

" Why seek ye here to bind me,
 I would again be free ;
 They say ye are my kindred —
 But what are ye to me ?
 My spring of youth was past
 With the people of the wild :
 And slumber in the green-wood
 My husband and my child.
 'Tis true I oft have seen ye
 In the visions of the night ;
 But many a shadow comes
 From the dreamer's land of light.
 If e'er I've been among ye,
 Save in my wandering thought,
 The memory has passed away—
 Ye long have been forgot."
 And were not these hard words to come
 To that fond mother's heart,
 Who through such years of agony
 Had kept her loving part.
 Her wildest wish was granted—
 Her deepest prayer was heard--
 Yet it but served to show her
 How deeply she had err'd.
 The mysteries of God's high will
 May not be understood ;
 And mortals may not vainly ask,
 To them, what seemeth good.
 With spirit wrung to earth,
 In grief she bowed her head :
 " Oh ! better far than meet thee thus,
 To mourn thee with the dead."
 But, think ye, He who comforted
 The widowed one of Nain—