

He tried each art to blight my fame,
And triumph'd in my sister's shame;
And ah! methought I could have borne
Torture in its most horrid form;
But this I could not bear, to see
The playmate of mine infancy
Skulk to her tomb, amid the jeers
Of a rude world; the only tears
Were by my widow'd mother given,
Who quickly followed her to heaven.
Love and revenge within my breast
Like demons wrought, I could not rest,
Nor quiet the wild strife within;
My love for her, my hate for him—
And long I paus'd upon a deed!
I ne'er saw human being bleed
Before. But here I cannot dwell;
Enough that by this hand he fell.
I struck him, and I saw him die,
And triumph'd in his agony.
He pray'd for mercy, begged for time
To repent of his horrid crime;
Then talk'd of heaven, if he went there,
He went with an unfinished prayer!
I beheld, with the morning's ray,
My native mountain side away;
I cared not to which spot of earth
The winds might waft me. What's life worth,
When from all that we worship torn?
It matters not to what land borne,
I cannot tell how long I lay
Unconscious of the light of day.