

In sullen loneliness, he sits,
 Mutt'ring his moody tones by fits ;
 Till evening spreads her shadow dun,
 And, 'neath the western hill, the sun
 Has sunk, his daily circle run.
 Then, to some distant turret's height,
 He speeds his melancholy flight,
 To mope, unseen, the livelong night.

VI

Where every sense, in tumult drown'd,
 Yields to the mighty torrent's sound,
 I loved in thoughtfulness to roam ;—
 Where the swift cataract, white with foam,
 Rush'd down the steep, in tumult rude,
 To muse in contemplative mood ;