

THE TRUE IN DREAMS.

I HAVE dreamed, I have dreamed,  
Under Beauty's star-lit sky,  
With the love unquestioning  
Of a Poet's eye;

I have roamed, I have roamed,  
Under Beauty's morning smile,  
Trees and fields and flowers and birds  
With all the while;

Idle hours, idle hours  
Lived I thus by night and day,  
Yet such Truth did Beauty bring,  
I could not say her nay.

I have pored, I have pored  
Over books of high repute,  
Filled with saws and arguments,  
Sophists to refute;

I have digged, I have digged  
In their Philistine soil,  
Wide awake on winter nights,  
Wasting all my oil,

Till I laughed, till I laughed  
At the counterfeit uncouth,  
Took me to my dreams, and saw  
Beauty one with Truth.

C.