

"It leads me forth at Evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

"Half the night I waste in sighs,
In a wakeful dose I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes —
For the meeting of to-morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

"Do I hear the pleasant ditty,
That I heard her chant of old?
But I wake — my dream is fled.
Without knowledge, without pity —
In the shuddering dawn behold,
By the curtains of my bed,
That abiding phantom cold.

"Then I rise: the eave-drops fall
And the yellow-vapours choke.
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes — a dull red ball,
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke,
On the misty river-tide.

"Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosseth here, it crosseth there —
Thro' all that crowd, confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.