

Approach, dear reader, but with gentle tread;

Gaze, but with weeping eyes—He is a Jew!

There by that naked tree he lies outspread,

His burden hugging close.—He is a Jew!

Oh, what a story is in those closed eyes!

What tales those wrinkles tell!—He is a Jew!

Oh, what a tragedy in that face lies,

And in those silvery locks!—He is a Jew!

Those wasted soles have trod many an age

Through many a perilous path.—He is a Jew!

What Greek's cothurnus stepped o'er such a stage

In such great tragedies?—He is a Jew!

List, gentle reader, list,—he mutters low,

. . "O God! is this then man?"—He is a Jew.

"If this is man for whom I suffered so,

Then must I be a God!"—He is a Jew!