

I thought, in visions on my bed,
I saw the gate of hell,
And thither was a being led,
Methought I knew her well.
An angel had conveyed her there,
Commissioned from on high ;
So mild his countenance, and so fair,
I ventured to draw nigh.
The being that in charge he had,
Far other sight displayed ;
Her pallid cheeks, her countenance sad,
Her inmost soul displayed.
Her haggard eye she roll'd around,
She seem'd with horror fill'd ;
For help she cried, no help was found,
With grief my soul was chill'd.
Upon the ground she fix'd her eye,
Her wasted form she bent ;
She sigh'd, she uttered plaintive cries,
And to her grief gave vent.
Cursed be the day wherein 'twas said,
A child of man was born ;
But now on me the curse be laid,
Why did I mercy scorn.
I heard of mercy, yes, I heard,
But, ah ! I heard in vain ;
Sin and destruction I preferred
To everlasting gain.
Dear friends I had, while on the earth,
Who warn'd me o'er and o'er ;
And she from whom I had my birth,
How oft would she implore :
And weep and pray, and cry, " my child,
My child be wise and good ;
Oh think, my child, thou hast to die,
And give your heart to God.
Think there's a death will never die,
And wrath that knows no bound ;
Think that thy soul must in it lie,
If pardon be not found."