland barque is moving  
To the sweetest, softest lay.

109

464420 c