Dreams of Love.

I dreamed of thee, dear girl last night,
And thought we roamed in Adoption's
1st Whils heeded by love, so purely bright.
We noted and the pining foivs.

On wander'd by the moon's pale ray,
Over Elysian fields, by flowers banad.
2nd Nor chose the path, nor guided the way,
But glided, whither love commanded.

On Thalia, along the green clad banks,
Of piping she and murmuring stream.
3rd Where gay Palms and lilies most enhanced,
The enchantment of my love's young dream.

Then again in aerial flight
The gently soared to Realms on high.
4th And glided through those starry lights.
By Music soft as Japhet's Flute.
On floated in our Louis canoe,
Through Lesbians blooming isles.
Towhere waters of Eueridian blue,
Thrusnow fair, was happy smiles.

Then under huge spreading oaks,
We talked, we laughed, we sang,
While music sweet as Sorian notes,
Grand Heaven & Earth around us spring.

All was joy, love, bliss, serenade,
And I my heart enshrined.

Oh! that I could forever dream,
And dreaming, dream this mine.

Danville, Va.
April 22, 1865.

J.F. C. Calhoun.