

If

If life were but a dream, my Love,

And death the waking time;

If day had not a beam, my Love,

And night had not a rhyme;

A barren, barren world were this

Without one saving gleam

I'd only ask that with a kiss

You'd wake me from the dream.

If dreaming were the sum of days,

And loving were the bane;

If battling for a wreath of bays

Could soothe a heart in pain;

I'd scorn the meed of battle's might,

All other aims above

I'd choose the human's higher right,

To suffer and to love!