

"There is Wealth, with lantern features,  
Who oppress'd his fellow creatures,—

To heap mounds of shining gold ;  
But that gold could not win Heaven,  
Nor kind MERCY's smile unfold ;  
How he meanly, meanly moans,  
And enfolds his clattering bones ;  
Looking vainly for a friend,  
Looking vainly for an end

To that road !

Oh, great Heaven! the Heaven of childhood,  
Could I feel thy blissful rays,  
I would brave earth's seething dangers,  
With a scorn for MORTAL praise !

But no, no, no !

I must feel this bitter flow,  
Must withstand each giant blow,  
Must be scorched by Satan's glow,  
Must sink low, low, low

In each wave !

Roll, roll, roll,

Ye molten streamlets roll ;

Toll, toll, toll,

Ye deafening 'larums toll !

"Those fiendish yells again !  
Hurling dire and shafted pain ;  
Thunders crash !  
And lightnings flash ;