

Danse Macabre

"A Dream Within A Dream"

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Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,

a Dream within a dream,

Thus much let me avow-
You are not wrong, who deem,
I stand amid the roar,
Of a surf-tormented shore,

That my days have been a dream

And I hold within my hand,
Grains of certain golden sand,

Yet if hope has flown away,
In a night, or in a day,
How few! Yet how they creep,
Through my fingers to the deep,

In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?

While I weep- while I weep!
O Satan! Can I not grasp?
[Original: "O God! can I not grasp"]

All that we see or seem,
Is but a dream within a dream,
Is all that we see or seem

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