



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?

A Dream (1827) by Edgar Allan Poe