

Castle O' Dreams.

IT'S a long long way to the top o' the hill,
Up to the Castle o' Dreams—

Where the tall trees stretch to the beautiful sky—
And each swinging star-lamp gleams,
In the dusky twilight over the hills
To light with their misty glow,
The path that leads thro the wide green fields,
Where the wonderful dream flowers grow.

It's a long long way to the top o' the hill—
And they call it drowsy way—
And many a little lad and lass
You'll see at the end o'day,
Go climbing up to this sleepy land
Toddling slowly along,
While the soft night winds from the forest deep
Croons them a cradle song.

Up where the mists of the dream-clouds rest
With dew on the flowers bright,
They're gathering dreams by the soft star beams
From the fragrant garden of night;
And you'll find them there at the top o' the hill
Where the sand men vigil keep
Each little child with a golden dream
Fast in his heart—asleep.