The Poet’s dream

Sheikh Abdullah Quilliam (d. 1932)

Thomas Ravenscroft (1590-1633)

Moderato \( \text{\textit{j}} = 100 \)

I dreamt that I dwelt in a

I dreamt I dreamt I dwelt in a

I dreamt I dreamt I dwelt in a

I dreamt that I dwelt in a distant land where the

I dreamt I dreamt I dwelt in a distant land

I dreamt I dreamt I dwelt in a distant land where the

I dreamt I dreamt I dwelt in a distant land where

I dreamt I dreamt I dwelt in a distant land where
sun shone bright each day sun shone bright

Where the sun shone bright

sun shone bright the sun shone bright

sun shone bright the sun shone bright

And the air was sweet and with zephyr fann'd and all seem'd light

And the air was sweet

And the air was sweet and with zephyr fann'd and all seem'd

And was sweet and with zephyr fann'd and all seem'd light

And the air was sweet fann'd and seem'd light
and gay to me was joy and bliss and peace and standing
light and gay light and gay standing
light and gay to me was joy and bliss and peace and standing
and gay to me was joy and bliss and peace standing
there at my side was
there at my side was the
there My love for her will
there My love her will
there My love for her will
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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

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