

Black eyes into each other gazed
With looks alarmed, distraught, amazed,
For, suddenly, a cloud
Of strange and awful visage, spread
The fair, blue sky with purple red,
While the deep thunder's clangor dread
Roared solemnly and loud;
Fierce and deadly lightnings flew,
Thundering tempests madly blew,
Low the proud forests bowed.

Amid that wild and wicked storm
Among the clouds that swept
The mountain's brow, appeared a form,—
A dreadful shape; the heart's blood warm
Grew icy cold in chill alarm
And, curdling, backward crept
Thro' tingling veins, the pagan band
Transfixed, and mute as statues stand
As powerless to fly;
For strange and vengeful glances leaped
From that dread monster's eye,
Back, many a league among the clouds
Wild, streamed his fiery hair
Of light'ning streaks in livid crowds
One hot and burning lair.
But, can the tongue of mortal say
Or can a mortal pen portray
That mystic Face, Oh! Fear!
Hide thy pale face, and veil thine eye,
Lest life in lingering torments die
That dreadful presence near.

A voice, and from far distant nests
Affrighted eagles flew,
Low in the mountain's rocky breast
Deep groaning murmurs grew
Like shudderings of a heart distressed
Of a strong man in pain;
Convulsed, the earth rocked to its heart,
The thunder clouds were rent apart,
A crash of doom — a fierce death dart,
And all was peace again.