

The event we sadly know ; and who can tell
That our dread conquerors may hither come
To this, our latest refuge ?" At that word
All eyes instinct toward the portal rolled.
When lo ! a light as of the rising sun
Shone in the palace ; and the galleries,
And columned vistas, and colossal walls
Glowed as the clouds that cradle the young Dawn.
And, as the day flames upward to his noon,
The lustre grew, till every countenance
Its wonder witnessed and its deep dismay ;
When, through the lofty archway's ample space,
The Living Splendor entered. From its form
Such radiance came as e'en immortal sight
Could scarce endure. His stature passing far
Earth's hugest sons, or in the northland dark,
Whose wondrous deeds in many a saga live,
The brood of Jotunheim. Typhœus dire
He might have seized and with one hand unnerved.
Around his head a golden crown blazed forth
And seemed a circling fire. The majesty
Of stainless strength, with passions all unmixed,—
Save of a love lit on no earthly shrine,—
Reigned on his countenance ; and plume on plume,
Down from his shining shoulders, his vast vans
Like alabaster towers, on either side
Guarded his form ; nor sword, nor sheltering shield
Bore he, nor of such argument had need
To aid his conquering glance ; and every god,
All mute before this flaming messenger,
Instinctive waited for his words of fate.
Nor long ; for like some organ swelling vast
Its volumed tones and deep, the Glory spake :
" The doom pronounced by Heaven's Eternal King
On you, now justly driven from those thrones,
Whereon for ages ye have fed mankind