

**THOUGHTS ON VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.**

---

**M**ETHINKS I hear the murmurings deep  
And view the dreadful force,  
As belching from thy crater steep,  
The molten rivers roar and leap,  
And sear their sinuous course.

Through peaceful vineyards at thy base  
Or villas on thy breast  
The fiery tides creep on apace,—  
And naught now marks man's dwelling place  
But ashes from thy crest.

Thine awful lavas creep along  
Through olive grove and farm,  
Chanting loud an infernal song  
Of mocking fate and cruel wrong  
And desolating arm.

Mantling far towards the sea  
Where Naples peaceful lies  
Away beyond thy dreadful lee,—  
Her trembling people fear to see  
Thy fiery threatening skies.