

THE DREAMER

Still marvelous the morning as of old,
Still in pale splendor falls the eventide;
Through velvet darkness shine the stars of gold,
Across the world so wide.

Outstripped in life's hard race, left by the way
With other vanquished ones, a homeless band—
Yet have I dreams to comfort me by day
The few can understand.

The pain of failure often I forget
In Nature's bruising storm and silver rain;
And voices from the mid-woods call me yet
To hear once more their pipes' long-silent strain.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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