

Flee from this wicked world ordained to death!  
The wrath of God is kindled in the sky,  
And Babylon shall be consumed in smoke!

How all the gold has gone from out the West,—  
'Tis crimson now, and on the Forum falls  
A menace as of blood!

O Babylon,  
The cup of thine iniquity is full,  
And runneth over even to the ground!

Still doth he sing; and always Sappho's song!  
O Greece! the tongue of Homer and of Paul  
Is in that song—behold, the sound thereof  
Goes forth unto the ends of all the world;  
And neither speech nor language shall prevail  
Upon its magic and its mastery!