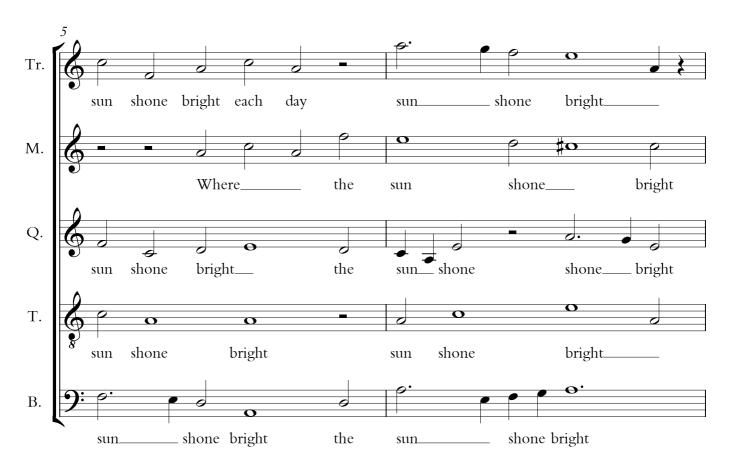
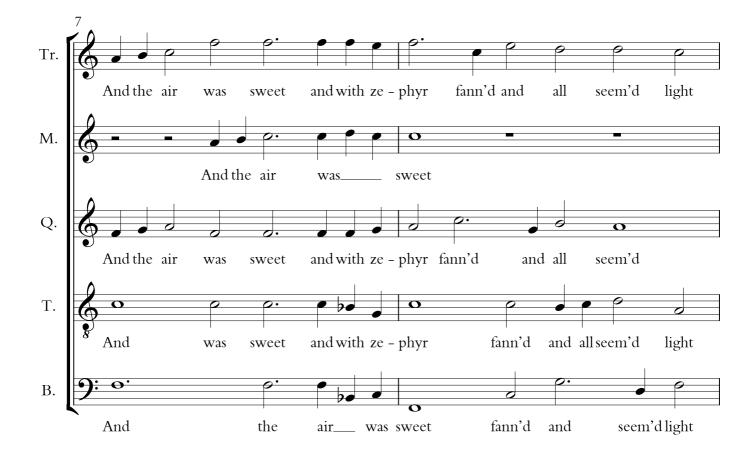
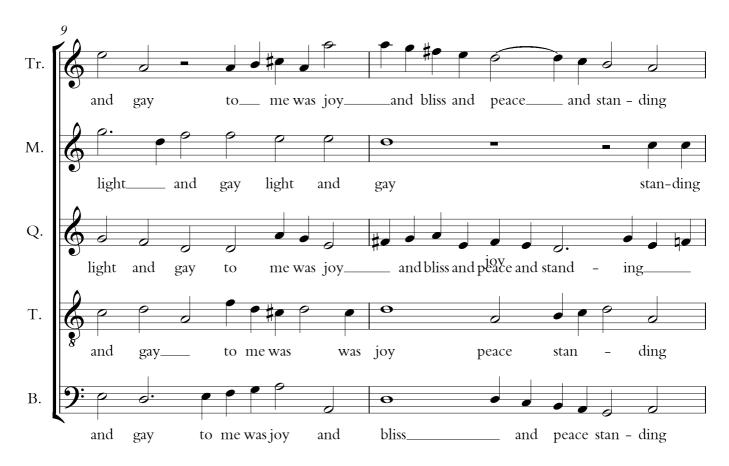
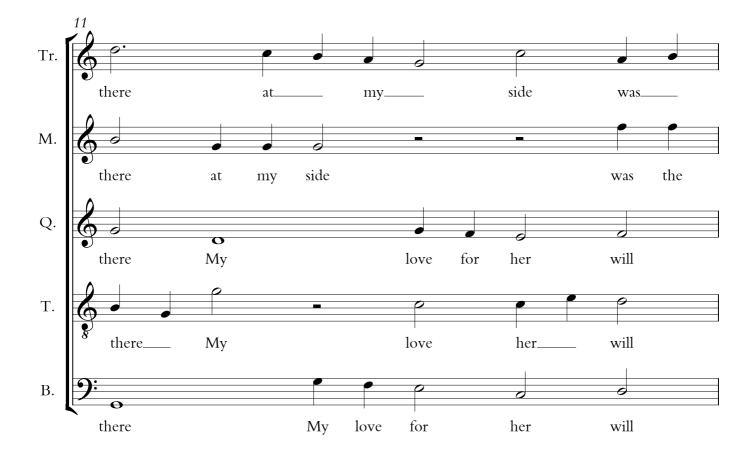
The Poet's dream

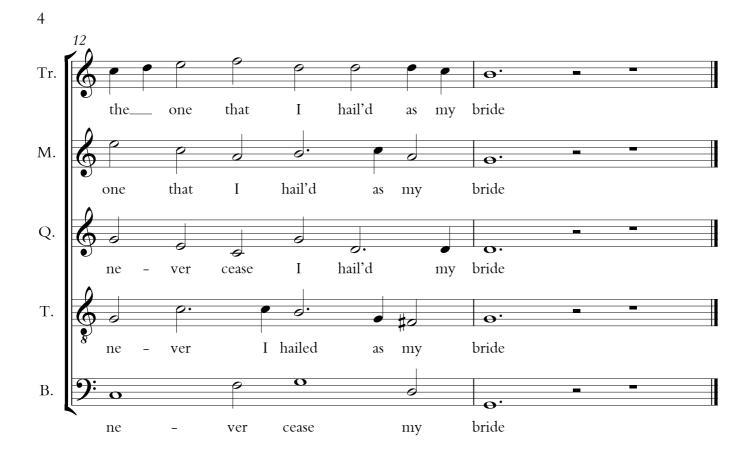












The Poet's Dream 21 Shaaban, 1325 (1st October, 1907)

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: Musicall Phansies, Fitting the Court, Citie, and Countrey Humours.* London, 1611.