



UNDER THE UPAS TREE.

COME, I will tell you what I have seen
Under the upas tree,
Whose clustered leaves look so fresh and green,
Revealing the rich ripe fruit between ;
Oh ! false is all to him who hath been
Under the upas tree.

There is many a sad and woeful sight
Under the upas tree ;
Skeleton leaves which once shone bright,
Flowers withered in a night,
And fruit smit through with a deadly blight,
Under the upas tree.

There are broken resolves all lavishly strewn
Under the upas tree ;
Budded hopes which have never blown,
Blighted seedlings in tears once sown,
Noble designs, at the first overthrown,
Under the upas tree.