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Illustrations of MISS MANIAC

written and illustrated by
Edward Lear
edited by Dr. Bruess

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Around my brain there is a chain,
and o'er my fevered soul
A darkness like that solemn gloom
which once through Egypt stole;

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Sometimes I feel, but know not why,
a fire within me burn,
And visions fierce and terrible,
pursue where'er I turn;

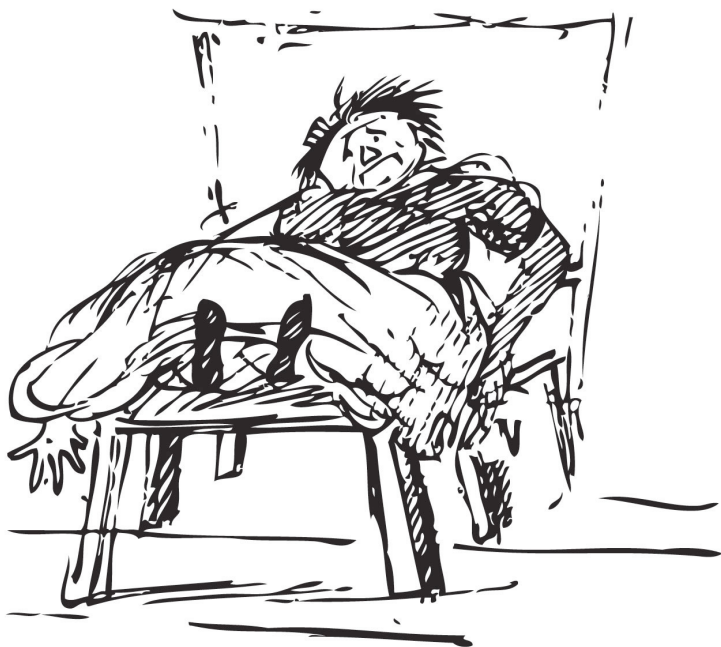
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Then I forget that earth is earth,
and that myself am life.
And nature seems to die away
in darkness, hell and strife.

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But when my phrenzied fit is o'er,
a dreary hour comes on, —

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A consciousness of unknown things,
— of reason overthrown.

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Cold runs my blood from vein to vein —
all vacant is mine eye,
And in my ears a sound of death,
and dread eternity!

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Then one by one my thoughts return,
and from my grated cell
I gaze upon the mountain fir,
the steep and woody dell;

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8.



And as I listen to the stream
that dashes far below,
I pine for freedom as a joy
I never more can know.

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Beyond those far blue hills, I feel,
was once my home of bliss,
And there my father's cottage stood, —
a roof more blest than this.

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Ah! now I think I see them come,
the forms I used to love,
And hear the evening shepherd bell
sound sweetly through our grove.—

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11.

But they are gone! — all past away —
they only flash like rays
Of morning o'er my memory —
my young — my happy days! —

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They said that I was lovely then —
and wreathed with flowers my brow.

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