

# The Garden of Dreams

By Bliss William Carman

MY heart is a garden of dreams  
Where you walk when day is done,  
Fair as the royal flowers,  
Calm as the lingering sun.  
Never a drouth comes there,  
Nor any frost that mars,  
Only the wind of love  
Under the early stars,—  
The living breath that moves  
Whispering to and fro,  
Like the voice of God in the dusk  
Of the garden long ago.

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