

WHEN I WAS A BOY

Up in the attic where I slept

When I was a boy, a little boy,

In through the lattice the moonlight crept,

Bringing a tide of dreams that swept

Over the low, red trundle-bed,

Bathing the tangled curly head,

While moonbeams played at hide-and-seek

With the dimples on the sun-browned cheek—

When I was a boy, a little boy!

And oh! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed!

When I was a boy, a little boy!

For the grace that through the lattice streamed

Over my folded eyelids seemed

To have the gift of prophecy,

And to bring me glimpses of times to be

When manhood's clarion seemed to call—

Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all,

When I was a boy, a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep

When I was a boy, a little boy!

For in at the lattice the moon would peep,

Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep

The crosses and griefs of the years away

From the heart that is weary and faint to-day;

And those dreams should give me back again

A peace I have never known since then—

When I was a boy, a little boy!