



FOR ONCE I DREAMED THAT MUTUAL LOVE WAS MORE
 THAN A BRIGHT PHANTOM THOUGHT; AND WHEN MANKIND
 MOCKED MINE ILLUSION, THEN DID I DEPLORE
 THEIR IGNORANCE, AND DEEM THEM COLD AND BLIND,
 AND YEARS ROLLED ON AND STILL I DID ADORE
 THE UNREAL IMAGE LOFTILY ENSHRINED
 IN THE RECESSES OF MINE OWN SICK MIND.
 ENOUGH; THE SPELL IS BROKE — THE DREAM IS O'ER;
 THE ENCHANTMENT IS DISSOLVED — THE WORLD APPEARS
 THE THING IT IS — A THEATRE — A MART.
 GENIUS ILLUMINES, AND THE WORK OF ART
 RENEWS THE WONDERS OF OUR CHILDHOOD'S YEARS;
 POWER AWES — WEALTH SHINES — WIT SPARKLES — BUT THE
 THE HEART IS LOST, FOR LOVE NO MORE ENDEARS. [HEART]

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

