

And lost before mine eyes incredulous !  
My woman still—tho' I go babbling dazed  
At thought of her and her father damn'd, and a Hell  
of things gone crazed !

XLIII.

How since that hour again and yet again  
I've play'd the fool with Death ! Go let him take  
What shape he please, I'll meet him wide awake,  
And keep a date with him—no matter when !  
Mad, I tell you—mad, I've laughed to hear  
In Wintertime the mad gray-wolves draw near  
And circle round me, all unarm'd—and then,  
Snapping their teeth, slink back and howl with fear :  
God knows of what ! So queer it seem'd, almost  
I think they saw beside me there old Hellfire's  
drunken ghost !

XLIV.

Lonesome Bar ! Too far—too far and old  
The hollow sound of it now comes to me  
To quicken this sick heart that crazily  
Goes lurching on to everlasting cold !  
Fill up my glass ! What game have I to play  
But drink into this drear, indifferent day,  
Some brief delirium, wherein to hold  
A phantom floating goldenly away  
Beyond the zenith of my soul, as bright  
Aurora with her dreamlight haunts the hopeless Arctic  
night !