

The counterfeit of what you'd have her think—
 With which you tempt her in her course to sink
 And stop. There is a precipice whose brink
 Does bound a gulf as deep as hell from heaven,
 And on't you stand. Just warning you are given ;
 Think not our home in social self may fall ;
 Think not distruction threats our bounded hall ;
 See not thyself reflected in all life ;
 Some always issue scathless from a strife.
 Still does the pitcher by the fountain hang ;
 The silver cord and golden bowl yet meet
 The eye ; the cistern wheel doth yet revolve ;
 The voice of gladness yet doth ring the land ;
 Nor mourner's wail nor desolation's mark
 Are heard or seen ; still shines the sun ;
 And still doth he give place to moon and star.
 Then Marcia know that life we yet may live,
 And that our thanks our hearts may yet out-give ;
 Strive not to plunge for sake of poor ambition,
 Our peaceful hall into thy mind's condition "
 " Hell has no fury like a woman scorned,"
 A bard full sage the world has thus forewarned ;
 But man forgets advice and danger ties
 Full oft. Rudolph thus does. Her passions rise ;
 And such a storm as broke o'er that fair hall,
 But seldom man is fated to see fall.
 Hoarse with the rage she was so long suppressing,
 Pale with the ire defeat was long caressing,
 Flaming her eye and stretched on high her arm,
 Like some dread priestess coming doom does warn
 To the foretelling of fate's dark passion's decree,
 Her long-pent words in passion's tempest free,
 She speaks, "Woe, woe, as to Jerusalem woe,