

## DREAMS

[*Tamerlane and other Poems*, 1827.]

OH! that my young life were a lasting dream!  
 My spirit not awakening, till the beam  
 Of an Eternity should bring the morrow.  
 Yes! tho' that long dream were of hopeless sorrow,  
 'Twere 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 10  
 In my young boyhood—should it thus be given,  
 'Twere folly still to hope for higher Heaven.  
 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  
 In climes of my imagining, 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 power  
 Or spell had bound me—'twas the chilly wind 21  
 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 30  
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.