

March 11, 1940

### O, LET ME DREAM

O, let me dream to keep my heart from aching,  
Of happiness of one short spring ago,  
Of trees and buds a-blossom in the sunlight  
And of a friendship that I used to know.

O, let me see again the happy homestead,  
The children's laughter through the open door,  
The loving smiles, the warmth, the joy of living,  
The comradeship that lived but lives no more.

For in that spring, when clover filled the meadow,  
When dewdrops dimmed the flowers of the morn,  
When sunshine streamed through every crack and crevice,  
Another tender comradeship was born.

It rested on the beauty of sincereness,  
The joy of loving, giving everything,  
It grew and blossomed sweetly as the flowers  
That blossomed on the doorstep of the spring.

It lived and flourished in the radiant summer,  
A floating flower through the jagged stones  
Of discord, and in autumn, on the breezes  
It shed its softest, ripest, richest tones.

And then it drooped, and when the fall was over,  
The flower of friendship, as the spring, was dead,  
And though I wept and sighed and uttered longings,  
And though my sad heart sorrowed deep, and bled,

That flower of friendship now is gone forever,  
And in its place my heart shall always see  
The ruins of a love that grew on giving,  
A love that now is but a memory.

Today, as Spring, who gently rounds the blossom,  
Adorns the world to be as it was then,  
My heart grows heavy, and I say with sorrow,  
O, let me dream, pray let me dream again.