

The yawning sepulchre of sepulchres, [death
More cold, more drear, more dead than common
Hope-killing creed, this monster thou hast dressed,
To veil its retribution from the world,
And make men hope that hopes shall all expire,
And Non-Existence heave its iron jaws,
To swallow, at one gorge the race of Man.

Annihilation ! O thou miry tomb
Of thought, and hope, and life, and love, and joy !
Thou arch extinguisher of happiness !
Thou worse than sting of death ! Thou sting of life !
Forever stinging, but without the balm
Of consolation, that blest anodyne
Which springs from Heaven-born hope
Of glorious immortality's bright scenes.

But as our Muse is destined on the Past
To gaze, and sing the emptiness unseen
By Angels, let us leave just now the field
Of wide Futurity, and on the rear
Of being throw the strains of backward song,
And serenade the Night of Nothing's reign.

O what a gulf of gloom endrowns the mind
That struggles to explore back turning tides,
Where landmarks never meet the weary eye