

Their glad young voices rose,
 As they thought of flower or bird,
 And they sang the joyous fancies
 That in each spirit stirred.
 Oh ! sister, see that humming bird ;
 Saw ye ever ought so fair ?
 With wings of gold and ruby,
 He sparkles through the air ;
 Let us follow where he flies
 O'er yonder hazel dell,
 For oh ! it must be beautiful
 Where such a thing can dwell.
 Yet to me it seemeth still,
 That his rest must be on high ;
 Methinks his plumes are bathed
 In the even's crimson sky :
 How lovely is this earth,
 Where such fair things we see,
 And yet how much more glorious
 The power that bids them be !
 Nay, sister, let us stay
 Where those water lilies 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,
 Where, through the leafy shade,