

He raised the sleeping children,  
 Oh! sad and dreary day!  
 And o'er the dancing waters  
 He bore them far away.  
 He wiled their hearts' young feelings  
 With words and actions kind,  
 And soon the past went fading  
 All dream-like from their mind.

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Oh! brightly sped the beaming sun  
 Along his glorious way,  
 And feathery clouds of golden light  
 Around his parting lay.  
 In beauty came the holy stars,  
 All gleaming mid the blue,  
 It seemed as o'er the lovely earth  
 A blessed calm they threw.  
 A sound of grief arose  
 On the dewy evening air,  
 It bore the bitter anguish  
 Of a mortal's wild despair;  
 A wail like that which sounded  
 Throughout Judea's land,  
 When Herod's haughty minions  
 Obeyed his dark command.  
 The mourning mother wept  
 Because her babes were not,  
 Their forms were gone for ever  
 From each familiar spot,  
 Oh! had they sought the river,  
 And sunk beneath its wave;  
 Or had the dark recesses  
 Of the forest been their grave.  
 The same deep tinge of sorrow,  
 Each surmise ever bore;