

And within the palace tower the little prince  
slept well,

His head upon his mother's heart, that knew  
no more alarms;

For at the midnight hour—O most sweet and  
strange to tell—

She too slept deeply as the child close folded  
in her arms.

. . . . .

Hard through the city rode the king, unarmed,  
unhelmeted,

Toward the land he loaned his bondsinen, the  
country kept in peace;

He swayed upon his saddle, and he looked as  
looked the dead—

The people stared and wondered though their  
weeping did not cease.

On did he ride to Goshen, and he called " Arise!  
Arise!

Thou leader of the Israelites, 'tis I who bid  
you go!

Take thou these people hence, before the sun hath  
lit the skies;—

Get thee beyond the border of this land of  
death and woe! "