

A VISION.

Words by Crary.

Music by G.W.C.

At dead of night, when oth - ers sleep, Near

Hell I took my sta-tion; And from that dun - geon,

dark and deep, O'er - heard this con - ver -

sa - tion: "Hail, Prince of Dark - ness, ev - er hail, A -

dored by each in - fer-nal, I come a - mong your

gang to wail, And taste of death e - ter - nal."