

XII.

But with amaze I saw at last  
 How huge the Sun did shine ;  
 And this also I marvell'd o'er—  
 It did no more decline,  
 But red and eerie linger'd on  
 The far horizon line.

XIII.

Yet on and on and ever on  
 The silver sands I spurn'd,  
 Till in the nearing Western sky  
 My ghastly eye discern'd  
 What awful flames were writhing where  
 The seeming Sun had burn'd.

XIV.

And from those flames there rear'd aloft  
 Envenom'd smoke and fume ;  
 Riven by many a fiery streak  
 The pitchy reek did loom  
 Prodigious thro' the night that lour'd  
 Above that Pit of Doom.

XV.

Then went the sands to ashes gray  
 That smoulder'd 'neath my feet ;  
 The wind, a tempest horrible,  
 Now baffled all retreat ;