

And an echo comes on its frozen wings
 Of the Song of Death that the suicide sings
 When light is gone,
 The heart a stone,
 And hope is lost in the great Unknown.

Who is that? Gruesome and pale and chill,
 Standing there at the window-sill?
 Standing there
 With that icy stare!
 Why are the mother and babe so still?

And the fires – the flames in that murky den,
 Where the fiends forge chains for the souls of
 Their sullen roar [men,
 Will it ne'er give o'er
 If mother and babe should wake no more?

Nay, the glowering red of each copper snake
 Doth ever a changing semblance take,
 Coiling up through the mist of their foetid breath
 That ever distils in the Sweat of Death,
 Grow they more fierce and cruel and strong,
 Writhing and hissing with fiery tongue,
 Till they seem as the twain
 That parted the main
 From Tenedos, noted in olden song,
 Whose dreadful coils caught sons and sire *
 In the hopeless grasp of a horrid fate,

* Laocöon and his sons. *Ænid*, Lib. 2, Virgil.