

And what then could from death rescue
When that dreaded weapon's drawn.

Their tomb was in the raging fire,
And met no pitying eye,

Save her's, who weakness bade expire,
For her infant's sake to fly.

She fled with morning's early ray,
The dire and dismal scene,

The babe pressed to her bosom lay,
She wandered by hopes gleam.

A fugitive for many a day
Through wood and wild did go,

But trackless was the lonely way,
The end how could she know.

Now sinking nature she sustained
With forest food and plant,

When stillness unbroken reigned,
She knelt kind Heaven to thank.

The babe awoke, with circling arm
Raised from his mossy bed,

On her bosom freed from all alarm,
Where chance its guidance led ;

And what then could her lone heart cheer
But hope in mercy given,

For the dear one her wanderings share,
Her trust reposed in heaven.

In this vast dreary solitude

No human aid was nigh,

But when she prayed for fortitude