

"Then cast the serpent from your arms ;
His fangs are at your breast !
And far from haunts of vice retire :
'Tis virtue makes us blest."

"I will !" he cried, "by Heaven I will !
I'll dash the poison down !
And if I break my vow to God !
Then let me meet his frown !"

But straightway forth he went, the same
Unchang'd, unthinking man,
And steep'd his brain in liquid fire,
As he at first began.

To dull the pain that rack'd his brain,
And quench the fever's glow,
He quaff'd a strong narcotic draught,
And donn'd his hat to go.

The evening train from Manchester,
Swept from the little town,
And slowly in a sleeping car
Alone he laid him down.

He closed his heavy drooping lids ;—
Fast flew the clanging train ;
And darkly fell the gloomy night,
And dropped the misty rain.

The midnight lamps were winking low,
The sable clouds look'd down,
When slowly wound the freighted train
Within the silent town.