

The Vampyre.

(NO SUPERSTITION.)

THE bloodshot moon glares on the close-crowded graves,
Through the soul mist that over the sepulchres waves,
On the tombs where the City, with people o'erspread,
In the midst of the living hath buried its dead.

A glimmering vapour creeps over the ground,
You may see whence it issues—yon newly-raised mound ;
Mark what spectre ascends in that horrible light—
Lo, the Vampyre Infection is rising to-night !

The Vampyre ! The Vampyre ! Avoid him ! His breath
Is the reek of the charnel, the poison of death:
He has broken his prison of pestilent clay,
And the grave yields him up, on the living to prey.

The Vampyre ! The Vampyre ! Behold where he flies
To the couch where his wife, in her widowhood, lies :
Of her lost one—her husband—she dreams in her rest,
Whilst the Vampyre is fixing his fangs in her breast.

The Vampyre ! The Vampyre ! His infant child sleeps ;
To its innocent cradle he stealthily creeps,
And his bite its pure cheek with a plague-spot distains,
And corrupts his own blood in his little one's veins.

The Vampyre ! The Vampyre ! Nor mercy, nor ruth,
Saves his kindred and friends from his venomous tooth :
He is bound to a task which he cannot evade ;
He is sent by a mandate which must be obeyed.

The Vampyre ! The Vampyre ! Beneath a stern doom,
On his terrible errand he breaks from the tomb ;
To work vengeance and woe is his mission of dread,
Upon those 'mid the living who bury their dead.