

Tears, like sweet dews of heaven are falling fast,
Warm kisses press the weary eyelids down,
And like some lost, recovered child, the heart
Takes up its life anew, dreaming it lives.

Could one sleep on! Were there no cold, white glare
Of dawn to force one's eyes apart, and hold
Its fateful echo up in clear, bold type,
Before them! But all dreams must end, and life
Itself, thank heaven, is but a dream, to break
Ever long upon a morn so real and true,
Its sun is God's own face, shining right on
Thro' God's eternal day. Then let us dream
Our fleeting dream, which is not all a dream;
Perchance, waking at last to find its thread,
Clear spun and golden, shining thro' the roof
Of a revealing mystery.

Ledger.