

ABBINOCHI.

A MOTHER'S CHANT TO HER SICK INFANT.

Abbinochi,* baby dear,
Leave me not—ah, leave me not ;
I have nursed with love sincere,
Nursed thee in my forest cot—
Tied thee in thy cradle trim
Kind adjusting every limb ;
With the fairest beads and bands
Deck'd thy cradle with my hands,
And with sweetest corn panäd
From my little kettle fed,
Oft with miscodeed† roots shred,
Fed thee in thy baby bed.

Abbinochi, droop not so,
Leave me not—away to go
To strange lands—thy little feet
Are not grown the path to greet
Or find out, with none to show
Where the flowers of grave-land grow.
Stay, my dear one, stay till grown,
I will lead thee to that zone
Where the stars like silver shine,
And the scenes are all divine,
And the happy, happy stray,
And, like Abbinochi, play.

* A child.

† Claytonia Virginica.