

MY DREAMS

All alone in the night, as the pleasant moonlight
Will steal through my window to me,
And I see in its beams many wonderful dreams
Of things such as never can be,
While my heart far away from the cares of the day
In memories dear will rejoice,
And afar through the night in the moon's silv'ry light
I hear once again the sweet voice
Of some long-ago pal, perhaps Billy or Hal,
And gaze on his dear face again,
Or far back through the years, while my eyes fill with tears,
I hear the old gang's sweet refrain,
As so often we'd sit while the hours would flit,
No care in the world did we know,
At the edge of the brook, snug in some shady nook,
The breeze to us whispering low,
How I wish that I might just for one single night
Go back to my boyhood days,
Just to live as of yore those so happy days o'er,
Know naught of the world and its ways;
But such things cannot be, never more shall I see
Those scenes of the long long ago,
But content I will rest in the sweet happiness
My wonderful dreams will bestow.