

IV.

Her children now forgetting all their cares,
Lay wrapt in sleep's oblivious embrace ;
One only waked to blend its infant tears
With those that glided o'er the mother's face ;
A holy calm presided o'er the place
When the poor boy, upon his bended knee,
With lifted hands, implored Heaven's richest grace
To rescue from impending misery—
To shield their lonely cot, and from destruction
free.

V.

At length sleep closed her curtain o'er his head,
Which on his mother's knee in peace reclined ;
The fast expiring embers dimly shed
Their flickering shadows o'er the wall behind,
But deeper shades were fitting o'er her mind—
Some dire presage had filled her breast with fear ;
The scene was loneliness with grief combined.
Alwin, attentive, leaned himself to hear,
When this soliloquy fell on his listening ear :