

More dismal cares
Seize on me unawares,—
Where shall I learn to get my peace again ?
To banish thoughts of that most hateful land,
Dungeoner of my friends, that wicked strand
Where they were wreck'd and live a wrecked life ;
That monstrous region, whose dull rivers pour,
Ever from their sordid urns unto the shore,
Unown'd of any weedy-haired gods ;
Whose winds, all zephyrless, hold scourging rods,
Iced in the great lakes, to afflict mankind ;
Whose rank-grown forests, frosted, black, and blind,
Would fright a Dryad ; whose harsh herbage meads
Make lean and lank the starved ox while he feeds ;
There bad flowers have no scent, birds no sweet song,
And great unerring Nature once seems wrong.

O, for some sunny spell
To dissipate the shadows of this hell !
Say they are gone,—with the new dawning light
Steps forth my lady bright !
O, let me once more rest
My soul upon that dazzling breast !
Let once again these aching arms be placed,
The tender gaolers of thy waist !
And let me feel that warm breath here and there
To spread a rapture in my very hair,—
O the sweetness of the pain !
Give me those lips again !
Enough ! Enough ! it is enough for me
To dream of thee !