

Would God that from the viewless sky  
Some pitying angel-band  
Might glide to earth, and swiftly ply  
The labours of my hand!  
Would that—but oh! the thought is sin—  
Seraphs might stoop these threads to spin:  
God knows how oft I vigils keep,  
God knows—alas! I sleep, I sleep!"

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The maiden's prayer was borne to Heaven,  
Its rude simplicity forgiven.

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Soon were heard quick-rushing pinions;  
Angel-bands, with gleaming feet,  
Floating down from God's dominions,  
Flew to aid that virgin sweet.  
See! they fill the lowly room,  
Shedding light where all was gloom:  
See! their hands perform the task  
As the maid presumed to ask:  
Toiling, spinning, they rejoice,  
And lull the slumberer with their voice.

"Softly sleep, O pious maiden!  
Dream-enchanted lie:  
Sorely wast thou sorrow-laden,  
Deeply didst thou sigh.  
Nurst by thee an aged mother,  
Near the gate of death,  
Fondly cherished by no other,  
Drew her fleeting breath.