

## THE INTERLOPER

"And I saw the figure and visage of Madness seeking for a home."

There are three folk driving in a quaint old chaise,  
And the cliff-side track looks green and fair;  
I view them talking in quiet glee  
As they drop down towards the puffins' lair  
By the roughest of ways;  
But another with the three rides on, I see,  
Whom I like not to be there!

No: it's not anybody you think of. Next  
A dwelling appears by a slow sweet stream  
Where two sit happy and half in the dark:  
They read, helped out by a frail-wick'd gleam,  
Some rhythmic text;  
But one sits with them whom they don't mark,  
One I'm wishing could not be there.

No: not whom you knew and name. And now  
I discern gay diners in a mansion-place,  
And the guests dropping wit--pert, prim, or choice,  
And the hostess's tender and laughing face,

And the host's bland brow;  
I cannot help hearing a hollow voice,  
And I'd fain not hear it there.

No: it's not from the stranger you met once. Ah,  
Yet a goodlier scene than that succeeds;  
People on a lawn--quite a crowd of them. Yes,  
And they chatter and ramble as fancy leads;  
And they say, "Hurrah!"  
To a blithe speech made; save one, mirthless,  
Who ought not to be there.

Nay: it's not the pale Form your imagings raise,  
That waits on us all at a destined time,  
It is not the Fourth Figure the Furnace showed,  
O that it were such a shape sublime;  
In these latter days!  
It is that under which best lives corrode;  
Would, would it could not be there!