

A CHILD'S SLEEP

As light on a lake's face moving
 Between a cloud and a cloud
Till night reclaim it, reproving
 The heart that exults too loud,

The heart that watching rejoices
 When soft it swims into sight
Applauded of all the voices
 And stars of the windy night,

So brief and unsure, but sweeter
 Than ever a moondawn smiled,
Moves, measured of no tune's metre,
 The song in the soul of a child ;

The song that the sweet soul singing
 Half listens, and hardly hears,
Though sweeter than joy-bells ringing
 And brighter than joy's own tears ;

The song that remembrance of pleasure
Begins, and forgetfulness ends
With a soft swift change in the measure
That rings in remembrance of friends.

As the moon on the lake's face flashes,
So haply may gleam at whites
A dream through the dear deep lashes
Whereunder a child's eye smiles,

And the least of us all that love him
May take for a moment part
With angels around and above him,
And I find place in his heart.