

Which crushes mine to dust. There is one road
To peace, and that is truth, which follow ye !
Love sometimes leads astray to misery.
Yet think not, though subdued (and I may well
Say that I am subdued)—till the full hell
Within me would infect the untainted breast
Of sacred nature with its own unrest ;
As some perverted beings think to find
In scorn or hate a medicine for the mind
Which scorn or hate hath wounded.—O, how vain !
The dagger heals not, but may rend again.
Believe that I am ever still the same
In creed as in resolve ; and what may tame
My heart, must leave the understanding free,
Or all would sink under this agony.—
Nor dream that I will join the vulgar eye,
Or with my silence sanction tyranny,
Or seek a moment's shelter from my pain
In any madness which the world calls gain ;
Ambition, or revenge, or thoughts as stern
As those which make me what I am, or turn
To avarice, or misanthropy, or lust :
Heap on me soon, O grave, thy welcome dust !
Till then the dungeon may demand its prey ;
And Poverty and Shame may meet and say,