

Frenzied/wild from the organ then
 A peal of fiendish laughter breaks
 And form as a ghastly scherzo takes,—
 Groans, wails and shrieks
 Blended by art in a gruesome whole,
 A demon's dance o'er a murdered soul,
 While the people listen with fear-blanced
 cheeks,
 As clearer and clearer the measures tell
 Of a soul fast-chained in a drunkard's hell ;
 Above, below, from every side,
 Crests of the seething spirit-tide,
 Writhing and hissing the serpents start,
 Fastening their fangs in his bleeding heart.

 Clink, clink,—
 'Tis the Demon -- Drink,
 Telling his gains in his victim's sight
 After he's snared him and chained him tight ;
 " Clink, clink,
 " Only think
 " The bread that those blood-stained coins had
 bought
 " If father had spent them as he ought !
 " Clink, clink,—
 " Oh, 'tis music rare———"
 " Help! Take it from him—that cash box there !
 " 'Tis the coffin of poor little Golden-Hair !
 " Let go ! I will tear him limb from limb
 " That trembling devil ! I will, I swear——"