

Of mental vision, and where billows roll,  
Wrapt up in shades where shadows cannot fall;  
And where (unlike our Ocean's level blue)  
No constellations guide the Timoneer, [shore  
Whose venturous bark has borne him from the  
Of warm reality and living life. [room!

Stretch the thoughts out! Give contemplation  
Spread Fancy's fiery wings and soar on high!  
Send the conceptions back behind all dates  
Accountable in retrograde chronology!  
These millionary cycles unbesunnet,  
Square back and cube the millionth of their powers,  
And that again recube as many times  
As there are grains within ten thousand worlds,  
And multiply it still by sunbeams sent  
From all the suns that star the midnight heavens;  
And to the sum let cyphers stand in line,  
Far as the farthest bounds of all the thought  
That man or Angel ever did conceive,  
And still you barely touch the nearest edge  
Of either of these two Eternities,  
And stand as far as ever from extremes.

Unpopulous Eternity behind,  
Thou layedst in state, unlighted and unwaked!  
No sound, no touch, no taste, no smell hadst thou;