HANNAH AND HER SEVEN SONS

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Hannah and Her Seven Sons by Minnie Dessau Louis

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MINNIE DESSAU LOUIS

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Tyranny.

HANNAH AND HER SEVEN SONS

AN INCIDENT OF THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS BY THE SYRIAN MONARCH ANTIOCHUS EPIPHANES, 167 B.C.

BY MINNIE DESSAU LOUIS

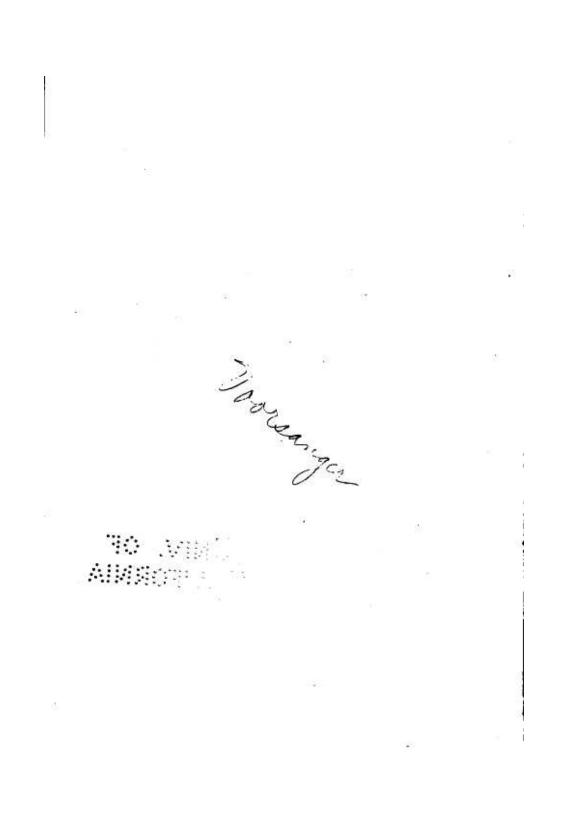
> ILLUSTRATED BY ELMER E. CARLSON

> > UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

NEW YORK 1902

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Bannah and her Seben Sons

- All is desolate and dark. To me there's no light
- Since they took from the world my treasures so bright.
- My children! My children! Beats yet my heart

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- When all of its strings are thus riven apart?
- Yet for Israel's God this suff'ring I bear,
- And would bear a greater, if greater there were.

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All is desolate and dark. To me there's no light Since they took from the world my treasure so bright.

Hannah and her Seven Sons.

- Oh! how the whole scene is burned into my brain!
- I see the vile Syrians with faces like Cain

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- Rush over my threshold and ruthlessly seize
- All my seven fair sons, while I on my knees
- With tears and implorings beseech them to wait;
- -Hope whispers that time might avert their sad fate;
- I knew 'twas but yester the old scribe they slew,

The old Eleazar to Israel so true,-

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Hannah and her Seven Sons

On my knees I implore them to wait but a day;

They mock at my pleading; then drag us away

And cast us in prison; but leave us not long;

The Bigot his triumph will show to the throng.

With wickedest pleasure he calls for the first

Of my beautiful boys, the one that I nursed

In the flush of my youth when Judea was free;

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