IS LOVE A DREAM?

And may I nevermore to life awake.

Love, clasp me close, let others truth esteem,
Thou art my all—I all for thee forsake.

Pain, grief, despair—are they not dream words,
too?

Shall truth but slay the lovely and the bright—

If hate and selfishness, alas, be true,
Is Love alone a vision of the night?