

“IF”

BY

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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!