

THE CAPTIVE.

To Death.

Who treads my dungeon, wild and pale?
Or do my weary eyeballs fail?
And art thou of the shapes that swim
Across my midnight, sad and dim,
Where in one deep confusion blend
The forms of enemy and friend?
Shut out by mountain and by wave,
Or slumbering in the ancient grave.

Ha! fearful Thing!—I know thee now,
Thy hollow eye, thy bony brow,—
I feel thy chill, sepulchral breath;
Spare me,—dark King! pale Terror! Death!
Still let me, on this bed of stone,
Pour to the night the captive's groan;
Still wither in the captive's chain,—
Still struggle, hope, in vain—in vain;

Still live the slave of other's will,—
But let me live, grim Spectre, still!

I faint; thy touch is on me now—
I feel no sting, no fiery throe :
My fetters fall beneath thy hand!
I see thee now before me stand,
No shape of fear! My fading eyes
Behold thee, Servant of the Skies!
Crowns thy bright brow the immortal wreath,
Celestial odours round thee breathe,
Spreads on the air thy splendid plume,—
Welcome, thou ANGEL OF THE TOMB!

ALFRED.

