

PESTAL ; or, YES ! THE DIE IS CAST !

1. Yes ! the die is cast !
The turbid dream of life is waning,
The gulf will soon be past,
The soul immortal joy attaining.
Thus then I fall my native land to save,
Shall I live a slave ?
No ! the free and brave
Will scorn to yield ; my country's flag shall wave
Around the patriot's grave.
Yes ! the die is cast !
The turbid dream of life is waning,
The gulf will soon be past,
The soul immortal joy attaining.

2. Hark ! the fatal bell
Each passing hour the dungeon waking,
Chimes a sad farewell,
In solemn tones the silence breaking.
Fell usurper ! know thy savage tyranny
Soon will set me free ;
Thwarted shalt thou be,
For I shall rise above thee in eternity ;
Immortal life thou giv'st to me.
Yes ! the die is cast !
The turbid dream of life is waning,
The gulf will soon be past,
The soul immortal joy attaining.

IN THIS OLD CHAIR.

1. In this old chair my father sat,
In this my mother smil'd,
I hear their blessings on me wait,
And feel myself a child ;