

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,  
 Clay to its kindred clay—  
 They left the dead—and wailed and wept,  
 And slowly moved away.

But ah ! there hung a heavy cloud  
 Upon that husband's name ;  
 And deep disgrace had settled down  
 Upon that father's fame.

There was a keenness in their grief,  
 A death-shade in their gloom—  
 As, desolate and fatherless,  
 They left the Drunkard's Tomb.

### THE TEMPTER.

I hate the Tempter and his charms,  
 I hate his flattering breath ;  
 The serpent takes a thousand forms  
 To lead our souls to death.

He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,  
 Or kills with slavish fear ;  
 And holds us still in wide extremes,  
 Presumption or despair.

Now he persuades, How easy 'tis  
 To walk the road to heaven ;  
 Anon he swells our sins, and cries,  
 They cannot be forgiven.

Almighty God, cut short his power,  
 Let him in darkness dwell ;  
 And, that he vex the earth no more,  
 Confine him down to hell.