

DREAMLAND CITY

BY MARY FARRON

WHEN the twinkling stars are shining
 Through the curtain of the skies,
 And the little ones are closing
 Drowsy eyes,
 Fairy voices softly call them
 From the toys and scenes of day,
 To a wondrous Dreamland City
 Far away!

Passing fair is Dreamland City,
 Built with magic tools, you know
 By the elves at midnight revels
 Long ago;
 Little feet its cobweb castles
 And its winding walks may tread.
 When you think the bairnies sleeping,
 Safe in bed,

They will throng its golden stairways,
 In its moonbeam halls will stand,
 Wander through enchanted gardens
 Hand in hand;
 Fairy friends of olden story—
 Childhood's heroes—they will meet,
 And to fairy music listen,
 Silver sweet!

Grown-up folk, they say, its wonders
 And its beauty may not see,
 For they once, in careless fashion,
 Lost the key;
 But the shining gates of Dreamland,
 When the stars their lanterns light,
 Open wide for little children
 Every night!