

V.

Yet am I human, and sometimes the will
May its high place forsake and let the hand
Perform some act, which, like a dread fire
 brand,
Will quick destroy, or make some grievous ill.
If I have caused thy heart with pain to fill,
Then I in penance now before thee stand.

VI.

Oh! scarce have I the wish or power to sing,
No spirit have I for the charmed word;
I am just like a starving, homeless bird,
When winter doth her snowy mantle fling
Abroad—he hath not will his flight to wing
Toward the blue; heart sick with hope de-
 ferred.