

That snatched them ere their hour had come ;
 Yet, strange to say, some wondrous spell
 Makes simple mortals love thee well ;
 They fly in dread alarm from me,
 But welcome, cherish, fondle thee.
 Ha-ha they stand on dangerous brink,
 When toying with the demon Drink ;
 I don't complain, for in this way,
 They fall before us readier prey,
 United in our work, we stand
 To blast and devastate the land.
 A chill, damp vapor settles on
 His *phantom shape*, and he is gone.
 In timorous silence, shuddering, chill,
 With awe that makes each pulse stand still,
 The assembled host all nerveless stand,
 Awaiting now their chief's command.
 The king arose with a look profound,
 On the audience vast that gathered round,
 And spoke in a fierce, exulting strain :
 " Yes ! ye are leaders all in my wide domain ;
 Though some are festive and some are gay,
 While the sight of others strikes deep dismay,
 Ye together engage in a common toil,
 Together the human race despoil.
 Go forth, each bearing lighted brand,
 To kindle fires o'er all the land,
 And mingle in one conflagration,
 The brightest hopes of every nation.
 Go forth to blight all fond desires,
 To desolate all altar fires ;
 Go forth to rapine, pillage, plunder,
 To rend all harmony asunder,
 Till, in despair, all human life
 Rushes to end in murderous strife ;
 Then shall each evil power confess,
 Your work is crowned with rich success,
 And Hell with all its fiends of night,
 Shall loud extol your deeds of might.