

# “HE HAD HIS DREAM”

BY

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He had his dream, and all through life,  
Worked up to it through toil and strife.  
Afloat fore'er before his eyes,  
It colored for him all his skies:

The storm—cloud dark  
Above his bark,  
The calm and listless vault of blue  
Took on its hopeful hue,  
It tintured every passing beam—  
He had his dream.

He labored hard and failed at last,  
His sails too weak to bear the blast,  
The raging tempests tore away  
And sent his beating bark astray.

But what cared he  
For wind or sea!  
He said, “The tempest will be short,  
My bark will come to port.”  
He saw through every cloud a gleam—  
He had his dream.