

This must have fill'd his wicked heart  
 With envy, jealousy and hate,  
 And led him on to play the part  
 Which lur'd our parents to their fate.

Then, as a serpent, he appears  
 To a gentle trusting woman,  
 Filling her mind with doubts and fears,  
 As he leads her through the garden.

"If that fine beauteous fruit you eat,  
 "God will not surely make you die ;  
 "As gods you will then take your seat,  
 "And good from evil with your eye

"Well opened, you will discern."  
 Instead of which, how many sin  
 On, day by day, with no concern,  
 For he has made all dark within ;

And death, the dreadful curse of man  
 And beast, for near six thousand years  
 The whole of this our earth doth span ;  
 While Satan walks around and leers,

Tempting each creature with his fruit,  
 Which all too eagerly do taste ;  
 His poison made each one to suit,  
 And all his energies to waste.

Job tells us of a certain day,  
 When many of our God's own sons,  
 Mov'd by a holy, heavenly ray,  
 Together to the Lord did come.

Among them Satan finds his way,  
 And to the Lord himself did talk.  
 "My servant Job, the Lord did say,  
 "In true and upright paths doth walk."