

TYRREL

The tyrannous and bloody deed is done.
The most arch of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil!--I smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.