

Nor the life-blood of thy frame  
 For one moment quench this flame!  
 Weep, not beside my tomb,  
*That* is gentle, painless gloom!  
 Let the worm and darkness prey  
 On my senseless, slumbering clay.  
 Weep for the priceless gem  
 That may not bide in them;  
 Weep the lost spirit's fate:  
 Yet know thy tears too late;  
     Had they sooner fall'n—well,—  
     I had not wept in HELL!

Physician. canst thou weep?  
 Then let tears thy pillow steep.  
 Couldst thou view time's nearing cave,  
 Doom'd to whelm me in its grave;  
 The last and lessening space,  
 My life's brief hour of grace,  
 Yet with gay unfaltering tongue  
 Promise health and sojourn long?  
 View me busied with the toys  
 Of a world of shadowy joys?  
 O! had look, or sign, or breath  
 Then whisper'd aught of death!  
 Though nature in the strife  
 Had loosed her hold on life,  
 And the worm received its prey  
 Perchance an earlier day:—  
     This, this,—and who can tell,  
     That I had dwelt 'n HELL?

False prophet. flattery priest.  
 Full fraught with mirth and feast!  
 Thy weeping should not fail  
 But with life's dark-ended tale!  
 For the living,—for the dead.—  
 There is guilt upon thy head!  
 Thou didst make the "narrow way"  
 As the broad one, smooth and gay:  
 So spake in accents bland,  
 Of the right and better land,  
 That the soul unchanged within,  
 The sinner in his sin,  
 Of God and Christ unshriven,  
 Lay down with dreams of heaven!  
     False priest thy labours tell.  
     I dream'd—and woke in HELL!