

But, hark ! a voice above the revels ringing,  
Like bells at midnight by an earthquake swinging—

    "Destruction comes ! repent !

Yet forty days, this place shall be o'erthrown,  
Fire and whirlwind rend it stone from stone ;  
    Madmen, repent—repent !"

And thro' the festive streets a being spectral,  
Like one by fiends pursu'd, with voice sepulchral,

    Who ran and cried—"Repent !

From Hell's red depths, beneath the ocean's gloom,  
Where death's black weeds enwrap'd me for my doom,\*  
    Back to the world I'm sent,

To summon you, when forty days expire,  
To shoreless seas of brimstone and of fire ;

    Repent !—repent !—repent !"

With haggard face, and eyes dilated, staring,  
Gigantic form, and wan, with wild locks glaring—  
He paus'd not, turn'd not, like a meteor flying,  
Till in the distance, as the spent storm dying,  
    Was heard—"Repent ! repent !"

Then ceas'd the music, harp, and dulcimer ;  
And dancing feet no longer gleaming were !

    All lips turn'd pale ;

Goblets o'erthrown ; silent the riot rout ;  
The idol's song, the wine-inspired shout,  
    Chang'd to one wail :

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\* "The weeds were wrapped about my head."—Jonah, ii. 5.