

In unequal cadence thrown,
Sorrow's oft-repeated moan :—
Still some human passions sway
The spirit late immers'd in clay ;
Still the faithful sigh is dear,
Still below'd the fruitless tear !

Five waning moons, with wand'ring light,
Have pass'd the shadowy bound of night,
And mingled their departing ray
With the soft fires of early day ;
Let the last sad rite be paid
Grateful to the conscious shade :
Let the priest, with pious care,
Now the wasted relics bear
Where the Morai's awful gloom
Shrouds the venerable tomb ;
Let the plaitain lift its head,
Cherish'd emblem of the dead ;
Slow and solemn, o'er the grave,
Let the twisted plumage wave,
Symbol hallow'd, and divine,
Of the god who guards the shrine.—
Hark !—that shriek of strange despair
Never shall disturb the air,
Never, never shall it rise
But for Nature's broken ties !—
Bright crescent ! that with lucid smile
Gild'st the Morai's lofty pile,
Whose broad lines of shadow throw
A gloomy horror far below ;
Witness, O recording Moon !
All the rites are duly done ;
Be the faithful tribute o'er,
The hov'ring spirit asks no more !
Mortals, cease the pile to tread,
Leave, to silence, leave the dead.

But where may she who loves to stray
Mid shadows of funereal gloom,
And courts the sadness of the tomb,
Where may she seek that proud Morai,