

At Dreaming Time



Oh, there's little time for dreaming in the sunlight of the bright
hours,

So the whispers of our musing must be silenced for a space;
But they come unchecked, unfettered in the silence of the night
hours,

When we hear old well-loved voices and we see some dear
dead face.

In the midnight of the present we may breathe the fragrant
roses

That were blooming in the gardens of a morning long ago
And the brightness of a morrow has no joy the night discloses,
When its dreams can thrill the music of a laugh we used to
know.

Though the hours that crowd the future may be peaceful in
their coming

And the pleasures they are hiding be imbued with wondrous
bliss,

They can hold no calm so soothing as a voice in dreamland
humming

Mother's songs. Oh, childhood slumber! And the night that
brought her kiss.

L. G. C.