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 thé 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;
A CHILD'S SLEEP

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 whiles
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.