

**ABOVE THE GRAVE OF JOHN
ODENSWURGE, A
COSMOPOLITE; THE
PRAESIDICIDE AND BATTLE OF
ANTIETAM**

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Above the Grave of John Odenswurge, a Cosmopolite; The Praesidicide and Battle of Antietam
by J. Dunbar Hylton

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J. DUNBAR HYLTON

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BATTLE OF ANTIETAM**



J. DUNBAR HYLTON, M. D.

ABOVE THE GRAVE

OF

JOHN ODENSWURGE,

A COSMOPOLITE.

BY

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"THE PRÆSIDICIDE," "THE HEIR OF LYOLYNN," ETC., ETC.

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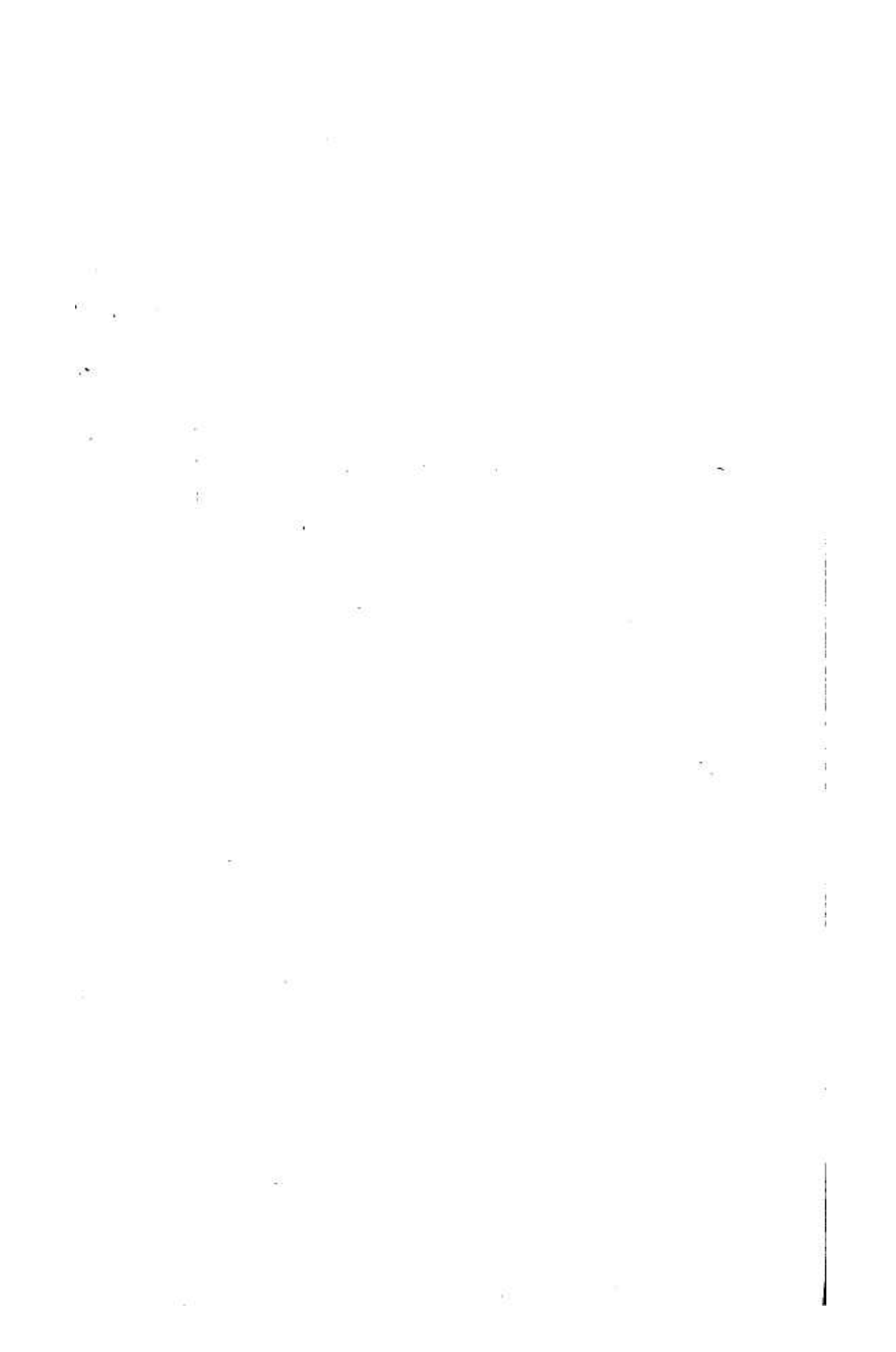
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ABOVE THE GRAVE.

THE LAY OF MT. VESUVIUS.

FROM awful caves where discord raves
With never-ending ire,
From the roaring womb where thunders boom,
While flames with flames aspire,
From hills and glens and crypts and dens
Of never-ending fire—
Deep in the earth, I draw my birth,
And all my tumult dire,
While lasts the flame in earth's vast frame
I'll ne'er from her retire.
With awful glow my lights I throw
O'er ocean's sounding waves;
To ocean's flow and realms below
My burning lava raves
And roars, while cast in billows vast
Adown my reeking sides
It clears its path and fears no wrath
From ought that there abides.
It covers o'er forever more
The forest, hill and glen;
The landscape green no more is seen,
Nor homes of mortal men.
It buries deep in lasting sleep
All things that earthlings rear,
The robe I throw on their works below

No time away shall wear.
O'er many a hall of stately wall
My burning waves have roll'd,
And many a town of great renown,
Known in the days of old ;
And o'er the world my fame is hurl'd,
In every land 'tis told.
Queens and Kings and mightier things,
The bards of deathless song,
Have heard my name and all my fame
As years have rolled along.
The poet's eye my deeds descry,
He sees my lava roll,
He sees it fly to the starry sky,
And move from pole to pole.
He sees me gleam with pomp supreme
Beyond all earth's control,
He sees my stream in every dream,
And wonder fills his soul.
He sees me throw a tingeing glow
On night's unfathomed gloom,
The robe it wears straight disappears,
It with lustre I illumine.
With wild delight the realms of night
My gaudy robes assume,
I make them bright, as man at night
His chamber and his room.
Of terrors free, he goes with me
Into my dens of fire,
Far down my cone he walks alone,
Nor fears to meet its ire.
Nor does he dread the least, to tread
The centre of the world,
Nor roaring tracts of cataracts
Whence floods of flame are hurl'd.