

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;