

Maybe life is but a dream.

When it is covered by the night,
The blackest mare in wild fright
Will vanish with the blackest light
And burden nevermore, it might

Become the sunny, sandy shore,
Or the purely pearly door,
But never will it hunt, no more
Will it haunt the after or

Will it ride and cross the sea
With iron will it float so free,
Can it not nor never be
That it will drift so lazily

Across the one way out there stream
Of muddy water, it might seem
To reel, with bending straining beam,
In this never-ending dream.