

The Siege of Valencia.pdf/27



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XL.

The heavens in still magnificence look down
On the hush'd Bosphorus, whose ocean-stream
Sleeps, with its paler stars: the snowy crown
Of far Olympus^{8[1]}, in the moonlight-gleam
Towers radiantly, as when the Pagan's dream
Throng'd it with gods, and bent th' adoring knee!
—But that is past—and now the One Supreme
Fills not alone those haunts; but earth, air, sea,
And Time, which presses on, to finish his decree.

XLI.

Olympus, Ida, Delphi! ye, the thrones
And temples of a visionary might,
Brooding in clouds above your forest-zones,
And mantling thence the realms beneath with night;
Ye have look'd down on battles! Fear, and Flight,
And arm'd Revenge, all hurrying past below!
But there is yet a more appalling sight
For earth prepared, than ere, with tranquil brow,

Ye gazed on from your world of solitude and snow!

1. [↑](#)

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