

DREAM

I held the moon in my hand,
And the glaring sun in my stare,
And the wilderness in the midst of my heart,
And a dream in my eyes bare.

The morning dew, a new,
Which clings as a tear from my eye,
And the shimmering sand inviting the sea,
To wash across its threshold by and by.

And the beautiful dream fastened to my eye,
And the beats of the song echoing in my heart,
And the wind whistling a tune in my ear.
And the dream taking me far away,
A world apart, where the sun shines night and day,
Where the flowers bloom like a fay,
Where love flows with the bouncing springs,
And joins the earth where life begins,
Where birds chirp oft and soft.
Where the wind whistles through the silent croft,
Where the blissful clouds hang low,
And friendship dwells in the hearts of foe.
Where trees touch the hem of sky,
Where the stars tell lores forgotten by.

I dream a beautiful world,
I string a musical thing,
I smell the dream,
As my heart sings.