

A Dream Within a Dream

The Alan Parsons Project

Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow-
You are not wrong, That my days have been a dream; Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone? All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.
I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand-
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep, While I weep- while I weep! O God! I can not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! I can not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?
I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,

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