

The Pool

By the pool that I see in my dreams, dear love,

I have sat with you time and again;

And listened beneath the dank leaves, dear love,

To the sibilant sound of the rain.

And the pool, it is silvery bright, dear love,

And as pure as the heart of a maid,

As sparkling and dimpling, it darkles and shines

In the depths of the heart of the glade.

But, oh, I've a wish in my soul, dear love,

(The wish of a dreamer, it seems,)

That I might wash free of my sins, dear love,

In the pool that I see in my dreams.