

Chained like a wild beast (horrid farce)
They bear young Don away,
His handsome form, once straight and
strong,
Is crippled now for aye.
Oh, God of justice, help him now,
He needeth all thy care.
His strength is spent, his punishment
Is more than he can bear.

The little birds will miss him
As they flit from tree to tree,
And O, how Donald now will miss
Their sweet-toned minstrelsy !
No more to him their thrilling notes
Proclaim the break of day ;
Far, far from them, with hardened men,
He wears his life away.

The moaning maple waves no more
Above his lowly bed,
The darkness of a gloomy cell
Enwraps his form instead.
And phantoms of a fevered brain
Across his vision sweep,
While over all dark grim St. Paul
Its lonely vigils keep.