

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