

As the deep cry rang from the suffering lips :  
"Eli, eli lama sabathani."  
Another pause succeeded ; then again,  
" 'Tis finished," was the cry, for death was come.  
Then earth in horrible convulsion shook  
Groaning in earthquake travail ; and huge rocks,  
Torn from their beds, hurled echoing around,  
Made universal din ; and from the tombs,  
The dead, long mouldering, in their cerements  
Came forth, a ghastly band, to tread once more  
Paths erst familiar. From its body freed,  
The Prophet's spirit lingered not but rose  
Upward as borne by its unbounded will,  
To that aerial band which moveless hung  
Like cloud that waits the breeze by summer blown.  
Forthwith in adoration every brow  
Declined ; and from the serried ranks arose  
A song of triumph loud but strangely sweet ;  
As nor Apollo, nor the Muses Nine  
Forth from their throbbing throats have ever poured.  
Then when the melody had died away,  
He Who but one short hour's space before  
Had been the weakest and the scorn of men,  
But now the adored of the supernal powers,  
With majesty spake : " All is finished now,  
The grave is conquered, death of sting bereft,  
Hell's empire overthrown, and man made heir  
To an eternal glory. The false gods  
Who have seduced his spirit from the right,  
To them unworthy worship, must be driven  
From all their realms ; that earth no more deny  
Me and My Father. Ministers of light,  
Forth on your mission ! may none tarriance show."  
They heard His voice ; and on the nimble wing  
Wheeling, like sun rays from the centre cast  
They tracked the course of all the winds of heaven.