

# **ECHOES FROM DREAMLAND**

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Echoes from Dreamland by Frank Norman

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**FRANK NORMAN**

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ECHOS

FROM

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BY

FRANK NORMAN.

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## ECHOES FROM DREAMLAND.



### A DREAM.

DARK Night had come, and her trailing pall  
O'er the languid earth was spread,  
And the rising moon through the fitful clouds  
Her simple light had shed.

My brain was flushed, and all was hushed  
'Neath its temple's throbbing beat,  
While the swelling vein could scarce contain  
The stream of its fevered heat.

I dreamed a dream, and my blood did seem  
To stand in my veins as death,  
While the sweat did well from my pores, and fell  
On the reeking clothes beneath.

Methought that a veil of deepest black  
Before mine eyes was tied,  
Till a lightning flash shot its rays above,  
And dashed the shade aside.

Then an uncouth throng was placed before  
My wond'ring gaze set free,

Who seemed, though flesh and blood were there,  
But skeletons to be.

And far between, in the midst of the scene,  
A ghastly spectre stood,  
And with constant sips he raised to his lips,  
And quaffed of human blood!

Oft round the group, with a hurried troop,  
An age-bent figure came,  
With his locks of white, while his hand clutched tight  
A scythe with an edge of flame.

And oft as he past, o'er his hour-glass cast  
A wild and anxious look,  
When, if sunk were the sand, he stretched forth his hand,  
And one of the spectres took.

And then with a shriek that seemed to awake  
The echoes all around,  
The struck victim sank, with a stifled cry,  
A corpse upon the ground.

Behold, all rushed with a joyful shout  
To the corse of their fallen friend,  
While each one seemed for a nearer place  
With his neighbour to contend.

And again between, in the midst of the scene,  
That ghastly spectre stood,  
While with constant sips he raised to his lips,  
And quaffed of human blood!

And each one tore with his bloody jaw  
The flesh of the scarce cold slain,  
And his tongue did steep in the red blood deep,  
Till the bones quite bare had lain.



Afar from the rest, as for nuptials dressed,  
 A youthful pair reclined,  
 While their arms in love were oft above  
 Each other's neck entwined.

But lo! a sound, and the scythe has found  
 Its way to her heart's dear charms,  
 And the lifeless heap, with its last breath deep,  
 Sinks cold from the lover's arms.

On, on they rush, the spectre band,  
 Outvying the wild brute beast,  
 And that lover true forgets his vows,  
 And joins in the deadly feast.

And far between, in the midst of the scene,  
 The ghastly spectre stood,  
 And with constant sips he raised to his lips,  
 And quaffed of human blood.

Hard by the now cold and deep-reeking mould  
 An aged father bore,  
 While his infant boy, with a fiendish joy,  
 Lapped up his parent's gore.

My brain did quake as oft did break  
 Fresh horrors on my sight,  
 Till I thought that Death, with the powers beneath,  
 Had loosed on earth their might.

I sprang, with a leap, from my fear-bound sleep,  
 With its ghastly spectres rife,  
 And, as light opposed to my lids unclosed,  
 I gazed and looked on Life!

## WHAT IS LOVE?

WHAT is the gentle sentiment  
That warms the child's young breast  
For one much older than itself,  
And breaks its nightly rest ;  
That swells with innocent desire  
(Though yet no passions move)  
The infant heart, with all its bliss—  
Is this, is this true love ?

What is the kindly power that rests  
Within a mother's mind ;  
The deep solicitude and fear  
That round her thoughts will wind ;  
That anxious joy, that with its care  
Each thrilling pulse does prove,  
When gazing on her offspring young—  
Is this or not true love ?

What is the deep sensation which  
Oft fills the firèd brain—  
The lustful feeling of desire  
Its object to obtain ;  
The demon madness, whose wild sense  
Throughout the veins does rove,  
Its object gained, to fade away—  
Is this, is this true love ?

What is the sympathy that joins  
Two same in sex, and twines  
The tendrils of affection, which  
Its true warmth ne'er resigns ;  
The kindred feelings which unite  
And with soft care reprove,  
Not to embitter, but amend—  
Is this or not true love ?

TO A STATUE.

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What is the deeply-rooted spring,  
Whence all affections flow,  
Of man at gentle woman's shrine,  
Which none save they can know ;  
That high, unselfish dream, that has  
Two hearts together wove,  
Discarding aught save noble thoughts —  
Oh ! is not this true love ?

TO A STATUE.

PALE, cold, but beautiful entrancing thing,  
The loveliest of the lovely, where portrayed  
So perfect all the charms of beauty lie ;  
Where virtues from each even feature beam,  
And form a shape to be adored, save that  
The rosy tint of life is wanting there  
To drown the marble of that placid breast,  
And spread expression o'er the lovely face.  
Oh ! could no passioned breath of mine impart  
The warmth of being to thy shape of stone,  
My words of admiration cease to move  
The rounded arm, or those sweet lips to break  
Their death-like silence with the honied tones  
Of Love, within that breast the sculptor cut  
So beautiful, yet coldly still, and formed  
The vain resemblance unto Heaven's pow'r  
A type of loveliness, but marble still ?  
No, thou must yet be so, and better far ;  
For I can gaze upon thy face and dream  
But virtue's there ; and cast the baser fires  
Of mortals from thy breast, and make thee e'er  
A mark of purity ; when, if thou hadst  
A being as my own, some impure thoughts