

XXVI

Thou leanest to the shell of night,  
Dear lady, a divining ear.  
In that soft choiring of delight  
What sound hath made thy heart to fear?  
Seemed it of rivers rushing forth  
From the grey deserts of the north?

That mood of thine  
Is his, if thou but scan it well,  
Who a mad tale bequeaths to us  
At ghosting hour conjurable—  
And all for some strange name he read  
In Purchas or in Holinshed.