

Build thee more stately
mausoleums, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Set each new temple, nobler than
the last,
Shut thee from heaven with
a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell
by life's unresting sea!

The Chambered
Nautilus -

Dean R. E. Mohler Tri
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Bob Malott