

But naught prevailed, for sore disease had  
scourged the low and high,  
And the hail of God had fallen and crushed  
the growing grain,  
And a fire no hand had kindled in searing wrath  
swept by—  
Such fire as none had seen before—as none  
would see again.

Then came the pirate locusts, with a sea-song  
free and bold;—  
The spent and broken people lacked the  
strength to force them back,  
But watched them take the last green blades  
that never would be gold—  
And shut their doors against the foe that  
turned the meadows black.

Then Pharaoh wavered—more—he called the  
Hebrews in his haste  
Imploring respite—pleading his repentance  
bitterly—  
For there was death on every side, and all the  
land was waste;—  
So the western wind of God blew the locusts  
out to sea.