

Its little eyes were closed,
 Unconscious of the slightest loss,
 Or its fainting mother's woes.
 She looked upon her blistered feet,
 To every bramble bare,
 She knelt and kissed the babe asleep,
 Dropped on its face a tear.

For what then crossed the mother's heart,
 She must all hardships try,
 She cannot with her nursing part,
 Oh ! better far to die ;
 She raised her hands reduced and weak
 To press her burning head,
 Thin and sallow was her cheek,
 Health's rosy bloom had fled.

Her clothes were by the bushes torn,
 Fatigue her body bent,
 No screen upon her head is worn
 Whether sun or rain is sent ;
 For she had fled for many a mile
 From where smoke and purple flame
 Seized on her home, its wooden pile
 A ruin black became.

And dearly loved were those consumed
 Amid the killing heat,
 Of ghastly flame that night illumed
 With many a purple sheet.
 The red man's knife with crimson hue
 Had pierced their bosoms warm,