

A chain of gold its length a mile
 Each link so large you scarce can clasp it
 Entice you to Peruvian soil
 With hopes that you may grasp it

But hark the horrors hear me state
 That may upon your voyage await
 And if to hear them full you stay
 You'd sure incline to flee away

The bull bird roars like madened bull
 And near the riches of Peru
 You hear the sound of terror fall
 From golden mines to frighten you

And if you shoot the creature down
 You find the monster bound to kill
 A serpent his a tiger's paw
 A silver eye will stare you still

Roaring like the storm beat sea
 Which drowns the thunder's awful roar
 Its wrailings make the lion flee
 And spy high eagles higher soar

A hyphen ghost goes murmuring
 The relic of a murdered man
 The avalanche the viper's sting
 All interrupt your golden plan

Indians too with poisoned spears
 Come rushing down the steep in crowds
 Vast cataracts burst on your ears
 And snow topped mountains press the clouds

The earth with human blood is stained
 By robber where was doomed to die
 One who his weight of gold has gained
 Whose crimson gore still meets your eye

The bell first sounds a bell like toll
 A solemn wail denoting death
 And that there is a passing soul
 Whose body's lost its blood and breath

In search of rest the miners run
 Till in pacific seas they rest
 To take her eagerly round the sun
 Is in a robe of lightning dressed

A paradise is in your mind
 A place created to be lost
 When seek in gold the lost to find
 Yet still to find it they are crossed

Then seek a paradise above
 The holy sacred one make known
 That you have found, and God is true
 And in his word the way is shown

The bull bird and bell here are no fictions
 The notes or sounds of these birds have given
 Them the names they bear