

None knew, none saw, none felt the viewless Vast
 None mourned the want of being, and none called
 To be created, for no wish had heaved
 With craving wants ambitiously to soar
 To the strange eminence of being-born,
 And bursting from the womb of emptiness
 Into the sunshine of substantial life.

Untenanted Eternity lay stretched
 In dreary waste and solitude sublime,
 Under the single glance of God's own eye.
 No song of praise as yet had rung the void,
 Unechoing arches of Eternity.
 Dumb Nothing's voiceless and unwakened sleep
 Still held unrevolutionary reign.

Nature—that transcript of the Eternal Mind—
 Anticipated not her wondrous launch
 In the substantial being which she took,
 When raptures from the morning stars arose,
 And measured anthems from the infant choirs
 Of God's own sons, in ecstasies of joy
 Greeting in gladness as they met the embrace
 Of fellow-travellers on the road of bliss.

Thus Nothing stood, if standing could be called
 When motion was not, and when matter still