

Cholera—1853.

I'M coming, I'm coming, the scourge of mankind ;
 I float on the waters, I ride on the wind ;
 Great hunger and squalor prepare my dread way ;
 In the homes of the wretched my sceptre I sway.
 In filthy damp alleys and courts I reign,
 O'er the dark stagnant pool and putrid drain ;
 I breathe on the child, and its gambols are done ;
 I seize on the youth, and his beauty is gone.
 The maid in her bloom, and the man in his pride,
 And age in his wrinkles I lay side by side.
 I take the infant to-day from the breast—
 To-morrow the mother with grief distressed—
 The father, with care and toil opprest,
 I send the next day where the weary rest.

The dearest friends asunder I part ;
And I laugh at the skill of the healing art.
The yawning grave, and the tolling bell ;
The nightly unfollowed funeral ;
The houses forsaken; the grass—grown green,
Where the bounding step of health had been ;
The careworn look of many you meet,
And the mourners that go about the street,
Tell the havoc I make, for to none do I bow,
But to Him who appointeth how far I shall go.

