On the hills of Mizpah bloomed the mountain maid,
Blue the skies above her where she strayed;
As the light gazelle she scaled the rocky slope,
Adah, child of love and hope.

Gone from the mountain, lost to her home,
Called in life's beauty to the tomb:
Wake the wild lamenting in lonely glen,
She will never come again.

Glad was her upraising, when, with maiden mirth
And merry timbrel, she came forth;
But, alas, the death march! day of utter gloom!
'Twas the signal of her doom.

O, the grand deliverance of mountain maid!
"Keep the vow, my father," thus she said;
"Shall a Mason's daughter fear for truth to die?
There's a home beyond the sky."

From the hills of Mizpah, let her story rise,-
"Death before dishonor"--to the skies;
While seasons blossom on mountain free,
Adah, we will weep for thee!

She will not die as thief or murderer dies,
Whose fate but expiates his horrid crime;
She will not veil her pure and loving eyes,
As fearing death, hers is death sublime;
Lo, with determined heart and eye she stands,
Her face upturned toward Celestial lands.

See, midst the multitude the victim stands,
Dauntless, serene, though terror palstes them!
And she must die by her own father's hands!
And she must die by a sacrifice of shame.
Of shame? Ah, no! She flings the veil abroad,
Once, twice, yea thrice; looks hopefully to God;
Fixes noonday sun with earnest eyes,
Then crowned with innocence the maiden dies.

Lament for Jephthah, ye who know his fate,
Weep and lament; broken the beautiful rod,
And the strong staff; Mizpah is desolate!
But for sweet Adah weep not; let the word
Be "Joy to the Captive, freed from earthly dust,
Joy for the witness more to woman's trust,
And lasting honor, Mizpah, be the strain
To her who dies in light without a strain."