

Whence arose that shriek of pain?
Whence the tear that flows in vain?—
Death! thy unrelenting hand
Tears some transient human band—
Eternity! rich plant, that blows
Beneath a brighter, happier sky,
Time is a fading branch, that grows
On thy pure stem, and blooms to die.

What art thou, Death?—terrific shade,
In unpierced gloom array'd!—
Oft will daring Fancy stray
Far in the central wastes, where Night
Divides no cheering hour with Day,
And unnamed horrors meet her sight;
There thy form she dimly sees,
And round the shape unfinish'd throws
All her frantic vision shows
When numbing fears her spirit freeze—
But can mortal voice declare
If Fancy paints thee as thou art?
Thy aspect may a terror wear
Her pencil never shall impart;
The eye that once on thee shall gaze
No more its stiffen'd orb can raise;
The lips that could thy power reveal
Shall lasting silence instant seal—
In vain the icy hand we fold,
In vain the breast with tears we steep,
The heart, that shared each pang, is cold,
The vacant eye no more can weep.

Yet from the shore where Ganges rolls
His wave beneath the torrid ray,
To Earth's chill verge, where o'er the poles
Fall the last beams of lingering day,
For ever sacred are the dead!
Sweet Fancy comes in Sorrow's aid,
And bids the mourner lightly tread
Where the' insensate clay is laid:
Bids partial gloom the sod invest
By the mouldering relics press'd;