

THE LAST SONATA.

Staggering on up the dreary street,
Where is he going, that wreck of a man ?
Now in the gutter, and now to the wall,
Covered with mud from a drunken fall,
Staggering on through the driving sleet !
Where is he going ? Ah ! who can say
Till the Books shall speak in the Judgment Day ;
Till the angels shall bring those mighty tomes
And read out the record of blasted homes,
Saddle each still
With its work of ill,
Tally the spoils
Of those snakey coils,
Tell how the fires glowed, lurid and red,
As the work of the demons merrily sped,
While the bruised mother, with aching head
And bursting heart, heard her children cry
For just a crust—one crust of bread,
As the weary hours dragged slowly by ;
No fire,—for the Fiend has stolen the coal
To feed the flame of his greedy still ;
No clothes, no food—for body or soul—
Gone, gone—its hungry maw to fill
The angry gale
Drowns the infant wail,