

MAZEPPA.

("Ainsi, lorsqu'un mortel!")

[XXXIV., May, 1828.]

As when a mortal--Genius' prize, alack!

Is, living, bound upon thy fatal back,

Thou reinless racing steed!

In vain he writhes, mere cloud upon a star,

Thou bearest him as went Mazeppa, far

Out of the flow'ry mead,--

So--though thou speed'st implacable, (like him,

Spent, pallid, torn, bruised, weary, sore and dim,

As if each stride the nearer bring

Him to the grave)--when comes the time,

After the fall, he rises--KING!

H.L. WILLIAMS