

## The Dream-Ship

by Eugene Field (1850-1895)

When the world is fast asleep,  
Along the midnight skies-  
As though it were a wandering cloud-  
The ghostly dream-ship flies.  
The dreams they fall on rich and poor;  
They fall on young and old;  
And some are dreams of poverty,  
And some are dreams of gold.  
And some are dreams that thrill with joy,  
And some that melt to tears;  
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,  
And some of the old dead years.  
On rich and poor alike they fall,  
Alike on young and old,  
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys  
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do  
The deeds of mighty men,  
And drooping age shall feel the grace  
Of buoyant youth again.  
The king shall be a beggar man-  
The pauper be a king-  
In that revenge or recompense  
The dream-ship dreams do bring.  
So ever downward float the dreams  
That are for all and me,  
And there is never mortal man  
Can solve the mystery.  
But ever onward on its course  
Along the haunted skies-  
As though it were a cloud astray-

The ghostly dream-ship flies.