

**DREAMS,
PP. 12-113**

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Dreams, pp. 12-113 by Charles G. Fall

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CHARLES G. FALL

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But now the scene is blithely changed :
The first who went, its glories told ;
And others came their prize to share,
Its splendors to behold.

The stately villa crowns the shore,
The jostling village skirts the bay ;
The glade that knew the eagle's cry
Rings out with laughter gay.

Where Nature only had been wooed,
Alone supreme from morn to e'en,
Few courtiers now surround her shrine ;
Euphrosyne is queen.

And sparkling Fun, life-giving Mirth,
Chase heart-corroding Care away ;
While Comus and his jovial crew
Make merriment all day.

And when the shades of night steal down,
Comes Song from out her hiding-place ;
The slumbering Echoes then awake,
That coves and grottos grace ;

And Puck, the fairy, too appears,
The sprightly reveller of the night ;
While Bacchus with the brimming cup
Bids every heart beat light.

Yes, one is here with roguish eye
And radiant face, — the merry elf
Whose smile bewitches every one,
Sweet Cupid's princely self.

Oh, let the joyous sport roll on,
The merry circling dance have sway,
With Youth and Beauty hand in hand,
While Love directs the way.

The unwary swain, caught in his wile,
Has fond remembrance of the isle,
Where seas and glens alike beguile,
And Nature wears a smile.

'T was here I saw fair Genevieve,
Fair, laughing, bright-eyed Genevieve,
Just when Night's Queen began to weave
The silvery veil of eve.

She seemed a spirit of the night,
Just lighting from some starry height,
Entrancing my bewildered sight,
A vision of delight.

CUPID'S VISION.

'T WERE pleasure after pain,
Her too cold heart to gain ;
To revel in her charms,
To shield her from all harms,
And know that hope was sure.
Her wondrous eyes allure,
Look timidly in mine,
And fascinate like wine.

AN ISLAND HOME.

THERE is an island off the coast of Maine, —
A lovely isle, far distant from the path
Fleet Commerce follows in her quest of
gain ;

Cool are its breezes, and the fisher's hearth
The only home wild Nature's will allows.

The soil's a desert, but the isle's a gem
That sparkles on the bosom of the sea,
Allures the eye of pleasure-loving men,
Oppressed by care and longing to be free
To roam through forests canopied with
boughs.

Grand heights are here ; here, too, are plain-
tive brooks

And frowning cliffs ; the cool, sequestered
dell ;

Here sparkling mountain lakes and peaceful
nooks,

Where Fancy's fauns and wood-nymphs
love to dwell ;

And Nature's form is picturesque as Eden.

Ye mountains bold, who rear your cloud-
wreathed heads

In grandeur wild from out a boundless
sea,

Whose steep and rugged sides are water-
sheds

For foaming torrents, rushing full and
free

Down deep ravines to some far distant
haven, —

When in your presence, how the soul expands
In adoration of the Almighty Cause !
Thought soars aloft, and views far distant
lands, —
Revolving planets, governed by the laws
Which hold in place an apple and the globe.
From your bald peaks the village can be
seen,
Half hid 'neath golden vapors of the morn ;
The smiling cottage, peering through the
green ;
That peaceful home where happiness was
born,
And sweet contentment covers like a robe.