

Nor ghost of earthly odours smote the sense,
 Wall'd in with silent, fearful waves, its roof
 Of night and pallid waning stars, upheld
 By massy pillars quarried from the dark,
 The home mysterious of the goddess stands;
 Its solemn spacious chambers carpeted
 With dusk, and hung with swarthy tapestries.
 Ebon the garniture; profuse on lounge
 And litter lay the furs of animals
 Extinct a thousand centuries or more,
 Of which the rocks no hint to science gives.
 Along the halls and corridors obscure,
 In many a dim recess, rose stately shapes
 Of blackness. Fed by flowers fresh-gather'd in
 The gardens of Persephoné, the air
 Was sweet—a rich pervading fragrance pure,
 And through the rayless splendours of these halls
 I groped and found where far within, in such
 A room, so full of sleep-compelling airs,
 So beautiful, so stately-solemn, still,
 As Silence weary of Time's fret and change
 Might choose for an eternal sleep, upon
 A couch dark as a piece of Erebus
 But soft as summer cloud, its frame made of
 The lethal bronze the Titan forges in
 The thunder-cloud, in dreamless slumber Eos
 Lay. Ah! no darkness here! From the white limbs
 Light shone, and glory from her golden head!