

1. Song

It was a Dream, and it is dreamt;
'Tis gone, - 'tis past, - 'tis fled.
But, oh! its Spirit is with me still,
Though all besides is dead!

And it haunts me yet, by the light of day,
Beneath the sun's glad beam,
And it haunts me in the midnight hour,
This Spirit of my Dream!

Oh! would that I could dream again
A dream as fair and bright!
Then would I sleep my life away
And turn my day to night!

Oh! it was like a falling star
That flashes through the sky,
Or like the echo from afar
Of some sweet melody.

But now that star has fall'n to earth,
I hear no more that strain,
Though the echo of its sweetness
For ever will remain!

2. Song

There is a lustre in their eye
Which only sheds its beams for me,
There is a language in thy smile
Which others may not see!

There is a music in thy voice
Which only echoes in *my* ear,
There is a sadness in thy laugh
Which others do not hear!

Thou hast a beauty of thine own
Which others do not care to see –
There is a secret in thy heart,
'Tis only told to me!

3. "Oh! Sing that Song you Sang Before!"

Oh! sing that song you sang before
When Life seemed bright and fair!
Before the mem'ries and the tears
Of alter'd times and after years
Had risen bleak and bare;

And like a wall, between our hearts
Had shut out Hope and Truth,
And tinged the brightest years of Life
With darker thoughts, and keener strife
Than well became our youth!

Oh! sing that song you sang before!
And as its notes shall ring,
I'll close my eyes and dream once more
That I am as I was of yore
When last I heard you sing!

Violet Fane