Beside the ungathered rice he lay,  He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
His sickle in his hand;  Among her children stand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair  They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
Was buried in the sand.  They held him by the hand!—
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,  A tear burst from the sleeper’s lids
He saw his Native Land.  And fell into the sand.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams  And then at furious speed he rode
The lordly Niger flowed;  Along the Niger’s bank;
Beneath the palm trees on the plain  His bridle-reins were golden chains,
Once more a king he strode;  And, with a martial clank,
And heard the tinkling caravans  At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Descend the mountain road.  Smiting his stallion’s flank.

— 1 —

Created for Lit2Go on the web at fcit.usf.edu
The Slave’s Dream

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O’er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver’s whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!