

My fancy is o'erwrought—thou art not here,  
 Pale art thou 'tis most true—but thou art gone—  
 Thy work is finished ; I am left alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Nay was it I who woo'd thee to this breast  
 Which like a serpent thou envenomest  
 As in repayment of the warmth it lent ?  
 Didst thou not seek me for thine own content ?  
 Did not thy love awaken mine ? I thought  
 That thou wert she who said ‘You kiss me not  
 Ever ; I fear you do not love me now.’  
 In truth I loved even to my overthrow  
 Her who would fain forget these words, but they  
 Cling to her mind, and cannot pass away.

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“You say that I am proud ; that when I speak,  
 My lip is tortured with the wrongs, which break  
 The spirit it expresses.—Never one  
 Humbled himself before, as I have done ;  
 Even the instinctive worm on which we tread  
 Turns, though it wound not—then, with prostrate head,  
 Sinks in the dust, and writhes like me—and dies :  
 —No :—wears a living death of agonies ;