

# THE MIDNIGHT DREAM.

The Words by T. Atkinson.

Composed by John Thomson.

*Andante.* A

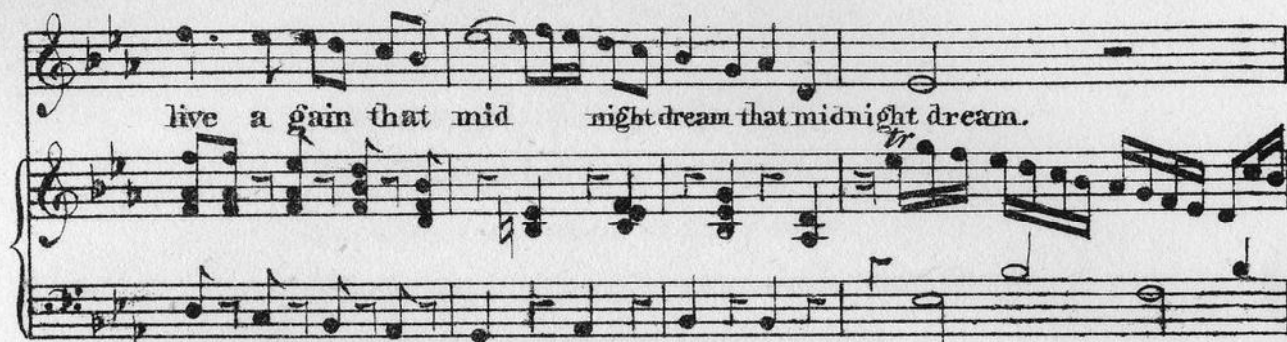
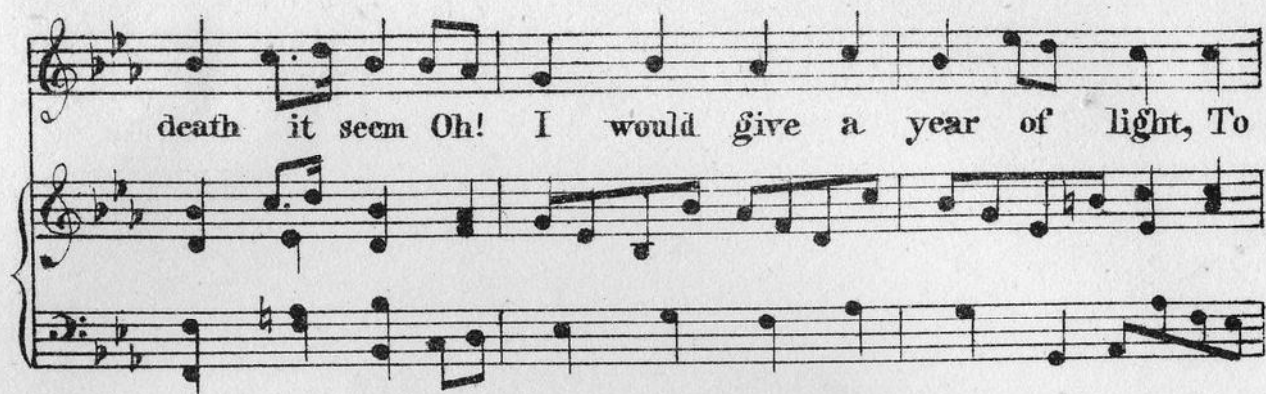
way, a way! thou gau dy day! Nor, Twi light in - ger

as for me! I love thee not, what e'er they may Whose

souls are neer more dark than thee!

But comethou dim & lone ly night And slumber deep, till





It came athwart my soul's dark sky,  
Bright as those spots of thrilling blue,  
Which, as we bend our gaze on high,  
We think we look to heaven through!  
A form was there!—and *such* a form!  
—A smile to dim even morning's gleam!—  
Oh! it will bless, in calm and storm,  
The memory of that Midnight Dream!

It sped,—too quickly sped, alas!—  
Yet stamped its image, as it flew,  
So deep, though other memories pass,  
Time will its impress but renew!  
And proudly yet I hoard the thought,—  
Or what shall I the future deem?—  
The hour may come such bliss will not  
Be only a remembered Dream!