

Sherman, Frank Dempster

~~Folder 31~~

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The Harbor of Dreams.

Only a whispering gale
Flutters the wings of a boat;
Only a bird in the vale
Sends to the distance a note,
Mellow, subdued, and remote.

This is the twilight of peace;
This is the hour of release;
Free from all worry and fret,
Clear of all care and regret,
Where, like a bird in its nest,
Fancy lies folded to rest.

This is the margin of sleep;
Here let the anchor be cast;
Here in forgetfulness sleep,
Now that the journey is past,
Lower the sails from the mast.

This is the bay of content;
Heaven and earth interblent;
Here is the haven that lies
Close to the gates of Surprise;
Here all like Paradise seems,
This is the harbor of dreams.

Frank Dempster Sherman.