

The Gypsy Girl's Dream

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls
With vassals and sergeants at my side.

And of all who assembled within those walls
That I was the hope and pride.

I had riches too great to count—could boast
Of a high ancestral name;

And I also dreamt, which pleased me most
That you loved me the same, you loved me,
you loved me, you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand
That knights upon bended knee
And with vows that no maiden heart could
withstand

They pledged their ~~hearts~~ {hearts} to me,
{faith}.

And I dreamt that one of that noble host
Came forth my hand to claim;

But I also dreamt, which charmed me most
That you loved me the same, you loved
me, you loved me, you loved me still the
same.

Life can give nothing beyond
One heart you know to be fond.
Wealth, with its hoards, cannot buy
The peace content can supply
And rank, in its halls, cannot find
The calm of a happy mind

From The Bohemian Girl by Michael
Balfe