

# The Vampyre.

(NO SUPERSTITION.)

THE bloodshot moon glares on the close-crowded graves,  
Through the foul 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.