

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,
 Despair embitter'd grief,
 She the nearest was to succour find
 For the suffering's relief.
 This morn her rose with heart more sad
 To track her wretched way,