

Lucre grasping, hell defying,
Cringing, fawning, cheating, lying,
Recreant from birth.

9

Man and serpent spring from thee,
Each to each a mystery ;
Each a fratricide, each hating
Each with hate that knows no bating,—
Cause them both to cease !

10

Living, they defile thy face ;
Thought and poison-tooth displace
God's high mercy seat ; the heaven
Of man's will makes hell of heaven,
Storm and strife of peace.

11

Alma Mater, lo ! I wait,
Worn and weary, at the gate,
At the gate where Death stands warder,
Where Oblivion's waters border
Lethe's sterile plain.

12

Warder Death, I grasp thy hand,
Swing the postern, let me stand
On the brink of that dark river,
Place me where no dart can quiver
In my breast again.