

Of life like unto theirs long years ago,
For legend it bore none.' In accents low
And weak, I murmured thanks to him who gave
Succor to me—and to my dead, a grave.
My blood-bought gold his friendly care repaid;
Quimperlé's monks full many a death-mass said
For those who sleep in yonder haunted Isie—
Forever free from sorrow, pain and guile.

“Since then my lips have known no maiden's kiss;
My heart no woman's love; and thrice, I wis,
When o'er my head the pirate's sabre hung—
When in mid-ocean to a spar I clung—
When at the stake I felt the leaping spire,
Of the revengeful Huron's torture-fire—
I have made mock of pain and scorned to fear,
When life seemed passing and when death drew near;
For then she seems so close, and life's eclipse,
Will bring to me the rich wine of her lips—