

## THE JEW IN PALESTINE.

For the first time my feet have pressed  
 The soil which once Jehovah blessed!  
 I stand on holy ground *a Jew*,  
 I breathe the air my fathers drew,  
 I view Jerusalem at last,  
 O'er hallowed scenes my eyes are cast!  
 The temple of our God rose there,  
 Our fathers' tombs are stretching here;  
 Those holy walls are rent and gone,  
 Our fathers' graves despoiled and torn;  
 The olive groves defaced and sere,  
 The marble fountains dank and drear.  
 The turbaned Turk, with haughty brow,  
 Stalks o'er our sacred places now;  
 The symbols of our tribes are gone,  
 The hated crescent towers alone,  
 And the false prophet's rites are said,  
 Where to Jehovah vows were paid.  
 God of our land! thou reignest still!  
 Let my soul bow before Thy will!

'Tis said the tears which sorrows force  
 Afford relief to misery's source;  
 And I have wept, for manhood's power  
 Avails not in this bitter hour.  
 The later sunbeams spread their glow  
 O'er the gray walls on Zion's brow,  
 And cast their rays athwart the place

