

Dreams

By Ronald Campbell Macfie

“In the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart”

UNWORTHY ! yea,
So high thou art above me
I hardly dare to love thee,
But kneel and lay
All homage and all worship at thy feet,
O lady sweet !

Yet dreams are strong :
Their wordless wish suffices
To win them Paradises
Of sun and song.
Delight our waking life can never know
The dreams bestow.

And in a dream,
Dupe of its bold beguiling,
I watch thy blue eyes smiling ;
I see them gleam

With

With love the waking moments have forbidden,
And veiled and hidden.

O brave deceit !
In dreams thy glad eyes glisten,
In dreams I lie and listen
Thy bosom beat,
Hiving hot lips among thy temple-hair,
O lady fair !

And tho' I live,
Dreaming in such fair fashion,
I think, in thy compassion,
Thou wilt forgive,
Since I but *dream*, and since my heart will ache
When I awake.