

The Youth's Instructor



I AM DREAMING OF A GARDEN

By Thomas A. Davis

I am dreaming of a garden
In the morn's awakening hour,
With a dart of silver sunshine
Flashing from each jeweled flower,
With a perfect dewy diamond
Resting in each coral rose,
And a lark upsoaring gaily,
Singing of the night's repose.

I am dreaming of a garden
When the western shadows fall,
For, as daylight fades in darkness,
Then I hear my garden call.
Folding buds and swaying grasses
Wait to whisper me, "Good night,"
And I bend to see their faces
With the last thin gleam of light.

I am dreaming of a garden,
And the dream is like a kiss,
For, beside each lovely blossom
Blooms unseen heaven's happiness.
Mingled with the evening breezes
Is the sweet perfume of peace.
There, within my pleasant garden,
Joy shall sing, and never cease.