

Poem used in the work *The Dreamers of Dreams*

Poetry by Arthur O'Shaughnessy (entitled "Ode")

Music by Gwyneth Walker

We are the music makers.
We are the dreamers of dreams.
We walk by the lone sea-breakers,
and sit by desolate streams.
Of the world, we have forsaken
the paths where we do not belong.
We choose a road less taken.
We live a life of song.

For we, in the ages lying,
in the buried past of the earth,
built cities with our sighing,
and language with our mirth.
We spoke with prophesying
to the old of the new world's worth.
Each age is a dream that is dying.
But ours is coming to birth!

We are the music makers!

For we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless, triumphant we!
The light around us clinging
of the glorious future we see.
Our souls with the music ringing:
O world! it must ever be
that we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,
apart from thee.

We are the music makers!

For we are afar with the dawning
And the suns that are not yet high.
And out of the infinite morning
Intrepid you hear us cry:
We are the music makers!
We are the dreamers of dreams!
We are the movers and shakers
on whom the pale moon gleams.