

"The Dream" by Lord Byron was among his favorite poems.

To Ward Lamon (Rec-Ward Lamon P 122) he often repeated:

"Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence; Sleep hath its own world
And a wide realm of wild reality.
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being."