

A Dream.

Just ere I quit, one faintly breaking morn,
That most defineless part of all of life.
The nameless, enigmatic realms of slumber,
Wherein the o'erpent, eager soul is freed
5 A welcome while from fleshly tyranny,
I dreamed a dream where actuality
To me forecast itself in a strange setting
Of grandeur woven with uncommon beauty,
A weird and mystic mystery of beauty.

10 I dreamed a dream, so rare, so sweet a dream,
So rapturously free from earthly ill,
So like a Heavenly vision all, and yet
So tangible, so most minutely real,
It must have been, in its strange vividness,
15 A bit of perfect life caught in the grasp
Of haunted sleep.

I was a wanderer,
As it hath been my wont for long and long,
Until, amid the bourneless crowd of years,
It doth seem hard that Fate hath so bewilled it;
20 And harder still when I behold myself
Without a haven near or far in view,
Hurled head-long on as if to be the butt
Of every storm, and thus 't must always be.

But no matter! I dreamed a dream and in 't
25 I was a wanderer on a wide range
Of pleasant mountains, fair, tho' miniature
In size and baby-formed they were, but fair,