

For greed or glory ; and with provocations  
Which must be met by acts retributive  
Were I a man, I could not be a tribesman,  
Even in my own defence : no, I would die first !

*Edna.*

Irene, O frightened pidgeon ! there—you could not !  
I would stand boldly up and cuff their ears ;  
Yes, draw a rapier, if need should be,  
And life and liberty demanded it,

*Rayon.*

Edna, your mettle has a valliant ring.  
Yet for a little pardon a sad strain.

WEEP for a world of clangor,  
For sin's mad harvest sown :  
The strife that follows anger,  
For which not tears atone.  
Alas for earth's glory—  
Woe, woe for its pride.

Weep for the broken hearted ;  
Loneness of the bereaved ;  
For tenderest friendships parted ;  
For heartless ills received.  
Alas for earth's glory—  
Woe, woe for its pride.