The Land of Dreams

Northern Lite

Awake, awake my little boy!
Thou wast thy mother's only joy:
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?
Awake! Thy father does thee keep.

O, what land is the land of dreams?
What are its mountains, and what are its streams?
O father, I saw my mother there
Among the lillies by waters fair.

Among the lambs clothed in white
She walked with her Thomas in sweet delight.
I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn
O when shall I again return?

Dear child, I also by pleasant streams
Have wandered all night in the land of dreams.
But though calm and warm the waters wide
I could not get to the other side.

Father, o father, what do we here
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The land of dreams is better far
Above the light of the morning star.

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