

But the boys impatient hear him, laugh his redecraft into play;
 Splash him from the stream, and flee him as he turns in grief away.
 Then again, their victim cheering, on they urge it with delight,
 Till the bend above them nearing,—lo, it vanishes from sight!

Seems it to their startled vision that a flash lights up the scene;
 That a laugh, as of derision, floateth back the trees between.
 Sooth it is, the welkin's blacken'd, rocks the earth beneath their feet;
 E'en the flowing water's slacken'd, and the wings of Thunder beat!

From the bourne of *Hichit* river, where the mountains centred stand,
 Comes a deaf'ning crash of ruin, echoing over all the land:
 Smoke and ashes fill the heavens, showers of calid pumice fall,
 And a mighty tide of lava flows and fills the valley all.

Ignis fulgent! clothed in thunder, snappeth Lithos' iron bars;
 Bursts the gates of hell asunder, and leaps forth beneath the stars;
 Splits with awful voice the silence of the unexpectant night;
 Throws aloft into the sky dense clouds of reek bestabbed with light.

Swiftly, like a meteor glowing, forth he bounds to seek his throne;
 Greedy, like a river flowing, all he laps up is his own:
 Vain the Forest Lords and Bushes his hell-blasting claims deny,—
 Up their boles the red flame rushes: root and branch and stock they die!