

Over yonder hazel dell,  
 For oh, it must be beautiful  
 Where such a thing can dwell.  
 Yet to me it seemeth still  
 That its nest must be on high;  
 Methinks his plumes are bathed  
 In the even's crimson sky."  
 "Nay, sister, let us stay.  
 Where those water lillies float,  
 So spotless and so pure,  
 Like a fairy's pearly boat;  
 Listen to the melody  
 That cometh soft and low,  
 As through the twining tendrils  
 The water glides below.  
 Perchance 'twas in a spot like this,  
 And by a stream-as-mild,  
 Where the Jewish mother laid  
 Her gentle Hebrew child."  
 Then rested they beneath the trees,  
 And through the leafy shade,  
 With ever changing radiance  
 The broken sunlight played,  
 And spoke in words whose simple truth  
 Revealed the guileless soul,  
 Till softly o'er their senses  
 A quiet slumber stole.  
 Lo! now a form comes glancing  
 Along the waters blue,  
 And moored among the lillies  
 Lay an Indian's bark canoe.  
 The days of ancient feud were gone—  
 The axe was buried deep,  
 And still the red-man's warfare  
 In unawaking sleep.  
 Why stands he thus so silently  
 Where those fair children lie;  
 And say what means the flashing  
 Of the Indian's eagle eye?  
 He thinks him of his lonely spouse,  
 Within her forest glade,  
 Around her silent dwelling  
 No children ever played—  
 No voice arose to greet him.