

And the glorious song continues, bright success
 is coming fast,
 But again the light is fading, and the sky is over-
 cast,
 Hark the pealing of the thunder, hear the raging
 of the blast,
 See the flashing lightning's chain !

Will the gallant craft go under ? Will that slimy
 serpent-thing
 That again is creeping upward, choke the song
 of youth and spring ?
 Aye, 'twill never loose its victim till it strike its
 deadly sting
 Deep within his broken heart.
 List, 'tis hissing through the music like the
 serpent's cruel brood,
 Friends and home and name have perished, he
 is lacking daily food,
 He's an outcast and a wand'rer, by that very set
 eschewed
 Who first sped the fiery dart.

Yes, the pleasant song is ended, mark the work-
 ing of the spell
 That has changed the march of triumph to a very
 dirge of hell, —
 He is sinking to his doom ;
 And the broken measure halteth, — rises — falls, —
 a dying knell !
 There is stillness in the room.

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