

And the huntsman laughed hollow,
 As my fancy did follow
 Him on his black courser that, knowing, did neigh;
 My fancy did follow
 Adown the dim hollow,
 And heard in the distance his hunger-hounds bay;
 The vanishing spectre
 Me left to conjecture,
 As on the dark huntsman dim hurried away.

As one all astonished, or stunned by a blow,
 Stands staggered or speechless with wonderment, so
 Awhile I dwelt silent; around all was still,
 While wonder on wonder dumb wondered its fill;
 From fancy to fancy my spirit was tossed,
 And reason at length was in reverie lost;
 And lost was all note and all measure of time
 Until I awoke,
 As one at the stroke
 Of the ivy-grown steeple's deep, solemn-toned chime.

I awoke,—yet I dreamed;—it was night, and there fell
 On my ear a sound sadder than numbers can tell;
 I listened, it loudened, it ever did swell;
 As when the choir singers,
 Or steeple-stood ringers,
 Give voice, or stout pull at each iron-mouthed bell;
 Through night floated dreary
 A sad miserere,