

Elysian Fields, Dream Within A Dream

(Edgar Allan Poe)

Take this kiss upon the brow
And in parting from you now
Thus much let me avow
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream
Yet if hope has flown away
In a night or in a day
In a vision or in none
Is it therefore the less gone
All that we see or seem
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf tormented shore
And I hold within my hands
Grains of the golden sand
Oh how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep
While I weep while I weep
Oh God can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp
Oh God can I not save
One from the pitiless wave
Is all that we see or seem
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream
Dream, dream, dream ...