

## III.

Here, the old hardened wretch grown grey in sin ;  
 And there, the youth of wild and desperate breast,  
 Whose short, yet mad career, has whelmed him in  
 A gulf of anguish, sorrow and distress—  
 A deep, dark, shoreless, wild and fathomless abyss.

## IV.

There hardened guilt sneers those less seared to scorn  
 Or, impious, boasts of crimes how great his lore ;  
 And *here*, yes, even *here*, you may discern  
 The tears of deep repentance, streaming o'er  
 Cheeks that were never, never wet with tears before.

## V.

Known unto every breast is its own ill—  
 To every brow the weight of its own woe ;  
 And they who brave it most, but keenest feel  
 The fiery pangs, the deep though smother'd glow  
 Which burns the bosom's core before the world can know.

## VI.

The countenance mild, calm as a sleeping sea,  
 Unruffled by the ripple of a wave,  
 Oft owns a brain whirled to insanity ;  
 A bosom darker, drearier than the grave ;  
 A heart where pride, wrath, scorn, and all fierce passions rave.