

FINDING OF MOSES

The morning, clad with eastern splendor, dawned
 In calm, when an Egyptain Princess sought
 The cleansing water of the sacred Nile,
 Where with her maiden's aid she meant to bathe,
 But lingered on its flaggy bank awhile,
 Perhaps to wake devotion in her heart
 To some Egyptain doity, or smell
 The morning incense more and thus distil
 From thought, a spirit of emotional
 Submission, that would please her angry God;
 But while familiar objects met her gaze
 And nature filled with music stilled her breath
 Her countenance most instantly was changed
 And strongest curiosity was seen
 To flash abruptly in her scanning eye;
 Resuming thought she bade her maid proceed
 And fetch the Papyrus Ark that she had spied
 Obscurely hid near by the waters edge.
 Obedient at command, the maiden gained
 The spot and raised the anchored craft with care;
 Admiring rapture seized the Princess then;
 For what but natural genius had designed
 So delicate and yet substantial work:
 Was it a legacy of love and pain
 Invented by a frail yet skilful hand;
 Disclose! she cried the treasure it contains.
 And though amazed she drew more close to greet
 The gesture of a helpless weeping child
 Left by its mother there, though watched with care,
 Who had prepared that cradle for her babe.
 The Princess wept aghast with love or hate,
 She must withhold her tears and stain her hand
 With legal crime and barbarous tragedy,
 Or violate her Father fixed decree;