

*The White Island: Or Place of the Blest*

In this world, the Isle of Dreams,  
While we sit by sorrow's streams,  
Tears and terrors are our themes,  
Reciting:

But when once from hence we fly,  
More and more approaching nigh  
Unto young eternity,  
Uniting

In that whiter Island, where  
Things are evermore sincere:  
Candour here, and lustre there,  
Delighting:--

There no monstrous fancies shall  
Out of hell an horror call,  
To create, or cause at all  
Affrighting.

There, in calm and cooling sleep,  
We our eyes shall never steep,  
But eternal watch shall keep,  
Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue  
Me immortalized, and you;  
And fresh joys, as never too  
Have ending.