

Whose lighted peaks do seem as foam-capped
waves,

While, here and there, a circle seems to stray
As though some wayward star had lost its
course,

And in despair had fallen and barred its grave
With silver bands of time-immortal strength.

But thou, O King of Craters, deep and dark.
How awful is thy magnitude! Here rolled
A sea of fire, and vapoury essences,
Mixed with the smells of Tophet, played about
These banks. Here rose this caldron's livid
flood

At times when Vulcan, urged with sweetened
toil,

And fanned by fame's inciting call, strove,
With instruments forged in Erebus,
To light with fiercer heat his native home
And pile more fuel upon the torrid spot,
Till overflowing all the heights about,
At intervals, where serrate gaps emit
The pressing fiery flood, and plunging down
The rugged mountain side, unaltered in
Its course by height of shelving ledge or depth