

Her friends must leave and Earth forsake,
Its adamantine ties must break?

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Without a pang? Without a tear?—
To part from friends so kind? so dear?
Their faces never to behold
Again on Earth, where friendships old
And tried, and peaceful as the dove,
Attest the power of human love?

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Can one forget the toil and pain
Of Egypt, and its firstborn slain?
Forget the blood-besprinkl'd door,
Passport of man ordained before
He full deliverance could claim
And triumph in Jehovah's Name?
The sea divided by His hand,
To lead His people through on land?
From peril He His own did keep,
Immersed the foe into the deep?

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Oh, no! Inhuman 'tis to think,
That firm upon the Jordan's brink,

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