

## He Had His Dream

He had his dream, and all through life  
Worked up to it through toil and strife.

Afloat fore'er before his eyes,  
It colored for him all his skies:

The storm-cloud dark

Above his barque,

The calm and listless vault of blue

Took on its hopeful hue,

It tintured every golden beam—

He had his dream.

He labored hard and failed at last,

His sails too weak to bear the blast,

The raging tempests tore away

And sent his beating barque astray.

But what cared he

For wind or sea!

He said, "The tempest will be short,

My barque will come to port."

He saw through every cloud a gleam—

He had his dream.