

And language fails to speak a vice,
 So fiendishly ingrate,
 For through the woods a female voice
 Was heard to wail her fate.

In sorrow's deep impassioned moans,
 While lulling on the breast
 Her babe, with sad but soothing tones,
 Fearing to break his rest.

At length, oppressed with grief and fear,
 In prayer she bent her knee,
 Calm on her God—and felt that there
 All was good to be.

For o'er her came a light and power,
 Which filled her troubled breast,
 With holy joy that favored hour,
 And gave the mourner rest.

That voice that spoke the leper whole,
 And calmed the troubled flood,
 Then bade her trembling soul to roll
 On his atoning blood.

Green branches formed her homely bed,
 Where with her babe in dreams,
 It seemed as visions round her shed
 Their bright celestial beams.

When with her child in rapid flight,
 She passed beyond this sphere,
 To where angelic scenes delight
 The eye, and sounds the ear.