

Her gems from her were taken,
 Of their fate she knew no more.
 Long years of with'ring woe went on,
 Each sadly as the last,
 To other ears the theme became
 A legend of the past;
 But she, oh! bright she kept
 Their memory enshrined,
 With all a mother's fondness,
 And fadeless truth entwined.
 And many a hope she cherished,
 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 crossed,
 And every furrow told
 Her mourning for the lost.
 With such deep love within her,
 What words the truth could give,
 How'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 past away,
 The lost one slowly came,
 And stood before her then
 A tall and dark browed dame.
 Far from her swarthy forehead
 Her raven hair was rolled,
 She spoke to those around her,
 Her words were stern and cold:
 "Why seek ye here to bind me?
 I would again be free,
 They say ye are my kindred,
 But what is that to me?
 My spring of youth was passed
 With the people of the wild,
 And slumber in the greenwood
 My husband and my child.
 'Tis true I oft have seen ye
 In the hours of silent night,
 But many a vision comes