154. “I heard the waters pouring,” December 1831 to January 1832, MS VIII. Previously unpublished.

See no. 148 for dating.

I heard the waters pouring

A<ll> dreary foaming tide

I heard the torrent roaring

Along the mountain side

He heard the demon howling

That on the wind did ride

I heard the tempest growling

Upon its wings so wide

And the mountain spirit Oh he spoke

To his brother of the storm

And the fiend from his slumber broke

And he clapt his wings in scorn

Away away upon the blast

There the mountain spirit past

On ward rushing fleet and fast

And the water <spirit> demon from the hills

Called to him his hundred rills

And they told of the deeds they should do

As down the dell they flew

Half a growl and half a groan

Half a shriek and half a moan

Wildly wildly murmuring

WATER SPIRIT

Round and round my eddies sweep

Mournfully as on careering

And upon their bosom deep

Lightly is the foam appearing

But they are yawning for their prey

And one has gone his <mournful> deadly way

That never shall return

<Other vict> Brother brother he is mine

Other victim shall be thine