

"When he at eve would come,
 But sadness ever hovered
 Around his dreary home.
 "Oh! with those lovely rose-buds
 Were my lone hearth-stone blest,
 My richest food should cheer them—
 My softest furs should rest;
 Their kindred drive us onward
 Where the setting sunbeams shine
 They claim our fathers' heritage,
 Why may not these be mine?"
 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 fond feelings
 With words and actions kind,
 And soon the past went fading
 All dreamlike from their mind.
 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 in the blue,
 It seemed as o'er the lonely earth
 A blessed calm they threw.
 But a sound of grief arose
 On the dewy evening air,
 It bore the bitter anguish
 Of a mother'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 forever
 From each familiar spot.
 Oh! had they sought the river,
 And sank beneath the wave,
 Or had the dark recesses
 Of the forest been their grave?
 The same deep tinge of sorrow
 Each surmise ever bore,