

Shook and illumined all the land of bale.
Ah, who shall tell their terror and their rage ;
Chaunt their despair ? Now, grovelling, they wept,
Now stood, like to enormous Ajaxes,
And Him defied, the first-born Son of God,
And all his power ; while through the opaque air,
With lifted hands, and silent agony,
Numbers up-gazing wildly begged reprieve.
But duller now the ascending thunder grew,
And duller still ; high in the loft soon rolled
Its burden drear ; and now, in one dire roar,
Advanced long-drawn through all the aisles of hell,
And to her 'waking fires bade horrible
Adieu, and then surceased : when down all sank,
And Satan raised his head in grisly joy,
At his such triumph, and his rule secured.