

WHAT A FARCE!

The pain and anguish borne in vain,
The toil endured for nought ;
The sacrifice of present gain
That never guerdon brought !

Ah ! what a farce !—that bitter text
We need no more rehearse ;
Too oft proclaimed, when sore perplexed,
We see fond hopes disperse !
Till thankfully we hear the call
That bids life's tumult cease :
The farce is played, the curtains fall—
Then welcome rest and peace !

THE END