

And when their demon might was spent
 Rage succeeded and they went
 For knives and saws, thus to deride
 My last remains among their tribe
 Beneath their steel my living sense
 Felt every gash with pain intense

A grey limb, though scarcely dead
 The bleeding heart, the severed loins
 Cold clots of flesh, I nevertheless have
 Collected out upon the thrifty sand

As children round a playhouse wait
 For a sand pie which none can eat
 So did this hellish crew wait there
 That worthless carcass now to share

So each red lance held up its prize
 Unto himself the act denies
 And yet so soon would have undone
 What eager malice had begun

The charm was flown their rage was spent
 In reconstruction now they went
 And one by one brought back his claim
 All but the heart which never came

Though some had vainly searched the shore
 And traced retreating tracks of gore
 And though to form returns again
 To move about and seem the same
 Yet still that bosomed young desire
 Had alter'd all affections fire
 Must now refuse the kindest ear
 And turn from hope to hopeless fear

Thus had her late employer
 Outraged a life, all his gladdens
 With curses thanks to the helping crew
 And sought a victim young and new
 To ravish still some bosomed core
 Whose shade must darken evermore

Dreams are emotions that we feel
 In double accents over us steal
 Each pain each joy to the heart allied
 Big dull delusion magnified

When slumber fleet broke on my sight
 All but the demons of the night
 Little windows spanned the door
 The faded carpet on the floor
 The couch turned round, the room so small
 The filthy cabinets in the wall

When roused I from that doubtful strain
 My real fears come back again

And then recured my dream of strife
 The demon crew which sought my life
 I then recollect the night before
 The silent lamplights at my door
 With little lamp which dimly shone
 When he had left me all alone

Now comes the truth I must depend
 Upon the world. I know no friend.

O horrors - horrors - none can know
 How deep the dungeon of that woe

" " "

I must move. So my scant robe
 Were donned already for the road

One shilling then was mine to pay
 When to the seller I found my way
 Bought a swab meal, eating alone
 I thought of those in plenty home

