

Thomas Dermody, "Deeds Of Death"

Text taken from *The Harp of Erin: Containing the Poetical Works of the Late Thomas Dermody*. Ed. James Grant Raymond. 2 vols. London: Richard Phillips, 1807: 134 -135.

WHAT art thou, with ebon hair
Hanging on thy shoulders bare?
Now the hamlet's still as death,
Moping o'er the desert heath!
Wild and wan thy haggard face, 5
Which by moon-light I can trace:
Fiery red thy ferret eye
Doth deep in hollow socket lie;
And thy fingers lank and lean,
Spotted o'er with blood obscene, 10
Look as though a wound they gave,
Or had dug a new-made grave!
You move your skinny lips severe,
Yet no murnmr'd sound I hear;
Ha! beneath thy sable pall 15
I hear a babe for mercy call;
Fainter now its feeble shriek;
How you writhe its little neck;
How you suck its flowing gore —
Lo! its bosom throbs no more. 20
Who are these behind that throng,
Dragging a pale corse along?
How their murd'rous eyeballs gleam
O'er his deep wound's sanguine stream:
Now on me their leaden stare 25
Is levell'd with malignant glare;
Wrapt in Horror's central gloom
Heavy on my heart they come,
Yet with pausing step they steal —
In pity, Fancy, drop the veil. 30