

Or what of horror from his stony view  
Fell shattered in the dusky corridors,  
Or splintered on his orbs from stony floors,  
Uprising at a vision petrifact,  
And falling broken, or in cataract  
Rained on his head from murky airs above,  
Where heaven no longer vaulted him with love,  
But the pit reeked, and thick a horror hung,  
And vampire shadows through the gloom out swung.  
He felt that such had been, but knew no more,  
Till, in a blink of lid, did ope before  
His thawing orbs, slow-melting back to sense,  
The theatre of sound, the chamber whence  
The Fell Musician from his stage of dread  
Sent messengers of master-music, sped  
To gather audience in his grisly hall,  
Filled with potential voices of the Fall.

Deep in the blasted rock its seamy womb  
Was rounded to a chamber quick with gloom  
Of an infernal gesting ; and therein,  
At back of all, fell down with thunderous din  
A rush of water from the vault above,  
And vanished in abysmal deeps that clove  
To horrid entrails of the deep below,  
Till, hissing on the fires of nether woe,  
It belched again in roaring steam from hell,  
And rushing found an exit none could tell,  
To hear the curses of the damned abroad,  
Vomited vainly at the face of God,  
And missing Him by distance infinite.  
The nearer side this gaping of affright,  
A rocky throne, of most uncouth device—  
All jagged with horrors, like a hellish ice  
Congealed from Stygian blackness by the breath  
Of Doom, that fiery chill of endless death—  
Upreared its bulk, thrown out upon the view  
Against that rushing veil, forever new,  
Of woven waters passing to the deep,  
And stretching from the ceiling's vaulted steep  
To where they vanished, as a sounding veil  
Of tissue terror shaken by the gale  
Of wrath to lightnings and to thunderings.  
Here, as impaled upon the pinnacings  
Of frozen Justice in a horrid state—  
That mocked the pride which would be wrongly great,  
Enthroning rebel guilt on torment due—  
The Fell Musician played, with bow which drew  
From his dread instrument a heart of sound  
That shook strange palpitations all around,  
Throbbings of archangelic power in tone,