

# The Poet's dream

Sheikh Abdullah Quilliam (d.1932)

Thomas Ravenscroft (1590-1633)

**Moderato** ♩ = 100

Treble  
Medius  
Quintus  
Tenor  
Bassus

I dreamt that I dwelt In a  
I  
I dreamt I dreamt I dwelt In a  
I dreamt I dreamt I dwelt In a  
I I dreamt I dwelt in a

Tr.  
M.  
Q.  
T.  
B.

3  
dis - tant land dis - tant land where the  
dreamt that I dwelt In a dis - tant land  
dis - tant land dis - tant land where the  
dis - tant land dis - tant land where  
dis - tant land a dis - tant land where

5

Tr. sun shone bright each day sun shone bright

M. Where the sun shone bright

Q. sun shone bright the sun shone shone bright

T. sun shone bright sun shone bright

B. sun shone bright the sun shone bright

7

Tr. And the air was sweet and with ze - phyr fann'd and all seem'd light

M. And the air was sweet

Q. And the air was sweet and with ze - phyr fann'd and all seem'd

T. And was sweet and with ze - phyr fann'd and all seem'd light

B. And the air was sweet fann'd and seem'd light

9

Tr. and gay to me was joy and bliss and peace and stan - ding

M. light and gay light and gay stan-ding

Q. light and gay to me was joy and bliss and peace and stand - ing

T. and gay to me was was joy peace stan - ding

B. and gay to me was joy and bliss and peace stan - ding

11

Tr. there at my side was

M. there at my side was the

Q. there My love for her will

T. there My love her will

B. there My love for her will

12

Tr. the — one that I hail'd as my bride

M. one that I hail'd as my bride

Q. ne - ver cease I hail'd my bride

T. ne - ver I hailed as my bride

B. ne - ver cease my bride

### The Poet's Dream

21 Shaaban, 1325 (1st October, 1907)

I dreamt that I dwelt in a distant land,  
 Where the sun shone bright each day,  
 And the air was sweet and with zephyr fann'd,  
 And all seemed light and gay.  
 To me was joy and bliss and peace,  
 And, standing there at my side  
 (My love for her will never cease),  
 Was the one that I hailed as my bride.

It seem'd that the days sped bright and gay,  
 And the skies were blue above;  
 And my bride and I as day followed day,  
 Sweet basked in each other's love.  
 And I dreamt, oh, such a happy dream,  
 That an angel had come from above,  
 And a fair babe lay on a mother's knee,  
 A pledge of our mutual love.

But, alas and alas! 'twas only a dream,  
 And I woke at the dawning of day,  
 And instead of a ray of radiant beam,  
 The skies were all sombre and gray.  
 But that dream doth lie in my memory still,  
 And from there it ne'er will pass,  
 And I pray for the day, come when it will,  
 When my dream will come to pass.

And every eve, as I lie on my bed,  
 I long to dream once more,  
 And to be with her, 'neath that sun so red,  
 Away on that distant shore.  
 And I fervently pray, to God each day,  
 At morning and evening and noon,  
 And my heart doth say, as I fervently pray,  
 My prayer will be granted soon.

Original music by Thomas Ravenscroft: *Melismata: Musically Phansies,*  
*Fitting the Court, Citie, and Countrey Humours.* London, 1611.