

VIII.

But deeper sorrow filled each swelling breast,
When lo ! the widow, hastening o'er the lee,
By all the agony of grief oppressed,
Crying aloud, " O, tell me, where is he ?"
Two wretched nurslings, at each trembling knee,
Wept, that their mother wept, unconscious why,
And caught her shriek his gaping wound to see !
Stern were his nerves, who would with tearless eye,
Gaze on that touching scene, nor breathe one pitying
sigh.

IX.

Sad is the sound, when the dark tempest hurls
From its firm base the pile just now so great :
Sad is the sound, when the fierce foe unfurls
Victorious banners o'er the conquered state :
When, yielding to the thunderbolts of fate,
The victims of disease around us fall ;
Sad is the sound their passing bells create :
Those echoing peals, heart-chilling fears recall,
When each revolving day shows the broad funeral pall.