

One time when the glowing dawn
 Disclaimed that manhood's early dawn
 Was lighting me to real scenes
 Beyond my phantom childhood dreams
 I sit beneath a spreading shade
 Igniting in a rural glade
 And of me one who did pretend
 To be my ever faithful friend

A Lady of a medium size,
 With sandy hair and light eyes
 Went deep within that seeming heart
 The nurse's old cloven dark heart part
 With poisonous words of chief advice
 And I too willing thought her wise
 And though she failed in her set will
 My first faint hope of life to kill
 She did not fail to bear the sting
 Which caloused o'er the pain within

Though now to me it seems my fate
 Where seems me in without escape
 That little sword has mine - fare well
 I was but one breath, I feel the spell

Remembrance eaver now must soar
 Among those quinet hopes of yore
 Where to be takes the mere things
 Which moved in youth with me along

In years now they come to pain
 Unthinking oft I speak ones name
 Expectant voice of early time
 Its echoes round this heart of mine

There was a form, aspiring art
 Could you explore this silent heart
 And view the image there portrayed
 Unshackled from all mystic shade
 And look upon that youthful face
 Perfection's mould and easy grace

Large eyes whose beam resplendent glow
 The sailor's look, the Turk of rose

Then you might by the brush avail
 And think how vainly you had tried
 To mark perfection's line to trace
 On snowy sheet that Angel face

A wanderer now I laid my head
 That night upon a stranger's bed
 My means were slight, at close of day
 I sought the host to learn the way
 It being slight I called for beer
 Where phantom fears ran through my hair
 And all the horror doubt could find
 Crowded my untutored mind

The Dream

On rocky shore the rebel cheer
 A demon rail around me stand
 They hunt me soon with cruel things
 And over me rebel loud and long