

A Love Song

Who who sleeps upon my heart
Has the first to win it
Who who dreams upon my breast
Ever reigns within it
Who who kisses off my lips
Takes their warmest blessing
Who who rests within my arms
Feels their closest pressing

Other days than these shall come
Days that may be dreary
Other times shall greet us yet
Hours that may be weary
Still that heart shall be thy home
Still that breast thy pillow
Still those lips meet thine as oft
Billow meeteth billow

Sleep then on my happy heart
Since thy love hath won it
Dream then on my loyal breast
None but thou hath done it
And when age our bloom shall change
With its wintry weather
May we in the selfsame grave
Sleep and dream together

Wm. K. Hulst