

To-morrow morn,  
Hard by the Mammertine, I shall kneel down  
Before the Roman sword and die!

O Death,  
Where is thy sting? O Grave.....

The lad still sings!  
Would thou couldst hear his song,—Anacreon?  
Nay; Sappho!—He? Athenian, I think.  
'Tis such a voice as that which Eunice heard—  
Son of the Faith once and for all delivered—  
Oft in the streets of Lystra's eventide,  
Telling of Timothy returning home;  
Or ever thou didst follow Christ and Paul.  
Why doth he sing, and hale me back to life,  
Who on the morn must die?—and Sappho's song!