

THE SIBYL.

CROUCHED o'er the tripod the pale priestess moans  
Ambiguous destiny, divided fate.  
Sibylline oracles of woe create  
Roars as of beasts, majestic monotonous  
Of wind, strong cries of elemental thrones,  
All sounds of mystery of the Pythian state!  
O woman without change or joy or date  
I await thy oracle as the Delphian stone's!

*Desunt cetera.*