The heavens neared to her cry.

When night dismal'd her weary goal

The air was tempered mild,

Her mossy pillow sleep would hail

Though in a frightful wild.

But hope so long deferred, at last
Doubtful had made her breast,

For weary days had wandered past
And still their was no rest,

Sweet nourishment forsooth her babe,
The forest food forsook,

That hard the mossy pillow made,
Poor pilgrim in distress.

Now trouble prayed upon her mind, and the Despair embitter'd grief, a wind and the She the nearest was to succour find the work. For the suffering's relief. This morn her rose with heart more sadd to To track her wretched way.

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