

“ But no crystal tear uprises,
 Though yon angel band surprises,
 Yet 'tis there there, there,
 Ever there !

Oh, one drop of cooling water—
 Victims of this bloodless slaughter ;
 Cankered woes, and burning bosoms,
 Shrivell'd hearts and nerveless sinews,
 Brains on fire, and thrilled with venom,
 Haunt this pit !

But above !—the blaze of rapture
 Waxes viler from the sight ;
 Drink this sere and bubbling sulphur—
 Oh, that Hell too had one night !

“ Ha ! my senses quickly dwindle,
 See yon meteor hotly kindle ;
 I am wild, wild, wild !
 Oh, Heaven ! and so defiled !
 I am going, going, going,—
 Charon's bark is gently rowing ;
 His AVERNIAN stream is flowing !
 Forms are before me,
 Demons rush o'er me,
 I must back to bristling Hell,—
 Fare-thee-well ! ”