

# Take Me to Your Dreamland

Laura Zaerr © 2007

Take me to your dreamland in a rowboat of pearl,  
with oars wrought of silver to show me your world.  
Glide across an ocean of crystal-line blue,  
and sail into a country eternally new...  
Oh take me with you.

Do you swing through the trees, from the limbs to the leaves  
where the murmuring breezes blow?  
Do you taste of the fruit in the shade of a root  
where the delicate blossoms grow?  
Do you soar through the skies where the silver swan flies  
with a sun-set gilded wing?  
Do you dance in the stream in the land of your dream?  
Do you know what tomorrow will bring?

And far away, far across the misty lake, the Lorelei calls your name.  
"Come sleep with me, in the dark and deep with me.  
Your sorrows to never reclaim." So...

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Do you dance on the brow of a cauliflower cloud  
with your feet in the misty plume?  
Do you gambol and glide on its billowing side  
in the rarified brilliant noon?

Do you swim with the tide with your fins open wide,  
where the tropical coral stands?  
Do you dance with the waves in the saltwater caves?  
Do rest on the deep sea sands?

And high above, high upon the misty rocks the Lo-re-lei sings to you.  
"Come dream with me, in the quiet stream with me.  
Your spirit to rest and re-new."

(Instrumental)

Do you rest by a pool in the quiet and cool  
on an ev'ning of amber skies?  
Does the vibrating breeze as it tugs at the reeds  
sing a melody Pan devised?  
Do you tread on the grass and the leaves of the path  
where once Orpheus did learn his skill?  
Do the stings of his lyre set your heart on fire  
with the echoes that linger still?

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