

Each mariner's soul
Still haunts his dead body that floats in the hull,
So lay I and dreamed,—till, as forth from its rock,
Sea-beaten forever, the home of the flock,
Is heard the hoarse cry of the sweeping sea-gull.
Rewound the weird horn, and, oppressed with dumb awe,
Lights feeble and few in the distance I saw,
Even such as appear in the mist-covered skies
At breaking of morn,
When stars, lustre lorn,
Are closing their heavy but fiery eyes ;
Huge hounds now loomed speeding, each fierce as a dragon ;
Like embers their eyes, their jaws foaming like flagon,
Seemed Cerberus manifold hunting the stag on
Hell's hills, flecked with shadows by distance shape-shorn ;
Deep toning these scoured o'er the dark, dewy grounds ;
The Ghosts of Gehenna seemed breaking their bounds ;
And oft, as from Scylla's
Vexed kennel of billows,
Sprang upwards the horror-tongued, Hadean hounds ;
More loud than tornado outswelled the huge roar ;
The horrible hubbub could gather no more ;
The pack gloomy howling went close sweeping by,
As might the loud whirlwind hoarse rave through the sky ;
The huntsman came after, full fleet as the wind,
Anent me a moment, tall, tarried behind ;
Regarding me, sat with his long, levelled spear,
Loud cried, "Thou didst call me and, lo ! I am here."
Then, hoary and hollow-eyed, horsed in the gloom,
Appearing half-angel, half-demon of doom,
I knew—and the knowledge possessèd me with fear—