Ah! 'tis a dream.

Moderato.

C. B. HAWLEY.

My native land again once

meets my eye. The old oaks raise their boughs on high; The
vi-o-lets greet-ing seem:

Ah! 'tis a dream, Ah! 'tis a dream.

I feel the kiss that was in youth so dear,
The words "I love" fall on my ear;
I see the eyes' soft beam:

Ah! 'tis a dream, Ah! 'tis a dream.
And now when far in distant lands I roam, My heart still wanders to my home; But while these fancies teem, still let me dream.

still let me dream.