

"The streets are filled with mourners;—every
day more tears are shed;
The embalmers have grown weary—they will
not work for gold—
And everywhere the eye doth see processions of
the dead,
Till they seem but mocking phantoms, we
watch unmoved and cold."

"Thou wilt not let the Hebrews go—I read it in
thine eyes—
There are no gods in Egypt—there is nothing
but thy Will—
That sets itself against some force that yet in
strength will rise
But to silence all thine answers and bid thy
voice be still."

Then Pharaoh leaned down toward her: "O
most beautiful!" he said,
"There is not a man who liveth dare say so
to my face;
And truly were there such a one 'twere better
he were dead,
For dead men suffer nothing.—Yet I pray thee
of thy grace