Would'st thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?
Or would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep?
Would'st thou lose thyself and catch no harm,
And find thyself again without a charm?
Would'st read thyself, and read thou know'st not what,
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines? O then come hither,
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR HIS BOOK

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JOHN BUNYAN

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From This World to That Which Is to Come;
Delivered under the Similitude of a Dream



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