

And a mass of ghostly light
Floateth down the breast of night.
Ha : within that charnel gleaming
Looms some Form of awful seeming ;
Nearer, 'tis a warlike Phantom,
Pale grey shadows clothe and haunt him,
Death and Terror hovering round him
In a battle garb have wound him ;
From his eyes cold lightnings glance,
Motionless his fire-clad lance.
Hush ! he stays his war-cloud now
O'er the death-doom'd City's brow—
Lo, her hour of judgment's near ;
O'er her the Destroyer bendeth,
From his cloud the Shape descendeth—
Gods of Egypt, hear.

Slowly down the silent street,
Lo, the Phantom gliding—
By the Pharaoh's royal seat,
Lo, the Terror biding ;
And the death lance poised on high,
Strikes the lintel noiselessly ;
And a dirge-like wailing falls
On the Pharaoh's royal halls,
As if princely life was fleeting,
As if Death with kings were meeting.
Now the shadowy Form's before
The weak Bondman's lowly door,
And the ghostly arm on high
Lifts the death lance threateningly.
Hath he struck ? Is that the moan
For the young slave's spirit flown ,
There's a token glistening there
In the fiery lance's glare,
Like a flash of bloody light
Streams its crimson on the night ;
See, the Phantom shape obey
The red symbol's potent ray.
And the Bondman sleepeth well,
For his God hath framed the spell.