

And over sands interm'nable
Ne'er fled g zelle so fleet
To find what faery thing might be
Where sky and desert meet.

IX.

How many a sore and stricken heart
Might then have envied me
That soothing, virgin desert land !—
So lonely and so free !
Seclusion sweet commingled all
With sunlit liberty.

X.

And soon with scarce a motion of
My own I smiled to find
How all unstriving I did fly :—
Then reckless I resign'd
My body as a burden blithe
Unto the eager wind.

XI.

And on and on and ever on
I held my steady way ;
And felt the passion of that flight
No distance might allay ;
Not e'en the stars' sweet benison
At ending of the day.