

I heard him still winding his slow, sullen horn,
 Returning with dolefullest breathings of scorn :
 Low moanings like those of the far off maelstrom,
 Sore swelled till with moanings was filled the night's womb ;
 And changed to wild wailings that wilder yet grew,
 And fiercely at length the dread trumpeter blew ;
 All o'er the black welkin the howling blast flies,
 And chases the stars from the tempest-struck skies ;
 Amidst cloudy darkness strange riot arose,
 And filled seemed the heavens with fighting of foes ;
 From 'neath heaven's margent came fear-breeding yells—
 Came long lamentations with laughter in spells,
 And sounds wherewith madmen give vent to their woes :
 Such noise as infuriate winds in their flight
 Give forth to the ear of the horrified night,
 As through the looped Ruin the hurricane blows ;
 Till ghastly the uproar, unearthly the blare,
 The on-coming rider sure rode the night-mare ;
 The winds seemed to moan.
 The woods seemed to groan,
 And wildly were tossing their heads in the air—
 A moment were dormant,
 Then, lashed into torment,
 Were frantically swinging their branches, leaf-bare :
 Till sighed I for silence :—but, though came a lull,—
 Though hearing was empty, the fancy was full :
 As storm-stranded vessel
 That lately did wrestle
 With wind and with wave, but where nought now can nestle,—
 A grave, a golgotha, a place of a skull,
 Wherein, full of dole,