

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.