

Ha ! I feel my heart rebounding,—
Dost thou hear its hollow sounding ?

Bleed, oh bleed,
 No ! Hell's fire has dried the fountain,
 And each drop has burned the mountain
 Of Despair !

It is Conscience with his subjects !—
 How they rave with wild exertion,
 Court, but may not clasp desertion ;
 Hear each shriek !

“ See you stream of fiery venom,
 Run, in molten splendour down
 The hill of black destruction,
 Satan's scorching throne to crown ;
 How it rolls,
 While harshly tolls
 Each brazen bell from haunted spires ;
 Tingle, tingle, tingle,
 Hear them as they darkly mingle ;
 As they with distracting clearness
 Blazon Satan's red desires !
 And his minion never tires,
 Feels, but scorns the seething wires !

“ PHANTOMS ! PHANTOMS ! PHANTOMS !
 Ghastly beings curs'd with sorrow,
 Doom'd to know no brighter morrow,
 Doom'd a harsher sting to borrow
 From each pang !