

“ Adam snared—Eve tempted and taken,  
And their progeny all in line—  
In course of a few generations  
With the world for my concubine,  
And earth's hills aflame with my fires,  
How we'd flout the Powers Divine!  
Good men, angels and Book Divine!

‘ We are labelled promoters of vice,  
And, doubtless, the title applies,  
But honor or odium, whichever 'tis,  
Must be shared with our good allies;  
To the lot our warmest thanks are due,  
Then let our acknowledgments rise—  
In songs of praise let them rise.”

The idea caught the convention,  
And forward Beelzebub sprang,  
And blending his voice with the others,  
Lo! the arches of Hades sang  
With the pæan the quartette rendered—  
And this was the chorus they sang—  
The echoing song that they sang.