

Her gems from her were taken ;
 Of their fate she knew no more.
 Long years of withering woe went on,
 Each sadly as the last,
 To other's ears the theme became
 A legend of the past.
 But she, oh ! bright she cherished
 Their memory enshrined,
 With all a mother's fondness
 And fadeless truth entwined.
 Many a hope she treasured
 In sorrow's gloom had burst,
 But still her spirit knew
 No grieving like the first.
 Along her faded forehead
 The hand of time had crost,
 And every furrow told
 Her mourning for the lost.
 With such deep love within her,
 What words the truth could give,
 Howe'er she heard the tidings—
 " Thy children yet they live."
 But one alone was near,
 And with rushing feelings wild,
 The aged mother flew
 To meet once more her child.
 A moment passed away—
 The lost one slowly came,
 And stood before her there—
 A tall and dark-browed dame.
 Far from her swarthy forehead
 Her raven hair was roll'd ;
 She spoke to those around her,
 Her voice was stern and cold :