

I am mad, mad, mad !

Hear that strain :

Soft and softer glide its ripples,

Pure and purer wax its notes ;

Oh, how hard this is to hear it,

Hear it as it purely floats,—

Hear it as it sweetly swells,

Hear it as it grandly wells

From yon choir !

Hope—expire.

See ! the angels purely whisper,

Hear the timbrel's melting breath ;

Oh, 'tis more than Hell to bear it,

Thus denied the bliss of death !

“ How happy are those radiant brows,

That beam with clinging bliss ;

'Tis vile to hear their soul-born vows,

Amid the hiss

Of Hell's infernal blasts.

“ Yet we still must gaze to Heaven,

Feel each burning, fiendish pang ;

Hear the rippling notes of gladness,

'Midst the clang

Of bells and fleshless outcasts ;

Blistered, ghastly, worried devils,

Bound to taste these venom'd revels ;

Bound to clasp eternal anguish,

Bound, with howling fiends to languish,

And to moan !