

Home they brought her warrior dead:  
She nor swooned nor uttered cry:  
All her maidens whispering said,  
She must weep or she will die

Then they praised him soft & low  
Call'd him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend & noblest foe;  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept.  
Took the face cloth from the face:  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set her child upon her knee —  
Like summer tempest came her tears  
Sweet my child, I live for thee.