

Most dreaded mount in story told,
Crowned by fiery light,
Through all the centuries that have rolled
Since Herculaneum's streets of old
Were blotted from earth's sight!

When'er I gaze on thee, I muse
On life's transient hour,—
Then most it seems like vanishing dews,
Or like to fading rainbow hues
Born of the passing shower.

So doth it seem, the soul within
Our mortal forms of clay
Threatened by Stygian streams of sin,
Must burst the walls that hem it in,
And heavenward soar away.