

The ethereal coursers from their nostrils blowing
 The flaming hours, and with their dreadless hoofs
 Treading the ambient winds, and bearing day
 To mortals and immortals, chasing night,
 That fled before in terror, to his cave
 Deep in the Occidental ; on, on, on
 They sped, until with tireless feet they trod
 The empyrean ; when, behind, I heard
 A sound as of the sweeping of great wings,
 Or as a forest on some mountain side
 Swayed by the tempest, when Euroclodon
 Wakes raging. Rearward straight my vision turned.
 And lo ! an unknown one ; whom like a god
 I'd call, but for a god he seemed too bright,
 Too glorious ; rainbows circled all his form ;
 And, wildly waving from his shoulders, wings
 Supported him ; before him, the right hand
 Did grasp a blade, that, like the lightning's beam,
 Jagged streamed forth afar. His countenance
 Majestic past all utterance ; Jove might ne'er
 Gaze fearless on that brow. Onward he came,
 Doubling my coursers, speed, his mighty vans,
 To two great clouds of purest white, outspread
 Fanning the air to whirlwinds. He o'ertook
 Me soon, and with a voice as of the sea
 Lab'ring in tempest, " Phœbus from thy car
 Descend and yield the guiding reins to me,
 The minister of him who rules supreme.
 The old gods are too weak for sovereignty ;
 And from beneath their feeble grasp hath passed
 The empire of the universe ; descend !"
 And by his word, stricken as Phaeton
 By Jove's hurled thunder, down through the abyss,
 Earthward I fell—down, down ; the aerial mists
 Stroke on my form, as, by my horrid speed,
 They seemed to harden ; till, with dizzy brain,
 Upon Olympus' top I ceased my flight,
 Leaving my coursers guided by new hands
 And terrible. But whence that being came,
 Where nurtured, by what hidden power sent forth,
 I know it not." Then with a sigh that choked
 His further utterance, Phœbus ceased ; and straight
 The harmonious sisters seized their lyres and strung ;
 And singing soothed awhile each paining heart.
 " Mourn for the beauty gone, the glory lost."
 This the refrain ; and when it died away,
 The voice of Maia's Winged Son was heard
 Cleaving the silence and his accents these.
 " The power that hath unsceptred us, to me
 Hath been revealed. Thou knowest, father Jove,
 Thrice did the Lord of Day through Scorpius pass,
 Since One within the far Judean land,
 Whose birth was marked by all the elements,
 Although a mortal did proclaim himself,
 God and the Son of God. But not in guise
 Godlike He came, on sunbright car enthroned,
 Begirt with flaming hosts ; yea, nor in state
 Of earthly monarch, clad in starry splendor
 Of jewelled robes keen sparkling, but was born
 In lowly manger 'mid sweet breathing kine
 That knelt adoring ; meekness and gentleness
 'Bode with him ever ; more than human love
 He bore for those by sin and woe oppressed ;