

Whatever it wants, up and do it—  
Remember the words I have said.

“But now I must leave thee forsaken,  
These wonders of wonders will be;  
Whilst many like you will be taken  
Though running a race to get free.

“So I'll bid you good by, in your slumber  
Old Morpheus may guard you awhile;  
That monster has taken your number,  
Yet suffer, but never revile.”

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My slumbers left me in a fright,  
I up like that and struck a light!  
And saw that everything was right  
Around my dwelling;  
But curious things before my sight  
Strange scenes were telling.

Said, I “What does this monster mean  
That in my dreams I've lately seen?”  
No other thing it could have been,  
But dreams so frantic;  
Cause no kind ghost from lands unseen,  
Would be so antic.

I was perplex'd on every side,  
My thoughts on this and that would glide,  
And here and there they would divide  
To know the cause;