

Edgar Allan Poe

A DREAM

In visions of the dark night
I have dreamed of joy departed;
But a waking dream of life and light
Hath left me broken-hearted.

Ah! what is not a dream by day
To him whose eyes are cast
On things around him, with a ray
Turned back upon the past?

That holy dream, that holy dream,
While all the world were chiding,
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam,
A lonely spirit guiding.

What though that light, thro' storm and night,
So trembled from afar –
What could there be more purely bright
In Truth's day-star?

