

I lay there and labored beneath the sound's spell ;  
 Through night vainly gazing,  
 The music amazing,  
 Appeared now of Earth, now of Hades, now Hell.

I gazed once again, and athrough the grey gloom,  
 Beheld the dark stranger,  
 All reckless of danger,  
 Sweep back like the tempest or fiercer simoom ;—  
 Returning, I heard him slow wind a weird horn,  
 Far o'er the wide dimness its echoes were borne ;—  
 Wound dirge-like and dismal  
 Through skyey abysmal,  
 Wherein hung the moon to a crescent down shorn ;  
 The blasts of his bugle grew wilder, more eerie,  
 While gaily he galloped, as one never weary,  
 Adown the dim valley, so doleful and dreary,  
 And woke the tired twilight with echoes forlorn.

Forlorn were the sounds, and their burden was drear  
 As the sighing of winds in the wane of the year—  
 As the sighing of winds 'neath the sweep of the gale,  
 Or howling of spirits in regions of bale ;

The Goblin of Ruin

Black mischief was brewing,  
 And, wringing her hands at her sudden undoing,  
 The woe-stricken Landscape uplifted her wail.

As might the grim lion, of forests the king,  
 Come bounding, or eagle sweep by on the wing,—  
 The eagle with scream and the lion with roar,  
 So swept the dark huntsman ; and, chilled to the core,