

But the hour when the sun in his pride went down
 While his parting hung rich o'er the world:
 While abroad o'er the sky his flush mantle was blown,
 And his red-rushing streamers unfurled;--

An everlasting hill was torn
 From its eternal base--and borne--
 In gold and crimson vapours drest
 To where—a people are at rest!

Slowly it came in its mountain wrath,
 And the forests vanished before its path:
 And the rude cliffs bowed—and the waters fled—
 And the living were buried, while over their head
 They heard the full march of their foe as he sped
 And the valley of life—was the tomb of the dead!

The clouds were all bright: no lightnings flew:
 And over that valley no death-blast blew:
 No storm passed by on his cloudy wing:
 No twang was heard from the sky-archer's string—
 But the dark, dim hill in its strength came down,
 While the shedding of day on its summit was thrown,
 A glory all light, like a wind-wreathed crown—
 While the tame bird flew to the vulture's nest,
 And the vulture forbore in that hour to molest—

The mountain sepulchre of all I loved!
 The villages sank--and the monarch trees
 Leaned back from the encountering breeze—
 While this tremendous pageant moved!