

had I the heavens' embroidered cloThs,
 enwRought with
 goldEn and silver light, the blue and the dim
and the dArk cloths
of night anD light and the half-light,

 i would Spread
 the clOths under
 your Feet:
 buT I, being poor,
 have onLy my dreams; i have
spread mY dreams under your feet;

tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

yeats