

There are fair young faces grown old with care
 Under the upas tree ;
 Clouded minds which once promised fair,
 Broken and bleeding hearts are there,
 And souls which languish in nerveless despair,
 Under the upas tree.

And yet in our land we let it grow,
 This baneful upas tree ;
 It towers o'er the roof-tree of high and low,
 Swaying its branches to and fro,
 Scattering its poison o'er all below—
 The fatal upas tree.

We vainly try to thin it out,
 This dark-shaded upas tree ;
 With gossamer fence we fence it about,
But from Heaven there comes a mighty shout,
'Tis the voice of God the world throughout—
 CUT DOWN THE UPAS TREE !

