

The things that were, and give to life again  
All that in dark oblivion sleeps below :—  
Perched on the summit of that lofty cliff  
A time-worn edifice o'erlooks the wave,  
“ Which greets the fisher's home-returning bark,”  
And the young seaman checks his blithesome song  
To hail the lonely ruin from the deep.

Majestic in decay, that roofless pile  
Survives the wreck of ages, rising still  
A mournful beacon o'er the sea of time,  
The lonely record of departed years :—  
Yes—those who view that ruin feel an awe  
Sink in the heart, like those who look on death  
For the first time, and hear within the soul  
A voice of warning whisper,—“ Thus, e'en thus,  
All human glories perish—rent from time,  
And swallowed up in that unmeasured void,  
O'er which oblivion rolls his sable tide.”—  
Such thoughts as these that moss-grown pile calls forth