

Left by friends I loved the dearest,
All who knew and loved me most;
Woes the darkest and severest,
Bide me on this barren coast.

Pity! ah, that manly feeling,
Fled from hearts where once it grew,
Now in wolfish forms revealing,
Glow more warmly than in you.

Stony hearts! that saw me languish,
Deaf to all a father said,
Deaf to all a mother's anguish,
All a brother's feelings fled.

Ah, ye wolves, in all your ranging,
I have found you kind and true;
More than man—and now I'm changing,
And will soon be one of you.

Lodge of kindred once respected,
Now my heart abhors your plan;
Hated, shunned, disowned, neglected,
Wolves are truer far than man.

And like them, I'll be a rover,
With an honesty of bite
That feigns not to be a lover,
When the heart o'erflows with spite.

Go, ye traitors, to my lodge-fire;
Go, ye serpents, swift to flee,
War with kinds that have your natures,
I am disenthral'd and free.