

DESPAIRFUL MOOD.

HUNG in the torment of despairful mood
Most miserable thoughts hold sway in me ;
I'm like the seaweed in the swell of sea,
And rise or droop to my mood's ebb or flood ;
Or like the moving mist in shade and sun,
That's always changing, and is never done.

And as still waters, smooth and all at peace,
Are blown to ripples with a gust of wind,
So passionate thinking drives into my mind
A host of miseries that never cease,
That heap themselves upon my better thought
And hold me helpless in my sad mood caught.