

"But he will waken wild
With thirst, and rave, and water there is none—
Oh, God! my child! my child!

"Would I my soul could pour
Out like a well-spring in this scorching waste,
That he might thirst no more.

"Would he my life might drain,
As once my breast, I'd hold it to his lips,
That he might live again.

"I cannot see him die—
O God, how canst thou see it up in Heaven,
Nor help, if Thou art nigh?

"Wilt Thou cast off for aye,
Like Abram? Hast Thou not enough for all?
That all may hope and pray.

"Yea, if Thou art the Lord,
Uncovenanted though thy mercy be,
Wilt thou not help afford?"

She ceased! A stony look
Uplifting to the burning sky once more,
The fainting lad she took,

And lifted him with care
Into the shadow of a rock, and strode
Away in her despair.

She will not see him die;
But hears her heart throb in the voiceless waste,
While listening for his cry.

And listening thus there breaks
A mystic murmur on her straining ear—
As from a dream she wakes.

A mist before her eyes
Of angel wings departing—a white cloud
That lessens up the skies.

And at her feet she knows,
From the soft gush among the sinking sand,
The living water flows.
