

## DREAMS.

Oh! that my young life were a lasting dream!  
My spirit not awak'ning, till the beam  
Of an Eternity should bring the morrow.  
Yes! tho' that long dream were of hopeless sorrow,  
'T were better than the cold reality  
Of waking life, to him whose heart must be,  
And hath been still, upon the lovely earth,  
A chaos of deep passion, from his birth.  
But should it be—that dream eternally  
Continuing—as dreams have been to me  
In my young boyhood—should it thus be giv'n,  
'Twere folly still to hope for higher Heav'n.  
For I have revell'd when the sun was bright  
I' the summer sky, in dreams of living light,  
And loveliness,—have left my very heart  
Inclines of mine imaginary apart  
From mine own home, with beings that have been  
Of mine own thought—what more could I have seen?  
'Twas once—and only once—and the wild hour  
From my remembrance shall not pass—some pow'r  
Or spell had bound me—'twas the chilly wind  
Came o'er me in the night, and left behind  
Its image on my spirit—or the moon  
Shone on my slumbers in her lofty noon

Too coldly—or the stars—howe'er it was  
That dream was as that night-wind—let it pass.  
I *have been* happy, tho' in a dream.  
I have been happy—and I love the theme:  
Dreams! in their vivid colouring of life  
As in that fleeting, shadowy, misty strife  
Of semblance with reality which brings  
To the delirious eye, more lovely things  
Of Paradise and Love—and all our own!  
Than young Hope in his sunniest hour hath known.