

II.

Around me is a Darkness, omnipresent,
 With boundless horror grim,
 Descending from the zenith, ever crescent,
 To the horizon's rim ;
 The golden stars, all charred and blackened by it,
 Are swept out, one by one ;
 My world is left, as if at Joshua's fiat—
 A moonless Ajalon !

III.

How long, O Lord ! I cry, in bitter anguish,
 Must I be doomed alone—
 A chained and blinded Samson—thus to languish,
 In exile from the sun ?
 Or must I hope for evermore surrender,
 And turn mine eyes on high,
 To find, instead of brave and azure splendor,
 A black curse on the sky ?

IV.

Alas ! as time sees gathering round me deeper
 The universal cloud,
 I feel like some wild horror-stricken sleeper,
 Who wakens in a shroud !
 Like some poor wretch who closed his eyes at morning
 Against the growing day,
 And finds himself, without a prayer or warning,
 A tenant of the clay !

V.

Farewell, farewell, spice-islands of my childhood,
 Where I have lingered long—
 Farewell the glories of the vale and wildwood,
 The laughter and the song !
 Farewell the sunny pleasures you inherit,
 For I am drifting forth ;
 My helm deserted by my Guardian Spirit,
 My prow unto the North !

VI.

Come nearer to me Soother of my sorrow,
 And place your hand in mine ;
 That my o'er-darkened soul shall, haply, borrow
 A little light from thine ;
 That, bearing all which fortune has commanded,
 Until my tortures end,
 The Crusoe-land on which I may be stranded
 Shall have, at least, a friend !