

# **The Wandering Jew's Soliloquy**

Percy Bysshe Shelley



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Is it the Eternal Triune, is it He  
Who dares arrest the wheels of destiny  
And plunge me in the lowest Hell of Hells?  
Will not the lightning's blast destroy my frame?  
Will not steel drink the blood—life where it swells?  
No — let me hie where dark Destruction dwells,  
To rouse her from her deeply caverned lair,  
And taunting her curst sluggishness to ire  
Light long Oblivion's death torch at its flame  
And calmly mount Annihilation's pyre.

Tyrant of Earth! pale misery's jackal thou!  
Are there no stores of vengeful violent fate  
Within the magazines of thy fierce hate?  
No poison in the clouds to bathe a brow  
That lowers on thee with desperate contempt?  
Where is the noonday pestilence that slew  
The myriad sons of Israel's favoured nation?  
Where the destroying minister that flew

Pouring the fiery tide of desolation  
Upon the leagued Assyrian's attempt?  
Where the dark Earthquake demon who ingorged  
At the dread word Korah's unconscious crew?  
Or the Angel's two-edged sword of fire that urged  
Our primal parents from their bower of bliss  
(Reared by thine hand) for errors not their own  
By Thine omniscient mind foredoomed, foreknown?  
Yes! I would court a ruin such as this,  
Almighty Tyrant! and give thanks to Thee —  
Drink deeply — drain the cup of hate — remit this I may die.