

I'll dream no more,—by manly mind  
Not even in sleep is will resigned.  
My midnight orisons said o'er,  
I'll turn to rest and dream no more.'  
His midnight orisons he told,  
A prayer with every bead of gold,  
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,  
And sunk in undisturbed repose,  
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,  
And morning dawned on Benvenue.

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