

But see, the door is opening now,
A drunkard staggers in ;
'Tis he, who three short years ago
Fair Helen's heart did win.

With staggering steps he moves along,
And nearly tumbles o'er
His little child, who just began
To walk across the floor.

The mother ran, her child to save,
She knew his anger well ;
But her a heavy blow he gave,
And on the floor she fell.

That fall to her has fatal proved.
How will her father grieve,
That her by him so truly loved
So soon this world should leave !

And all that now remained on earth
For him to gaze upon,
The icy form, so cold in death,
Of his beloved one.

A few days passed, and her remains
All in the grave were laid ;
Her soul had fled to happier climes,
To joys that never fade.