

1850

Poem, "I Dream of Thee"

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarsjunction.msstate.edu/mss-darden-papers>

Recommended Citation

Darden Family Papers, Box 2, Series IV, Speeches and Newspaper clippings, 1855-56 and undated, Folder 8, speeches and poems, 1855-1856 and undated, Archives and Special Collections Division, Mississippi State University

This Document is brought to you for free and open access by the Manuscripts Division at Scholars Junction. It has been accepted for inclusion in Darden Family Papers by an authorized administrator of Scholars Junction. For more information, please contact scholcomm@msstate.libanswers.com.

Dream of Thee.

My heart is sad with sorrow 'tis oppressed
I long to see thee hear thy voice again,
Oh, has not earth for me some spirit well —
where I can wrap away this weary pain —
Full well I know thy smiles are not for me
that I must ever wander here alone
Oh, how I long from earth's dull care to flee —
and roam with angels round the ^{starry} heavens.

Dream of Thee

My spirit grieves beneath thy conscious gaze
As zephyr waves beneath the midnight moon
Thou buried hopes within my spirit lie
Which fade with my life's breeze
No more I'll hear thy dear and loved one's voice
Whose sweetest joys my wayward spirit will
How can I bid my weary heart rejoice
When my sad life can never more be filled
With dreams of Thee

Would I could three sunny hours for yet
When thou didst make my spirits ^{fulfill'd,} ~~illumine~~
My heart is fill'd with coarser and regret
The lingering accents of those lovely words
Lies for no more that wouldst love
And all things now less beautiful dark seem
Adown the shadowy vale I walk alone with
nothing left - one hope & broken dream

I dream of Thee

Love thee still though every sunny beam
That thou didst send to make my
pathway bright -

Thou'lt flee with visions of that
radiant dream - and left me
groping in an ~~and~~ less sight.

Thine image is enshrined within
my heart - for Oh I love thee as in
days of yore.

I love thee till my weary feet reach
tired, the flowers that bloom on
heaven's eternal shore -

Some haste and small paper.