

When a soul has fallen in sin,
Pour a deeper poison in.
Tell it, God withholds His care ;
Blast it with a dumb despair.

Scar and scratch the face of right,
Blind the eyes that look for light,
Shackle truth, set lying free,
So shall all things come to me.

*[He holds up his right hand, and Pride comes
and kneels before him. Death, holding his
hand above him in blessing, says :]*

Pride, go forth to crush in doom
Hearts wherein God has no room.

*[Pride retires, and Covetousness kneels before
Death.]*

DEATH

Love of Gold, go forth to slay
Souls who God's love cast away.

*[Covetousness retires, and Lust kneels before
Death.]*

DEATH

Lust, go forth to poison love,
Blind men's eyes to things above.

[Envy comes.]

DEATH

Envy, prick men like a thorn,
Make them curse that they were born.