

The Dream

I dreamed that I was young again
 My heart as light and gay
 And youth in truthfulness the same
 And I loved as well to play
 There lured in a rural nook
 Beside a murmuring silver brook
 Where flowers bloom in May
 Were girls and boys in happy throng
 To cheer the waking moments on

And there we played and one to one
 Went missing from the dell
 He smelt one more remembrance alone
 I loved that one so well
 Whilst all the rest had started to play
 And she alone had went away
 No power should me compell
 To linger there one moment more
 Though mirth rung higher then before

A change came o'er my dream of youth
 And other scenes of youth
 Broke on my vision like a truth
 Though mingled with alog
 And then I saw a blushing cheek
 On one who seldom I could meet
 Which elicited me then emotion
 A social hour could soothe me still
 And crown the anger of my will

And when the mass of lonely hours
 Were gathered into days
 My fancy sought the easiest hours
 Which hope itself could raise
 And sparkling views of mannaious fair
 I painted in the spaceless air
 In splendor sought to raise
 That form from earth for she alone
 Seemed worthy of that fairy home

My dream was changed at manhoods dawn
 The artless tricks the maid
 I saw no more - they both had gone
 And o'er the world I strayed
 In stranger lands, beset with strife
 With scarce one future hope in life
 Since time itself betrayed
 Those glowing gems of seeming truth
 Which persisted with our hopeful youth

From land to land from sea to sea
 I searched for the wide world over
 No pleasure there was found for me
 Like those I knew before
 But dark regrets without a name
 The silence of my soul must claim
 A sea without a shore
 Where memory waits the glowing past
 As fickle dreams which could not last

Once more a change came o'er my dream
 Hope brightens in my sight
 And in profusion throws its beam
 Around me for aet wide
 Whatever wish my life has craved
 By magic now seemed had been saved
 And granted, in one tide
 More solemn woe had been survey
 The doubtful past of mockery

The clout which surfeited o'er my soul
 Rolled quietly away
 And wastes years in measure school
 Learnt lessons to decay
 For we had gained the fabled prize
 For which we strove, some holy cries
 Of fickle form of clay
 That faint of youth in romance known
 In distance sought, but found at home