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Bright cap and streamers,

He sings in the hollow:

Come follow, come follow,

    All you that love.

Leave dreams to the dreamers

That will not after,

That song and laughter

    Do nothing move.

With ribbons streaming

He sings the bolder;

In troop at his shoulder

    The wild bees hum.

And the time of dreaming

Dreams is over—

As lover to lover,

    Sweetheart, I come.