

The song-bird poured its carol wild,
 Melodious on the gale,
 And bright Gazelles so fleet and mild,
 Dwelt in that peaceful vale.

Three brave and gentle brothers there,
 Called me their gem and pride;
 In every joy, with patient care,
 They lingered by my side.

For me the mountain flower they sought,
 Or snared the wild hare's brood,
 And many a purple cluster brought
 Home to their sister loved.

And oft when twilight dimmed the plain,
 They taught my tiny hand,
 To wake the lute's melodious strain,
 And laud our own bright land.

Thus onward swiftly passed the years,
 In rainbow radiance bound,
 While future hopes, undimmed by tears,
 Their halo cast around.

But ah ! there came another hour,
 A blight o'er Greece was cast,
 With glittering spear, in pomp and power,
 A fierce invader passed.

Then rang a voice o'er Scio's heights,
 It called her sons from far,
 To clashing stern, in bloody fight,
 To combat, death, and war.

My noble brothers, firm and bold,
 The kindling fire awoke,
 For they had souls of dauntless mould,
 That scorned a tyrant's yoke.

I girded firm the battle-sword,
 On each dear brother's side,
 And gave my name the prompting word,
 Their conquering steps to guide.

My mother shrieked in wild despair,
 ' May Heaven my brave boys save,'
 My father too, with fervent prayer,
 His benediction gave.

They left ; full many a weary day
 We heard of horrid strife,