

# Dreams

What dreams we have and how they fly

Like rosy clouds across the sky;

Of wealth, of fame, of sure success,

Of love that comes to cheer and bless;

And how they wither, how they fade,

The waning wealth, the jilting jade—

The fame that for a moment gleams,

The flies forever, — dreams, ah — dreams!

O burning doubt and long regret,

O tears with which our eyes are wet,

Heart-throbs, heart-aches, the glut of pain,

The somber cloud, the bitter rain,

You were not of those dreams — ah! well,

Your full fruition who can tell?

Wealth, fame, and love, ah! love that beams

Upon our souls, all dreams — ah! dreams.