



*The Death of the Titan*  
(Epicurean)

From night's great womb with pain the horrid morn hath broke,  
Far o'er the throbbing earth the clattering thunders roar,  
The Titan wakes at last, his front begrimed with gore,  
His brutal gasp abrupt uproots the ruggèd oak.

In mortal throes he raves, and with his stertorous croak  
The birds are struck, the streams with terror dried, the shore  
Caves into sea, mounts break down to their torrid core,  
The tottering crags are rent, is rent the cloud's grey cloak.

The lightning shrinks, the seas in roaring clangour splash,  
The giant sways, and now, with sudden thunderous crash,  
Falls, and the thronèd stars from glittering seats are torn.

He fell; the startled earth, with frantic fury stung,  
Split, burst and broke; the air with rankling curses rung  
But in the sky the sun still smiled as in scorn.

Alexander Search.

1904.

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