



A Dream Within a Dream

BY

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TAKE this kiss upon the brow !
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow :
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream ;
Yet if Hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less *gone* ?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand :
How few ! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep,—while I weep !
Oh, God ! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp ?
Oh, God ! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave ?
Is *all* that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream ?