

- 240 How prettily for his own sweet sake
A face of tenderness might be feign'd,
And a moist mirage in desert eyes,
That so, when the rotten hustings shake
In another month to his brazen lies,
245 A wretched vote may be gain'd.

VII

- For a raven ever croaks, at my side,
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,
Or thou wilt prove their tool.
Yea, too, myself from myself I guard,
250 For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

VIII

- Perhaps the smile and tender tone
Came out of her pitying womanhood,
For am I not, am I not, here alone
255 So many a summer since she died,
My mother, who was so gentle and good?
Living alone in an empty house,
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,
Where I hear the dead at midday moan,
260 And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse,
And my own sad name in corners cried,
When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown
About its echoing chambers wide,
Till a morbid hate and horror have grown
265 Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,
And a morbid eating lichen fixt
On a heart half-turn'd to stone.