

## A DREAM.

WILLIAM BLAKE, (1757-1827)



ONCE a dream did weave a shade  
O'er my angel-guarded bed,  
That an emmet lost its way,  
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wildered, and forlorn,  
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,  
Over many a tangled spray,  
All heart-broke, I heard her say :

"Oh my children ! do they cry,  
Do they hear their father sigh ?  
Now they look abroad to see,  
Now return and weep for me."

Pitying, I dropped a tear :  
But I saw a glow-worm near,  
Who replied,—"What wailing wight  
Calls the watchman of the night ?

"I am set to light the ground,  
While the beetle goes his round :  
Follow now the beetle's hum ;  
Little wanderer, hie thee home !"