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COLLECTION  
OF  
BRITISH AUTHORS.  
VOL. XXVIII.

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE.  
IN FIVE VOLUMES.  
VOL. III.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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VOL. III.



LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1842.



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# MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

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**V O L. V.**

OF THE LONDON EDITION.

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# P R E F A C E

## TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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**I**n spite of the satirist's assertion, that

“next to singing, the most foolish thing  
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing,” —

I shall yet venture to prefix to this Volume a few introductory pages, not relating so much to the Songs which it contains as to my own thoughts and recollections respecting song-writing in general.

The close alliance known to have existed between poetry and music, during the infancy of both these arts, has sometimes led to the conclusion that they are essentially kindred to each other, and that the true poet ought to be, if not practically, at least in taste and ear, a musician. That such was the case in the early times of ancient Greece, and that her poets then not only set their own verses to music, but sung them at public festivals, there is every reason, from all we know on the subject, to believe. A similar union between the two arts attended the dawn of modern literature, in the twelfth century, and was, in a certain degree, continued down as far as the time of Petrarch, when, as it appears from his own memorandums, that poet used to sing his verses, in composing them; \* and when it was the custom with all writers of sonnets and *canzoni* to prefix to their poems a sort of

\* The following is a specimen of these memorandums, as given by Foscolo: — “I must make these two verses over again, singing them, and I must transpose them — 3 o'clock, A. M. 19th October.” Frequently to sonnets of that time such notices as the following were prefixed: — *Intonatam per Francum*” — “Scriptor dedit *sonum*.”

key-note, by which the intonation in reciting or chanting them was to be regulated.

As the practice of uniting in one individual, — whether Bard, Scald, or Troubadour, — the character and functions both of musician and poet, is known to have been invariably the mark of a rude state of society, so the gradual separation of these two callings, in accordance with that great principle of Political Economy, the division of labour, has been found an equally sure index of improving civilization. So far, in England, indeed, has this partition of workmanship been carried, that, with the signal exception of Milton, there is not to be found, I believe, among all the eminent poets of England, a single musician. It is but fair, at the same time, to acknowledge, that out of the works of these very poets might be produced a select number of songs, surpassing, in fancy, grace, and tenderness, all that the language, perhaps, of any other country could furnish.

We witness, in our own times, — as far as the knowledge or practice of music is concerned, — a similar divorce between the two arts; and my friend and neighbour, Mr. Bowles, is the only distinguished poet of our day whom I can call to mind as being also a musician.\* Not to dwell further, however, on living writers, the strong feeling, even to tears, with which I have seen Byron listen to some favourite melody, has been elsewhere described by me; and the musical taste of Sir Walter Scott I ought to be the last person to call in question, after the very cordial tribute he has left on record to my own untutored minstrelsy.\*\* But I must say, that, pleased as my illustrious friend appeared really to be, when I first sung for him at Abbotsford, it was not till an evening or two after, at his own hospitable supper-table, that I saw him in his

\* The late Rev. William Crowe, author of the noble poem of "Lewisden Hill," was likewise a musician, and has left a Treatise on English Versification, to which his knowledge of the sister art lends a peculiar interest.

So little does even the origin of the word "lyrick," as applied to poetry, seem to be present to the minds of some writers, that the poet, Young, has left us an Essay on Lyric Poetry, in which there is not a single allusion to Music, from beginning to end.

\*\* Life by Lockhart, vol. vi. p. 128.



true sphere of musical enjoyment. No sooner had the *quaigh* taken its round, after our repast, than his friend, Sir Adam, was called upon, with the general acclaim of the whole table, for the song of "Hey tuttie tattie," and gave it out to us with all the true national relish. But it was during the chorus that Scott's delight at this festive scene chiefly showed itself. At the end of every verse, the whole company rose from their seats, and stood round the table with arms crossed, so as to grasp the hand of the neighbour on each side. Thus interlinked, we continued to keep measure to the strain, by moving our arms up and down, all chanting forth vociferously, "Hey tuttie tattie, Hey tuttie tattie." Sir Walter's enjoyment of this old Jacobite chorus, — a little increased, doubtless, by seeing how I entered into the spirit of it, — gave to the whole scene, I confess, a zest and charm in my eyes such as the finest musical performance could not have bestowed on it.

Having been thus led to allude to this visit, I am tempted to mention a few other circumstances connected with it. From Abbotsford I proceeded to Edinburgh, whither Sir Walter, in a few days after, followed; and during my short stay in that city an incident occurred, which, though already mentioned by Scott in his *Diary*,\* and owing its chief interest to the connexion of his name with it, ought not to be omitted among these memoranda. As I had expressed a desire to visit the Edinburgh theatre, which opened but the evening before my departure, it was proposed to Sir Walter and myself, by our friend Jeffrey, that we should dine with him at an early hour, for that purpose, and both were good-natured enough to accompany me to the theatre. Having found, in a volume\*\* sent to me by some anonymous correspondent, a more circumstantial account of the scene of that evening than Sir Walter has given in his *Diary*, I shall here avail myself of its graphic and (with one exception) accurate details. After adverting to the sensation produced by the appearance of the late Duchess of St. Al-

\* "We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland."

\*\* Written by Mr. Benson Hill.

bans in one of the boxes, the writer thus proceeds: — “There was a general buzz and stare, for a few seconds; the audience then turned their backs to the lady, and their attention to the stage, to wait till the first piece should be over ere they intended staring again. Just as it terminated, another party quietly glided into a box near that filled by the Duchess. One pleasing female was with the three male comers. In a minute the cry ran round: — ‘Eh, you ’s Sir Walter, wi’ Lockhart an’ his wife,\* and wha ’s the wee bit bodie wi’ the pawkie een? Wow, but it ’s Tam Moore, just — Scott, Scott! Moore, Moore!’ — with shouts, cheers, bravos, and applause. But Scott would not rise to appropriate these tributes. One could see that he urged Moore to do so; and *he*, though modestly reluctant, at last yielded, and bowed hand on heart, with much animation. The cry for Scott was then redoubled. He gathered himself up, and, with a benevolent bend, acknowledged this deserved welcome. The orchestra played alternately Scotch and Irish Melodies.”

Among the choicest of my recollections of that flying visit to Ediuburgh, are the few days I passed with Lord Jeffrey at his agreeable retreat, Craig Crook. I had then recently written the words and music of a glee contained in this volume, “Ship a hoy!” which there won its first honours. So often, indeed, was I called upon to repeat it, that the upland echoes of Craig Crook ought long to have had its burden by heart.

Having thus got on Scottish ground, I find myself awakened to the remembrance of a name which, whenever song-writing is the theme, ought to rank second to none in that sphere of poetical fame. Robert Burns was wholly unskilled in music; yet the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, of wedding verse in congenial union with melody, which, were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister-art ought to attempt, has yet, by him, with the aid of a music, to which my own country’s strains are alone comparable, been exercised with so workmanly a hand, as well as with so rich a variety of passion,

\* The writer was here mistaken. There was one lady of our party; but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lockhart was present

playfulness, and power, as no song-writer, perhaps, but himself, has ever yet displayed.

That Burns, however untaught, was yet, in ear and feeling, a musician,\* is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the real and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though always before associated with words expressing a totally different feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, "Fee him, father, fee him," has been made the medium of one of Burns's most pathetic effusions; while, still more marvellously, "Hey tuttie tattie" has been elevated by him into that heroic strain, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" — a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than all the eloquence of a Demosthenes.\*\*

It was impossible that the example of Burns, in these, his higher inspirations, should not materially contribute to elevate the character of English song-writing, and even to lead to a re-union of the gifts which it requires, if not, as of old, in the same individual, yet in that perfect sympathy between poet and musician which almost amounts to identity, and of which we have seen, in our own times, so interesting an example in the few songs bearing the united names of those two sister muses, Mrs. Arkwright and the late Mrs. Hemans.

Very different was the state of the song-department of English poesy at the time when first I tried my novice hand at the lyre. The

\* It appears certain, notwithstanding, that he was, in his youth, wholly insensible to music. In speaking of him and his brother, Mr. Murdoch, their preceptor, says, "Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get him to distinguish one tune from another."

\*\* I know not whether it has ever been before remarked, that the well-known lines in one of Burns's most spirited songs,

"The title 's but the guinea's stamp,  
The man 's the gold for a' that,"

may possibly have been suggested by the following passage in Wycherley's play, the "Country Wife:" — "I weigh the *man*, not his *title*; 't is not the King's *stamp* can make the metal better."

divorce between song and sense had then reached its utmost range; and to all verses connected with music, from a Birth-day Ode down to the *libretto* of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs, in general, — “Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d’être dit, on le chante.”

It may here be suggested that the convivial lyrics of Captain Morris present an exception to the general character I have given of the songs of this period; and, assuredly, had Morris written much that at all approached the following verses of his “Reasons for Drinking,” (which I quote from recollection,) few would have equalled him either in fancy, or in that lighter kind of pathos, which comes, as in this instance, like a few melancholy notes in the middle of a gay air, throwing a soft and passing shade over mirth: —

“My muse, too, when her wings are dry,  
 No frolic flights will take;  
 But round a bowl she ’ll dip and fly,  
 Like swallows round a lake.  
 If then the nymph must have her share,  
 Before she ’ll bless her swain,  
 Why, *that* I think ’s a reason fair  
 To fill my glass again.

“Then, many a lad I lik’d is dead,  
 And many a lass grown old;  
 And, as the lesson strikes my head,  
 My weary heart grows cold.  
 But wine awhile holds off despair,  
 Nay, bids a hope remain; —  
 And that I think ’s a reason fair  
 To fill my glass again.”

How far my own labours in this field — if, indeed, the gathering of such idle flowers may be so designated — have helped to advance, or even kept pace with the progressive improvement I have here described, it is not for me to presume to decide. I only know that in a strong and inborn feeling for music lies the source of whatever talent I may have shown for poetical composition; and that it was the effort to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to me to express, that first led to my writing any poetry at all deserving of the name. Dryden has

happily described music as being “inarticulate poetry;” and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was but bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed, in its wordless eloquence, to myself.

Owing to the space I was led to devote to my Irish reminiscences, in our last Volume, I found myself obliged to postpone some recollections, of a very different description, respecting the gala at Boyle Farm, by which my poem, entitled *The Summer Fête*, was suggested. In an old letter of my own, to which I have had access, giving an account of this brilliant festival to a friend in Ireland, I find some memorandums which, besides their reference to the subject of the poem, contain some incidents also connected with the first appearance before the public of one of the most successful of all my writings, the story of the Epicurean. I shall give my extracts from this letter, in their original diary-like form, without alteration or dressing: —

June 30. 1837. — Day threatening for the Fête. Was with Lord Essex\* at three o'clock, and started about half an hour after. The whole road swarming with carriages and four all the way to Boyle Farm, which Lady de Roos has lent, for the occasion, to Henry; — the five givers of the Fête, being Lords Chesterfield, Castlereagh, Alvanley, Henry de Roos, and Robert Grosvenor, subscribing four or five hundred pounds each towards it. The arrangements all in the very best taste. The pavilion for quadrilles, on the bank of the river, with steps descending to the water, quite eastern — like what one sees in Daniel's pictures. Towards five the *élite* of the gay world was assembled — the women all looking their best, and scarce a single ugly face to be found. About half past five, sat down to dinner, 450 under a tent on the lawn, and fifty to the Royal Table in the conservatory. The Tyrolese musicians sung during dinner, and there were, after dinner, goudolas

\* I cannot let pass the incidental mention here of this social and public-spirited nobleman, without expressing my strong sense of his kindly qualities, and lamenting the loss which not only society, but the cause of sound and progressive Political Reform, has sustained by his death.

on the river, with Caradori, De Begnis, Velluti, &c., singing barcarolles and rowing off occasionally, so as to let their voices die away and again return. After these succeeded a party in dominos, Madame Vestris, Fanny Ayton, &c., who rowed about in the same manner, and sung, among other things, my gondola song, "Oh come to me when daylight sets." The evening was delicious, and, as soon as it grew dark, the groves were all lighted up with coloured lamps, in different shapes and devices. A little lake near a grotto took my fancy particularly, the shrubs all round being illuminated, and the lights reflected in the water. Six-and-twenty of the prettiest girls of the world of fashion, the F\*\*\*\*t\*rs, Br\*d\*\*\*lls, De R\*\*s's, Miss F\*\*ld\*\*\*g, Miss F\*x, Miss R\*ss\*ll, Miss B\*\*ly, were dressed as Rosières, and opened the quadrilles in the pavilion . . . . . While talking with D—n (Lord P.'s brother), he said to me, "I never read any thing so touching as the death of your heroine." "What!" said I, "have you got so far already?"\* "Oh, I read it in the Literary Gazette." This anticipation of my catastrophe is abominable. Soon after, the Marquis P—lm—a said to me, as he and I and B—m stood together, looking at the gay scene, "This is like one of your Fêtes." "Oh yes," said B—m, thinking he alluded to Lalla Rookh, "quite oriental." "Non, non," replied P—lm—a, "Je veux dire cette Fête d'Athènes, dont j'ai lu la description dans la Gazette d'aujourd'hui."

Respecting the contents of the present Volume I have but a few more words to add. Accustomed as I have always been to consider my songs as a sort of compound creations, in which the music forms no less essential a part than the verses, it is with a feeling which I can hardly expect my unlyrical readers to understand, that I see such a swarm of songs as crowd these pages all separated from the beautiful airs which have formed hitherto their chief ornament and strength — their "decus et tutamen." But, independently of this uneasy feeling, or fancy, there is yet another inconvenient consequence of the divorce of the words from the music, which will be more easily, perhaps, comprehended, and which,

\* The Epicurean had been published but the day before.

in justice to myself, as a metre-monger, ought to be noticed. Those occasional breaches of the laws of rhythm, which the task of adapting words to airs demands of the poet, though very frequently one of the happiest results of his skill, become blemishes when the verse is separated from the melody, and require, to justify them, the presence of the music to whose wildness or sweetness the sacrifice had been made.

In a preceding page of this preface, I have mentioned a Treatise by the late Rev. Mr. Crowe, on English versification; and I remember his telling me, in reference to the point I have just touched upon, that, should another edition of that work be called for, he meant to produce, as examples of new and anomalous forms of versification, the following songs from the Irish Melodies: — “Oh the days are gone when Beauty bright” — “At the dead hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly,” — and, “Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way.”\*

\* I shall avail myself of this opportunity of noticing the charge brought by Mr. Bunting against Sir John Stevenson, of having made alterations in many of the airs that formed our Irish Collection. Whatever changes of this kind have been ventured upon (and they are but few and slight), the responsibility for them rests solely with me; as, leaving the Harmonist's department to my friend Stevenson, I reserved the selection and management of the melodies entirely to myself.

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## EVENINGS IN GREECE.

---

IN thus connecting together a series of Songs by a thread of poetical narrative, my chief object has been to combine Recitation with Music, so as to enable a greater number of persons to join in the performance, by enlisting, as readers, those who may not feel willing or competent to take a part, as singers.

The Island of Zea, where the scene is laid, was called by the ancients Ceos, and was the birth-place of Simonides, Bacchylides, and other eminent persons. An account of its present state may be found in the Travels of Dr. Clarke, who says, that "it appeared to him to be the best cultivated of any of the Grecian Isles." — Vol. VI. p. 174.

T. M.

---

### FIRST EVENING.

"THE sky is bright — the breeze is fair,  
 "And the mainsail flowing, full and free —  
 "Our farewell word is woman's pray'r,  
 "And the hope before us — Liberty!  
 "Farewell, farewell.  
 "To Greece we give our shining blades,  
 "And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids!  
 "The moon is in the heavens above,  
 "And the wind is on the foaming sea —  
 "Thus shines the star of woman's love  
 "On the glorious strife of Liberty!  
 "Farewell, farewell.  
 "To Greece we give our shining blades,  
 "And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids!"



Thus sung they from the bark, that now  
 Turn'd to the sea its gallant prow,  
 Bearing within it hearts as brave,  
 As e'er sought Freedom o'er the wave;  
 And leaving on that islet's shore,  
 Where still the farewell beacons burn,  
 Friends, that shall many a day look o'er  
 The long, dim sea for their return.

Virgin of Heaven! speed their way —  
 Oh, speed their way, — the chosen flow'r,  
 Of Zea's youth, the hope and stay  
 Of parents in their wintry hour,  
 The love of maidens. and the pride  
 Of the young, happy, blushing bride,  
 Whose nuptial wreath has not yet died —  
 All, all are in that precious bark.  
 Which now, alas, no more is seen —  
 Though every eye still turns to mark  
 The moonlight spot where it had been.

Vainly you look, ye maidens, sires,  
 And mothers, your beloved are gone! —  
 Now may you quench those signal fires,  
 Whose light they long look'd back upon  
 From their dark deck — watching the flame  
 As fast it faded from their view,  
 With thoughts, that, but for manly shame,  
 Had made them droop and weep like you.  
 Home to your chambers! home, and pray  
 For the bright coming of that day,  
 When, bless'd by heaven, the Cross shall sweep  
 The Crescent from the Ægean deep,  
 And your brave warriors, hastening back,  
 Will bring such glories in their track,  
 As shall, for many an age to come,  
 Shed light around their name and home.

There is a Fount on Zea's isle,  
 Round which, in soft luxuriance, smile  
 All the sweet flowers, of every kind,  
 On which the sun of Greece looks down,  
 Pleas'd as a lover on the crown  
 His mistress for her brow hath twined,  
 When he beholds each floweret there,  
 Himself had wish'd her most to wear;  
 Here bloom'd the laurel-rose, \* whose wreath  
 Hangs radiant round the Cypriot shrines,  
 And here those bramble-flowers, that breathe  
 Their odour into Zante's wines: \*\* —  
 The splendid woodbine, that, at eve,  
 To grace their floral diadems,  
 The lovely maids of Patmos weave: \*\*\* —  
 And that fair plant, whose tangled stems  
 Shine like a Nereid's hair, † when spread,  
 Dishevell'd, o'er her azure bed; —  
 All these bright children of the clime,  
 Each at its own most genial time,  
 The summer, or the year's sweet prime,)  
 Like beautiful earth-stars, adorn  
 The Valley, where that Fount is born:  
 While round, to grace its cradle green,  
 Groups of Velani oaks are seen,  
 Towering on every verdant height —  
 Tall, shadowy, in the evening light,  
 Like Genii, set to watch the birth  
 Of some enchanted child of earth —

\* "Nerium Oleander. In Cyprus it retains its ancient name, Rhododaphne, and the Cypriots adorn their churches with the flowers on feast-days." — *Journal of Dr. Sibthorpe, Walpole's Turkey.*

\*\* Id.

\*\*\* *Lonicera Caprifolium*, used by the girls of Patmos for garlands.

† *Cuscuta europæa*. "From the twisting and twining of the stems, it is compared by the Greeks to the dishevelled hair of the Nereids." — *Walpole's Turkey.*

Fair oaks, that over Zea's vales,  
 Stand with their leafy pride unfurl'd;  
 While Commerce, from her thousand sails,  
 Scatters their fruit throughout the world! \*

'T was here — as soon as prayer and sleep  
 (Those truest friends to all who weep)  
 Had lighten'd every heart, and made  
 Ev'n sorrow wear a softer shade —

'T was here, in this secluded spot,  
 Amid whose breathings calm and sweet  
 Grief might be soothed, if not forgot,

The Zean nymphs resolved to meet  
 Each evening now, by the same light  
 That saw their farewell tears that night;  
 And try, if sound of lute and song,

If wandering mid the moonlight flowers  
 In various talk, could charm along

With lighter step, the lingering hours,  
 Till tidings of that Bark should come,  
 Or Victory waft their warriors home!

When first they met — the wonted smile  
 Of greeting having gleam'd awhile —

'T would touch ev'n Moslem heart to see  
 The sadness that came suddenly  
 O'er their young brows, when they look'd round  
 Upon that bright, enchanted ground;

And thought, how many a time, with those  
 Who now were gone to the rude wars,  
 They there had met, at evening's close,  
 And danced till morn outshone the stars!

But seldom long doth hang th' eclipse  
 Of sorrow o'er such youthful breasts —  
 The breath from her own blushing lips,  
 That on the maiden's mirror rests,

\* "The produce of the island in these acorns alone amounts annually to fifteen thousand quintals." — *Clarke's Travels*.

Not swifter, lighter from the glass,  
 Than sadness from her brow doth pass.  
 Soon did they now, as round the Well  
     They sat, beneath the rising moon —  
 And some, with voice of awe, would tell  
 Of midnight fays, and nymphs who dwell  
     In holy founts — while some would tune  
 Their idle lutes, that now had lain,  
 For days, without a single strain; —  
 And others, from the rest apart,  
 With laugh that told the lighthen'd heart,  
 Sat, whispering in each other's ear  
 Secrets, that all in turn would hear; —  
 Soon did they find this thoughtless play  
 So swiftly steal their griefs away,  
     That many a nymph, though pleased the while,  
     Reproach'd her own forgetful smile,  
 And sigh'd to think she *could* be gay.

Among these maidens there was one,  
     Who to Leucadia\* late had been —  
 Had stood, beneath the evening sun,  
     On its white towering cliffs, and seen  
 The very spot where Sappho sung  
 Her swan-like music, ere she sprung  
 (Still holding, in that fearful leap,  
 By her loved lyre,) into the deep,  
 And dying quench'd the fatal fire,  
 At once, of both her heart and lyre.

Mutely they listen'd all — and well  
 Did the young travell'd maiden tell  
 Of the dread height to which that steep  
 Beetles above the eddy deep\*\* —

\* Now Santa Maura — the island, from whose cliffs Sappho leaped into the sea.

\*\* “The precipice, which is fearfully dizzy, is about one hundred and fourteen feet from the water, which is of a profound depth, as appears

Of the lone sea-birds, wheeling round  
 The dizzy edge with mournful sound —  
 And of those scented lilies \* found  
 Still blooming on that fearful place —  
 As if call'd up by Love, to grace  
 The immortal spot, o'er which the last  
 Bright footsteps of his martyr pass'd!

While fresh to every listener's thought .  
 These legends of Leucadia brought  
 All that of Sappho's hapless flame  
 Is kept alive, still watch'd by Fame —  
 The maiden, tuning her soft lute,  
 While all the rest stood round her, mute,  
 Thus sketch'd the languishment of soul,  
 That o'er the tender Lesbian stole;  
 And, in a voice, whose thrilling tone  
 Fancy might deem the Lesbian's own,  
 One of those fervid fragments gave,  
 Which still, — like sparkles of Greek Fire,  
 Undying, ev'n beneath the wave, —  
 Burn on thro' Time, and ne'er expire.

## S O N G.

As o'er her loom the Lesbian Maid  
 In love-sick languor hung her head,  
 Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,  
 She weeping turn'd away, and said,  
 "Oh, my sweet Mother — 't is in vain —  
 "I cannot weave, as once I wove —  
 "So wilder'd is my heart and brain  
 "With thinking of that youth I love!"

from the dark blue colour, and the eddy that plays round the pointed and projecting rocks." — *Goodisson's Voyage to the Ionian Isles*.

\* See Mr. Goodisson's very interesting description of all these circumstances.

\*\* I have attempted, in these four lines, to give some idea of that beautiful fragment of Sappho, beginning *Ἐμὴν μᾶτερ*, which repre-

Again the web she tried to trace,  
 But tears fell o'er each tangled thread;  
 While, looking in her mother's face,  
 Who watchful o'er her lean'd, she said,  
 "Oh, my sweet Mother — 't is in vain —  
 "I cannot weave, as once I wove —  
 "So wilder'd is my heart and brain  
 "With thinking of that youth I love!"

A silence follow'd this sweet air,  
 As each in tender musing stood,  
 Thinking, with lips that moved in pray'r,  
 Of Sappho and that fearful flood:  
 While some, who ne'er till now had known  
 How much their hearts resembled hers,  
 Felt as they made her griefs their own,  
 That *they*, too, were Love's worshippers.

At length a murmur, all but mute,  
 So faint it was, came from the lute  
 Of a young melancholy maid,  
 Whose fingers, all uncertain play'd  
 From chord to chord, as if in chase  
 Of some lost melody, some strain  
 Of other times, whose faded trace  
 She sought among those chords again.  
 Slowly the half-forgotten theme  
 (Though born in feelings ne'er forgot)  
 Came to her memory — as a beam  
 Falls broken o'er some shaded spot; —  
 And while her lute's sad symphony  
 Fill'd up each sighing pause between;  
 And Love himself might weep to see  
 What ruin comes where he hath been —

sents so truly (as Warton remarks) "the languor and listlessness of a person deeply in love."

As wither'd still the grass is found  
 Where fays have danced their merry round —  
 Thus simply to the listening throng  
 She breath'd her melancholy song: —

## S O N G.

Weeping for thee, my love, through the long day,  
 Lonely and wearily life wears away.  
 Weeping for thee, my love, through the long night —  
 No rest in darkness, no joy in light!  
 Nought left but Memory, whose dreary tread  
 Sounds through this ruin'd heart, where all lies dead —  
 Wakening the echoes of joy long fled!

---

Of many a stanza, this alone  
 Had scaped oblivion — like the one  
 Stray fragment of a wreck, which thrown,  
 With the lost vessel's name, ashore,  
 Tells who they were that live no more.

When thus the heart is in a vein  
 Of tender thought, the simplest strain  
 Can touch it with peculiar power —  
 As when the air is warm, the scent  
 Of the most wild and rustic flower  
 Can fill the whole rich element —  
 And, in such moods, the homeliest tone  
 That's link'd with feelings, once our own —  
 With friends or joys gone by — will be  
 Worth choirs of loftiest harmony!

But some there were, among the group  
 Of damsels there, too light of heart  
 To let their spirits longer droop,  
 Ev'n under music's melting art;  
 And one upspringing, with a bound,  
 From a low bank of flowers, look'd round

With eyes that, though so full of light,  
 Had still a trembling tear within;  
 And, while her fingers, in swift flight,  
 Flew o'er a fairy mandolin,  
 Thus sung the song her lover late  
 Had sung to her — the eve before  
 That joyous night, when, as of yore,  
 All Zea met, to celebrate  
 The Feast of May, on the sea-shore.

## S O N G.

When the Balaika \*  
 Is heard o'er the sea,  
 I 'll dance the Romaika  
 By moonlight with thee.  
 If waves then, advancing,  
 Should steal on our play,  
 Thy white feet, in dancing,  
 Shall chase them away.\*\*  
 When the Balaika  
 Is heard o'er the sea,  
 Thou 'lt dance the Romaika,  
 My own love with me.  
 Then, at the closing  
 Of each merry lay,  
 How sweet 't is, reposing,  
 Beneath the night ray!  
 Or if, declining,  
 The moon leave the skies,  
 We 'll talk by the shining  
 Of each other's eyes.

\* This word is defrauded here, I suspect, of a syllable; Dr. Clarke, if recollect right, makes it "Balalaika."

\*\* I saw above thirty parties engaged in dancing the Romaika upon the sand; in some of those groups, the girl who led them chased the retreating wave." — *Douglas on the Modern Greeks.*



Oh then, how featly  
 The dance we 'll renew,  
 Treading so fleetly  
 Its light mazes through:  
 Till stars, looking o'er us  
 From heaven's high bow'rs,  
 Would change their bright chorus  
 For one dance of ours!  
 When the Balaika  
 Is heard o'er the sea,  
 Thou 'lt dance the Romaika,  
 My own love, with me.

---

How changingly for ever veers  
 The heart of youth, 'twixt smiles and tears!  
 Ev'n as in April, the light vane  
 Now points to sunshine, now to rain.  
 Instant this lively lay dispell'd  
 The shadow from each blooming brow,  
 And Dancing, joyous Dancing, held  
 Full empire o'er each fancy now.

But say — *what* shall the measure be?  
 “Shall we the old Romaika tread,  
 (Some eager ask'd) “as anciently  
 “’T was by the maids of Delos led,  
 “When, slow at first, then circling fast,  
 “As the gay spirits rose — at last,

\* “In dancing the Romaika (says Mr. Douglass) they begin in slow and solemn step till they have gained the time, but by degrees the air becomes more sprightly; the conductress of the dance sometimes setting to her partner, sometimes darting before the rest, and leading them through the most rapid revolutions; sometimes crossing under the hands, which are held up to let her pass, and giving as much liveliness and intricacy as she can to the figures, into which she conducts her companions, while their business is to follow her in all her movements, without breaking the chain, or losing the measure.”

“With hand in hand, like links, enlock’d,  
 “Through the light air they seem’d to flit  
 “In labyrinthine maze, that mock’d  
 “The dazzled eye that follow’d it?”

Some call’d aloud “the Fountain Dance!” —

While one young, dark-ey’d Amazon,  
 Whose step was air-like, and whose glance  
 Flash’d, like a sabre in the sun,  
 Sportively said, “Shame on these soft  
 “And languid strains we hear so oft.  
 “Daughters of Freedom! have not we  
 “Learn’d from our lovers and our sires  
 “The Dance of Greece, while Greece was free —  
 “That Dance, where neither flutes nor lyres,  
 “But sword and shield clash on the ear  
 “A music tyrants quake to hear? \*  
 “Heroines of Zea, arm with me,  
 “And dance the dance of Victory!”

Thus saying, she, with playful grace,  
 Loosed the wide hat, that o’er her face  
 (From Anatolia \*\* came the maid)

Hung, shadowing each sunny charm;  
 And, with a fair young armourer’s aid,  
 Fixing it on her rounded arm,  
 A mimic shield with pride display’d;  
 Then, springing tow’rds a grove that spread  
 Its canopy of foliage near,  
 Pluck’d off a lance-like twig, and said,  
 “To arms, to arms!” while o’er her head  
 She waved the light branch, as a spear.

Promptly the laughing maidens all  
 Obey’d their Chief’s heroic call; —

\* For a description of the Pyrrhic Dance see De Guys, &c. — It appears from Apuleius (lib. x.) that this war-dance was, among the ancients sometimes performed by females.

\*\* See the *costume* of the Greek women of Natolia in *Castellan’s Moeurs des Othomans*.

Round the shield-arm of each was tied  
 Hat, turban, shawl, as chance might be;  
 The grove, their verdant armoury,  
 Falchion and lance\* alike supplied;  
 And as their glossy locks, let free,  
 Fell down their shoulders carelessly,  
 You might have dream'd you saw a throng  
 Of youthful Thyads, by the beam  
 Of a May moon, bounding along  
 Peneus' silver-eddied\*\* stream!

And now they stepp'd, with measured tread,  
 Martially, o'er the shining field;  
 Now, to the mimic combat led  
 (A heroine at each squadron's head),  
 Struck lance to lance and sword to shield:  
 While still, through every varying feat,  
 Their voices, heard in contrast sweet  
 With some, of deep but soften'd sound,  
 From lips of aged sires around,  
 Who smiling watch'd their children's play —  
 Thus sung the ancient Pyrrhic lay: —

## S O N G.

“Raise the buckler — poise the lance —  
 “Now here — now there — retreat — advance!”  
 Such were the sounds, to which the warrior boy  
 Danced in those happy days, when Greece was free;  
 When Sparta's youth, ev'n in the hour of joy,  
 Thus train'd their steps to war and victory.  
 “Raise the buckler — poise the lance —  
 “Now here — now there — retreat — advance!”  
 Such was the Spartan warriors' dance.  
 “Grasp the falchion — gird the shield —  
 “Attack — defend — do all, but yield.”

\* The sword was the weapon chiefly used in this dance.

\*\* Homer, Il. 2. 753.

Thus did thy sons, oh Greece, one glorious night,  
 Dance by a moon like this, till o'er the sea  
 That morning dawn'd by whose immortal light  
 They nobly died for thee and liberty! \*  
 "Raise the buckler — poise the lance —  
 "Now here — now there — retreat — advance!"  
 Such was the Spartan heroes' dance.

---

Scarce had they closed this martial lay  
 When, flinging their light spears away,  
 The combatants, in broken ranks,  
 All breathless from the war-field fly;  
 And down, upon the velvet banks  
 And flowery slopes, exnausted lie,  
 Like rosy huntresses of Thrace,  
 Resting at sunset from the chase.

"Fond girls!" an aged Zean said —  
 One who, himself, had fought and bled,  
 And now, with feelings, half delight,  
 Half sadness, watch'd their mimic fight —  
 "Fond maids! who thus with War can jest —  
 "Like Love, in Mars's helmet drest,  
 "When, in his childish innocence,  
 "Pleased with the shade that helmet flings,  
 "He thinks not of the blood, that thence  
 "Is dropping o'er his snowy wings.  
 "Ay — true it is, young patriot maids,  
 "If Honour's arm still won the fray,  
 "If luck but shone on righteous blades,  
 "War were a game for gods to play!  
 "But, no, alas! — hear one, who well  
 "Hath track'd the fortunes of the brave —

\* It is said that Leonidas and his companions employed themselves, on the eve of the battle, in music and the gymnastic exercises of their country.

“Hear *me*, in mournful ditty, tell  
 “What glory waits the patriot’s grave :” —

## S O N G

As by the shore, at break of day,  
 A vanquish’d Chief expiring lay,  
 Upon the sands, with broken sword,  
 He traced his farewell to the Free;  
 And, there, the last unfinish’d word  
 He dying wrote was “Liberty!”

At night a Sea-bird shriek’d the knell  
 Of him who thus for Freedom fell;  
 The words he wrote, ere evening came,  
 Were cover’d by the sounding sea; —  
 So pass away the cause and name  
 Of him who dies for Liberty!

---

That tribute of subdued applause  
 A charm’d, but timid, audience pays,  
 That murmur, which a minstrel draws  
 From hearts, that feel, but fear to praise,  
 Follow’d this song, and left a pause  
 Of silence after it, that hung  
 Like a fix’d spell on every tongue.

At length, a low and tremulous sound  
 Was heard from midst a group, that round  
 A bashful maiden stood, to hide  
 Her blushes, while the lute she tried —  
 Like roses, gathering round to veil  
 The song of some young nightingale,  
 Whose trembling notes steal out between  
 The cluster’d leaves, herself unseen.  
 And, while that voice, in tones that more  
 Through feeling than through weakness err’d,

Came, with a stronger sweetness, o'er  
Th' attentive ear, this strain was heard: —

## S O N G.

I saw, from yonder silent cave, \*  
Two Fountains running, side by side,  
The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave,  
The other cold Oblivion's tide.  
"Oh Love!" said I, in thoughtless mood,  
As deep I drank of Lethe's stream,  
"Be all my sorrows in this flood  
"Forgotten like a vanish'd dream!"

But who could bear that gloomy blank,  
Where joy was lost as well as pain?  
Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank,  
And brought the past all back again;  
And said, "Oh Love! whate'er my lot,  
"Still let this soul to thee be true —  
"Rather than have one bliss forgot,  
"Be all my pains remember'd too!"

---

The group that stood around, to shade  
The blushes of that bashful maid,  
Had, by degrees, as came the lay  
More strongly forth, retired away,  
Like a fair shell, whose valves divide,  
To show the fairer pearl inside:  
For such she was — a creature, bright  
And delicate as those day-flow'rs,  
Which, while they last, make up, in light  
And sweetness, what they want in hours.

\* "This morning we paid our visit to the Cave of Trophonius, and the Fountains of Memory and Oblivion, just upon the water of Hercyna, which flows through stupendous rocks." — *Williams's Travels in Greece.*

So rich upon the ear had grown  
 Her voice's melody — its tone  
 Gathering new courage, as it found  
 An echo in each bosom round —  
 That, ere the nymph, with downcast eye  
 Still on the chords, her lute laid by,  
 "Another Song," all lips exclaim'd,  
 And each some matchless favourite named;  
 While blushing, as her fingers ran  
 O'er the sweet chords, she thus began: —

## S O N G.

Oh, Memory, how coldly  
 Thou paintest joy gone by:  
 Like rainbows, thy pictures  
 But mournfully shine and die.  
 Or, if some tints thou keepest,  
 That former days recall,  
 As o'er each line thou weapest,  
 Thy tears efface them all.

But, Memory, too truly  
 Thou paintest grief that's past;  
 Joy's colours are fleeting,  
 But those of Sorrow last.  
 And, while thou bring'st before us  
 Dark pictures of past ill,  
 Life's evening, closing o'er us,  
 But makes them darker still.

---

So went the moonlight hours along,  
 In this sweet glade; and so, with song  
 And witching sounds — not such as they,  
 The cymbalists of Ossa, play'd,

To chase the moon's eclipse away, \*  
 But soft and holy — did each maid  
 Lighten her heart's eclipse awhile,  
 And win back Sorrow to a smile.  
 Not far from this secluded place,  
 On the sea-shore a ruin stood; —  
 A relic of th' extinguish'd race,  
 Who once look'd o'er that foamy flood,  
 When fair Ioulis,\*\* by the light  
 Of golden sunset, on the sight  
 Of mariners who sail'd that sea,  
 Rose, like a city of chrysolite,  
 Call'd from the wave by witchery.  
 This ruin — now by barbarous hands  
 Debased into a motley shed,  
 Where the once splendid column stands  
 Inverted on its leafy head —  
 Form'd, as they tell, in times of old,  
 The dwelling of that bard, whose lay  
 Could melt to tears the stern and cold,  
 And sadden, mid their mirth, the gay —  
 Simonides,\*\*\* whose fame, through years  
 And ages past, still bright appears —  
 Like Hesperus, a star of tears!  
 'T was hither now — to catch a view  
 Of the white waters, as they play'd  
 Silently in the light — a few  
 Of the more restless damsels stray'd;  
 And some would linger 'mid the scent  
 Of hanging foliage, that perfumed

\* This superstitious custom of the Thessalians exists also, as Pietro della Valle tells us, among the Persians.

\*\* An ancient city of Zea, the walls of which were of marble. Its remains (says Clarke) "extend from the shore, quite into a valley watered by the streams of a fountain, whence Ioulis received its name."

\*\*\* Zea was the birthplace of this poet, whose verses are by Catullus called "tears."



The ruin'd walls; while others went,  
 Culling whatever floweret bloom'd  
 In the lone leafy space between,  
 Where gilded chambers once had been;  
 Or, turning sadly to the sea,  
 Sent o'er the wave a sigh unblest  
 To some brave champion of the Free —  
 Thinking, alas, how cold might be,  
 At that still hour, his place of rest!

Meanwhile there came a sound of song  
 From the dark ruins — a faint strain,  
 As if some echo, that among  
 Those minstrel halls had slumbered long,  
 Were murmuring into life again.

But, no — the nymphs knew well the tone —  
 A maiden of their train, who loved,  
 Like the night-bird, to sing alone,  
 Had deep into those ruins roved,  
 And there, all other thoughts forgot,  
 Was warbling o'er, in lone delight,  
 A lay that, on that very spot,  
 Her lover sung one moonlight night: —

## S O N G.

Ah! where are they, who heard, in former hours,  
 The voice of Song in these neglected bow'rs?  
 They are gone — all gone!

The youth, who told his pain in such sweet tone,  
 That all, who heard him, wish'd his pain their own —  
 He is gone — he is gone!

And she, who, while he sung, sat listening by,  
 And thought, to strains like these 't were sweet to die —  
 She is gone — she too is gone!

'T is thus, in future hours, some bard will say  
 Of her, who hears, and him, who sings this lay —  
 They are gone — they both are gone!

---

The moon was now, from heaven's steep,  
 Bending to dip her silvery urn  
 Into the bright and silent deep —  
 And the young nymphs, on their return  
 From those romantic ruins, found  
 Their other playmates, ranged around  
 The sacred Spring, prepared to tune  
 Their parting hymn,\* ere sunk the moon,  
 To that fair Fountain, by whose stream  
 Their hearts had form'd so many a dream.

Who has not read the tales, that tell  
 Of old Eleusis' sacred Well,  
 Or heard what legend-songs recount  
 Of Syra, and its holy Fount,\*\*  
 Gushing, at once, from the hard rock  
 Into the laps of living flowers —  
 Where village maidens loved to flock,  
 On summer-nights, and, like the Hours,  
 Link'd in harmonious dance and song,  
 Charm'd the unconscious night along;

\* These "Songs of the Well," as they were called among the ancients, still exist in Greece. *De Guys* tells us that he has seen "the young women in Prince's Island, assembled in the evening at a public well, suddenly strike up a dance, while others sung in concert to them."

\*\* "The inhabitants of Syra, both ancient and modern, may be considered as the worshippers of water. The old fountain, at which the nymphs of the island assembled in the earliest ages, exists in its original state; the same rendezvous as it was formerly, whether of love and gallantry, or of gossiping and tale-telling. It is near to the town, and the most limpid water gushes continually from the solid rock. It is regarded by the inhabitants with a degree of religious veneration; and they preserve a tradition, that the pilgrims of old time, in their way to Delos, resorted hither for purification." — *Clarke*.

While holy pilgrims, on their way  
 To Delos' isle, stood looking on,  
 Enchanted with a scene so gay,  
 Nor sought their boats, till morning shone.

Such was the scene this lovely glade  
 And its fair inmates now display'd,  
 As round the Fount, in linked ring,  
 They went, in cadence slow and light,  
 And thus to that enchanted Spring  
 Warbled their Farewell for the night: —

## S O N G.

Here, while the moonlight dim  
 Falls on that mossy brim,  
 Sing we our Fountain Hymn,  
 Maidens of Zea!  
 Nothing but Music's strain,  
 When Lovers part in pain,  
 Soothes, till they meet again,  
 Oh, Maids of Zea!  
 Bright Fount, so clear and cold,  
 Round which the nymphs of old  
 Stood, with their locks of gold,  
 Fountain of Zea!  
 Not even Castaly,  
 Famed though its streamlet be,  
 Murmurs or shines like thee,  
 Oh, Fount of Zea!  
 Thou, while our hymn we sing,  
 Thy silver voice shalt bring,  
 Answering, answering,  
 Sweet Fount of Zea!  
 For, of all rills that run,  
 Sparkling by moon or sun,  
 Thou art the fairest one,  
 Bright Fount of Zea!

Now, by those stars that glance  
 Over heav'n's still expanse,  
 Weave we our mirthful dance,  
     Daughters of Zea!

Such as, in former days,  
 Danced they, by Dian's rays,  
 Where the Eurotas strays,\*  
     Oh, Maids of Zea!

But when to merry feet  
 Hearts with no echo beat,  
 Say, can the dance be sweet?  
     Maidens of Zea!

No, nought but Music's strain,  
 When lovers part in pain,  
 Soothes, till they meet again,  
     Oh, Maids of Zea!

---

## SECOND EVENING.

### S O N G.

WHEN evening shades are falling  
 O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,  
 To pilgrims' hearts recalling  
     Their home beyond the deep;  
 When, rest o'er all descending,  
     The shores with gladness smile,  
 And lutes, their echoes blending,  
     Are heard from isle to isle,  
 Then, Mary, Star of the Sea \*\*  
 We pray, we pray, to thee!  
 The noon-day tempest over,  
     Now Ocean toils no more,

\* Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi  
 Exercet Diana choros." — *Virgil*.

\*\* One of the titles of the Virgin: — "Maria illuminatrix, sive Stella  
 Maris." — *Isidor*.

And wings of halcyons hover,  
 Where all was strife before.  
 Oh thus may life, in closing  
 Its short tempestuous day,  
 Beneath heaven's smile reposing,  
 Shine all its storms away :  
 Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,  
 We pray, we pray, to thee!

---

On Helle's sea the light grew dim,  
 As the last sounds of that sweet hymn  
 Floated along its azure tide —  
 Floated in light, as if the lay  
 Had mix'd with sunset's fading ray,  
 And light and song together died.  
 So soft through evening's air had breath'd  
 That choir of youthful voices, wreath'd  
 In many-linked harmony,  
 That boats, then hurrying o'er the sea,  
 Paused, when they reach'd this fairy shore,  
 And linger'd till the strain was o'er.

Of those young maids who've met to fleet  
 In song and dance this evening's hours,  
 Far happier now the bosoms beat,  
 Than when they last adorn'd these bowers,  
 For tidings of glad sound had come,  
 At break of day, from the far isles —  
 Tidings like breath of life to some —  
 That Zea's sons would soon wing home,  
 Crown'd with the light of Victory's smiles  
 To meet that brightest of all meeds  
 That wait on high, heroic deeds,  
 When gentle eyes that scarce, for tears,  
 Could trace the warrior's parting track,

Shall, like a misty morn that clears,  
 When the long-absent sun appears,  
 Shine out, all bliss, to hail him back.

How fickle still the youthful breast! —  
 More fond of change than a young moon,  
 No joy so new was e'er possess'd  
 But Youth would leave for newer soon.  
 These Zean nymphs, though bright the spot  
 Where first they held their evening play,  
 As ever fell to fairy's lot  
 To wanton o'er by midnight's ray,  
 Had now exchanged that shelter'd scene  
 For a wide glade beside the sea —  
 A lawn, whose soft expanse of green  
 Turn'd to the west sun smilingly,  
 As though, in conscious beauty bright,  
 It joy'd to give him light for light.

And ne'er did evening more serene  
 Look down from heaven on lovelier scene.  
 Calm lay the flood around, while fleet,  
 O'er the blue shining element,  
 Light barks, as if with fairy feet  
 That stirr'd not the hush'd waters, went;  
 Some that, ere rosy eve fell o'er  
 The blushing wave, with mainsail free,  
 Had put forth from the Attic shore,  
 Or the near Isle of Ebony; —  
 Some, Hydriot barks, that deep in caves  
 Beneath Colonna's pillar'd cliffs,  
 Had all day lurk'd, and o'er the waves  
 Now shot their long and dart-like skiffs.  
 Woe to the craft, however fleet,  
 These sea-hawks in their course shall meet,  
 Laden with juice of Lesbian vines,  
 Or rich from Naxos' emery mines;

For not more sure, when owlets flee  
 O'er the dark crags of Pendelee,  
 Doth the night-falcon mark his prey,  
 Or pounce on it more fleet than they.

And what a moon now lights the glade  
 Where these young island nymphs are met!  
 Full-orb'd, yet pure, as if no shade  
 Had touch'd its virgin lustre yet;  
 And freshly bright, as if just made  
 By Love's own hands, of new-born light  
 Stol'n from his mother's star to-night.

On a bold rock, that o'er the flood  
 Jutted from that soft glade, there stood  
 A Chapel, fronting towards the sea, —  
 Built in some by-gone century, —  
 Where, nightly, as the seaman's mark,  
 When waves rose high or clouds were dark,  
 A lamp, bequeath'd by some kind Saint,  
 Shed o'er the wave its glimmer faint,  
 Waking in way-worn men a sigh  
 And prayer to heaven, as they went by.  
 'T was there, around that rock-built shrine,  
 A group of maidens and their sires  
 Had stood to watch the day's decline,  
 And, as the light fell o'er their lyres,  
 Sung to the Queen-Star of the Sea  
 That soft and holy melody.

But lighter thoughts and lighter song  
 Now woo the coming hours along.  
 For, mark, where smooth the herbage lies,  
 Yon gay pavilion, curtain'd deep  
 With silken folds, through which, bright eyes,  
 From time to time, are seen to peep;  
 While twinkling lights that, to and fro,  
 Beneath those veils, like meteors, go,  
 Tell of some spells at work, and keep

Young fancies chain'd in mute suspense,  
 Watching what next may shine from thence.  
 Nor long the pause, ere hands unseen  
     That mystic curtain backward drew  
 And all, that late but shone between,  
     In half caught gleams, now burst to view.  
 A picture 't was of the early days  
 Of glorious Greece, ere yet those rays  
 Of rich, immortal Mind were hers  
 That made mankind her worshippers;  
 While, yet unsung, her landscapes shone  
 With glory lent by heaven alone;  
 Nor temples crown'd her nameless hills,  
 Nor Muse immortalized her rills;  
 Nor aught but the mute poesy  
 Of sun, and stars, and shining sea  
 Illumed that land of bards to be.  
 While, prescient of the gifted race  
     That yet would realm so blest adorn,  
 Nature took pains to deck the place  
     Where glorious Art was to be born.  
 Such was the scene that mimic stage  
     Of Athens and her hills portray'd;  
 Athens, in her first, youthful age,  
     Ere yet the simple violet braid,\*  
 Which then adorn'd her, had shone down  
 The glory of earth's loftiest crown.  
 While yet undream'd, her seeds of Art  
     Lay sleeping in the marble mine —  
 Sleeping till Genius bade them start  
     To all but life, in shapes divine;  
 Till deified the quarry shone  
 And all Olympus stood in stone!  
 There, in the foreground of that scene,  
 On a soft bank of living green,

\* "Violet-crowned Athens." — *Pindar*.



Sate a young nymph, with her lap full  
 Of newly gather'd flowers, o'er which  
 She graceful lean'd, intent to cull  
 All that was there of hue most rich,  
 To form a wreath, such as the eye  
 Of her young lover, who stood by,  
 With pallet mingled fresh, might choose  
 To fix by Painting's rainbow hues.

The wreath was form'd; the maiden raised  
 Her speaking eyes to his, while he —  
 Oh *not* upon the flowers now gaz'd,  
 But on that bright look's witchery.  
 While, quick as if but then the thought,  
 Like light, had reach'd his soul, he caught  
 His pencil up, and, warm and true  
 As life itself, that love-look drew:  
 And, as his raptur'd task went on,  
 And forth each kindling feature shone,  
 Sweet voices, through the moonlight air,  
 From lips as moonlight fresh and pure,  
 Thus hail'd the bright dream passing there,  
 And sung the Birth of Portraiture.\*

## S O N G.

As once a Grecian maiden wove  
 Her garland 'mid the summer bowers,  
 There stood a youth, with eyes of love,  
 To watch her while she wreath'd the flowers.  
 The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,  
 But ne'er had studied woman's brow,  
 Nor knew what magic hues the heart  
 Can shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

\* The whole of this scene was suggested by Pliny's account of the artist Pausias and his mistress Glycera, Lib. 35. c. 40.

## CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe  
 All that 's fair and bright below.

His hand had pictured many a rose,  
 And sketch'd the rays that light the brook;  
 But what were these, or what were those,  
 To woman's blush, to woman's look?  
 "Oh, if such magic pow'r there be,  
 "This, this," he cried, "is all my prayer,  
 "To paint that living light I see,  
 "And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer, as soon as breath'd, was heard;  
 His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,  
 And Painting saw her hues transferr'd  
 From lifeless flowers to woman's form.  
 Still as from tint to tint he stole,  
 The fair design shone out the more,  
 And there was now a life, a soul,  
 Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,  
 And lilies into life were brought;  
 While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,  
 Young roses kindled into thought.  
 Then hyacinths their darkest dyes  
 Upon the locks of Beauty threw;  
 And violets, transform'd to eyes,  
 Inshrin'd a soul within their blue.

## CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe  
 All that 's fair and bright below.  
 Song was cold and Painting dim  
 Till song and Painting learn'd from him.

---

Soon as the scene had closed, a cheer  
 Of gentle voices, old and young,  
 Rose from the groups that stood to hear  
 This tale of yore so aptly sung;  
 And while some nymphs, in haste to tell  
 The workers of that fairy spell  
 How crown'd with praise their task had been,  
 Stole in behind the curtain'd scene,  
 The rest, in happy converse stray'd —  
 Talking that ancient love-tale o'er —  
 Some, to the groves that skirt the glade,  
 Some, to the chapel by the shore,  
 To look what lights were on the sea,  
 And think of th' absent silently.

But soon that summons, known so well  
 Through bower and hall, in Eastern lands,  
 Whose sound, more sure than gong or bell,  
 Lovers and slaves alike commands, —  
 The clapping of young female hands,  
 Calls back the groups from rock and field  
 To see some new-form'd scene reveal'd; —  
 And fleet and eager, down the slopes  
 Of the green glade, like antelopes,  
 When, in their thirst, they hear the sound  
 Of distant rills, the light nymphs bound.

Far different now the scene — a waste  
 Of Libyan sands, by moonlight's ray;  
 An ancient well, whereon were traced,  
 The warning words, for such as stray  
 Unarmed there, "Drink and away!"\*  
 While, near it, from the night-ray screen'd,  
 And like his bells, in hush'd repose,

\* The traveller Shaw mentions a beautiful rill in Barbary, which is received into a large bason called *Shruh wee krub*, "Drink and away"—there being great danger of meeting with thieves and assassins, in such places.

A camel slept — young as if wean'd  
 When last the star, Canopus, rose.\*

Such was the back-ground's silent scene; —  
 While nearer lay, fast slumbering too,  
 In a rude tent, with brow serene,  
 A youth whose cheeks of way-worn hue  
 And pilgrim-bonnet, told the tale  
 That he had been to Mecca's Vale:  
 Haply in pleasant dreams, ev'n now  
 Thinking the long wish'd hour is come  
 When, o'er the well-known porch at home,  
 His hand shall hang the aloe bough —  
 Trophy of his accomplish'd vow.\*\*

But brief his dream — for now the call  
 Of the camp-chiefs from rear to van,  
 "Bind on your burdens," \*\*\* wakes up all  
 The widely slumbering caravan;  
 And thus meanwhile, to greet the ear  
 Of the young pilgrim as he wakes,  
 The song of one who, lingering near,  
 Had watch'd his slumber, cheerly breaks.

#### S O N G.

Up and march! the timbrel's sound  
 Wakes the slumb'ring camp around;  
 Fleet thy hour of rest hath gone,  
 Armed sleeper, up, and on!

\* The Arabian shepherd has a peculiar ceremony in weaning the young camel: when the proper time arrives, he turns the camel towards the rising star, Canopus, and says, "Do you see Canopus? from this moment you taste not another drop of milk." — *Richardson*.

\*\* "Whoever returns from a pilgrimage to Mecca hangs this plant (the mitre-shaped Aloe) over his street door, as a token of his having performed this holy journey." — *Hussetquist*.

\*\*\* This form of notice to the caravans to prepare for marching was applied by Hafiz to the necessity of relinquishing the pleasures of this world, and preparing for death: — "For me what room is there for pleasure in the bower of Beauty, when every moment the bell makes proclamation, 'Bind on your burdens?'"

Long and weary is our way  
 O'er the burning sands to-day;  
 But to pilgrim's homeward feet  
 Ev'n the desert's path is sweet.  
 When we lie at dead of night,  
 Looking up to heaven's light,  
 Hearing but the watchman's tone  
 Faintly chaunting "God is one,"\*  
 Oh what thoughts then o'er us come  
 Of our distant village home,  
 Where that chaunt, when evening sets,  
 Sounds from all the minarets.  
 Cheer thee! — soon shall signal lights,  
 Kindling o'er the Red-Sea heights,  
 Kindling quick from man to man,  
 Hail our coming caravan: \*\*  
 Think what bliss that hour will be!  
 Looks of home again to see,  
 And our names again to hear  
 Murmur'd out by voices dear.

---

So pass'd the desert dream away,  
 Fleeting as his who heard this lay.  
 Nor long the pause between, nor moved  
 The spell-bound audience from that spot;  
 While still, as usual, Fancy roved  
 On to the joy that yet was not; —  
 Fancy, who hath no present home,  
 But builds her bower in scenes to come,  
 Walking for ever in a light  
 That flows from regions out of sight.

\* The watchmen, in the camp of the caravans, go their rounds, crying one after another, "God is one," &c. &c.

\*\* "It was customary," says Irwi, "to light up fires on the mountains, within view of Cosseir, to give notice of the approach of the caravans that came from the Nile."

But see, by gradual dawn descried,  
 A mountain realm — rugged as e'er  
 Upraised to heav'n its summits bare,  
 Or told to earth, with frown of pride,  
 That Freedom's falcon nest was there,  
 Too high for hand of lord or king  
 To hood her brow, or chain her wing.

'Tis Maina's land — her ancient hills,  
 The abode of nymphs \* — her countless rills  
 And torrents, in their downward dash,  
 Shining, like silver, through the shade  
 Of the sea-pine and flowering ash —  
 All with a truth so fresh pourtray'd  
 As wants but touch of life to be  
 A world of warm reality.

And now, light bounding forth, a band  
 Of mountaineers, all smiles, advance —  
 Nymphs with their lovers, hand in hand,  
 Link'd in the Ariadne dance; \*\*  
 And while, apart from that gay throng,  
 A minstrel youth, in varied song,  
 Tells of the loves, the joys, the ills  
 Of these wild children of the hills,  
 The rest by turns, or fierce or gay,  
 As war or sport inspires the lay,  
 Follow each change that wakes the strings,  
 And act what thus the lyrist sings: —

## S O N G.

No life is like the mountaineer's,  
 His home is near the sky,  
 Where, throned above this world, he hears  
 Its strife at distance die.

\* — virginibus bacchata Laconis  
 Taygeta.

VIRG.

\*\* See, for an account of this dance, De Guy's Travels.

Or, should the sound of hostile drum  
Proclaim below, "We come — we come,"  
Each crag that towers in air  
Gives answer, "Come who dare!"  
While, like bees, from dell and dingle,  
Swift the swarming warriors mingle,  
And their cry "Hurra!" will be,  
"Hurra, to victory!"

Then, when battle's hour is over,  
See the happy mountain lover,  
With the nymph, who 'll soon be bride,  
Seated blushing by his side, —  
Every shadow of his lot

In her sunny smile forgot.

Oh, no life is like the mountaineer's,

His home is near the sky,

Where, throned above this world, he hears

Its strife at distance die.

Nor only thus through summer suns

His blithe existence cheerly runs —

Ev'n winter, bleak and dim,

Brings joyous hours to him;

When, his rifle behind him flinging,

He watches the roe-buck springing,

And away, o'er the hills away

Re-echoes his glad "hurra."

Then how blest, when night is closing,

By the kindled hearth reposing,

To his rebeck's drowsy song,

He beguiles the hour along;

Or, provoked by merry glances,

To a brisker movement dances,

Till, weary at last, in slumber's chain,

He dreams o'er chase and dance again,

Dreams, dreams them o'er again.

---

As slow that minstrel, at the close,  
 Sunk, while he sung, to feign'd repose,  
 Aptly did they, whose mimic art  
     Follow'd the changes of his lay,  
 Pourtray the lull, the nod, the start,  
     Through which, as faintly died away  
 His lute and voice, the minstrel pass'd,  
 'Till voice and lute lay hush'd at last.

But now far other song came o'er  
     Their startled ears — song that, at first,  
 As solemnly the night-wind bore  
     Across the wave its mournful burst,  
 Seem'd to the fancy, like a dirge  
     Of some lone Spirit of the Sea,  
 Singing o'er Helle's ancient surge  
     The requiem of her Brave and Free.

Sudden, amid their pastime, pause  
     The wondering nymphs; and, as the sound  
 Of that strange music nearer draws,  
     With mute enquiring eye look round,  
 Asking each other what can be  
 The source of this sad minstrelsy?  
 Nor longer can they doubt, the song  
     Comes from some island-bark, which now  
 Courses the bright waves swift along,  
     And soon, perhaps, beneath the brow  
 Of the Saint's Rock will shoot its prow.

Instantly all, with hearts that sigh'd  
     'Twixt fear's and fancy's influence,  
 Flew to the rock, and saw from thence  
 A red-sail'd pinnacle tow'rd's them glide,  
 Whose shadow, as it swept the spray,  
 Scatter'd the moonlight's smiles away.  
 Soon as the mariners saw that throng  
     From the cliff gazing, young and old,  
 Sudden they slack'd their sail and song,



And, while their pinnace idly roll'd  
 On the light surge, these tidings told  
 'T was from an isle of mournful name,  
 From Missolonghi, last they came —  
 Sad Missolonghi, sorrowing yet  
 O'er him, the noblest Star of Fame  
 That e'er in life's young glory set! —  
 And now were on their mournful way,  
 Wafting the news through Helle's isles;  
 News that would cloud ev'n Freedom's ray,  
 And sadden Victory 'mid her smiles.

Their tale thus told, and heard, with pain,  
 Out spread the galliot's wings again;  
 And, as she sped her swift career,  
 Again that Hymn rose on the ear —  
 "Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!"  
 As oft 't was sung, in ages flown,  
 Of him, the Athenian, who, to shed  
 A tyrant's blood, pour'd out his own.

## S O N G.

Thou art not dead — thou art not dead! \*  
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.  
 Thy soul, to realms above us fled,  
 Though, like a star, it dwells o'er head,  
 Still lights this world below.  
 Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!  
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Through isles of light, where heroes tread  
 And flowers ethereal blow,  
 Thy god-like Spirit now is led,  
 Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,  
 Forgets all taste of woe.

\* Φιλταδ' Ἀρμοδι' ουπω τεθνηκας.

Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!  
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The myrtle, round that falchion spread  
 Which struck the immortal blow,  
 Throughout all time, with leaves unshed —  
 The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread —  
 Round Freedom's shrine shall grow.  
 Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!  
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Where hearts like thine have broke or bled,  
 Though quench'd the vital glow,  
 Their memory lights a flame, instead,  
 Which, ev'n from out the narrow bed  
 Of death its beams shall throw.  
 Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!  
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,  
 From age to age shall go,  
 Long as the oak and ivy wed,  
 As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,  
 Or Helle's waters flow.  
 Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!  
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

---

'Mong those who linger'd listening there, —  
 Listening, with ear and eye, as long  
 As breath of night could tow'rd them bear  
 A murmur of that mournful song, —  
 A few there were, in whom the lay  
 Had call'd up feelings far too sad  
 To pass with the brief strain away,  
 Or turn at once to theme more glad;  
 And who, in mood untuned to meet  
 The light laugh of the happier train,

Wander'd to seek some moonlight seat  
 Where they might rest, in converse sweet,  
 Till vanish'd smiles should come again.  
 And seldom e'er hath noon of night  
 To sadness lent more soothing light.  
 On one side, in the dark blue sky,  
 Lonely and radiant, was the eye  
 Of Jove himself, while, on the other,  
 'Mong tiny stars that round her gleam'd,  
 The young moon, like the Roman mother  
 Among her living "jewels," beamed.

Touch'd by the lovely scenes around,  
 A pensive maid — one who, though young,  
 Had known what 't was to see unwound  
 The ties by which her heart had clung —  
 Waken'd her soft tamboura's sound,  
 And to its faint accords thus sung: —

## S O N G.

Calm as, beneath its mother's eyes,  
 In sleep the smiling infant lies,  
 So, watch'd by all the stars of night,  
 Yon landscape sleeps in light.

And while the night-breeze dies away,  
 Like relics of some faded strain,  
 Loved voices, lost for many a day,  
 Seem whispering round again.  
 Oh youth! oh love! ye dreams, that shed  
 Such glory once — where are ye fled?

Pure ray of light that, down the sky,  
 Art pointing, like an angel's wand,  
 As if to guide to realms that lie  
 In that bright sea beyond:  
 Who knows but, in some brighter deep  
 Than even that tranquil, moon-lit main,

Some land may lie, where those who weep  
Shall wake to smile again!

---

With cheeks that had regain'd their power  
And play of smiles, — and each bright eye,  
Like violets after morning's shower,  
The brighter for the tears gone by,  
Back to the scene such smiles should grace  
These wandering nymphs their path retrace,  
And reach the spot, with rapture new,  
Just as the veils asunder flew,  
And a fresh vision burst to view.

There, by her own bright Attic flood,  
The blue-ey'd Queen of Wisdom stood; —  
Not as she haunts the sage's dreams,  
With brow unveil'd, divine, severe;  
But soften'd, as on bards she beams,  
When fresh from Poesy's high sphere,  
A music, not her own, she brings,  
And, through the veil which Fancy flings  
O'er her stern features, gently sings.

But who is he — that urchin nigh,  
With quiver on the rose-trees hung,  
Who seems just dropp'd from yonder sky,  
And stands to watch that maid, with eye  
So full of thought, for one so young? —  
That child — but, silence! lend thine ear,  
And thus in song the tale thou 'lt hear: —

#### S O N G.

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,  
Who should he see, at that soft hour,  
But young Minerva, gravely playing  
Her flute within an olive bower.

I need not say, 't is Love's opinion  
 That, grave or merry, good or ill,  
 The sex all bow to his dominion,  
 As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy hath given  
 To learned dames his smiles or sighs,  
 So handsome Pallas look'd, that even,  
 Love quite forgot the maid was wise.  
 Besides, a youth of his discerning  
 Knew well that, by a shady rill,  
 At sunset hour, whate'er her learning,  
 A woman will be woman still.

Her flute he praised in terms extatic, —  
 Wishing it dumb, nor cared how soon; —  
 For Wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,  
 To Love seem always out of tune.  
 But long as he found face to flatter,  
 The nymph found breath to shake and thrill;  
 As, weak or wise — it doesn't matter —  
 Woman, at heart, is woman still.

Love changed his plan, with warmth exclaiming,  
 "How rosy was her lips' soft dye!"  
 And much that flute, the flatterer, blaming,  
 For twisting lips so sweet awry.  
 The nymph look'd down, beheld her features  
 Reflected in the passing rill,  
 And started, shock'd — for, ah, ye creatures!  
 Ev'n when divine, you 're women still.

Quick from the lips it made so odious,  
 That graceless flute the Goddess took,  
 And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,  
 Flung it into the glassy brook;  
 Where, as its vocal life was fleeting  
 Adown the current, faint and shrill,

'T was heard in plaintive tone repeating,  
 "Woman, alas, vain woman still!"

---

An interval of dark repose —  
 Such as the summer lightning knows,  
 'Twixt flash and flash, as still more bright  
 The quick revealment comes and goes,  
 Opening each time the veils of night,  
 To show, within, a world of light —  
 Such pause, so brief, now pass'd between  
 This last gay vision and the scene,  
 Which now its depth of light disclosed.  
 A bower it seem'd, an Indian bower,  
 Within whose shade a nymph reposed,  
 Sleeping away noon's sunny hour —  
 Lovely as she, the Sprite, who weaves  
 Her mansion of sweet Durva leaves,  
 And there, as Indian legends say,  
 Dreams the long summer hours away.  
 And mark, how charm'd this sleeper seems  
 With some hid fancy — she, too, dreams!  
 Oh for a wizard's art to tell  
 The wonders that now bless her sight!  
 'T is done — a truer, holier spell  
 Than e'er from wizard's lip yet fell  
 Thus brings her vision all to light: —

#### S O N G.

"Who comes so gracefully  
 "Gliding along,  
 "While the blue rivulet  
 "Sleeps to her song;  
 "Song, richly vying  
 "With the faint sighing  
 "Which swans, in dying,  
 "Sweetly prolong?"

So sung the shepherd-boy  
 By the stream's side,  
 Watching that fairy boat  
 Down the flood glide,  
 Like a bird winging,  
 Through the waves bringing  
 That Syren, singing  
 To the hush'd tide.

“Stay,” said the shepherd-boy,  
 “Fairy-boat, stay,  
 “Linger, sweet minstrelsy,  
 “Linger, a day.”  
 But vain his pleading,  
 Past him, unheeding,  
 Song and boat, speeding,  
 Glided away.

So to our youthful eyes  
 Joy and hope shone;  
 So, while we gazed on them,  
 Fast they flew on; —  
 Like flowers, declining  
 Ev'n in the twining,  
 One moment shining,  
 And, the next, gone!

---

Soon as the imagined dream went by,  
 Uprose the nymph, with anxious eye  
 Turn'd to the clouds, as though some boon  
 She waited from that sun-bright dome,  
 And marvell'd that it came not soon  
 As her young thoughts would have it come.  
 But joy is in her glance! — the wing  
 Of a white bird is seen above;  
 And oh, if round his neck he bring  
 The long-wish'd tidings from her love,

Not half so precious in her eyes  
 Ev'n that high-omen'd bird\* would be,  
 Who dooms the brow o'er which he flies  
 To wear a crown of Royalty.

She had herself, last evening, sent  
 A winged messenger, whose flight  
 Through the clear, roseate element,  
 She watch'd till, lessening out of sight,  
 Far to the golden West it went,  
 Wafting to him, her distant love,  
 A missive in that language wrought  
 Which flowers can speak, when aptly wove,  
 Each hue a word, each leaf a thought.

And now — oh speed of pinion, known  
 To Love's light messengers alone! —  
 Ere yet another evening takes  
 Its farewell of the golden lakes,  
 She sees another envoy fly,  
 With the wish'd answer, through the sky.

## S O N G.

Welcome, sweet bird, through the sunny air winging,  
 Swift hast thou come o'er the far-shining sea,  
 Like Seba's dove, on thy snowy neck bringing  
 Love's written vows from my lover to me.  
 Oh, in thy absence, what hours did I number! —  
 Saying oft, "Idle bird, how could he rest?"  
 But thou art come at last, take now thy slumber,  
 And lull thee in dreams of all thou lov'st best.

Yet dost thou droop — even now while I utter  
 Love's happy welcome, thy pulse dies away;  
 Cheer thee, my bird — were it life's ebbing flutter,  
 This fondling bosom should woo it to stay.

\* The Huma.



But no — thou 'rt dying — thy last task is over —  
 Farewell, sweet martyr to Love and to me!  
 The smiles thou hast waken'd by news from my lover,  
 Will now all be turn'd into weeping for thee.

---

While thus this scene of song (their last  
 For the sweet summer season) pass'd,  
 A few presiding nymphs, whose care  
 Watch'd over all, invisibly,  
 As do those guardian sprites of air,  
 Whose watch we feel, but cannot see,  
 Had from the circle — scarcely missed,  
 Ere they were sparkling there again —  
 Glided, like fairies, to assist  
 Their handmaids on the moonlight plain,  
 Where, hid by intercepting shade  
 From the stray glance of curious eyes,  
 A feast of fruits and wines was laid —  
 Soon to shine out, a glad surprise!

And now the moon, her ark of light  
 Steering through Heav'n, as tho' she bore  
 In safety through that deep of night,  
 Spirits of earth, the good, the bright,  
 To some remote immortal shore,  
 Had half-way sped her glorious way,  
 When, round reclined on hillocks green,  
 In groups, beneath that tranquil ray,  
 The Zeans at their feast were seen.

Gay was the picture — every maid  
 Whom late the lighted scene display'd,  
 Still in her fancy garb array'd; —  
 The Arabian pilgrim, smiling here  
 Beside the nymph of India's sky;  
 While there the Mainiote mountaineer  
 Whisper'd in young Minerva's ear,  
 And urchin Love stood laughing by.

Meantime the elders round the board,  
 By mirth and wit themselves made young,  
 High cups of juice Zacynthian pour'd,  
 And, while the flask went round, thus sung: —

## S O N G.

Up with the sparkling brimmer,  
 Up to the crystal rim;  
 Let not a moon-beam glimmer  
 'Twixt the flood and brim.  
 When hath the world set eyes on  
 Aught to match this light,  
 Which, o'er our cup's horizon,  
 Dawns in bumpers bright?  
 Truth in a deep well lieth —  
 So the wise aver:  
 But Truth the fact denieth —  
 Water suits not her.  
 No, her abode 's in brimmers,  
 Like this mighty cup —  
 Waiting till we, good swimmers,  
 Dive to bring her up.

---

Thus circled round the song of glee,  
 And all was tuneful mirth the while,  
 Save on the cheeks of some, whose smile,  
 As fix'd they gaze upon the sea,  
 Turns into paleness suddenly!  
 What see they there? a bright blue light  
 That, like a meteor, gliding o'er  
 The distant wave, grows on the sight,  
 As though 't were wing'd to Zea's shore.  
 To some, 'mong those who came to gaze,  
 It seem'd the night-light, far away,

Of some lone fisher, by the blaze  
 Of pine torch, luring on his prey;  
 While others, as, 'twixt awe and mirth,  
 They breath'd the bless'd Panaya's\* name,  
 Vow'd that such light was not of earth,  
 But of that drear, ill-omen'd flame,  
 Which mariners see on sail or mast,  
 When Death is coming in the blast.  
 While marvelling thus they stood, a maid,  
 Who sate apart, with downcast eye,  
 Nor yet had, like the rest, surveyed  
 That coming light which now was nigh,  
 Soon as it met her sight, with cry  
 Of pain-like joy, "'T is he! 't is he!"  
 Loud she exclaim'd, and, hurrying by  
 The assembled throng, rush'd tow'rds the sea.  
 At burst so wild, alarm'd, amazed,  
 All stood, like statues, mute, and gazed  
 Into each other's eyes, to seek  
 What meant such mood, in maid so meek?

Till now, the tale was known to few,  
 But now from lip to lip it flew: —  
 A youth, the flower of all the band,  
 Who late had left this sunny shore,  
 When last he kiss'd that maiden's hand,  
 Lingered, to kiss it o'er and o'er,  
 By his sad brow too plainly told  
 Th' ill-omen'd thought which cross'd him then,  
 That once those hands should lose their hold,  
 They ne'er would meet on earth again!  
 In vain his mistress, sad as he,  
 But with a heart from Self as free  
 As generous woman's only is,  
 Veil'd her own fears to banish his: —

\* The name which the Greeks give to the Virgin Mary.

With frank rebuke, but still more vain,  
 Did a rough warrior, who stood by,  
 Call to his mind this martial strain,  
 His favourite once, ere Beauty's eye  
 Had taught his soldier-heart to sigh: ---

## S O N G.

March! nor heed those arms that hold thee,  
 Though so fondly close they come;  
 Closer still will they enfold thee,  
 When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.  
 Dost thou dote on woman's brow?  
 Dost thou live but in her breath?  
 March! — one hour of victory now  
 Wins thee woman's smile till death.  
 Oh what bliss, when war is over,  
 Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,  
 And, when wreaths our temples cover,  
 Lay them shining at her feet.  
 Who would not, that hour to reach,  
 Breathe out life's expiring sigh, —  
 Proud as waves that on the beach  
 Lay their war-crests down, and die.  
 There! I see thy soul is burning —  
 She herself, who clasps thee so,  
 Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,  
 And, while clasping, bids thee go.  
 One deep sigh, to passion given,  
 One last glowing tear and then —  
 March! — nor rest thy sword, till Heaven  
 Brings thee to those arms again.

---

Even then, e'er loth their hands could part,  
 A promise the youth gave, which bore

Some balm unto the maiden's heart,  
 That, soon as the fierce fight was o'er,  
 To home he 'd speed, if safe and free —  
 Nay, ev'n if dying, still would come,  
 So the blest word of "Victory!"  
 Might be the last he 'd breathe at home.  
 "By jay," he cried, "thou 'lt know my bark;  
 "But, should I come through midnight dark,  
 "A blue light on the prow shall tell  
 "That Greece hath won, and all is well!"

Fondly the maiden, every night,  
 Had stolen to seek that promised light;  
 Nor long her eyes had now been turn'd  
 From watching, when the signal burn'd.  
 Signal of joy — for her, for all —  
 Fleetly the boat now nears the land,  
 While voices, from the shore-edge, call  
 For tidings of the long-wish'd band.

Oh the blest hour, when those who 've been  
 Through peril's paths by land or sea,  
 Lock'd in our arms again are seen  
 Smiling in glad security;  
 When heart to heart we fondly strain,  
 Questioning quickly o'er and o'er —  
 Then hold them off, to gaze again,  
 And ask, though answer'd oft before,  
 If they, *indeed*, are ours once more?

Such is the scene, so full of joy,  
 Which welcomes now this warrior-boy,  
 As fathers, sisters, friends all run  
 Bounding to meet him — all but one,  
 Who, slowest on his neck to fall,  
 Is yet the happiest of them all.

And now behold him, circled round  
 With beaming faces, at that board

While cups, with laurel foliage crown'd,  
 Are to the coming warriors pour'd —  
 Coming, as he, their herald, told,  
 With blades from victory scarce yet cold,  
 With hearts untouch'd by Moslem steel,  
 And wounds that home's sweet breath will heal.

“Ere morn,” said he, — and, while he spoke,  
 Turn'd to the east, where, clear, and pale,  
 The star of dawn already broke —

“We 'll greet, on yonder wave, their sail!”  
 Then, wherefore part? all, all agree  
 To wait them here, beneath this bower;  
 And thus, while even amidst their glee,  
 Each eye is turn'd to watch the sea,  
 With song they cheer the anxious hour.

## S O N G.

“T is the Vine! 't is the Vine!” said the cup-loving boy,  
 As he saw it spring bright from the earth,  
 And call'd the young Genii of Wit, Love, and Joy,  
 To witness and hallow its birth.

The fruit was full grown, like a ruby it flamed  
 Till the sun-beam that kiss'd it look'd pale:

“T is the Vine! 't is the Vine!” ev'ry Spirit exclaim'd,  
 “Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!”

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew,  
 While a light on the vine-leaves there broke,

In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew  
 'T was the light from his lips as he spoke.

“Bright tree! let thy nectar but cheer me,” he cried,  
 “And the fount of Wit never can fail:”

“T is the Vine! 't is the Vine!” hills and valleys reply,  
 “Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!”

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to admire  
 Each tendril and cluster it wore,

From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,  
As made the tree tremble all o'er.

Oh, never did flower of the earth, sea, or sky,  
Such a soul-giving odour inhale:

“’T is the Vine! ’t is the Vine!” all re-echo the cry,

“Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!”

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,

Came to crown the bright hour with his ray;

And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his eye,

When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say; —

A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around

Till, like music, it swell’d on the gale;

“’T is the Vine! ’t is the Vine!” laughing myriads resound,

“Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!”

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# LEGENDARY BALLADS.

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TO  
 THE MISS FEILDINGS,  
 THIS VOLUME  
 IS INSCRIBED,  
 BY  
 THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT,  
 THOMAS MOORE.

---

## THE VOICE.

IT came o'er her sleep, like a voice of those days,  
 When love, only love, was the light of her ways;  
 And, soft as in moments of bliss long ago,  
 It whisper'd her name from the garden below.

“Alas,” sigh'd the maiden, “how fancy can cheat!  
 “The world once had lips that could whisper thus sweet;  
 “But cold now they slumber in yon fatal deep,  
 “Where, oh that beside them this heart too could sleep!”

She sunk on her pillow — but no, 't was in vain  
 To chase the illusion, that Voice came again!  
 She flew to the casement — but, hush'd as the grave,  
 In moonlight lay slumbering woodland and wave.

“Oh sleep, come and shield me,” in anguish she said,  
 “From that call of the buried, that cry of the Dead!”  
 And sleep came around her — but, starting, she woke,  
 For still from the garden that spirit Voice spoke!



“I come,” she exclaimed, “be thy home where it may,  
 “On earth or in heaven, that call I obey;”  
 Then forth through the moonlight, with heart beating fast  
 And loud as a death-watch, the pale maiden past.

Still round her the scene all in loneliness shone;  
 And still, in the distance, that Voice led her on;  
 But whither she wander'd, by wave or by shore,  
 None ever could tell, for she came back no more.

No, ne'er came she back, — but the watchman who stood,  
 That night, in the tower which o'ershadows the flood,  
 Saw dimly, 't is said, o'er the moon-lighted spray,  
 A youth on a steed bear the maiden away.

---

### CUPID AND PSYCHE.

THEY told her that he, to whose vows she had listen'd  
 Through night's fleeting hours, was a Spirit unblest; —  
 Unholy the eyes, that beside her had glisten'd,  
 And evil the lips she in darkness had prest.

“When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth,  
 “Bring near him thy lamp, when in slumber he lies;  
 “And there, as the light o'er his dark features shineth,  
 “Thou 'lt see what a demon hath won all thy sighs!”

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,  
 When calm lay the sleeper she stole with her light;  
 And saw — such a vision! — no image, appearing  
 To bards in their day-dreams, was ever so bright.

A youth, but just passing from childhood's sweet morning,  
 While round him still linger'd its innocent ray;  
 Though gleams, from beneath his shut eyelids gave warning  
 Of summer-noon lightnings that under them lay.

His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,  
 While, glossy as gold from a fairy-land mine,

His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown'd it  
 Seem'd fresh from the breeze of some garden divine.  
 Entranced stood the bride, on that miracle gazing,  
 What late was but love is idolatry now;  
 But, ah — in her tremor the fatal lamp raising —  
 A sparkle flew from it and dropp'd on his brow.  
 All 's lost — with a start from his rosy sleep waking,  
 The Spirit flash'd o'er her his glances of fire;  
 Then, slow from the clasp of her snowy arms breaking,  
 Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow than ire:  
 "Farewell — what a dream thy suspicion hath broken!  
 "Thus ever Affection's fond vision is crost;  
 "Dissolved are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,  
 "And love, once distrusted, for ever is lost!"

---

#### HERO AND LEANDER.

"THE night-wind is moaning with mournful sigh,  
 "There gleameth no moon in the misty sky,  
 "No star over Helle's sea;  
 "Yet, yet, there is shining one holy light,  
 "One love-kindled star through the deep of night,  
 "To lead me, sweet Hero, to thee!"

Thus saying, he plunged in the foamy stream,  
 Still fixing his gaze on that distant beam  
 No eye but a lover's could see;  
 And still, as the surge swept over his head,  
 "To-night," he said tenderly, "living or dead,  
 "Sweet Hero, I'll rest with thee!"

But fiercer around him the wild waves speed;  
 Oh, Love! in that hour of thy votary's need,  
 Where, where could thy Spirit be?  
 He struggles — he sinks — while the hurricane's breath  
 Bears rudely away his last farewell in death —  
 "Sweet Hero, I die for thee!"

---

## THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

- "TELL me, kind Seer, I pray thee,  
 "So may the stars obey thee,  
     " So may each airy  
     " Moon-elf and fairy  
 "Nightly their homage pay thee!  
 "Say, by what spell, above, below,  
 "In stars that wink or flowers that blow,  
     " I may discover,  
     " Ere night is over,  
 " Whether my love loves me, or no,  
 " Whether my love loves me."
- "Maiden, the dark tree nigh thee  
 "Hath charms no gold could buy thee;  
     " Its stem enchanted,  
     " By moon-elves planted,  
 " Will all thou seek'st supply thee.  
 "Climb to yon boughs that highest grow,  
 "Bring thence their fairest leaf below;  
     " And thou 'lt discover,  
     " Ere night is over,  
 " Whether thy love loves thee or no,  
 " Whether thy love loves thee."
- " See, up the dark tree going,  
 " With blossoms round me blowing,  
     " From thence, oh Father,  
     " This leaf I gather,  
 " Fairest that there is growing.  
 " Say, by what sign I now shall know  
 " If in this leaf lie bliss or woe  
     " And thus discover  
     " Ere night is over,  
 " Whether my love loves me or no,  
 " Whether my love loves me."

"Fly to yon fount that 's welling  
 "Where moonbeam ne'er had dwelling,  
     "Dip in its water  
     " That leaf, oh Daughter,  
 "And mark the tale 't is telling;  
 "Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,  
 "List thou, the while, that fountain's flow,  
     " And thou 'lt discover  
     " Whether thy lover,  
 "Loved as he is, loves thee or no,  
 "Loved as he is, loves thee."

Forth flew the nymph, delighted,  
 To seek that fount benighted;

    But, scarce a minute

    The leaf lay in it,

When, lo, its bloom was blighted!

And as she ask'd, with voice of woe —

Listening, the while, that fountain's flow —

    " Shall I recover

    " My truant lover?"

The fountain seem'd to answer, "No;"

The fountain answered, "No."

### CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

A HUNTER once in that grove reclined,

    To shun the noon's bright eye,

And oft he wooed the wandering wind,

    To cool his brow with its sigh.

While mute lay even the wild bee's hum,

    Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,

His song was still "Sweet air, oh come!"

    While Echo answered, "Come, sweet Air!"

\* The ancients had a mode of divination somewhat similar to this; and we find the Emperor Adrian, when he went to consult the Fountain of Castalia, plucking a bay-leaf and dipping it into the sacred water.

But, hark, what sounds from the thicket rise!  
 What meaneth that rustling spray?  
 "T is the white-horn'd doe," the Hunter cries,  
 "I have sought since break of day."  
 Quick o'er the sunny glade he springs,  
 The arrow flies from his sounding bow,  
 "Hilliho — hilliho!" he gaily sings,  
 While Echo sighs forth "Hilliho!"

Alas, 't was not the white-horn'd doe  
 He saw in the rustling grove,  
 But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,  
 Of his own young wedded love.  
 And, ah, too sure that arrow sped,  
 For pale at his feet he sees her lie; —  
 "I die, I die," was all she said,  
 While Echo murmur'd, "I die, I die!"

---

### YOUTH AND AGE.\*

"TELL me, what 's Love?" said Youth, one day,  
 To drooping Age, who crost his way. —  
 "It is a sunny hour of play,  
 "For which repentance dear doth pay;  
 "Repentance! Repentance!"  
 "And this is Love, as wise men say."  
 "Tell me, what 's Love?" said Youth once more,  
 Fearful, yet fond, of Age's lore. —  
 "Soft as a passing summer's wind,  
 "Would'st know the blight it leaves behind?  
 "Repentance! Repentance!"  
 "And this is Love — when love is o'er."

\* The air, to which I have adapted these words, was composed by Mrs. Arkwright to some old verses, "Tell me what 's love, kind shepherd, pray?" and it has been my object to retain as much of the structure and phraseology of the original words as possible.

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth again,  
 Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.  
 "Sweet as a May tree's scented air —  
 "Mark ye what bitter fruit 't will bear,  
     "Repentance! Repentance!  
     This, this is Love — sweet Youth, beware."  
 Just then, young Love himself came by,  
 And cast on Youth a smiling eye;  
 Who could resist that glance's ray?  
 In vain did Age his warning say,  
     "Repentance! Repentance!"  
 Youth laughing went with Love away.

---

### THE DYING WARRIOR.

A WOUNDED Chieftain, lying  
     By the Danube's leafy side,  
 Thus faintly said, in dying,  
     "O! bear, thou foaming tide,  
     "This gift to my lady-bride."  
 'T was then, in life's last quiver,  
     He flung the scarf he wore  
 Into the foaming river,  
     Which, ah too quickly, bore  
     That pledge of one no more!  
 With fond impatience burning,  
     The Chieftain's lady stood,  
 To watch her love returning  
     In triumph down the flood,  
     From that day's field of blood.  
 But, field, alas, ill-fated!  
     The lady saw, instead  
 Of the bark whose speed she waited,  
     Her hero's scarf, all red  
     With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek — and all was over —  
 Her life-pulse ceased to beat;  
 The gloomy waves now cover  
 That bridal-flower so sweet,  
 And the scarf is her winding sheet!

---

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

“COME, if thy magic Glass have power  
 “To call up forms we sigh to see;  
 “Show me my love, in that rosy bower,  
 “Where last she pledged her truth to me.”

The Wizard show’d him his Lady bright,  
 Where lone and pale in her bow’r she lay;  
 “True-hearted maid,” said the happy Knight,  
 “She’s thinking of one, who is far away.”

But, lo! a page, with looks of joy,  
 Brings tidings to the Lady’s ear;  
 “T is,” said the Knight, “the same bright boy,  
 “Who used to guide me to my dear.”

The Lady now, from her fav’rite tree,  
 Hath, smiling, pluck’d a rosy flower;  
 “Such,” he exclaim’d, “was the gift that she  
 “Each morning sent me from that bower!”

She gives her page the blooming rose,  
 With looks that say, “Like lightning, fly!”  
 “Thus,” thought the Knight, “she soothes her woes,  
 By fancying, still, her true-love nigh.”

But the page returns, and — oh, what a sight,  
 For trusting lover’s eyes to see! —  
 Leads to that bower another Knight,  
 As young and, alas, as loved as he!

“Such,” quoth the Youth, “is Woman’s love!”  
 Then, darting forth, with furious bound,

Dash'd at the Mirror his iron glove,  
 And strew'd it all in fragments round.

## MORAL.

Such ills would never have come to pass,  
 Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;  
 The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,  
 And the Knight still thought his Lady true.

## THE PILGRIM.

STILL thus, when twilight gleam'd,  
 Far off his Castle seem'd,  
     Traced on the sky;  
 And still, as fancy bore him,  
 To those dim towers before him  
 He gazed, with wishful eye,  
     And thought his home was nigh.  
 "Hall of my Sires!" he said,  
 "How long, with weary tread,  
     "Must I toil on?"  
 "Each eye, as thus I wander,  
 "Thy towers seem rising yonder,  
 "But, scarce hath daylight shone,  
     "When, like a dream, thou'rt gone!"  
 So went the Pilgrim still,  
 Down dale and over hill,  
     Day after day;  
 That glimpse of home, so cheering,  
 At twilight still appearing,  
 But still, with morning's ray,  
     Melting, like mist, away!  
 Where rests the Pilgrim now?  
 Here, by this cypress bough,  
     Closed his career;



That dream, of fancy's weaving,  
 No more his steps deceiving,  
 Alike past hope and fear,  
 The Pilgrim's home is here.

---

### THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.

In vain all the Knights of the Underwald wooed her,  
 Tho' brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;  
 Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they sued her,  
 But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

"Whomsoever I wed," said this maid, so excell'g,  
 "That Knight must the conqu'ror of conquerors be;  
 "He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in; —  
 "None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye!"

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round her  
 On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree;  
 Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,  
 And worshipp'd at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight, from a far land to woo her,  
 With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea;  
 His vizor was down — but, with voice that thrill'd through her,  
 He whisper'd his vows to the high-born Ladye.

"Proud maiden! I come with high spousals to grace thee,  
 "In me the great conqu'ror of conquerors see;  
 "Enthroned in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,  
 "And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born Ladye!"

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her,  
 Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she;  
 And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd her  
 In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

"But whither," she, starting, exclaims, "have you led me?  
 "Here 's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree;  
 "Is *this* the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me?"  
 With scorn in her glance said the high-born Ladye.

“’T is the home,” he replied, “of earth’s loftiest creatures” —  
 Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see;  
 But she sunk on the ground — ’t was a skeleton’s features,  
 And Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye!

---

### THE INDIAN BOAT.

’T WAS midnight dark,  
 The seaman’s bark,  
 Swift o’er the waters bore him,  
 When, through the night,  
 He spied a light  
 Shoot o’er the wave before him.  
 “A sail! a sail!” he cries;  
 “She comes from the Indian shore,  
 “And to-night shall be our prize,  
 “With her freight of golden ore:  
 “Sail on! sail on!”  
 When morning shone  
 He saw the gold still clearer;  
 But, though so fast  
 The waves he pass’d,  
 That boat seem’d never the nearer.  
 Bright daylight came,  
 And still the same  
 Rich bark before him floated;  
 While on the prize  
 His wishful eyes  
 Like any young lover’s doated:  
 “More sail! more sail!” he cries,  
 While the waves o’ertop the mast;  
 And his bounding galley flies,  
 Like an arrow before the blast.  
 Thus on, and on,  
 Till day was gone,  
 And the moon through heaven did hie her,

He swept the main ,  
 But all in vain ,  
 That boat seem'd never the nigher.

And many a day  
 To night gave way,  
 And many a morn succeeded :  
 While still his flight ,  
 Through day and night ,  
 That restless mariner speeded.  
 Who knows — who knows what seas  
 He is now careering o'er?  
 Behind, the eternal breeze ,  
 And that mocking bark, before !  
 For, oh, till sky  
 And earth shall die,  
 And their death leave none to rue it,  
 That boat must flee  
 O'er the boundless sea ,  
 And that ship in vain pursue it.

---

### THE STRANGER.

Come list, while I tell of the heart-wounded Stranger  
 Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground ;  
 Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger  
 Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.

None e'er knew the name of that heart-stricken lady,  
 Her language, though sweet, none could e'er understand ;  
 But her features so sunn'd, and her eyelash so shady,  
 Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

'T was one summer night, when the village lay sleeping,  
 A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears ;  
 So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping,  
 Like music that Sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

We thought 't was an anthem some angel had sung us ; —  
But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high,  
With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,  
All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from the sky.

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,  
For pale was her cheek, with that spirit-like hue,  
Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended,  
And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes, when she sung — oh, but once to have seen them —  
Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart ;  
While her looks and her voice made a language between them,  
That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a day-dream, no skill could restore her —  
Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin came fast ;  
She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her,  
That song of past days on her lips to the last.

Nor ev'n in the grave is her sad heart reposing —  
Still hovers the spirit of grief round her tomb ;  
For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing,  
The same strain of music is heard through the gloom.

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# A M E L O L O G U E

## NATIONAL MUSIC.

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### ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste; and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I certainly should not have published them if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using "the outlandish term, *monopoly*." But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude, with whom, "If 't is not sense, at least 't is Greek." To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that by "Melologue," I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad in the Athalie of Racine.

T. M.

---

## A SHORT STRAIN OF MUSIC FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

**T**HERE breathes a language, known and felt  
 Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;  
 Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,  
 That language of the soul is felt and known.  
 From those meridian plains,  
 Where oft, of old, on some high tower,  
 The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,  
 And call'd his distant love with such sweet power,  
 That, when she heard the lonely lay,  
 Not worlds could keep her from his arms away,\*  
 To the bleak climes of polar night,  
 Where blithe, beneath a sunless sky,  
 The Lapland lover bids his rein-deer fly,  
 And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,  
 Gaily as if the blessed light  
 Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow;  
 Oh Music! thy celestial claim  
 Is still resistless, still the same;  
 And, faithful as the mighty sea  
 To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,  
 The spell-bound tides  
 Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

## GREEK AIR.

List! 't is a Grecian maid that sings,  
 While, from Ilissus' silvery springs,  
 She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn;  
 And by her side, in Music's charm dissolving,  
 Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,  
 Dreams of bright days that never can return;

\* "A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried out, 'For God's sake, Sir, let me go; for that pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife, and he my husband.'" — *Garcilasso de la Vega*, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation.

When Athens nursed her olive bough,  
 With hands by tyrant power unchain'd;  
 And braided for the muse's brow  
 A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd.  
 When heroes trod each classic field  
 Where coward feet now faintly falter;  
 When every arm was Freedom's shield,  
 And every heart was Freedom's altar!

FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS.

Hark, 't is the sound that charms  
 The war-steed's wakening ears! —  
 Oh! many a mother folds her arms  
 Round her boy-soldier when that call she hears;  
 And, though her fond heart sink with fears,  
 Is proud to feel his young pulse bound  
 With valour's fever at the sound.  
 See, from his native hills afar  
 The rude Helvetian flies to war;  
 Careless for what, for whom he fights,  
 For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;  
 A conqueror oft — a hero never —  
 Yet lavish of his life-blood still,  
 As if 't were like his mountain rill,  
 And gush'd for ever!

Yes, Music, here, even here,  
 Amid this thoughtless, vague career,  
 Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power. —  
 There's a wild air which oft, among the rocks  
 Of his own loved land, at evening hour,  
 Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks,  
 Whose every note hath power to thrill his mind  
 With tenderest thoughts; to bring around his knees  
 The rosy children whom he left behind,  
 And fill each little angel eye  
 With speaking tears, that ask him why  
 He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these.

Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar;  
 Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears;  
 And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,  
 Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears.

SWISS AIR. — "RANZ DES VACHES."

But, wake the trumpet's blast again,  
 And rouse the ranks of warrior-men!  
 Oh War, when Truth thy arm employs,  
 And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,  
 'T is then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,  
 And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys.  
 Nor, Music, through thy breathing sphere,  
 Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear  
 Of Him who made all harmony,  
 Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking,  
 And the first hymn that man, awaking  
 From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

SPANISH CHORUS.

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,  
 Bursts the bold, enthusiast strain,  
 Like morning's music on the air;  
 And seems, in every note, to swear  
 By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,  
 By brave Gerona's deathful story,  
 That, while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,  
 That blood shall stain the conqueror's glory.

SPANISH AIR. — "YA DESPERTO."

But ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,  
 If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light  
 Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,  
 Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right —  
 What song shall then in sadness tell  
 Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,



Of buried hopes, remember'd well,  
Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded?  
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,  
In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine?  
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?  
Oh Erin, Thine!

---

# SET OF GLEES.

MUSIC BY MOORE.

---

## THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

WHEN o'er the silent seas alone,  
 For days and nights we've cheerless gone,  
 Oh they who've felt it know how sweet,  
 Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,  
 "Ship ahoy!" our joyful cry;  
 While answering back the sounds we hear,  
 "Ship ahoy!" what cheer? what cheer?

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come,  
 Kind words are said of friends and home;  
 And soon, too soon, we part with pain,  
 To sail o'er silent seas again.

---

## HIP, HIP, HURRAH!

COME, fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,  
 He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to him;  
 Here's the girl that each loves, be her eye of what hue,  
 Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but true.

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come charge high, again, boy, nor let the full wine  
 Leave a space in the brimmer, where daylight may shine;

Here 's "the friends of our youth — tho' of some we 're bereft,  
 May the links that are lost but endear what are left!"

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Once more fill a bumper — ne'er talk of the hour;

On hearts thus united old Time has no pow'r.

May our lives, tho', alas! like the wine of to-night,

They must soon have an end, to the last flow as bright.

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Quick, quick, now, I'll give you, since Time's glass will run

Ev'n faster than ours doth, three bumpers in one;

Here 's the poet who sings — here 's the warrior who fights —

Here 's the statesman who speaks, in the cause of men's rights!

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come, once more, a bumper! — then drink as you please,

Tho', *who* could fill half-way to toast such as these?

Here 's our next joyous meeting — and oh when we meet,

May our wine be as bright and our union as sweet!

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

---

### HUSH, HUSH!

"HUSH, hush!" — how well

That sweet word sounds,

When Love, the little sentinel,

Walks his night-rounds;

Then, if a foot but dare

One rose-leaf crush,

Myriads of voices in the air

Whisper, "Hush, hush!"

"Hark, hark, 't is he!"

The night elves cry,

And hush their fairy harmony,

While he steals by;

But if his silv'ry feet

One dew-drop brush,

Voices are heard in chorus sweet,  
Whispering, "Hush, hush!"

---

### THE PARTING BEFORE THE BATTLE.

HE.

ON to the field, our doom is seal'd,  
To conquer or be slaves:  
This sun shall see our nation free,  
Or set upon our graves.

SHE.

Farewell, oh farewell, my love,  
May Heaven thy guardian be,  
And send bright angels from above  
To bring thee back to me.

HE.

On to the field, the battle-field,  
Where freedom's standard waves,  
This sun shall see our tyrant yield,  
Or shine upon our graves.

---

### THE WATCHMAN.

A TRIO.

WATCHMAN.

PAST twelve o'clock — past twelve.

Good night, good night, my dearest —  
How fast the moments fly!  
'T is time to part, thou hearest  
That hateful watchman's cry.

WATCHMAN.

Past one o'clock — past one.

Yet stay a moment longer —  
Alas! why is it so.

The wish to stay grows stronger,  
The more 'tis time to go?

WATCHMAN.

Past two o'clock — past two.

Now wrap thy cloak about thee —  
The hours must sure go wrong,  
For when they're past without thee,  
They're, oh, ten times as long.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock — past three.

Again that dreadful warning!  
Had ever time such flight?  
And see the sky, 't is morning —  
So now, *indeed*, good night.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock — past three.

Good night, good night.

### SAY, WHAT SHALL WE DANCE?

SAY, what shall we dance?  
Shall we bound along the moonlight plain,  
To music of Italy, Greece, or Spain?

Say, what shall we dance?  
Shall we, like those who rove  
Through bright Grenada's grove,  
To the light Bolero's measures move?  
Or choose the Guaracia's languishing lay,  
And thus to its sound die away?

Strike the gay chords,  
Let us hear each strain from ev'ry shore  
That music haunts, or young feet wander o'er.  
Hark! 't is the light march, to whose measured time,

The Polish lady, by her lover led,  
 Delights through gay saloons with step untired to tread,  
 Or sweeter still, through moonlight walks  
 Whose shadows serve to hide  
 The blush that 's raised by him who talks  
 Of love the while by her side,  
 Then comes the smooth waltz, to whose floating sound  
 Like dreams we go gliding around,  
 Say, which shall we dance? which shall we dance?

---

### THE EVENING GUN.

REMEMBER'ST thou that setting sun,  
     The last I saw with thee,  
 When loud we heard the evening gun  
     Peal o'er the twilight sea?  
 Boom! — the sounds appear'd to sweep  
     Far o'er the verge of day,  
 Till, into realms beyond the deep,  
     They seem'd to die away.  
 Oft, when the toils of day are done,  
     In pensive dreams of thee,  
 I sit to hear that evening gun,  
     Peal o'er the stormy sea.  
 Boom! — and while, o'er billows curl'd,  
     The distant sounds decay,  
 I weep and wish, from this rough world  
     Like them to die away.

---

**BALLADS, SONGS,  
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,  
ETC.**

---

**TO-DAY, DEAREST! IS OURS.**

**T**O-DAY, dearest! is ours;  
 Why should Love carelessly lose it?  
 This life shines or low'rs  
 Just as we, weak mortals, use it.  
 'T is time enough, when its flow'rs decay,  
 To think of the thorns of Sorrow;  
 And Joy, if left on the stem to-day,  
 May wither before to-morrow.

Then why, dearest! so long  
 Let the sweet moments fly over?  
 Though now, blooming and young,  
 Thou hast me devoutly thy lover,  
 Yet Time from both, in his silent lapse,  
 Some treasure may steal or borrow;  
 Thy charms may be less in bloom, perhaps,  
 Or I less in love to-morrow.

---

**WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS.**

**W**HEN on the lip the sigh delays,  
 As if 't would linger there for ever;  
 When eyes would give the world to gaze,  
 Yet still look down, and venture never;

When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,  
 There 's one we dream of more than any—  
 If all this is not real love,  
 'T is something wond'rous like it, Fanny!

To think and ponder, when apart,  
 On all we 've got to say at meeting;  
 And yet when near, with heart to heart,  
 Sit mute, and listen to their beating:  
 To see but one bright object move,  
 The only moon, where stars are many—  
 If all this is not downright love,  
 I prithee say what *is*, my Fanny!

When Hope foretells the brightest, best,  
 Though Reason on the darkest reckons;  
 When Passion drives us to the west,  
 Though Prudence to the eastward beckons;  
 When all turns round, below, above,  
 And our own heads the most of any—  
 If this is not stark, staring love,  
 Then you and I are sages, Fanny.

---

### HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

HERE, take my heart — 't will be safe in thy keeping,  
 While I go wand'ring o'er land and o'er sea;  
 Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,  
 What need I care, so my heart is with thee?

If, in the race we are destined to run, love,  
 They who have light hearts the happiest be,  
 Then, happier still must be they who have none, love,  
 And that will be *my* case when mine is with thee.

It matters not where I may now be a rover,  
 I care not how many bright eyes I may see;  
 Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,  
 I 'd tell her I couldn't — my heart is with thee.



And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder —  
 For, even should Fortune turn truant to me,  
 Why, let her go — I've a treasure beyond her,  
 As long as my heart 's out at int'rest with thee!

---

### OH, CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME.

OH, call it by some better name,  
 For Friendship sounds too cold,  
 While Love is now a worldly flame,  
 Whose shrine must be of gold;  
 And Passion, like the sun at noon,  
 That burns o'er all he sees,  
 Awhile as warm, will set as soon —  
 Then, call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,  
 More free from stain of clay  
 Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,  
 Yet human still as they:  
 And if thy lip, for love like this,  
 No mortal word can frame,  
 Go, ask of angels what it is,  
 And call it by that name!

---

### POOR WOUNDED HEART.

POOR wounded heart, farewell!  
 Thy hour of rest is come;  
 Thou soon wilt reach thy home,  
 Poor wounded heart, farewell!  
 The pain thou 'lt feel in breaking  
 Less bitter far will be,  
 Than that long, deadly aching,  
 This life has been to thee.

There — broken heart, farewell!  
 The pang is o'er —  
 The parting pang is o'er;  
 Thou now wilt bleed no more,  
 Poor broken heart, farewell!  
 No rest for thee but dying —  
 Like waves, whose strife is past,  
 On death's cold shore thus lying,  
 Thou sleep'st in peace at last —  
 Poor broken heart, farewell!

---

### THE EAST INDIAN.

COME, May, with all thy flowers,  
 Thy sweetly-scented thorn,  
 Thy cooling ev'ning showers,  
 Thy fragrant breath at morn:  
 When May-flies haunt the willow,  
 When May-buds tempt the bee,  
 Then o'er the shining billow  
 My love will come to me.

From Eastern Isles she 's winging  
 Through wat'ry wilds her way,  
 And on her cheek is bringing  
 The bright sun's orient ray:  
 Oh, come and court her hither,  
 Ye breezes mild and warm —  
 One winter's gale would wither  
 So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying  
 Are blest with endless light,  
 With zephyrs always playing  
 Through gardens always bright.  
 Then now, sweet May! be sweeter  
 Than e'er thou 'st been before;

Let sighs from roses meet her  
When she comes near our shore.

---

### POOR BROKEN FLOWER.

POOR broken flow'r! what art can now recover thee?  
Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy breath —  
In vain the sun-beams seek  
To warm that faded cheek;  
The dews of heav'n, that once like balm fell over thee,  
Now are but tears, to weep thy early death.

So droops the maid whose lover hath forsaken her, —  
Thrown from his arms, as lone and lost as thou;  
In vain the smiles of all  
Like sun-beams round her fall;  
The only smile that could from death awaken her,  
That smile, alas! is gone to others now.

---

### THE PRETTY ROSE-TREE.

BEING weary of love,  
I flew to the grove,  
And chose me a tree of the fairest;  
Saying, "Pretty Rose-tree,  
"Thou my mistress shalt be,  
"And I'll worship each bud thou bearest.  
"For the hearts of this world are hollow,  
"And fickle the smiles we follow;  
"And 't is sweet, when all  
"Their witch'ries pall  
"To have a pure love to fly to:  
"So, my pretty Rose-tree,  
"Thou my mistress shalt be,  
"And the only one now I shall sigh to."

When the beautiful hue  
 Of thy cheek through the dew  
 Of morning is bashfully peeping,  
 "Sweet tears," I shall say  
 (As I brush them away),  
 "At least there 's no art in this weeping."  
 Although thou shouldst die to-morrow,  
 'T will not be from pain or sorrow;  
 And the thorns of thy stem  
 Are not like them  
 With which men wound each other :  
 So my pretty Rose-tree,  
 Thou my mistress shalt be,  
 And I 'll ne'er again sigh to another.

---

### SHINE OUT, STARS!

SHINE out, Stars! let Heav'n assemble  
 Round us every festal ray,  
 Lights that move not, lights that tremble,  
 All to grace this Eve of May.  
 Let the flow'r-beds all lie waking,  
 And the odours shut up there,  
 From their downy prisons breaking,  
 Fly abroad through sea and air.  
 And would Love, too, bring his sweetness,  
 With our other joys to weave,  
 Oh what glory, what completeness,  
 Then would crown this bright May Eve!  
 Shine out, Stars! let night assemble  
 Round us every festal ray,  
 Lights that move not, lights that tremble,  
 To adorn this Eve of May.

---

## THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF GRENADA.

OH, the joys of our ev'ning posada,  
 Where, resting at close of day,  
 We, young Muleteers of Grenada,  
 Sit and sing the sunshine away;  
 So merry, that even the slumbers,  
 That round us hung, seem gone;  
 Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers  
 Again beguile them on.  
 Oh the joys, &c.

Then as each to his lov'd sultana  
 In sleep still breathes the sigh,  
 The name of some black-eyed Tirana  
 Escapes our lips as we lie.  
 Till, with morning's rosy twinkle,  
 Again we 're up and gone —  
 While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkle  
 Beguiles the rough way on.  
 Oh the joys of our merry posada,  
 Where, resting at close of day,  
 We, young Muleteers of Grenada,  
 Thus sing the gay moments away.

---

 TELL HER, OH, TELL HER.

TELL her, oh, tell her, the lute she left lying  
 Beneath the green arbour, is still lying there;  
 And breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing,  
 But not a soft whisper replies to their pray'r.

Tell her, oh, tell her, the tree that, in going,  
 Beside the green arbour she playfully set,  
 As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,  
 And not a bright leaflet has fall'n from it yet.

So while away from that arbour forsaken,  
 The maiden is wandering, still let her be  
 As true as the lute, that no sighing can waken,  
 And blooming for ever, unchanged as the tree!

---

### NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

NIGHTS of music, nights of loving,  
 Lost too soon, remember'd long,  
 When we went by moonlight roving,  
 Hearts all love and lips all song.  
 When this faithful lute recorded  
 All my spirit felt to thee;  
 And that smile the song rewarded —  
 Worth whole years of fame to me!

Nights of song, and nights of splendour,  
 Fill'd with joys too sweet to last —  
 Joys that, like the star-light, tender,  
 While they shone, no shadow cast.  
 Though all other happy hours  
 From my fading mem'ry fly,  
 Of that star-light, of those bowers,  
 Not a beam, a leaf shall die!

---

### OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

OUR first young love resembles  
 That short but brilliant ray,  
 Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles  
 Through April's earliest day.  
 And not all life before us,  
 Howe'er its lights may play,  
 Can shed a lustre o'er us  
 Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander  
 A blaze serener, grander;  
     Our autumn beam  
     May, like a dream  
 Of heav'n, die calm away;  
 But, no — let life before us  
 Bring all the light it may,  
 'T will ne'er shed lustre o'er us  
 Like that first youthful ray.

---

### BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

THE brilliant black eye  
 May in triumph let fly  
 All its darts without caring who feels 'em;  
     But the soft eye of blue,  
     Though it scatter wounds too,  
 Is much better pleased when it heals 'em —  
     Dear Fanny!  
 Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.  
     The black eye may say,  
     “Come and worship my ray —  
 “By adoring, perhaps you may move me!”  
     But the blue eye, half hid,  
     Says, from under its lid,  
 “I love, and am yours, if you love me!”  
     Yes, Fanny!  
     The blue eye, half hid,  
     Says, from under its lid,  
 “I love, and am yours, if you love me!”  
     Come tell me, then, why,  
     In that lovely blue eye,  
 Not a charm of its tint I discover;  
     Oh why should you wear  
     The only blue pair  
 That ever said “No” to a lover?

Dear Fanny!  
 Oh, why should you wear  
 The only blue pair  
 That ever said "No" to a lover?

---

### DEAR FANNY.

"SHE has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool;  
 "She has wit, but you mustn't be caught so:"  
 Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,  
 And 't is not the first time I have thought so,  
     Dear Fanny.  
 'T is not the first time I have thought so.

"She is lovely; then love her, nor let the bliss fly;  
 "'T is the charm of youth's vanishing season:"  
 Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny  
 That Love reasons much better than Reason,  
     Dear Fanny?  
 Love reasons much better than Reason.

---

### FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, say, who would not fly?  
 For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?  
 Hark! — hark! 't is the trumpet! the call of the brave,  
 The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave.  
 Our country lies bleeding — haste, haste to her aid;  
 One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains —  
 The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.  
 On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed  
 For virtue and mankind' are heroes indeed.  
 And oh, ev'n if Freedom from *this* world be driven,  
 Despair not — at least we shall find her in heaven.

---



## HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE'S the bower she loved so much ,

And the tree she planted ;

Here's the harp she used to touch —

Oh, how that touch enchanted !

Roses now unheeded sigh ;

Where's the hand to wreath them ?

Songs around neglected lie ;

Where's the lip to breathe them ?

Here's the bower, &c.

Spring may bloom, but she we loved

Ne'er shall feel its sweetness ;

Time, that once so fleetly moved,

Now hath lost its fleetness.

Years were days, when here she stray'd,

Days were moments near her ;

Heaven ne'er form'd a brighter maid,

Nor Pity wept a dearer !

Here's the bower, &c.

## I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I SAW the moon rise clear

O'er hills and vales of snow,

Nor told my fleet rein-deer

The track I wish'd to go.

Yet quick he bounded forth ;

For well my rein-deer knew

I've but one path on earth —

The path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter cast

How soon the heart forgets,

When Summer brings, at last,

Her sun that never sets !

So dawn'd my love for you ;  
 So, fix'd through joy and pain,  
 Than summer sun more true,  
 'Twill never set again.

---

### LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

YOUNG Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,  
 Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sunbeam play'd ;  
 "Why thus in darkness lie?" whisper'd young Love,  
 "Thou, whose gay hours in sunshine should move."  
 "I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the warm sun,  
 "So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one."

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,  
 And placed her where Heav'n's beam warmly play'd.  
 There she reclined, beneath Love's gazing eye,  
 While, mark'd all with sunshine, her hours flew by.  
 "Oh, how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid,  
 "That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam 's o'er,  
 And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.  
 Alone and neglected, while bleak rain and winds  
 Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds  
 That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours, —  
 Then left the remainder to darkness and showers!

---

### LOVE AND TIME.

'Tis said — but whether true or not  
 Let bards declare who've seen 'em —  
 That Love and Time have only got  
 One pair of wings between 'em.  
 In courtship's first delicious hour,  
 The boy full oft can spare 'em ;

So, loitering in his lady's bower,  
 He lets the grey-beard wear 'em.  
 Then is Time's hour of play;  
 Oh, how he flies, flies away!

But short the moments, short as bright,  
 When he the wings can borrow;  
 If Time to-day has had his flight,  
 Love takes his turn to-morrow.

Ah! Time and Love, your change is then  
 The saddest and most trying,  
 When one begins to limp again,  
 And t'other takes to flying.  
 Then is Love's hour to stray;  
 Oh, how he flies, flies away!

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,  
 And bless the silken fetter,  
 Who knows, the dear one, how to deal  
 With Love and Time much better.  
 So well she checks their wanderings,  
 So peacefully she pairs 'em,  
 That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,  
 And Time for ever wears 'em.  
 This is Time's holyday;  
 Oh, how he flies, flies away!

---

### LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us —  
 Youth may wither, but feeling will last;  
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us  
 Love's light summer-cloud only shall cast.  
 Oh, if to love thee more  
 Each hour I number o'er —  
 If this a passion be  
 Worthy of thee,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.

Charms may wither, but feeling shall last :  
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee ,  
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain thee ,  
 Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal ;  
 Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain thee ,  
 Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.

Oh, if there be a charm  
 In love, to banish harm —  
 If pleasure's truest spell  
 Be to love well,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.

Charms may wither, but feeling shall last :  
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee ,  
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

## LOVE, WAND'RING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE.

Love, wand'ring through the golden maze  
 Of my beloved's hair,  
 Traced every lock with fond delays,  
 And, doting, linger'd there.  
 And soon he found 't were vain to fly ;  
 His heart was close confined ,  
 For, every ringlet was a tie —  
 A chain by beauty twined.

## MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,  
 Merrily, oh !  
 Where the song of Freedom soundeth,  
 Merrily, oh !

There the warrior's arms  
   Shed more splendour;  
 There the maiden's charms  
   Shine more tender;  
 Every joy the land surroundeth,  
   Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!  
 Wearily every bosom pineth,  
   Wearily, oh!  
 Where the bond of slavery twineth  
   Wearily, oh!  
 There the warrior's dart  
   Hath no fleetness;  
 There the maiden's heart  
   Hath no sweetness —  
 Every flower of life declineth,  
   Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!  
 Cheerily then from hill and valley,  
   Cheerily, oh!  
 Like your native fountains sally,  
   Cheerily, oh!  
 If a glorious death,  
   Won by bravery,  
 Sweeter be than breath  
   Sigh'd in slavery,  
 Round the flag of Freedom rally,  
   Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

---

### REMEMBER THE TIME.

#### THE CASTILIAN MAID.

REMEMBER the time, in La Mancha's shades,  
   When our moments so blissfully flew;  
 When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maids,  
   And I blush'd to be call'd so by you;  
 When I taught you to warble the gay seguedille,  
   And to dance to the light castanet;

Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,  
The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle,  
Every hour a new passion can feel;  
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,  
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.  
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,  
Or they never could think you would rove;  
For 't is always the spirit most gallant in war  
That is fondest and truest in love.

---

### OH, SOON RETURN.

OUR white sail caught the evening ray,  
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,  
When all the weeping maid could say  
Was, "Oh, soon return!"

Through many a clime our ship was driven,  
O'er many a billow rudely thrown;  
Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,  
Now sunn'd in summer's zone:  
And still, where'er we bent our way,  
When evening bid the west wave burn,  
I fancied still I heard her say,  
"Oh, soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found  
Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,  
'T was when the combat raged around,  
And brave men look'd to me.  
But though the war-field's wild alarm  
For gentle Love was all unmeet,  
He lent to Glory's brow the charm,  
Which made even danger sweet.  
And still, when victory's calm came o'er  
The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,

Those parting words I heard once more,  
 "Oh, soon return! — Oh, soon return!"

---

### LOVE THEE?

Love thee? — so well, so tenderly  
 Thou 'rt loved, adored by me,  
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,  
 Were worthless without thee.  
 Though brimm'd with blessings, pure and rare,  
 Life's cup before me lay,  
 Unless thy love were mingled there,  
 I'd spurn the draught away.  
 Love thee? — so well, so tenderly  
 Thou 'rt loved, adored by me,  
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,  
 Are worthless without thee.

Without thy smile, the monarch's lot  
 To me were dark and lone,  
 While, *with it*, ev'n the humblest cot  
 Were brighter than his throne.  
 Those worlds, for which the conqueror sighs,  
 For me would have no charms;  
 My only world thy gentle eyes —  
 My throne thy circling arms!  
 Oh, yes, so well, so tenderly  
 Thou 'rt loved, adored by me,  
 Whole realms of light and liberty  
 Were worthless without thee.

---

### ONE DEAR SMILE.

COULDEST thou look as dear as when  
 First I sigh'd for thee;  
 Couldst thou make me feel again

Every wish I breath'd thee then ,  
 Oh, how blissful life would be!  
 Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,  
 Joys, that lie in slumber cold —  
 All would wake, couldst thou but give me  
 One dear smile like those of old.  
  
 No — there 's nothing left us now,  
 But to mourn the past;  
 Vain was every ardent vow —  
 Never yet did Heaven allow  
 Love so warm, so wild, to last.  
 Not even hope could now deceive me -  
 Life itself looks dark and cold:  
 Oh, thou never more canst give me  
 One dear smile like those of old.

---

### YES, YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

YES, yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,  
 He 'll turn into friendship that feels no decay;  
 And, though Time may take from him the wings he once wore,  
 The charms that remain will be bright as before,  
 And he 'll lose but his young trick of flying away.  
  
 Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,  
 That Friendship our last happy moments will crown:  
 Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away,  
 While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,  
 Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

---

### THE DAY OF LOVE.

THE beam of morning trembling  
 Stole o'er the mountain brook,  
 With timid ray resembling  
 Affection's early look.  
 Thus love begins — sweet morn of love!



The noon-tide ray ascended,  
 And o'er the valley's stream  
 Diffused a glow as splendid  
 As passion's riper dream.  
 Thus love expands — warm noon of love!

But evening came, o'ershading  
 The glories of the sky,  
 Like faith and fondness fading  
 From passion's alter'd eye.  
 Thus love declines — cold eve of love!

---

### LUSITANIAN WAR-SONG.

THE song of war shall echo through our mountains,  
 Till not one hateful link remains  
 Of slavery's lingering chains;  
 Till not one tyrant tread our plains,  
 Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.  
 No! never till that glorious day  
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,  
 Or hear, oh Peace, thy welcome lay  
 Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,  
 Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,  
 "Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,  
 "And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,  
 "To gild your vines and light your fountains."  
 Oh, never till that glorious day  
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,  
 Or hear, sweet Peace, thy welcome lay  
 Resounding through her sunny mountains.

---

## THE YOUNG ROSE.

THE young rose I give thee, so dewy and bright,  
 Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night  
 Who oft, by the moon, o'er her blushes hath hung  
 And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life be  
 Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee;  
 For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,  
 She 'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

## WHEN 'MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

WHEN 'midst the gay I meet  
 That gentle smile of thine,  
 Though still on me it turns most sweet,  
 I scarce can call it mine:  
 But when to me alone  
 Your secret tears you show,  
 Oh, then I feel those tears my own,  
 And claim them while they flow.  
 Then still with bright looks bless  
 The gay, the cold, the free;  
 Give smiles to those who love you less,  
 But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep  
 Can smile in many a beam,  
 Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,  
 How bright soe'er it seem.  
 But, when some deep-felt ray,  
 Whose touch is fire, appears,  
 Oh, then the smile is warm'd away,  
 And, melting, turns to tears.  
 Then still with bright looks bless  
 The gay, the cold, the free;  
 Give smiles to those who love you less,  
 But keep your tears for me.

## WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dews are falling soft  
 Upon the rosy sea, love,  
 I watch the star, whose beam so oft  
 Has lighted me to thee, love.  
 And thou too, on that orb so dear,  
 Dost often gaze at even,  
 And think, though lost for ever here,  
 Thou 'lt yet be mine in heaven.  
 There 's not a garden walk I tread,  
 There 's not a flower I see, love,  
 But brings to mind some hope that 's fled,  
 Some joy that 's gone with thee, love.  
 And still I wish that hour was near,  
 When, friends and foes forgiven,  
 The pains, the ills we 've wept through here,  
 May turn to smiles in heaven.

## YOUNG JESSICA.

YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,  
 With heart o'er idle love-thoughts pining;  
 Her needle bright beside her lay,  
 So active once! — now idly shining.  
 Ah, Jessy, 't is in idle hearts  
 That love and mischief are most nimble;  
 The safest shield against the darts  
 Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.  
 The child, who with a magnet plays,  
 Well knowing all its arts, so wily,  
 The tempter near a needle lays,  
 And laughing says, "We 'll steal it slyly."  
 The needle, having nought to do,  
 Is pleased to let the magnet wheedle;  
 Till closer, closer come the two,  
 And — off, at length, elopes the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye  
To some gay reticule's construction,  
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,  
Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.  
Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,  
Your snowy fingers must be nimble;  
The safest shield against the darts  
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

---

### HOW HAPPY, ONCE.

How happy, once, tho' wing'd with sighs,  
My moments flew along,  
While looking on those smiling eyes,  
And list'ning to thy magic song!  
But vanish'd now, like summer dreams,  
Those moments smile no more;  
For me that eye no longer beams,  
That song for me is o'er.  
Mine the cold brow,  
That speaks thy alter'd vow,  
While others feel thy sunshine now.  
Oh, could I change my love like thee,  
One hope might yet be mine —  
Some other eyes as bright to see,  
And hear a voice as sweet as thine:  
But never, never can this heart  
Be waked to life again;  
With thee it lost its vital part,  
And wither'd then!  
Cold its pulse lies,  
And mute are ev'n its sighs,  
All other grief it now defies.

---

## I LOVE BUT THEE.

IF, after all, you still will doubt and fear me,  
 And think this heart to other loves will stray,  
 If I must swear, then, lovely doubter, hear me;  
 By ev'ry dream I have when thou 'rt away,  
 By ev'ry throb I feel when thou art near me,  
 I love but thee — I love but thee!

By those dark eyes, where light is ever playing,  
 Where Love, in depth of shadow, holds his throne,  
 And by those lips, which give whate'er thou 'rt saying,  
 Or grave or gay, a music of its own,  
 A music far beyond all minstrel's playing,  
 I love but thee — I love but thee!

By that fair brow, where Innocence reposes,  
 As pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow,  
 And by that cheek, whose fleeting blush discloses  
 A hue too bright to bless this world below,  
 And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,  
 I love but thee — I love but thee!

## LET JOY ALONE BE REMEMBER'D NOW.

LET thy joys alone be remember'd now,  
 Let thy sorrows go sleep awhile;  
 Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,  
 Let Love light it up with his smile.  
 For thus to meet, and thus to find,  
 That Time, whose touch can chill  
 Each flower of form, each grace of mind,  
 Hath left thee blooming still, —  
 Oh, joy alone should be thought of now,  
 Let our sorrows go sleep awhile;  
 Or, should thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,  
 Let Love light it up with his smile.

When the flowers of life's sweet garden fade,  
 If but *one* bright leaf remain,  
 Of the many that once its glory made,  
 It is not for us to complain.  
 But thus to meet and thus to wake  
 In all Love's early bliss;  
 Oh, Time all other gifts may take,  
 So he but leaves us this!  
 Then let joy alone be remember'd now,  
 Let our sorrows go sleep awhile;  
 Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er the brow,  
 Let Love light it up with his smile!

---

### LOVE THEE, DEAREST? LOVE THEE?

LOVE thee, dearest? love thee?  
 Yes, by yonder star I swear,  
 Which thro' tears above thee  
 Shines so sadly fair;  
 Though often dim,  
 With tears, like him,  
 Like him my truth will shine,  
 And — love thee, dearest? love thee?  
 Yes, till death I'm thine.  
 Leave thee, dearest? leave thee?  
 No, that star is not more true;  
 When my vows deceive thee,  
 He will wander too.  
 A cloud of night  
 May veil his light,  
 And death shall darken mine —  
 But — leave thee, dearest? leave thee?  
 No, till death I'm thine.

---

## MY HEART AND LUTE.

I GIVE thee all — I can no more —  
 Tho' poor the offering be;  
 My heart and lute are all the store  
 That I can bring to thee.  
 A lute whose gentle song reveals  
 The soul of love full well;  
 And, better far, a heart that feels  
 Much more than lute could tell.  
 Tho' love and song may fail, alas!  
 To keep life's clouds away,  
 At least 't will make them lighter pass  
 Or gild them if they stay.  
 And ev'n if Care, at moments, flings  
 A discord o'er life's happy strain,  
 Let Love but gently touch the strings,  
 'T will all be sweet again!

---

 PEACE, PEACE TO HIM THAT 'S GONE!

WHEN I am dead  
 Then lay my head  
 In some lone, distant dell,  
 Where voices ne'er  
 Shall stir the air,  
 Or break its silent spell.  
 If any sound  
 Be heard around,  
 Let the sweet bird alone,  
 That weeps in song,  
 Sing all night long,  
 "Peace, peace to him that 's gone!  
 Yet, oh, were mine  
 One sigh of thine,

One pitying word from thee,  
 Like gleams of heaven,  
 To sinners given,  
 Would be that word to me.

Howe'er unblest,  
 My shade would rest  
 While list'ning to that tone; —  
 Enough 't would be  
 To hear from thee,  
 "Peace, peace, to him that 's gone!"

---

### ROSE OF THE DESERT.

Rose of the Desert! thou, whose blushing ray,  
 Lonely and lovely, fleets unseen away;  
 No hand to cull thee, none to woo thy sigh, —  
 In vestal silence left to live and die, —  
 Rose of the Desert! thus should woman be,  
 Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like thee.

Rose of the Garden, how unlike thy doom!  
 Destined for others, not thyself, to bloom:  
 Cull'd e'er thy beauty lives through half its day;  
 A moment cherish'd, and then cast away;  
 Rose of the Garden! such is woman's lot, —  
 Worshipp'd, while blooming — when she fades, forgot.

---

### 'T IS ALL FOR THEE.

If life for me hath joy or light,  
 'T is all from thee,  
 My thoughts by day, my dreams by night,  
 Are but of thee, of only thee.  
 Whate'er of hope or peace I know,  
 My zest in joy, my balm in woe,  
 To those dear eyes of thine I owe,  
 'T is all from thee.



My heart, ev'n ere I saw those eyes,  
 Seem'd doom'd to thee;  
 Kept pure till then from other ties,  
 'T was all for thee, for only thee.  
 Like plants that sleep, till sunny May  
 Calls forth their life, my spirit lay,  
 Till, touch'd by Love's awak'ning ray,  
 It lived for thee, it lived for thee.

When Fame would call me to her heights,  
 She speaks by thee;  
 And dim would shine her proudest lights,  
 Unshared by thee, unshared by thee.  
 Whene'er I seek the Muse's shrine,  
 Where Bards have hung their wreaths divine,  
 And wish those wreaths of glory mine,  
 'T is all for thee, for only thee.

---

#### THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME. \*

THERE 's a song of the olden time,  
 Falling sad o'er the ear,  
 Like the dream of some village chime,  
 Which in youth we loved to hear.  
 And ev'n amidst the grand and gay,  
 When Music tries her gentlest art,  
 I never hear so sweet a lay,  
 Or one that hangs so round my heart,  
 As that song of the olden time,  
 Falling sad o'er the ear,  
 Like the dream of some village chime,  
 Which in youth we loved to hear.  
 And when all of this life is gone, —  
 Ev'n the hope', ling'ring now,

\* In this song, which is one of the many set to music by myself, the occasional lawlessness of the metre arises, I need hardly say, from the peculiar structure of the air.

Like the last of the leaves left on  
 Autumn's sere and faded bough, —  
 'T will seem as still those friends were near,  
 Who loved me in youth's early day,  
 If in that parting hour I hear  
 The same sweet notes, and die away, —  
 To that song of the olden time,  
 Breath'd, like Hope's farewell strain,  
 To say, in some brighter clime,  
 Life and youth will shine again!

---

#### WAKE THEE, MY DEAR.

WAKE thee, my dear — thy dreaming  
 Till darker hours will keep;  
 While such a moon is beaming,  
 'T is wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep.

Moments there are we number,  
 Moments of pain and care,  
 Which to oblivious slumber  
 Gladly the wretch would spare.  
 But now, — who 'd think of dreaming  
 When Love his watch should keep?  
 While such a moon is beaming,  
 'T is wrong tow'rds Heaven to sleep.

If e'er the fates should sever  
 My life and hopes from thee, love,  
 The sleep that lasts for ever  
 Would then be sweet to me, love;  
 But now, — away with dreaming!  
 Till darker hours 't will keep;  
 While such a moon is beaming,  
 'T is wrong tow'rds Heaven to sleep.

---

## THE BOY OF THE ALPS. \*

LIGHTLY, Alpine rover,  
 Tread the mountains over;  
 Rude is the path thou 'st yet to go;  
     Snow cliffs hanging o'er thee,  
     Fields of ice before thee,  
 While the hid torrent moans below.  
 Hark, the deep thunder,  
 Through the vales yonder!  
 'T is the huge av'lanche downward cast;  
     From rock to rock  
     Rebounds the shock.  
 But courage, boy! the danger's past.  
     Onward, youthful rover,  
     Tread the glacier over,  
 Safe shalt thou reach thy home at last.  
 On, ere light forsake thee,  
 Soon will dusk o'ertake thee:  
 O'er yon ice-bridge lies thy way!  
     Now, for the risk prepare thee;  
     Safe it yet may bear thee,  
 Though 't will melt in morning's ray.  
 Hark, that dread howling!  
 'T is the wolf prowling, —  
 Scent of thy track the foe hath got;  
     And cliff and shore  
     Resound his roar.  
 But courage, boy, — the danger's past!  
     Watching eyes have found thee,  
     Loving arms are round thee,  
 Safe hast thou reach'd thy father's cot.

\* This and the Songs that follow (as far as page 136.) have been published, with music, by Messrs. Addison and Beale, Regent Street.

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## FOR THEE ALONE.

FOR thee alone I brave the boundless deep,  
 Those eyes my light through ev'ry distant sea;  
 My waking thoughts, the dream that gilds my sleep,  
 The noon-tide rev'rie, all are given to thee,  
 To thee alone, to thee alone.

Though future scenes present to Fancy's eye  
 Fair forms of light that crowd the distant air,  
 When nearer view'd, the fairy phantoms fly,  
 The crowds dissolve, and thou alone art there,  
 Thou, thou alone.

To win thy smile, I speed from shore to shore,  
 While Hope's sweet voice is heard in every blast,  
 Still whisp'ring on, that when some years are o'er,  
 One bright reward shall crown my toil at last,  
 Thy smile alone, thy smile alone.

Oh place beside the transport of that hour  
 All earth can boast of fair, of rich, and bright,  
 Wealth's radiant mines, the lofty thrones of power, —  
 Then ask where first thy lover's choice would light?  
 On thee alone, on thee alone.

## HER LAST WORDS, AT PARTING.

HER last words, at parting, how *can* I forget?  
 Deep treasured through life, in my heart they shall stay;  
 Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,  
 When its sounds from the ear have long melted away.  
 Let Fortune assail me, her threat'nings are vain;  
 Those still-breathing words shall my talisman be,  
 "Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,  
 "There 's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee."  
 From the desert's sweet well tho' the pilgrim must hic,  
 Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to taste,

He hath still of its bright drops a treasured supply,  
 Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste.  
 So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain  
 These words shall my well in the wilderness be, —  
 "Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,  
 "There 's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee."

---

### LET 'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE SCENE.

LET 's take this world as some wide scene,  
 Through which, in frail, but buoyant boat,  
 With skies now dark and now serene,  
 Together thou and I must float;  
 Beholding oft, on either shore,  
 Bright spots where we should love to stay;  
 But Time plies swift his flying oar,  
 And away we speed, away, away.  
 Should chilling winds and rains come on,  
 We 'll raise our awning 'gainst the show'r;  
 Sit closer till the storm is gone,  
 And, smiling, wait a sunnier hour.  
 And if that sunnier hour should shine,  
 We 'll know its brightness cannot stay,  
 But happy, while 't is thine and mine,  
 Complain not when it fades away.  
 So shall we reach at last that Fall  
 Down which life's currents all must go, —  
 The dark, the brilliant, destined all  
 To sink into the void below.  
 Nor ev'n that hour shall want its charms  
 If, side by side, still fond we keep,  
 And calmly, in each other's arms  
 Together link'd, go down the steep.

---

## LOVE'S VICTORY.

SING to Love — for, oh, 't was he  
     Who won the glorious day;  
 Strew the wreaths of victory,  
     Along the conqu'ror's way.  
 Yoke the Muses to his car,  
     Let them sing each trophy won;  
 While his mother's joyous star  
     Shall light the triumph on.  
 Hail to Love, to mighty Love,  
     Let spirits sing around;  
 While the hill, the dale, and grove,  
     With "mighty Love" resound;  
 Or, should a sigh of sorrow steal  
     Amid the sounds thus echo'd o'er,  
 'T will but teach the god to feel  
     His victories the more.  
 See his wings, like amethyst  
     Of sunny Ind their hue;  
 Bright as when, by Psyche kist,  
     They trembled through and through.  
 Flowers spring beneath his feet;  
     Angel forms beside him run;  
 While unnumber'd lips repeat  
     "Love's victory is won!"  
     Hail to Love, to mighty Love, &c.

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 SONG OF HERCULES TO HIS DAUGHTER.\*

"I'VE been, oh, sweet daughter,  
     "To fountain and sea,  
 "To seek in their water  
     "Some bright gem for thee.

\* Founded on the fable reported by Arrian (in Indicis) of Hercules having searched the Indian Ocean, to find the pearl with which he adorned his daughter Pandæa.

"Where diamonds were sleeping,  
 "Their sparkle I sought,  
 "Where crystal was weeping,  
 "Its tears I have caught.  
 "The sea-nymph I've courted  
 "In rich coral halls;  
 "With Naiads have sported  
 "By bright waterfalls.  
 "But sportive or tender,  
 "Still sought I around  
 "That gem, with whose splendour  
 "Thou yet shalt be crown'd.  
 "And see, while I'm speaking,  
 "Yon soft light afar; —  
 "The pearl I've been seeking  
 "There floats like a star!  
 "In the deep Indian Ocean  
 "I see the gem shine,  
 "And quick as light's motion  
 "Its wealth shall be thine."  
 Then eastward, like lightning,  
 The hero-god flew,  
 His sunny looks bright'ning  
 The air he went through.  
 And sweet was the duty,  
 And hallow'd the hour,  
 Which saw thus young Beauty  
 Embellish'd by Power.

---

### THE DREAM OF HOME.

WHO has not felt how sadly sweet  
 The dream of home, the dream of home,  
 Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,  
 When far o'er sea or land we roam?

Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,  
 To greener shores our bark may come;  
 But far more bright, more dear than all,  
 That dream of home, that dream of home,  
 Ask of the sailor youth when far  
 His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,  
 What charms him most, when ev'ning's star  
 Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home.  
 Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves  
 At that sweet hour around him come;  
 His heart's best joy where'er he roves,  
 That dream of home, that dream of home.

---

#### THEY TELL ME THOU 'RT THE FAVOUR'D GUEST.\*

THEY tell me thou 'rt the favour'd guest  
 Of every fair and brilliant throng;  
 No wit like thine to wake the jest,  
 No voice like thine to breathe the song;  
 And none could guess, so gay thou art,  
 That thou and I are far apart.  
 Alas! alas! how different flows  
 With thee and me the time away!  
 Not that I wish thee sad — heav'n knows —  
 Still if thou can'st, be light and gay;  
 I only know, that without thee  
 The sun himself is dark to me.  
 Do I thus haste to hall and bower,  
 Among the proud and gay to shine?  
 Or deck my hair with gem and flower,  
 To flatter other eyes than thine?

\* Part of a translation of some Latin verses, supposed to have been addressed by Hippolyta Taurella to her husband, during his absence at the gay court of Leo the Tenth. The verses may be found in the Appendix to Roscoe's Work.



Ah, no, with me love's smiles are past,  
 Thou had'st the first, thou had'st the last.

---

### THE YOUNG INDIAN MAID.

There came a nymph dancing  
 Gracefully, gracefully,  
 Her eye a light glancing  
 Like the blue sea;  
 And while all this gladness  
 Around her steps hung,  
 Such sweet notes of sadness  
 Her gentle lips sung,  
 That ne'er while I live from my mem'ry shall fade  
 The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid.

Her zone of bells ringing  
 Cheerily, cheerily,  
 Chimed to her singing  
 Light echos of glee;  
 But in vain did she borrow  
 Of mirth the gay tone,  
 Her voice spoke of sorrow,  
 And sorrow alone.  
 Nor e'er while I live from my mem'ry shall fade  
 The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid.

---

### THE HOMEWARD MARCH.

Be still my heart: I hear them come:  
 Those sounds announce my lover near:  
 The march that brings our warriors home  
 Proclaims he 'll soon be here.  
 Hark, the distant tread,  
 O'er the mountain's head,  
 While hills and dales repeat the sound;  
 And the forest deer  
 Stand still to hear,  
 As those echoing steps ring round.

Be still my heart, I hear them come,  
 Those sounds that speak my soldier near;  
 Those joyous steps seem wing'd for home, —  
 Rest, rest, he 'll soon be here.

But hark, more faint the footsteps grow,  
 And now they wind to distant glades;  
 Not here their home, — alas, they go  
 To gladden happier maids!

Like sounds in a dream,  
 The footsteps seem,  
 As down the hills they die away;  
 And the march, whose song  
 So peal'd along,  
 Now fades like a funeral lay.

'T is past, 't is o'er, — hush, heart, thy pain!  
 And though not here, alas, they come,  
 Rejoice for those, to whom that strain  
 Brings sons and lovers home.

---

### WAKE UP, SWEET MELODY.

WAKE up, sweet melody!  
 Now is the hour  
 When young and loving hearts  
 Feel most thy power.  
 One note of music, by moonlight's soft ray —  
 Oh, 't is worth thousands heard coldly by day.  
 Then wake up, sweet melody!  
 Now is the hour  
 When young and loving hearts  
 Feel most thy power.  
 Ask the fond nightingale,  
 When his sweet flower  
 Loves most to hear his song,  
 In her green bower?

Oh, he will tell thee, through summer-nights long,  
Fondest she lends her whole soul to his song.

Then wake up, sweet melody!

Now is the hour

When young and loving hearts

Feel most thy power.

### CALM BE THY SLEEP.

CALM be thy sleep as infants' slumbers!

Pure as angel thoughts thy dreams!

May every joy this bright world numbers

Shed o'er thee their mingled beams!

Or if, where Pleasure's wing hath glided,

There ever must some pang remain,

Still be thy lot with me divided, —

Thine all the bliss, and mine the pain!

Day and night my thoughts shall hover

Round thy steps where'er they stray;

As, ev'n when clouds his idol cover,

Fondly the Persian tracks its ray.

If this be wrong, if Heav'n offended

By worship to its creature be,

Then let my vows to both be blended,

Half breathed to Heav'n and half to thee.

### THE EXILE.

NIGHT waneth fast, the morning star

Saddens with light the glimm'ring sea,

Whose waves shall soon to realms afar

Waft me from hope, from love, and thee.

Coldly the beam from yonder sky

Looks o'er the waves that onward stray;

But colder still the stranger's eye

To him whose home is far away.

Oh, not at hour so chill and bleak,  
Let thoughts of me come o'er thy breast;  
But of the lost one think and speak,  
When summer suns sink calm to rest.  
So, as I wander, Fancy's dream  
Shall bring me o'er the sunset seas,  
Thy look, in every melting beam,  
Thy whisper, in each dying breeze.

---

### THE FANCY FAIR.

COME, maids and youths, for here we sell  
All wond'rous things of earth and air;  
Whatever wild romancers tell,  
Or poets sing, or lovers swear,  
You'll find at this our Fancy Fair.

Here eyes are made like stars to shine,  
And kept, for years, in such repair,  
That ev'n when turn'd of thirty-nine,  
They'll hardly look the worse for wear,  
If bought at this our Fancy Fair.

We've lots of tears for bards to shower,  
And hearts that such ill usage bear,  
That, though they're broken ev'ry hour,  
They'll still in rhyme fresh breaking bear,  
If purchased at our Fancy Fair.

As fashions change in ev'ry thing,  
We've goods to suit each season's air,  
Eternal friendships for the spring,  
And endless loves for summer wear,  
All sold at this our Fancy fair.

We've reputation white as snow,  
That long will last, if used with care,

Nay, safe through all life's journey go,  
 If pack'd and mark'd as "brittle ware," —  
 Just purchased at the Fancy Fair.

---

### IF THOU WOULD'ST HAVE ME SING AND PLAY.

IF thou would'st have me sing and play,  
 As once I play'd and sung,  
 First take this time-worn lute away,  
 And bring one freshly strung.  
 Call back the time when pleasure's sigh  
 First breathed among the strings;  
 And Time himself, in flitting by,  
 Made music with his wings.

But how is this? though new the lute,  
 And shining fresh the chords,  
 Beneath this hand they slumber mute,  
 Or speak but dreamy words.  
 In vain I seek the soul that dwelt  
 Within that once sweet shell,  
 Which told so warmly what it felt,  
 And felt what nought could tell.

Oh, ask not then for passion's lay,  
 From lyre so coldly strung;  
 With this I ne'er can sing or play,  
 As once I play'd and sung.  
 No, bring that long-loved lute again, —  
 Though chill'd by years it be,  
 If *thou* wilt call the slumb'ring strain,  
 'T will wake again for thee.

Tho' time have froz'n the tuneful stream  
 Of thoughts that gush'd along,  
 One look from thee, like summer's beam,  
 Will thaw them into song.

Then give, oh give, that wakening ray,  
 And once more blithe and young,  
 Thy bard again will sing and play,  
 As once he play'd and sung.

---

### STILL WHEN DAYLIGHT.

STILL when daylight o'er the wave  
 Bright and soft its farewell gave,  
 I used to hear, while light was falling,  
 O'er the wave a sweet voice calling,  
     Mournfully at distance calling.

Ah! once how blest that maid would come,  
 To meet her sea-boy hast'ning home;  
 And through the night those sounds repeating,  
 Hail his bark with joyous greeting,  
     Joyously his light bark greeting.

But, one sad night, when winds were high,  
 Nor earth, nor heaven, could hear her cry,  
 She saw his boat come tossing over  
 Midnight's wave, — but not her lover!  
     No, never more her lover.

And still that sad dream loth to leave,  
 She comes with wand'ring mind at eve,  
 And oft we hear, when night is falling,  
 Faint her voice through twilight calling,  
     Mournfully at twilight calling.

---

### THE SUMMER WEBS.

THE summer webs that float and shine,  
 The summer dews that fall,  
 Tho' light they be, this heart of mine  
 Is lighter still than all.

It tells me every cloud is past  
 Which lately seem'd to lour;  
 That Hope hath wed young Joy at last,  
 And now 's their nuptial hour!  
 With light thus round, within, above,  
 With nought to wake one sigh,  
 Except the wish, that all we love  
 Were at this moment nigh, —  
 It seems as if life's brilliant sun  
 Had stopp'd in full career,  
 To make this hour its brightest one,  
 And rest in radiance here.

---

#### MIND NOT THOUGH DAYLIGHT.

MIND not though daylight around us is breaking, —  
 Who 'd think now of sleeping when morn 's but just waking?  
 Sound the merry viol, and daylight or not,  
 Be all for one hour in the gay dance forgot.  
 See young Aurora, up heav'n's hill advancing,  
 Tho' fresh from her pillow, ev'n she too is dancing:  
 While thus all creation, earth, heaven, and sea,  
 Are dancing around us, oh, why should not we?  
 Who 'll say that moments we use thus are wasted?  
 Such sweet drops of time only flow to be tasted;  
 While hearts are high beating, and harps full in tune,  
 The fault is all morning's for coming so soon.

---

#### THEY MET BUT ONCE.

THEY met but once, in youth's sweet hour,  
 And never since that day  
 Hath absence, time, or grief had pow'r  
 To chase that dream away.

They 've seen the suns of other skies,  
 On other shores have sought delight;  
 But never more, to bless their eyes,  
 Can come a dream so bright!  
 They met but once, — a day was all  
 Of Love's young hopes they knew;  
 And still their hearts that day recall,  
 As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth! oh, ne'er agai  
 Let either meet the brow  
 They left so smooth and smiling then,  
 Or see what it is now.  
 For, Youth, the spell was only thine;  
 From thee alone th' enchantment flows,  
 That makes the world around thee shine  
 With light thyself bestows.  
 They met but once, — oh, ne'er again  
 Let either meet the brow  
 They left so smooth and smiling then,  
 Or see what it is now.

---

### WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING.

WITH moonlight beaming  
 Thus o'er the deep,  
 Who 'd linger dreaming  
 In idle sleep?  
 Leave joyless souls to live by day, —  
 Our life begins with yonder ray;  
 And while thus brightly  
 The moments flee,  
 Our barks skim lightly  
 The shining sea.  
 To halls of splendour  
 Let great ones hie;



Through light more tender  
 Our pathways lie.  
 While round, from banks of brook or lake,  
 Our company blithe echoes make;  
 And, as we lend 'em  
     Sweet word or strain,  
 Still back they send 'em,  
     More sweet, again.

---

#### CHILD'S SONG. FROM A MASQUE.

I HAVE a garden of my own,  
     Shining with flowers of every hue;  
 I loved it dearly while alone,  
     But I shall love it more with you:  
 And there the golden bees shall come,  
     In summer-time at break of morn,  
 And wake us with their busy hum  
     Around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,  
     On leafy buds and berries nurst;  
 And you shall feed him from your hand,  
     Though he may start with fear at first.  
 And I will lead you where he lies  
     For shelter in the noon-tide heat;  
 And you may touch his sleeping eyes,  
     And feel his little silv'ry feet.

---

#### THE HALCYON HANGS O'ER OCEAN.

THE halcyon hangs o'er ocean,  
     The sea-lark skims the brine;  
 This bright world's all in motion,  
     No heart seems sad but mine.

To walk through sun-bright places,  
 With heart all cold the while;  
 To look in smiling faces,  
 When we no more can smile;  
 To feel, while earth and heaven  
 Around thee shine with bliss,  
 To thee no light is given, —  
 Oh, what a doom is this!

---

### THE WORLD WAS HUSH'D.

THE world was hush'd, the moon above  
 Sail'd through ether slowly,  
 When, near the casement of my love,  
 Thus I whisper'd lowly, —  
 "Awake, awake, how canst thou sleep?  
 "The field I seek to-morrow  
 "Is one where man hath fame to reap,  
 "And woman gleans but sorrow."  
 "Let battle's field be what it may,"  
 Thus spoke a voice replying,  
 "Think not thy love, while thou 'rt away,  
 "Will here sit idly sighing.  
 "No — woman's soul, if not for fame,  
 "For love can brave all danger!"  
 Then forth from out the casement came  
 A plumed and armed stranger.  
 A stranger? No; 't was she, the maid,  
 Herself before me beaming,  
 With casque array'd, and falchion blade  
 Beneath her girdle gleaming!  
 Close side by side, in freedom's fight,  
 That blessed morning found us;  
 In Vict'ry's light we stood ere night,  
 And Love, the morrow, crown'd us!

---

## THE TWO LOVES.

THERE are two Loves, the poet sings,  
Both born of Beauty at a birth :  
The one, akin to heaven, hath wings,  
The other, earthly, walks on earth.  
With *this* through bowers below we play,  
With *that* through clouds above we soar ;  
With both, perchance, may lose our way : —  
Then, tell me which,  
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The one, when tempted down from air,  
At Pleasure's fount to lave his lip,  
Nor lingers long, nor oft will dare  
His wing within the wave to dip.  
While, plunging deep and long beneath,  
The other bathes him o'er and o'er  
In that sweet current, ev'n to death : —  
Then, tell me which,  
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The boy of heav'n, even while he lies  
In Beauty's lap, recalls his home ;  
And when most happy, inly sighs  
For something happier still to come.  
While he of earth, too fully blest  
With this bright world to dream of more,  
Sees all his heav'n on Beauty's breast : —  
Then, tell me which,  
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The maid who heard the poet sing  
These twin-desires of earth and sky,  
And saw, while one inspired his string,  
The other glisten'd in his eye, —  
To name the earthlier boy ashamed,  
To choose the other fondly loath,

At length, all blushing, she exclaim'd, —  
 “Ask not which,  
 “Oh, ask not which — we'll worship both.  
 “Th' extremes of each thus taught to shun,  
 “With hearts and souls between them given,  
 “When weary of this earth with one,  
 “We'll with the other wing to heaven.”  
 Thus pledged the maid her vow of bliss;  
 And while *one* Love wrote down the oath,  
 The other seal'd it with a kiss;  
 And Heav'n look'd on,  
 Heav'n look'd on, and hallow'd both.

---

#### THE LEGEND OF PUCK THE FAIRY.

WOULD'ST know what tricks, by the pale moonlight,  
 Are play'd by me, the merry little Sprite,  
 Who wing through air from the camp to the court,  
 From king to clown, and of all make sport;  
     Singing, I am the Sprite  
     Of the merry midnight,  
 Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moonlight.  
 To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept  
 And dreamt of his cash, I slyly crept;  
 Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money I rang,  
 And he waked to catch — but away I sprang,  
     Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.  
 I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,  
 She was waiting her love at that starlight hour:  
 “Hist — hist!” quoth I, with an amorous sigh,  
 And she flew to the door, but away flew I,  
     Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.  
 While a bard sat inditing an ode to his love,  
 Like a pair of blue meteors I stared from above,

And he swoon'd — for he thought 't was the ghost, poor man!  
 Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,  
 Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

---

### BEAUTY AND SONG.

Down in yon summer vale,  
 Where the rill flows,  
 Thus said a Nightingale  
 To his loved Rose: —  
 “Though rich the pleasure  
 “Of song's sweet measures,  
 “Vain were its melody,  
 “Rose, without thee.”

Then from the green recess  
 Of her night-bow'r,  
 Beaming with bashfulness,  
 Spoke the bright flow'r: —  
 “Though morn should lend her  
 “Its sunniest splendour,  
 “What would the Rose be,  
 “Unsung by thee?”

Thus still let Song attend  
 Woman's bright way;  
 Thus still let woman lend  
 Light to the lay.  
 Like stars, through heaven's sea,  
 Floating in harmony,  
 Beauty should glide along,  
 Circled by Song.

---

### WHEN THOU ART NIGH.

WHEN thou art nigh, it seems  
 A new creation round;

The sun hath fairer beams,  
 The lute a softer sound.  
 Though thee alone I see,  
 And hear alone thy sigh,  
 'T is light, 't is song to me,  
 'T is all — when thou art nigh.

When thou art nigh, no thought  
 Of grief comes o'er my heart;  
 I only think — could aught  
 But joy be where thou art?  
 Life seems a waste of breath,  
 When far from thee I sigh;  
 And death — ay, even death  
 Were sweet, if thou wert nigh.

---

#### SONG OF A HYPERBOREAN.

I COME from a land in the sun-bright deep,  
 Where golden gardens grow;  
 Where the winds of the north, becalm'd in sleep,  
 Their conch-shells never blow.\*  
 Haste to that holy Isle with me,  
 Haste — haste!

So near the track of the stars are we,\*\*  
 That oft, on night's pale beams,  
 The distant sounds of their harmony  
 Come to our ear, like dreams.

Then, haste to that holy Isle with me, &c. &c.

The Moon, too, brings her world so nigh,\*\*  
 That when the night-seer looks

\* On the Tower of the Winds, at Athens, there is a conch-shell placed in the hands of Boreas. — See *Stuart's Antiquities*. "The north wind," says Herodotus, in speaking of the Hyperboreans, "never blows with them."

\*\* "Sub ipso siderum cardine jacent." — POMPON. MELA.

\*\*\* "They can shew the moon very near." — DIODOR. SICUL.

To that shadowless orb, in a vernal sky  
 He can number its hills and brooks.  
 Then, haste, &c. &c.

To the Sun-god all our hearts and lyres \*  
 By day, by night, belong;  
 And the breath we draw from his living fires,  
 We give him back in song.  
 Then, haste, &c. &c.

From us descends the maid who brings  
 To Delos gifts divine;  
 And our wild bees lend their rainbow wings  
 To glitter on Delphi's shrine. \*\*  
 Then, haste to that holy Isle with me,  
 Haste — haste!

---

### THOU BIDST ME SING.

THOU bidst me sing the lay I sung to thee  
 In other days, ere joy had left this brow;  
 But think, though still unchanged the notes may be,  
 How different feels the heart that breathes them now!  
 The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the same  
 We saw this morning on its stem so gay;  
 But, ah! that dew of dawn, that breath which came  
 Like life o'er all its leaves, hath pass'd away.  
 Since first that music touch'd thy heart and mine,  
 How many a joy and pain o'er both have past, —  
 The joy, a light too precious long to shine,  
 The pain, a cloud whose shadows always last.  
 And though that lay would like the voice of home  
 Breathe o'er our ear, 't would waken now a sigh —  
 Ah! not, as then, for fancied woes to come,  
 But, sadder far, for real bliss gone by.

\* Hecateus tells us, that this Hyperborean island was dedicated to Apollo; and most of the inhabitants were either priests or songsters.

\*\* Pausan.

## CUPID ARMED.

PLACE the helm on thy brow,  
 In thy hand take the spear; —  
 Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,  
 And thy battle-hour is near.  
 March on! march on! thy shaft and bow  
 Were weak against such charms;  
 March on! march on! so proud a foe  
 Scorns all but martial arms.  
 See the darts in her eyes,  
 Tipt with scorn, how they shine!  
 Ev'ry shaft, as it flies,  
 Mocking proudly at thine.  
 March on! march on! thy feather'd darts  
 Soft bosoms soon might move;  
 But ruder arms to ruder hearts  
 Must teach what 't is to love.  
 Place the helm on thy brow;  
 In thy hand take the spear, —  
 Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,  
 And thy battle-hour is near.

---

## ROUND THE WORLD GOES.

ROUND the world goes, by day and night,  
 While with it also round go we;  
 And in the flight of one day's light  
 An image of all life's course we see.  
 Round, round, while thus we go round,  
 The best thing a man can do,  
 Is to make it, at least, a *merry-go-round*,  
 By — sending the wine round too.  
 Our first gay stage of life is when  
 Youth, in its dawn, salutes the eye —



Season of bliss! Oh, who wouldn't then  
 Wish to cry, "Stop!" to earth and sky?  
 But, round, round, both boy and girl  
 Are whisk'd through that sky of blue;  
 And much would their hearts enjoy the whirl,  
 If — their heads didn't whirl round too.

Next, we enjoy our glorious noon,  
 Thinking all life a life of light;  
 But shadows come on, 't is evening soon,  
 And, ere we can say, "How short!" — 't is night.  
 Round, round, still all goes round,  
 Ev'n while I'm thus singing to you;  
 And the best way to make it a *merry-go-round*,  
 Is to — chorus my song round too.

---

### OH, DO NOT LOOK SO BRIGHT AND BLEST.

OH, do not look so bright and blest,  
 For still there comes a fear,  
 When brow like thine looks happiest,  
 That grief is then most near.  
 There lurks a dread in all delight,  
 A shadow near each ray,  
 That warns us then to fear their flight,  
 When most we wish their stay.  
 Then look not thou so bright and blest,  
 For ah! there comes a fear,  
 When brow like thine looks happiest,  
 That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus that fairest things  
 The soonest fleet and die? —  
 That when most light is on their wings,  
 They're then but spread to fly!  
 And, sadder still, the pain will stay —  
 The bliss no more appears;

As rainbows take their light away,  
 And leave us but the tears!  
 Then look not thou so bright and blest,  
 For ah! there comes a fear,  
 When brow like thine looks happiest,  
 That grief is then most near.

---

### THE MUSICAL BOX.

“Look here,” said Rose, with laughing eyes,  
 “Within this box, by magic hid,  
 “A tuneful Sprite imprison’d lies,  
 “Who sings to me whene’er he ’s bid.  
 “Though roving once his voice and wing,  
 “He ’ll now lie still the whole day long;  
 “Till thus I touch the magic spring —  
 “Then hark, how sweet and blithe his song!”  
 (*A symphony.*)

“Ah, Rose,” I cried, “the poet’s lay  
 “Must ne’er ev’n Beauty’s slave become;  
 “Through earth and air his song may stray,  
 “If all the while his heart ’s at home.  
 “And though in freedom’s air he dwell,  
 “Nor bond nor chain his spirit knows,  
 “Touch but the spring thou know’st so well,  
 “And — hark, how sweet the love-song flows!”  
 (*A symphony.*)

Thus pleaded I for freedom’s right;  
 But when young Beauty takes the field,  
 And wise men seek defence in flight,  
 The doom of poets is to yield.  
 No more my heart th’ enchantress braves,  
 I’m now in Beauty’s prison hid;  
 The Sprite and I are fellow-slaves,  
 And I, too, sing whene’er I’m bid.

---

## WHEN TO SAD MUSIC SILENT YOU LISTEN.

WHEN to sad Music silent you listen,  
 And tears on those eyelids tremble like dew,  
 Oh, then there dwells in those eyes as they glisten  
 A sweet holy charm that mirth never knew.  
 But when some lively strain resounding  
 Lights up the sunshine of joy on that brow,  
 Then the young rein-deer o'er the hills bounding  
 Was ne'er in its mirth so graceful as thou.  
 When on the skies at midnight thou gazest,  
 A lustre so pure thy features then wear,  
 That, when to some star that bright eye thou raisest,  
 We feel 't is thy home thou 'rt looking for there.  
 But, when the word for the gay dance is given,  
 So buoyant thy spirit, so heartfelt thy mirth,  
 Oh then we exclaim, "Ne'er leave earth for heaven,  
 "But linger still here, to make heaven of earth."

---

 THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

FLY swift, my light gazelle,  
 To her who now lies waking,  
 To hear thy silver bell  
 The midnight silence breaking.  
 And, when thou com'st, with gladsome feet,  
 Beneath her lattice springing,  
 Ah, well she 'll know how sweet  
 The words of love thou 'rt bringing.  
 Yet, no — not words, for they  
 But half can tell love's feeling;  
 Sweet flowers alone can say  
 What passion fears revealing.  
 A once bright rose's wither'd leaf,  
 A tow'ring lily broken, —  
 Oh these may paint a grief  
 No words could e'er have spoken.

Not such, my gay gazelle;  
 The wreath thou speedest over  
 Yon moonlight dale, to tell  
 My lady how I love her.  
 And, what to her will sweeter be  
 Than gems the richest, rarest, —  
 From Truth's immortal tree \*  
 One fadeless leaf thou bearest.

---

### THE DAWN IS BREAKING O'ER US.

THE dawn is breaking o'er us,  
 See, heaven hath caught its hue!  
 We've day's long light before us,  
 What sport shall we pursue?  
 The hunt o'er hill and lea?  
 The sail o'er summer sea?  
 Oh let not hour so sweet  
 Unwing'd by pleasure fleet.  
 The dawn is breaking o'er us,  
 See, heaven hath caught its hue!  
 We've day's long light before us,  
 What sport shall we pursue?  
 But see, while we're deciding,  
 What morning sport to play,  
 The dial's hand is gliding,  
 And morn hath pass'd away!  
 Ah, who'd have thought that noon  
 Would o'er us steal so soon, —  
 That morn's sweet hour of prime  
 Would last so short a time?  
 But come, we've day before us,  
 Still heaven looks bright and blue;  
 Quick, quick, ere eve comes o'er us,  
 What sport shall we pursue?

\* The tree called in the East Amrita, or the Immortal.

Alas! why thus delaying?  
We 're now at evening's hour;  
Its farewell beam is playing  
O'er hill and wave and bower.  
That light we thought would last,  
Behold, ev'n now, 't is past;  
And all our morning dreams  
Have vanish'd with its beams!  
But come! 't were vain to borrow  
Sad lessons from this lay,  
For man will be to-morrow —  
Just what he 's been to-day.

---

S O N G S  
FROM  
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

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HERE AT THY TOMB. \*

BY MELLAGER.

HERE, at thy tomb, these tears I shed,  
Tears, which though vainly now they roll,  
Are all love hath to give the dead,  
And wept o'er thee with all love's soul; —

Wept in remembrance of that light,  
Which nought on earth, without thee, gives,  
Hope of my heart! now quench'd in night,  
But dearer, dead, than aught that lives.

Where is she? where the blooming bough  
That once my life's sole lustre made?  
Torn off by death, 't is with'ring now,  
And all its flowers in dust are laid.

Oh earth! that to thy matron breast  
Hast taken all those angel charms,  
Gently, I pray thee, let her rest, —  
Gently, as in a mother's arms.

\* *Δακρυα σοι και νερθε δια χθονος, Ηλιοδωρα.*

Ap. BRUNCK.

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## SALE OF CUPID.\*

BY MELEAGER

WHO 'LL buy a little boy? Look, yonder is he,  
 Fast asleep, sly rogue, on his mother's knee;  
 So bold a young imp 't isn't safe to keep,  
 So I'll part with him now, while he's sound asleep.  
 See his arch little nose, how sharp 't is curled,  
 His wings, too, even in sleep unfurl'd;  
 And those fingers, which still ever ready are found  
 For mirth or for mischief, to tickle, or wound.

He'll try with his tears your heart to beguile,  
 But never you mind — he's laughing all the while;  
 For little he cares, so he has his own whim,  
 And weeping or laughing are all one to him.  
 His eye is as keen as the lightning's flash,  
 His tongue like the red bolt quick and rash;  
 And so savage is he, that his own dear mother  
 Is scarce more safe in his hands than another.

In short, to sum up this darling's praise,  
 He's a downright pest in all sorts of ways;  
 And if any one wants such an imp to employ,  
 He shall have a dead bargain of this little boy.  
 But see, the boy wakes — his bright tears flow —  
 His eyes seem to ask could I sell him? oh no,  
 Sweet child no, no — though so naughty you be,  
 You shall live evermore with my Lesbia and me.

## TO WEAVE A GARLAND FOR THE ROSE.\*\*

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

To weave a garland for the rose,  
 And think thus crown'd 't would lovelier be,

*Πωλεισθῶ, καὶ ματρός ἐτ' ἐν κολποῖσι καθευδῶν.*

Ap. BRUNCK. *Analect.* xciv.

\*\* Οὐτε ῥόδων στεφανῶν ἐπιδευεσθαι, οὔτε σὺ πεπλῶν.

Ap. BRUNCK. xvii.

Were far less vain than to suppose  
 That silks and gems add grace to thee.  
 Where is the pearl whose orient lustre  
 Would not, beside thee, look less bright?  
 What gold could match the glossy cluster  
 Of those young ringlets full of light?  
 Bring from the land, where fresh it gleams,  
 The bright blue gem of India's mine,  
 And see how soon, though bright its beams,  
 'T will pale before one glance of thine:  
 Those lips, too, when their sounds have blest us  
 With some divine, mellifluous air,  
 Who would not say that Beauty's cestus  
 Had let loose all its witch'ries there? \*  
 Here, to this conq'ring host of charms  
 I now give up my spell-bound heart,  
 Nor blush to yield ev'n Reason's arms,  
 When thou her bright-ey'd conq'r'or art.  
 Thus to the wind all fears are given;  
 Henceforth those eyes alone I see,  
 Where Hope, as in her own blue heaven,  
 Sits beck'ning me to bliss and thee!

---

### WHY DOES SHE SO LONG DELAY? \*\*

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

WHY does she so long delay?  
 Night is waning fast away;  
 Thrice have I my lamp renew'd,  
 Watching here in solitude.

\* — και ἡ μελιφυρτος ἐκεινη  
 Ἡθεος ἀρμονιη, κεστος εφου Παφης.

\*\* Δηθυνει Κλεοφαντις.



Where can she so long delay?

Where, so long delay?

Vainly now have two lamps shone;

See the third is nearly gone : \*

Oh that Love would, like the ray

Of that weary lamp, decay!

But no, alas, it burns still on,

Still, still, burns on.

Gods, how oft the traitress dear

Swore, by Venus, she 'd be here!

But to one so false as she

What is man or deity?

Neither doth this proud one fear, —

No, neither doth she fear.

## TWIN'ST THOU WITH LOFTY WREATH THY BROW? \*\*

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

TWIN'ST thou with lofty wreath thy brow?

Such glory then thy beauty sheds,

I almost think, while awed I bow,

'T is Rhea's self before me treads.

Be what thou wilt, — this heart

Adores whate'er thou art!

Dost thou thy loosen'd ringlets leave,

Like sunny waves to wander free?

Then, such a chain of charms they weave,

As draws my inmost soul from me.

Do what thou wilt, — I must

Be charm'd by all thou dost!

ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἀρχεται ἡδε  
 Λυγρὸς ὑποκλαζέειν.

\*\* *Κεχροφαλοὶ σφιγγουσι τὴν τριχά;*

Ap. BRUNCK. xxxiv.

Ev'n when, enwrapped in silvery veils,\*  
 Those sunny locks elude the sight, —  
 Oh, not ev'n then their glory fails  
 To haunt me with its unseen light.  
 Change as thy beauty may,  
 It charms in every way.

For, thee the Graces still attend,  
 Presiding o'er each new attire,  
 And lending every dart they send  
 Some new, peculiar touch of fire.  
 Be what thou wilt, — this heart  
 Adores whate'er thou art!

---

### WHEN THE SAD WORD.\*\*

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

WHEN the sad word, "Adieu," from my lip is nigh falling,  
 And with it, Hope passes away,  
 Ere the tongue hath half breathed it, my fond heart recalling  
 That fatal farewell, bids me stay.  
 For oh! 't is a penance so weary  
 One hour from thy presence to be,  
 That death to this soul were less dreary,  
 Less dark than long absence from thee.  
 Thy beauty, like Day, o'er the dull world breaking,  
 Brings life to the heart it shines o'er,  
 And, in mine, a new feeling of happiness waking,  
 Made light what was darkness before.  
 But mute is the Day's sunny glory,  
 While thine hath a voice,\*\*\* on whose breath,

\* *Αργενναῖς ὀθονησι κατηορα βοστρυχα κευθεῖς.*

\*\* *Σωζεο σοι μελλον ενεπειν.*

AP. BRUNCK. XXXIX.

\*\*\* *Ηματι γαρ στω φεγγος ὁμοιον. αλλα το μεν ποιη  
 Αφθογγον.*

More sweet than the Syren's sweet story,\*  
 My hopes hang, through life and through death!

---

**MY MOPSA IS LITTLE.\*\***

BY PHILODEMUS.

My Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,  
 But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down,  
 And, for blushing, no rose can come near her;  
 In short, she has woven such nets round my heart,  
 That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa can part, —  
 Unless I can find one that's dearer.

Her voice hath a music that dwells on the ear,  
 And her eye from its orb gives a daylight so clear,  
 That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her;  
 Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own net,  
 And her lips, oh their sweetness I ne'er shall forget —  
 Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.

But 't is not her beauty that charms me alone,  
 'T is her mind, 't is that language whose eloquent tone  
 From the depths of the grave could revive one:  
 In short, here I swear, that if death were her doom,  
 I would instantly join my dead love in the tomb —  
 Unless I could meet with a live one.

---

**STILL, LIKE DEW IN SILENCE FALLING.\*\*\***

BY MELKAGER.

STILL, like dew in silence falling,  
 Drops for thee the nightly tear;

\* *Συ δ' εμοι και το λαλημα φερεις  
 Κεινο, το Σειρηνων γλυκνερωτερον.*

\*\* *Μικκη και μελανευσα Ψιλινιον.*  
 AP. BRUNCK. x.

\*\*\* *Αιει μοι δυναει μεν εν ουασι ηχος Ερωτος.*  
 AP. BRUNCK. liii.

Still that voice the past recalling,  
 Dwells, like echo, on my ear,  
 Still, still!

Day and night the spell hangs o'er me,  
 Here for ever fix'd thou art;  
 As thy form first shone before me,  
 So 't is graven on this heart,  
 Deep, deep!

Love, oh Love, whose bitter sweetness,  
 Dooms me to this lasting pain,  
 Thou who cam'st with so much fleetness,  
 Why so slow to go again?\*

Why? why?

---

#### UP, SAILOR BOY, 'T IS DAY.

Up, sailor boy, 't is day!  
 The west wind blowing,  
 The spring tide flowing,  
 Summon thee hence away.  
 Didst thou not hear you soaring swallow sing?  
 Chirp, chirp, — in every note he seem'd to say  
 'T is Spring, 't is Spring.  
 Up boy, away, —  
 Who 'd stay on land to-day?  
 The very flowers  
 Would from their bowers  
 Delight to wing away!  
 Leave languid youths to pine  
 On silken pillows;  
 But be the billows  
 Of the great deep thine.

\* Ω πτανοι, μη και ποτ' επιπτασθαι μεν, Ερωτες,  
 Οιδαι, αποπηγαυ δ' ουδ' ὕσον ισχυετε.

Hark, to the sail the breeze sings, "Let us fly;"  
 While soft the sail, replying to the breeze,  
 Says, with a yielding sigh,  
 "Yes, where you please."  
 Up, boy! the wind, the ray,  
     The blue sky o'er thee,  
     The deep before thee,  
 All cry aloud, "Away!"

---

### IN MYRTLE WREATHS.

BY ALCEUS.

In myrtle wreaths my votive sword I'll cover,  
 Like them of old whose one immortal blow  
 Struck off the galling fetters that hung over  
 Their own bright land, and laid her tyrant low.  
 Yes, lov'd Harmodius, thou'rt undying;  
 Still midst the brave and free,  
 In isles, o'er ocean lying,  
 Thy home shall ever be.

In myrtle leaves my sword shall hide its lightning,  
 Like his, the youth, whose ever-glorious blade  
 Leap'd forth like flame, the midnight banquet bright'ning,  
 And in the dust a despot victim laid.  
 Blest youths, how bright in Freedom's story  
 Your wedded names shall be;  
 A tyrant's death your glory,  
 Your meed, a nation free!

---

## UNPUBLISHED SONGS, ETC.

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### ASK NOT IF STILL I LOVE.

**ASK** not if still I love,  
 Too plain these eyes have told thee;  
 Too well their tears must prove  
 How near and dear I hold thee.  
 If, where the brightest shine,  
 To see no form but thine,  
 To feel that earth can show  
 No bliss above thee, —  
 If this be love, then know  
 That thus, that thus, I love thee.

'Tis not in pleasure's idle hour  
 That thou can'st know affection's pow'r.  
 No, try its strength in grief or pain;  
 Attempt, as now, its bonds to sever,  
 Thou'lt find true love's a chain  
 That binds for ever!

---

### DEAR? YES.

**DEAR?** yes, tho' mine no more,  
 Ev'n this but makes thee dearer;  
 And love, since hope is o'er,  
 But draws thee nearer.

Change as thou wilt to me,  
 The same thy charm must be;  
 New loves may come to weave  
     Their witchery o'er thee,  
 Yet still, though false, believe  
     That I adore thee, yes, still adore thee.  
 Think'st thou that aught but death could end  
 A tie not falsehood's self can rend?  
 No, when alone, far off I die,  
     No more to see, no more caress thee,  
 Ev'n then, my life's last sigh  
     Shall be to bless thee, yes, still to bless thee.

---

### UNBIND THEE, LOVE.

UNBIND thee, love, unbind thee, love,  
     From those dark ties unbind thee;  
 Though fairest hand the chain hath wove,  
     Too long its links have twined thee.  
 Away from earth! — thy wings were made  
     In yon mid-sky to hover,  
 With earth beneath their dove-like shade,  
     And heav'n all radiant over.

Awake thee, boy, awake thee, boy,  
     Too long thy soul is sleeping;  
 And thou may'st from this minute's joy  
     Wake to eternal weeping.  
 Oh, think, this world is not for thee;  
     Though hard its links to sever;  
 Though sweet and bright and dear they be,  
     Break, or thou 'rt lost for ever.

---

## THERE 'S SOMETHING STRANGE.

(A BUFFO SONG.)

**THERE'S** something strange, I know not what,  
 Come o'er me,  
 Some phantom I've for ever got  
 Before me.  
 I look on high, and in the sky  
 'T is shining;  
 On earth, its light with all things bright  
 Seems twining.  
 In vain I try this goblin's spells  
 To sever;  
 Go where I will, it round me dwells  
 For ever.  
 And then what tricks by day and night  
 It plays me  
 In ev'ry shape the wicked sprite  
 Waylays me.  
 Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue  
 'T is glancing;  
 Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,  
 Comes dancing.  
 By whispers round of every sort  
 I'm taunted.  
 Never was mortal man, in short,  
 So haunted.

---

 NOT FROM THEE.

**NOT** from thee the wound should come  
 No, not from thee.  
 I care not what or whence my doom,  
 So not from thee!  
 Cold triumph! first to make  
 This heart thy own;



And then the mirror break  
 Where fix'd thou shin'st alone.  
 Nor from thee the wound should come,  
     Oh, not from thee.  
 I care not what, or whence, my doom,  
     So not from thee.  
 Yet no — my lips that wish recall;  
     From thee, from thee —  
 If ruin o'er this head must fall,  
     'T will welcome be.  
 Here to the blade I bare  
     This faithful heart;  
 Wound deep — thou'lt find that there,  
     In every pulse thou art.  
 Yes from thee I'll bear it all:  
     If ruin be  
 The doom that o'er this heart must fall,  
     'T were sweet from thee.

---

### GUESS, GUESS.

I LOVE a maid, a mystic maid,  
     Whose form no eyes but mine can see;  
 She comes in light, she comes in shade,  
     And beautiful in both is she,  
 Her shape it dreams I oft behold,  
     And oft she whispers in my ear  
 Such words as when to others told,  
     Awake the sigh, or wring the tear; —  
 Then guess, guess, who she,  
 The lady of my love, may be.  
 I find the lustre of her brow,  
     Come o'er me in my darkest ways;  
 And feel as if her voice, ev'n now,  
     Were echoing far off my lays.

There is no scene of joy or woe  
 But she doth gild with influence bright;  
 And shed o'er all so rich a glow  
 As makes ev'n tears seem full of light :  
 Then guess, guess, who she,  
 The lady of my love, may be.

---

### WHEN LOVE, WHO RULED.

WHEN Love, who ruled as Admiral o'er  
 His rosy mother's isles of light,  
 Was cruising off the Paphian shore,  
 A sail at sunset hove in sight.  
 "A chase, a chase! my Cupids all,"  
 Said Love, the little Admiral.  
 Aloft the winged sailors sprung,  
 And, swarming up the mast like bees,  
 The snow-white sails expanding flung,  
 Like broad magnolias to the breeze.  
 "Yo ho, yo ho, my Cupids all!"  
 Said Love, the little Admiral.  
 The chase was o'er — the bark was caught,  
 The winged crew her freight explor'd;  
 And found 't was just as Love had thought,  
 For all was contraband aboard.  
 "A prize, a prize, my Cupids all!"  
 Said Love, the little Admiral.  
 Safe stow'd in many a package here,  
 And labell'd slyly o'er, as "Glass,"  
 Were lots of all th' illegal ware,  
 Love's Custom-House forbids to pass.  
 "O'erhaul, o'erhaul, my Cupids all,"  
 Said Love, the little Admiral.  
 False curls they found, of every hue,  
 With rosy blushes ready made;

And teeth of ivory, good as new,  
For veterans in the smiling trade.

“Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all,”  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Mock sighs, too, — kept in bags for use,  
Like breezes bought of Lapland seers, —  
Lay ready here to be let loose,

When wanted, in young spinsters' ears.  
“Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all,”  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False papers next on board were found,  
Sham invoices of flames and darts,  
Professedly for Paphos bound,  
But meant for Hymen's golden marts.

“For shame, for shame, my Cupids all!”  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Nay, still to every fraud awake,  
Those pirates all Love's signals knew,  
And hoisted oft his flag, to make  
Rich wards and heiresses *bring-to*.\*

“A he, a foe, my Cupids all!”  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

“This must not be,” the boy exclaims,

“In vain I rule the Paphian seas,

“If Love's and Beauty's sovereign names

“Are left to cover frauds like these.

“Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all!”

Said Love, the little Admiral.

Each Cupid stood with lighted match —  
A broadside struck the smuggling foe,  
And swept the whole unhallow'd batch  
Of falsehood to the depths below.

“Huzza, huzza! my Cupids all!”  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

\* “TO BRING-TO, to check the course of a ship.” — *Falconer*.

## STILL THOU FLIEST.

STILL thou fliest, and still I woo thee,  
 Lovely phantom, — all in vain;  
 Restless ever, my thoughts pursue thee,  
 Fleeting ever, thou mock'st their pain.  
 Such doom, of old, that youth betided,  
 Who wooed, he thought, some angel's charms,  
 But found a cloud that from him glided, —  
 As thou dost from these out-stretched arms.  
 Scarce I've said, "How fair thou shinest,"  
 Ere thy light hath vanish'd by;  
 And 't is when thou look'st divinest  
 Thou art still most sure to fly.  
 Ev'n as the lightning, that, dividing  
 The clouds of night, saith, "Look on me,"  
 Then flits again, its splendour hiding, —  
 Ev'n such the glimpse I catch of thee.

## THEN FIRST FROM LOVE.

THEN first from Love, in Nature's bow'rs,  
 Did Painting learn her fairy skill,  
 And cull the hues of loveliest flow'rs,  
 To picture woman lovelier still.  
 For vain was ev'ry radiant hue,  
 Till Passion lent a soul to art,  
 And taught the painter, ere he drew,  
 To fix the model in his heart.  
 Thus smooth his toil awhile went on,  
 Till, lo, one touch his art defin'd;  
 The brow, the lip, the blushes gone,  
 But who could dare to paint those eyes?  
 'T was all in vain the painter strove;  
 So turning to that boy divinest,  
 "Here take," he said, "the pencil, Love,  
 "No hand should paint such eyes, but thine."

## HUSH, SWEET LUTE.

HUSH, sweet Lute, thy songs remind me  
 Of past joys, now turn'd to pain;  
 Of ties that long have ceased to bind me,  
 But whose burning marks remain.  
 In each tone, some echo falleth  
 On my ear of joys gone by;  
 Ev'ry note some dream recalleth  
 Of bright hopes but born to die.

Yet, sweet Lute, though pain it bring me,  
 Once more let thy numbers thrill;  
 Though death were in the strain they sing me,  
 I must woo its anguish still.  
 Since no time can e'er recover  
 Love's sweet light when once 't is set, —  
 Better to weep such pleasures over,  
 Than smile o'er any left us yet.

## BRIGHT MOON.

BRIGHT moon, that high in heav'n art shining,  
 All smiles, as if within thy bower to-night  
 Thy own Endymion lay reclining,  
 And thou would'st wake him with a kiss of light! —  
 By all the bliss thy beam discovers,  
 By all those visions far too bright for day,  
 Which dreaming bards and waking lovers  
 Behold, this night, beneath thy ling'ring ray, —  
 I pray thee, queen of that bright heaven,  
 Quench not to-night thy love-lamp in the sea,  
 Till Anthe, in this bower, hath given  
 Beneath thy beam, her long-vow'd kiss to me.  
 Guide hither, guide her steps benighted,  
 Ere thou, sweet moon, thy bashful crescent hide;

Let Love but in this bow'r be lighted,  
Then shroud in darkness all the world beside.

---

### LONG YEARS HAVE PASS'D.

LONG years have pass'd, old friend, since we  
First met in life's young day;  
And friends long loved by thee and me,  
Since then have dropp'd away; —  
But enough remain to cheer us on,  
And sweeten, when thus we 're met,  
The glass we fill to the many gone,  
And the few who 're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,  
And some hang white and chill;  
While some, like flow'rs 'mid Autumn's snow,  
Retain youth's colour still.  
And so, in our hearts, though one by one,  
Youth's sunny hopes have set,  
Thank heav'n, not all their light is gone, —  
We 've some to cheer us yet.

Then here 's to thee, old friend, and long  
May thou and I thus meet,  
To brighten still with wine and song  
This short life, ere it fleet.  
And still as death comes stealing on,  
Let 's never, old friend, forget,  
Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone,  
How many are left us yet.

---

### DREAMING FOR EVER.

DREAMING for ever, vainly dreaming,  
Life to the last pursues its flight;

Day hath its visions fairly beaming,  
 But false as those of night.  
 The one illusion, the other real,  
 But both the same brief dreams at last;  
 And when we grasp the bliss ideal,  
 Soon as it shines, 't is past.

Here, then, by this dim lake reposing,  
 Calmly I'll watch, while light and gloom  
 Flit o'er its face till night is closing —  
 Emblem of life's short doom!  
 But though, by turns, thus dark and shining,  
 'T is still unlike man's changeful day,  
 Whose light returns not, once declining,  
 Whose cloud, once come, will stay.

---

### THOUGH LIGHTLY SOUNDS THE SONG I SING.

#### A SONG OF THE ALPS.

THOUGH lightly sounds the song I sing to thee,  
 Though like the lark's its soaring music be,  
 Thou 'lt find ev'n here some mournful note that tells  
 How near such April joy to weeping dwells.  
 'T is 'mong the gayest scenes that oft'nest steal  
 Those saddening thoughts we fear, yet love to feel;  
 And music never half so sweet appears,  
 As when her mirth forgets itself in tears.

Then say not thou this Alpine song is gay —  
 It comes from hearts that, like their mountain-lay,  
 Mix joy with pain, and oft when pleasure's breath  
 Most warms the surface, feel most sad beneath.  
 The very beam in which the snow-wreath wears  
 Its gayest smile is that which wins its tears, —  
 And passion's pow'r can never lend the glow  
 Which wakens bliss, without some touch of woe.

---

## THE RUSSIAN LOVER.

FLIGHTLY o'er the moonlight snows  
 Speed we to my lady's bow'r;  
 Swift our sledge as lightning goes,  
 Nor shall stop till morning's hour.  
 Bright, my steed, the northern star  
 Lights us from yon jewell'd skies;  
 But, to greet us, brighter far,  
 Morn shall bring my lady's eyes.

Lovers, lull'd in sunny bow'rs,  
 Sleeping out their dream of time,  
 Know not half the bliss that 's ours,  
 In this snowy, icy clime.  
 Like yon star that livelier gleams  
 From the frosty heavens around,  
 Love himself the keener beams  
 When with snows of coyness crown'd.

Fleet then on, my merry steed,  
 Bound, my sledge, o'er hill and dale; —  
 What can match a lover's speed?  
 See, 't is daylight, breaking pale!  
 Brightly hath the northern star  
 Lit us from yon radiant skies;  
 But, behold, how brighter far  
 Yonder shine my lady's eyes!

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**MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.**

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# P R E F A C E

## TO THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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**T**HE Poem, or Romance, of **LALLA ROOKH**, having now reached, I understand, its twentieth edition, a short account of the origin and progress of a work which has been hitherto so very fortunate in its course, may not be deemed, perhaps, superfluous or misplaced.

It was about the year 1812 that, far more through the encouraging suggestions of friends than from any confident promptings of my own ambition, I conceived the design of writing a Poem upon some Oriental subject, and of those quarto dimensions which Scott's successful publications in that form had then rendered the regular poetical standard. A negotiation on the subject was opened with the Messrs. Longman, in the same year; but, from some causes which I cannot now recollect, led to no decisive result; nor was it till a year or two after, that any further steps were taken in the matter, — their house being the only one, it is right to add, with which, from first to last, I held any communication upon the subject.

On this last occasion, Mr. Perry kindly offered himself as my representative in the treaty; and, what with the friendly zeal of my negotiator on the one side, and the prompt and liberal spirit with which he was met on the other, there has seldom, I think, occurred any transaction in which Trade and Poesy have shone out so advantageously in each other's eyes. The short discussion that then took place, between the two parties, may be comprised in a very few sentences. "I am of opinion," said Mr. Perry, — enforcing his view of the case by arguments which it is not for me to cite, —

“that Mr. Moore ought to receive for his Poem the largest price that has been given, in our day, for such a work.” “That was,” answered the Messrs. Longman, “three thousand guineas.” “Exactly so,” replied Mr. Perry, “and no less a sum ought he to receive.”

It was then objected, and very reasonably, on the part of the firm, that they had never yet seen a single line of the Poem; and that a perusal of the work ought to be allowed to them, before they embarked so large a sum in the purchase. But, no; — the romantic view which my friend, Perry, took of the matter, was, that this price should be given as a tribute to reputation already acquired, without any condition for a previous perusal of the new work. This high tone, I must confess, not a little startled and alarmed me; but, to the honour and glory of Romance, — as well on the publishers' side as the poet's, — this very generous view of the transaction was, without any difficulty, acceded to, and the firm agreed, before we separated, that I was to receive three thousand guineas for my Poem.

At the time of this agreement, but little of the work, as it stands at present, had yet been written. But the ready confidence in my success shown by others, made up for the deficiency of that requisite feeling, within myself; while a strong desire not wholly to disappoint this “auguring hope,” became almost a substitute for inspiration. In the year 1815, therefore, having made some progress in my task, I wrote to report the state of the work to the Messrs. Longman, adding, that I was now most willing and ready, should they desire it, to submit the manuscript for their consideration. Their answer to this offer was as follows: — “We are certainly impatient for the perusal of the Poem; but solely for our gratification. Your sentiments are always honourable.”\*

I continued to pursue my task for another year, being likewise occasionally occupied with the Irish Melodies, two or three numbers of which made their appearance, during the period employed in writing *Lalla Rookh*. At length, in the year 1816, I found my work sufficiently advanced to be placed in the hands of the pub-

fishers. But the state of distress to which England was reduced, in that dismal year, by the exhausting effects of the series of wars she had just then concluded, and the general embarrassment of all classes both agricultural and commercial, rendered it a juncture the least favourable that could well be conceived for the first launch into print of so light and costly a venture as *Lalla Rookh*. Feeling conscious, therefore, that, under such circumstances, I should act but honestly in putting it in the power of the Messrs. Longman to reconsider the terms of their engagement with me, — leaving them free to postpone, modify, or even, should such be their wish, relinquish it altogether, I wrote them a letter to that effect, and received the following answer; — “We shall be most happy in the pleasure of seeing you in February. We agree with you, indeed, that the times are most inauspicious for ‘poetry and thousands;’ but we believe that your poetry would do more than that of any other living poet at the present moment.”\*

The length of time I employed in writing the few stories strung together in *Lalla Rookh* will appear, to some persons, much more than was necessary for the production of such easy and “light o’ love” fictions. But, besides that I have been, at all times, a far more slow and painstaking workman than would ever be guessed, I fear, from the result, I felt that, in this instance, I had taken upon myself a more than ordinary responsibility, from the immense stake risked by others on my chance of success. For a long time, therefore, after the agreement had been concluded, though generally at work with a view to this task, I made but very little real progress in it; and I have still by me the beginnings of several stories, continued, some of them, to the length of three or four hundred lines, which, after in vain endeavouring to mould them into shape, I threw aside, like the tale of *Cambuscan*, “left half-told.” One of these stories, entitled *The Peri’s Daughter*, was meant to relate the loves of a nymph of this aerial extraction with a youth of mortal race, the rightful Prince of *Ormuz*, who had been, from his infancy, brought up, in seclusion, on the banks of the river *Amou*, by an aged guardian named *Mohassan*. The

\* November 9. 1816.

story opens with the first meeting of these destined lovers, then in their childhood; the Peri having wafted her daughter to this holy retreat; in a bright, enchanted boat, whose first appearance is thus described: —

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For, down the silvery tide afar,  
 There came a boat, as swift and bright  
 As shines, in heav'n, some pilgrim-star,  
 That leaves its own high home, at night,  
 To shoot to distant shrines of light.

“It comes, it comes,” young Orian cries,  
 And panting to Mohassan flies.  
 Then, down upon the flowery grass  
 Reclines to see the vision pass;  
 With partly joy and partly fear,  
 To find its wondrous light so near,  
 And hiding oft his dazzled eyes  
 Among the flowers on which he lies.

Within the boat a baby slept,  
 Like a young pearl within its shell;  
 While one, who seem'd of riper years,  
 But not of earth, or earth-like spheres,  
 Her watch beside the slumberer kept;  
 Gracefully waving, in her hand,  
 The feathers of some holy bird,  
 With which, from time to time, she stirr'd  
 The fragrant air, and coolly fann'd  
 The baby's brow, or brush'd away  
 The butterflies that, bright and blue  
 As on the mountains of Malay,  
 Around the sleeping infant flew.

And now the fairy boat hath stopp'd  
 Beside the bank, — the nymph has dropp'd  
 Her golden anchor in the stream;

A song is sung by the Peri in approaching, of which the following forms a part: —

My child she is but half divine,  
 Her father sleeps in the Caspian water;  
 Sea-weeds twine  
 His funeral shrine,

But he lives again in the Peri's daughter.  
 Fain would I fly from mortal sight  
 To my own sweet bowers of Peristan;  
 But, there, the flowers are all too bright  
 For the eyes of a baby born of man.  
 On flowers of earth her feet must tread;  
 So hither my light-wing'd bark hath brought her;  
     Stranger, spread  
     Thy leafiest bed,  
 To rest the wandering Peri's daughter.

In another of these inchoate fragments, a proud female saint, named Banou, plays a principal part; and her progress through the streets of Cufa, on the night of a great illuminated festival, I find thus described: —

It was a scene of mirth that drew  
 A smile from ev'n the Saint Banou,  
 As, through the hush'd, admiring throng,  
 She went with stately steps along,  
 And counted o'er, that all might see,  
 The rubies of her rosary.  
 But none might see the worldly smile  
 That lurk'd beneath her veil, the while: —  
 Alla forbid! for, who would wait  
 Her blessing at the temple's gate, —  
 What holy man would ever run  
 To kiss the ground she knelt upon,  
 If once, by luckless chance, he knew  
 She look'd and smil'd as others do.  
 Her hands were join'd, and from each wrist  
 By threads of pearl and golden twist  
 Hung relics of the saints of yore,  
 And scraps of talismanic lore, —  
 Charms for the old, the sick, the frail,  
 Some made for use, and all for sale.  
 On either side, the crowd withdrew,  
 To let the Saint pass proudly through;  
 While turban'd heads, of every hue,  
 Green, white, and crimson, bow'd around,  
 And gay tiaras touch'd the ground, —  
 As tulip-bells, when o'er their beds  
 The musk-wind passes, bend their heads.  
 Nay, some there were, among the crowd  
 Of Moslem heads that round her bow'd,  
 So fill'd with zeal, by many a draught  
 Of Shiraz wine profanely quaff'd,

That, sinking low in reverence then,  
They never rose till morn again.

There are yet two more of these unfinished sketches, one of which extends to a much greater length than I was aware of; and, as far as I can judge from a hasty renewal of my acquaintance with it, is not incapable of being yet turned to account.

In only one of these unfinished sketches, the tale of The Peri's Daughter, had I yet ventured to invoke that most home-felt of all my inspirations, which has lent to the story of The Fire-worshippers its main attraction and interest. That it was my intention, in the concealed Prince of Ormuz, to shadow out some impersonation of this feeling, I take for granted from the prophetic words supposed to be addressed to him by his aged guardian: —

Bright child of destiny! even now  
I read the promise on that brow,  
That tyrants shall no more defile  
The glories of the Green-Sea Isle,  
But Ormuz shall again be free,  
And hail her native Lord in thee!

In none of the other fragments do I find any trace of this sort of feeling, either in the subject or the personages of the intended story; and this was the reason, doubtless, though hardly known, at the time, to myself, that, finding my subjects so slow in kindling my own sympathies, I began to despair of their ever touching the hearts of others; and felt often inclined to say,

“Oh no, I have no voice or hand  
For such a song, in such a land.”

Had this series of disheartening experiments been carried on much further, I must have thrown aside the work in despair. But, at last, fortunately, as it proved, the thought occurred to me of founding a story on the fierce struggle so long maintained between the Ghebers,\* or ancient Fire-worshippers of Persia,

\* Voltaire, in his tragedy of “Les Guèbres,” written with a similar under-current of meaning, was accused of having transformed his Fire-worshippers into Jansenists: — “Quelques figuristes,” he says, “prétendent que les Guèbres sont les Jansenistes.”



and their haughty Moslem masters. From that moment, a new and deep interest in my whole task took possession of me. The cause of tolerance was again my inspiring theme; and the spirit that had spoken in the melodies of Ireland soon found itself at home in the East.

Having thus laid open the secrets of the workshop to account for the time expended in *writing* this work, I must also, in justice to my own industry, notice the pains I took in long and laboriously *reading* for it. To form a store-house, as it were, of illustration purely Oriental, and so familiarize myself with its various treasures, that, as quick as Fancy required the aid of fact, in her spiritings, the memory was ready, like another Ariel, at her "strong bidding," to furnish materials for the spell-work, — such was, for a long while, the sole object of my studies; and whatever time and trouble this preparatory process may have cost me, the effects resulting from it, as far as the humble merit of truthfulness is concerned, have been such as to repay me more than sufficiently for my pains. I have not forgotten how great was my pleasure, when told by the late Sir James Mackintosh, that he was once asked by Colonel W—s, the historian of British India, "whether it was true that Moore had never been in the East?" "Never," answered Mackintosh. "Well, that shows me," replied Colonel W—s, "that reading over D'Herbelot is as good as riding on the back of a camel."

I need hardly subjoin to this lively speech, that although D'Herbelot's valuable work was, of course, one of my manuals, I took the whole range of all such Oriental reading as was accessible to me; and became, for the time, indeed, far more conversant with all relating to that distant region, than I have ever been with the scenery, productions, or modes of life of any of those countries lying most within my reach. We know that D'Anville, though never in his life out of Paris, was able to correct a number of errors in a plan of the Troad taken by De Choiseul, on the spot; and, for my own very different, as well as far inferior, purposes, the knowledge I had thus acquired of distant localities, seen only by me in my day-dreams, was no less ready and useful.

An ample reward for all this painstaking has been found in

such welcome tributes as I have just now cited; nor can I deny myself the gratification of citing a few more of the same description. From another distinguished authority on Eastern subjects, the late Sir John Malcolm, I had myself the pleasure of hearing a similar opinion publicly expressed; — that eminent person, in a speech spoken by him at a Literary Fund Dinner, having remarked, that together with those qualities of the poet which he much too partially assigned to me was combined also “the truth of the historian.”

Sir William Ouseley, another high authority, in giving his testimony to the same effect, thus notices an exception to the general accuracy for which he gives me credit: — “Dazzled by the beauties of this composition,\* few readers can perceive, and none surely can regret, that the poet, in his magnificent catastrophe, has forgotten, or boldly and most happily violated, the precept of Zoroaster, above noticed, which held it impious to consume any portion of a human body by fire, especially by that which glowed upon their altars.” Having long lost, I fear, most of my Eastern learning, I can only cite, in defence of my catastrophe, an old Oriental tradition, which relates, that Nimrod, when Abraham refused, at his command, to worship the fire, ordered him to be thrown into the midst of the flames.\*\* A precedent so ancient for this sort of use of the worshipped element, would appear, for all purposes at least of poetry, fully sufficient.

In addition to these agreeable testimonies, I have also heard, and, need hardly add, with some pride and pleasure, that parts of this work have been rendered into Persian, and have found their way to Ispahan. To this fact, as I am willing to think it, allusion is made in some lively verses, written many years since, by my friend, Mr. Luttrell: —

“I 'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,  
 (Can it be true, you lucky man?)  
 By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,  
 Along the streets of Ispahan.”

\* The Fire-worshippers.

\*\* Tradunt autem Hebræi hanc fabulam quod Abraham in ignem missus sit quia ignem adorare noluit. — ST. HIERON. *in quest. in Genesim*

That some knowledge of the work may have really reached that region, appears not improbable from a passage in the Travels of Mr. Frazer, who says, that "being delayed for some time at a town on the shores of the Caspian, he was lucky enough to be able to amuse himself with a copy of *Lalla Rookh*, which a Persian had lent him."

Of the description of Balbec, in "*Paradise and the Peri*," Mr. Carne, in his Letters from the East, thus speaks: "The description in *Lalla Rookh* of the plain and its ruins is exquisitely faithful. The minaret is on the declivity near at hand, and there wanted only the muezzin's cry to break the silence."

I shall now tax my reader's patience with but one more of these generous vouchers. Whatever of vanity there may be in citing such tributes, they show, at least, of what great value, even in poetry, is that prosaic quality, industry; since, as the reader of the foregoing pages is now fully apprized, it was in a slow and laborious collection of small facts, that the first foundations of this fanciful Romance were laid.

The friendly testimony I have just referred to, appeared, some years since, in the form in which I now give it, and, if I recollect right, in the *Athenæum*: —

"I embrace this opportunity of bearing my individual testimony (if it be of any value) to the extraordinary accuracy of Mr. Moore, in his topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, whether of costume, manners, or less-changing monuments, both in his *Lalla Rookh* and in the *Epicurean*. It has been my fortune to read his *Atlantic*, *Bermudean*, and *American Odes and Epistles*, in the countries and among the people to which and to whom they related; I enjoyed also the exquisite delight of reading his *Lalla Rookh*, in Persia itself: and I have perused the *Epicurean*, while all my recollections of Egypt and its still existing wonders are as fresh as when I quitted the banks of the Nile for Arabia: — I owe it, therefore, as a debt of gratitude (though the payment is most inadequate), for the great pleasure I have derived from his productions, to bear my humble testimony to their local fidelity.

"J. S. B."

Among the incidents connected with this work, I must not omit to notice the splendid *Divertissement*, founded upon it, which was acted at the Château Royal of Berlin, during the visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas to that capital, in the year 1822. The different stories composing the work were represented in *Tableaux Vivans* and songs; and among the crowd of royal and noble personages engaged in the performances, I shall mention those only who represented the principal characters, and whom I find thus enumerated in the published account of the *Divertissement*.\*

"Fadladin, Grand-Nasir,	<i>Comte Hauck, (Maréchal de Cour).</i>
Aliris, Roi de Bucharie,	<i>S. A. I. Le Grand Duc.</i>
Lallah Roukh . . . .	<i>S. A. I. La Grande Duchesse.</i>
Aurungzeb, le Grand Mogol,	<i>S. A. R. Le Prince Guillaume, frère</i>
Abdallah, Père d'Aliris,	<i>du Roi.</i>
La Reine, son épouse,	<i>S. A. R. Le Duc de Cumberland.</i>
	<i>S.A.R. La Princesse Louise Rudzivil."*</i>

Besides these and other leading personages, there were also brought into action, under the various denominations of *Seigneurs et Dames de Bucharie, Dames de Cachemire, Seigneurs et Dames dansans à la Fête des Roses, &c.* nearly 150 persons.

Of the manner and style in which the *Tableaux* of the different stories are described in the work from which I cite, the following account of the performance of *Paradise* and the *Peri* will afford some specimen: —

"La décoration représentoit les portes brillantes du Paradis, entourées de nuages. Dans le premier tableau on voyoit la Péri, triste et desolée, couchée sur le seuil des portes fermées, et l'Ange de lumière qui lui adresse des consolations et des conseils. Le second représente le moment, où la Péri, dans l'espoir que ce don lui ouvrira l'entrée du Paradis recueille la dernière goutte de sang que vient de verser le jeune guerrier Indien. . . . .

"La Péri et l'Ange de lumière répondoient pleinement à l'image et à l'idée qu'on est tenté de se faire de ces deux individus, et l'impression qu'a faite généralement la suite des tableaux de cet

\* Lallah Roukh, *Divertissement mêlé de Chants et de Danses*, Berlin, 1822. The work contains a series of coloured engravings, representing groups, processions, &c., in different Oriental costumes.

épisode délicat et intéressant est loin de s'effacer de notre souvenir."

In this grand Fête, it appears, originated the translation of *Lalla Rookh* into German verse, by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué; and the circumstances which led him to undertake the task, are described by himself, in a Dedicatory Poem to the Empress of Russia, which he has prefixed to his translation. As soon as the performance, he tells us, had ended, *Lalla Rookh* (the Empress herself) exclaimed, with a sigh, "Is it, then, all over? are we now at the close of all that has given us so much delight? and lives there no poet who will impart to others, and to future times, some notion of the happiness we have enjoyed this evening?" On hearing this appeal, a Knight of Cashmere (who is no other than the poetical Baron himself) comes forward and promises to attempt to present to the world "the Poem itself in the measure of the original:" — whereupon *Lalla Rookh*, it is added, approvingly smiled.

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# LALLA ROOKH.

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TO  
**SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.**  
 THIS EASTERN ROMANCE  
 IS INSCRIBED,  
 BY  
 HIS VERY GRATEFUL  
 AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,  
**THOMAS MOORE.**

*May 19. 1817.*

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**I**N the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharía, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia.\* During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, **LALLA ROOKH**;\*\* — a Princess described by the poets of her time as more

\* These particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharía to Aurungzebe are found in *Dow's History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 392.

\*\* Tulip cheek.

beautiful than Leila \* Shirine, \*\* Dewildé, \*\*\* or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharìa.

The day of LALLA ROOKH's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses; † till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran, and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the Imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour, †† the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and

\* The mistress of Mejnoun, upon whose story so many Romances in all the languages of the East are founded.

\*\* For the loves of this celebrated beauty with Khosrou and with Ferhad, see *D'Herbelot, Gibbon, Oriental Collections, &c.*

\*\*\* "The history of the loves of Dewildé and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Alla, is written in an elegant poem, by the noble Chusero." — *Ferishta.*

† Gul Reazec.

†† "One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the Emperor is the permission to wear a small kettledrum at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the training of hawks, and to call them to

the small silver-rimm'd kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles; — the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan,\* in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold; — the glittering of the gilt pine-apples\*\* on the tops of the palankeens; — the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the Ladies of LALLA ROOKH lay as it were enshrined; — the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter,\*\*\* at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing; † — and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on

the lure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen to that end." — *Fryer's Travels.*

"Those on whom the King has conferred the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret. This bird is found only in Cashmere, and the feathers are carefully collected for the King, who bestows them on his nobles." — *Elphinstone's Account of Caubul.*

\* "Khedar Khan, the Khakan, or King of Turquestan beyond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century), whenever he appeared abroad was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an equal number bearing maces of gold. He was a great patron of poetry, and it was he who used to preside at public exercises of genius, with four basins of gold and silver by him to distribute among the poets who excelled." — *Richardson's Dissertation* prefixed to his Dictionary.

\*\* "Thekubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin." — *Scott's Notes on the Bahardanush.*

\*\*\* In the Poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, there is the following lively description of "a company of maidens seated on camels."

"They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andem-wood.

"When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloth, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

"Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue-gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion."

† See *Bernier's* description of the attendants on Rauchanara-Begum, in her progress to Cashmere.



each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses; — all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious FADLADDEEN, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

FADLADDEEN was a judge of every thing, — from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi, — “Should the Prince at noon-day say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars.” — And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, \* was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut. \*\*

During the first days of their journey, LALLA ROOKH, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, \*\*\* found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind, and delight her imagination; and when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from

\* This hypocritical Emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy Leagues. — “He held the cloak of religion (says Dow) between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high priest at the consecration of this temple; and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a Fakeer. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he, with the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations.” — *History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 335. See also the curious letter of Aurungzebe, given in the *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 320.

\*\* “The idol at Jaghernat has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stole one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the Idol.” — *Tavernier*.

\*\*\* See a description of these royal Gardens in “An Account of the present State of Delhi, by Lieut. W. Franklin.” — *Asiat. Research*, vol. iv. p. 417.

the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments, — sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl;\* sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West,\*\* as “places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;” — she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But LALLA ROOKH was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, FADLADEEN, (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra,\*\*\* the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver; † not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon. †† At other times she

\* “In the neighbourhood is Notte Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid water.” — *Pennant's Hindostan*.

“Nasir Jung encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Tonoor, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water, and gave it the fanciful name of Motee Talah, ‘the Lake of Pearls,’ which it still retains.” — *Wilks's South of India*.

\*\* Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I. to Jehanguire.

\*\*\* “The romance Wemakweazra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mahomet.” — *Note on the Oriental Tales*.

† Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Namèh of Ferdousi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver sitting on the bank of the river and throwing flowers into the stream, in order to draw the attention of the young Hero who is encamped on the opposite side. — See *Champion's* translation.

†† Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Deev, or White Demon, see *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii. p. 45. — Near the city of Shirauz is an immense quadrangular monument, in commemoration of this combat, called the Kelaat-i-Deev Sepeed, or castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his *Gazophilacium Persicum*, p. 127., declares to have been the most memorable

was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman FADLADEEN, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets\* was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reciting the Stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, FADLADEEN elevated his critical eyebrows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium\*\* which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Caste, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her; — she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of FERAMORZ. He was a youth about LALLA ROOKH's own age,

monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia. — See *Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies*.

\* “The women of the Idol, or dancing girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells, fastened to their feet, the soft harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices.” — *Maurice's Indian Antiquities*.

“The Arabian courtesans, like the Indian women, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck, and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the King. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they themselves receive in passing the homage due to them.” — See *Cabinet's Dictionary*, art. Bells.

\*\* “Abou-Tige, ville de la Thebaïde, où il croit beaucoup de pavot noir, dont se fait le meilleur opium.” — *D'Herbelot*.

and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna,\* — such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply.\*\* Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence; — nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to FAULDAEN upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar; — such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra — and, having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,\*\*\* who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began: —

\* The Indian Apollo. — “He and the three Râmas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the princesses of Hindustân were all passionately in love with Chrishna, who continues to this hour the darling God of the Indian women.” — *Sir W. Jones*, on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.

\*\* See *Turner's Embassy* for a description of this animal, “the most beautiful among the whole tribe of goats.” The material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin.

\*\*\* For the real history of this Impostor, whose original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and who was called Mocanna from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, see *D'Herbelot*.

## THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.

IN that delightful Province of the Sun,  
 The first of Persian lands he shines upon,  
 Where all the loveliest children of his beam,  
 Flow'rets and fruits, blush over every stream, \*\*  
 And, fairest of all streams, the MURGA roves  
 Among MEROU'S \*\*\* bright palaces and groves; —  
 There on that throne, to which the blind belief  
 Of millions rais'd him, sat the Prophet-Chief,  
 The Great MOKANNA. O'er his features hung  
 The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung  
 In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight  
 His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.  
 For, far less luminous, his votaries said,  
 Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed  
 O'er MOUSSA'S † cheek, †† when down the Mount he trod,  
 All glowing from the presence of his God!

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,  
 His chosen guard of bold Believers stands;  
 Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their swords,  
 On points of faith, more eloquent than words;  
 And such their zeal, there 's not a youth with brand  
 Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,  
 Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,  
 And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death!  
 In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night, †††  
 Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white;

\* Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province or Region of the Sun. — *Sir W. Jones.*

\*\* "The fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other place; and one cannot see in any other city such palaces with groves, and streams, and gardens." — *Ebn Haukul's Geography.*

\*\*\* One of the royal cities of Khorassan.

† Moses.

†† "Ses disciples assuroient qu'il se couvroit le visage, pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchoient par l'éclat de son visage comme Moÿse." — *D'Herbelot.*

††† Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards. — "Il faut remarquer ici

Their weapons various — some equipp'd, for speed,  
 With javelins of the light Kathaian reed; \*  
 Or bows of buffalo horn and shining quivers  
 Fill'd with the stems \*\* that bloom on IRAN's rivers; \*\*\*  
 While some, for war's more terrible attacks,  
 Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe;  
 And as they wave aloft in morning's beam  
 The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem  
 Like a chenar-tree grove † when winter throws  
 O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold  
 The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,  
 Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,  
 Where through the silken net-work, glancing eyes,  
 From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow  
 Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below. —  
 What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare  
 To hint that aught but Heav'n hath plac'd you there?  
 Or that the loves of this light world could bind,  
 In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?  
 No — wrongful thought! — commission'd from above  
 To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,

touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des cœffures et des étendarts des Khalifes Abassides étant la noire, ce chef de Rebelles ne pouvoit pas choisir une qui lui fût plus opposée." — *D'Herbelot*.

\* "Our dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Khathaian reeds, slender and delicate." — *Poem of Amru*.

\*\* Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.

\*\*\* The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft of Isfendiar, one of their ancient heroes, was made of it. — "Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias." — *Sir W. Jones*, Botanical Observations on Select Indian Plants.

† The oriental plane. "The chenar is a delightful tree; its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark; and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green." — *Morier's Travels*.

(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes  
 They wear on earth will serve in Paradise,)  
 There to recline among Heav'n's native maids,  
 And crown th' Elect with bliss that never fades —  
 Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done;  
 And every beauteous race beneath the sun,  
 From those who kneel at BRAHMA'S burning fount, \*  
 To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er YEMEN'S mounts;  
 From PERSIA'S eyes of full and fawn-like ray,  
 To the small, half-shut glances of KATHAY; \*\*  
 And GEORGIA'S bloom, and AZAR'S darker smiles,  
 And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;  
 All, all are there; — each Land its flower hath given  
 To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven!

But why this pageant now? this arm'd array?  
 What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day  
 With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,  
 Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,  
 Like tulip-beds, \*\*\* of different shape and dyes,  
 Bending beneath th' invisible West-wind's sighs!  
 What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,  
 And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,  
 What dazzling mimickry of God's own power  
 Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour?

Not such the pageant now, though not less proud;  
 Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,  
 With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,  
 And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape, †

\* The burning fountains of Brahma near Chittogong, esteemed as holy. — *Turner*.

\*\* China.

\*\*\* "The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban." — *Beckmann's History of Inventions*.

† "The inhabitants of Buchararia wear a round cloth bonnet, shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large fur border. They tie their kaftans about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk crape, several

So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,  
 Like war's wild planet in a summer sky;  
 That youth to-day, — a proselyte, worth hordes  
 Of cooler spirits and less practis'd swords, —  
 Is come to join, all bravery and belief,  
 The creed and standard of the heav'n-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows  
 Young AZIM's fame; — beyond th' Olympian snows  
 Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,  
 O'erwhelm'd in fight and captive to the Greek, \*  
 He linger'd there, till peace dissolved his chains; —  
 Oh, who could, ev'n in bondage, tread the plains  
 Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his spirit rise  
 Kindling within him? who, with heart and eyes,  
 Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see  
 The shining foot-prints of her Deity,  
 Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,  
 Which mutely told her spirit had been there?  
 Not he, that youthful warrior, — no, too well  
 For his soul's quiet work'd th' awakening spell;  
 And now, returning to his own dear land,  
 Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,  
 Haunt the young heart, — proud views of human-kind,  
 Of men to Gods exalted and refin'd, —  
 False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,  
 Where earth and heav'n but *seem*, alas, to meet! —  
 Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd  
 To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd  
 On the white flag MOKANNA'S host unfurl'd,  
 Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"  
 At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd  
 Th' inspiring summons; every chosen blade

times round the body." — *Account of Independent Tartary, in Pinkerton's Collection.*

\* In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against the Empress Irene, for an account of which vide *Gibbon*, vol. x.



That fought beneath that banner's sacred text  
 Seem'd doubly edg'd, for this world and the next;  
 And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind  
 Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,  
 In virtue's cause; — never was soul inspir'd  
 With livelier trust in what it most desir'd,  
 Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale  
 With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,  
 Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,  
 Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free  
 This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,  
 And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young AZIM knelt, that motley crowd  
 Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,  
 With shouts of "ALLA!" echoing long and loud;  
 While high in air, above the Prophet's head,  
 Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,  
 Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan  
 The flying throne of star-taught SOLIMAN.\*  
 Then thus he spoke: — "Stranger, though new the frame  
 "Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame  
 "For many an age, \*\* in every chance and change  
 "Of that existence, through whose varied range, —  
 "As through a torch-race, where, from hand to hand  
 "The flying youths transmit their shining brand,

\* This wonderful Throne was called The Star of the Genii. For a full description of it, see the Fragment, translated by Captain Franklin, from a Persian MS. entitled "The History of Jerusalem," *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 235. — When Soliman travelled, the eastern writers say, "He had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun." — *Sale's Koran*, vol. ii. p. 214. note.

\*\* The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines. — Vide *D'Herbelot*.

“From frame to frame the unextinguish’d soul  
 “Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!

“Nor think ’t is only the gross Spirits, warm’d  
 “With duskier fire and for earth’s medium form’d,  
 “That run this course; — Beings, the most divine,  
 “Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.  
 “Such was the Essence that in ADAM dwelt,  
 “To which all Heav’n, except the Proud One, knelt: \*  
 “Such the refin’d Intelligence that glow’d  
 “In MOUSSA’S \*\* frame, — and, thence descending, flow’d  
 “Through many a Prophet’s breast; \*\*\* — in ISSA † shone,  
 “And in MOHAMMED burn’d; till, hastening on,  
 “(As a bright river that, from fall to fall  
 “In many a maze descending, bright through all,  
 “Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,  
 “In one full lake of light it rests at last)  
 “That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free  
 “From lapse or shadow, centers all in me!”

Again, throughout th’ assembly at these words,  
 Thousands of voices rung: the warriors’ swords  
 Were pointed up to heaven; a sudden wind  
 In th’ open banners play’d, and from behind  
 Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen  
 The Haram’s loveliness, white hands were seen

\* “And when we said unto the angels, Worship Adam, they all worshipped him except Eblis (Lucifer), who refused.” — *The Koran*, chap. ii.

\*\* Moses.

\*\*\* This is according to D’Herbelot’s account of the doctrines of Mokanna: — “Sa doctrine étoit, que Dieu avoit pris une forme et figure humaine, depuis qu’il eut commandé aux Anges d’adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu’après la mort d’Adam, Dieu étoit apparu sous la figure de plusieurs Prophètes, et autres grands hommes qu’il avoit choisis, jusqu’à ce qu’il prit celle d’Abu Moslem, Prince de Khorassan, lequel professoit l’erreur de la Tenassukhiah ou Metempsychose; et qu’après la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité étoit passée, et descendue en sa personne.”

† Jesus.

Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion gave  
 A perfume forth — like those the Houris wave  
 When beck'ning to their bowers th' immortal Brave.

“But these,” pursued the Chief, “are truths sublime,  
 “That claim a holier mood and calmer time  
 “Than earth allows us now; — this sword must first  
 “The darkling prison-house of Mankind burst,  
 “Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in  
 “Her wakening daylight on a world of sin.  
 “But then, — celestial warriors, then, when all  
 “Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall;  
 “When the glad Slave shall at these feet lay down  
 “His broken chain, the tyrant Lord his crown,  
 “The Priest his book, the Conqueror his wreath,  
 “And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath  
 “Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze  
 “That whole dark pile of human mockeries; —  
 “Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,  
 “And starting fresh as from a second birth,  
 “Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,  
 “Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!  
 “Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow  
 “Shall cast the Veil that hides its splendours now,  
 “And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide expanse,  
 “Bask in the glories of this countenance!

“For thee, young warrior, welcome! — thou hast yet  
 “Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,  
 “Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave; —  
 “But, once my own, mine all till in the grave!”

The pomp is at an end — the crowds are gone —  
 Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone  
 Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like ALLA'S OWN!  
 The Young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,  
 The glittering throne, and Haram's half-caught glances;  
 The Old deep pondering on the promis'd reign  
 Of peace and truth; and all the female train

Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze  
A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze!

But there was one, among the chosen maids,  
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,  
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day  
Has been like death: — you saw her pale dismay,  
Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst  
Of exclamation from her lips, when first  
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,  
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah ZELICA! there *was* a time, when bliss  
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;  
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air  
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer;  
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,  
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.  
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flower  
Or gem of thine, 't was sacred from that hour;  
When thou didst study him till every tone  
And gesture and dear look became thy own, —  
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face  
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,  
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught  
With twice th' ærial sweetness it had brought!  
Yet now he comes, — brighter than even he  
E'er beam'd before, — but, ah! not bright for thee;  
No — dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant  
From th' other world, he comes as if to haunt  
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,  
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight: —  
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Youth  
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth  
And innocence once ours, and leads us back,  
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track  
Of our young life, and points out every ray  
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair! — In proud BOKHARA's groves,  
 Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?  
 Born by that ancient flood, \* which from its spring  
 In the dark Mountains swiftly wandering,  
 Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines  
 With relics from BUCHARIA's ruby mines,  
 And, lending to the CASPIAN half its strength,  
 In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length; —  
 There, on the banks of that bright river born,  
 The flowers, that hung above its wave at morn,  
 Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by,  
 With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh  
 And virgin-gance of first affection cast  
 Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd!  
 But war disturb'd this vision, — far away  
 From her fond eyes summon'd to join th' array  
 Of PERSIA's warriors on the hills of THRACE,  
 The youth exchange'd his sylvan dwelling-place  
 For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash;  
 His ZELICA's sweet glances for the flash  
 Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle chains  
 For bleeding bondage on BYZANTIUM's plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul  
 Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll  
 Their suns away — but, ah, how cold and dim  
 Ev'n summer suns, when not beheld with him!  
 From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,  
 Like spirit-tongues, mutt'ring the sick man's name,  
 Just ere he dies: — at length those sounds of dread  
 Fell withering on her soul, "AZIM is dead!"  
 Oh Grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate  
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate

\* The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches; one of which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

In the wide world, without that only tie  
 For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die; —  
 Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken  
 Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,  
 Ev'n reason sunk, — blighted beneath its touch;  
 And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose  
 Above the first dead pressure of its woes,  
 Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain  
 Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.  
 Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,  
 The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray; —  
 A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone  
 All stars of heaven, except the guiding one!  
 Again she smil'd, nay, much and brightly smil'd,  
 But 't was a lustre, strange, unreal, wild;  
 And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,  
 'T was like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,  
 The bulbul\* utters, ere her soul depart,  
 When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,  
 She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!

Such was the mood in which that mission found  
 Young ZELICA, — that mission, which around  
 The Eastern world, in every region blest  
 With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,  
 To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes  
 Which the Veil'd Prophet destin'd for the skies: —  
 And such quick welcome as a spark receives  
 Dropp'd on a bed of Autumn's wither'd leaves,  
 Did every tale of these enthusiasts find  
 In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.  
 All fire at once the madd'ning zeal she caught; —  
 Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought!  
 Predestin'd bride, in heaven's eternal dome,  
 Of some brave youth — ha! durst they say "of *some*?"

\* The nightingale.

No — of the one, one only object trac'd  
 In her heart's core too deep to be effac'd;  
 The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twin'd  
 With every broken link of her lost mind;  
 Whose image lives, though Reason's self be wreck'd,  
 Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect!

Alas, poor ZELICA! it needed all  
 The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,  
 To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids  
 A sainted colony for Eden's shades;  
 Or dream that he, — of whose unholy flame  
 Thou wert too soon the victim, — shining came  
 From Paradise, to people its pure sphere  
 With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here!  
 No — had not reason's light totally set,  
 And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet  
 In the lov'd image, graven on thy heart,  
 Which would have sav'd thee from the tempter's art,  
 And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,  
 That purity, whose fading is love's death! —  
 But lost, inflam'd, — a restless zeal took place  
 Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;  
 First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first  
 In zeal and charms, — too well th' Impostor nurs'd  
 Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,  
 Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,  
 He saw more potent sorceries to bind  
 To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,  
 More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twin'd.  
 No art was spar'd, no witchery; — all the skill  
 His demons taught him was employ'd to fill  
 Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns —  
 That gloom, through which Frenzy but fiercer burns;  
 That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness  
 Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness!

'T was from a brilliant banquet, where the sound  
 Of poesy and music breath'd around,  
 Together picturing to her mind and ear  
 The glories of that heav'n, her destin'd sphere,  
 Where all was pure, where every stain that lay  
 Upon the spirit's light should pass away,  
 And, realizing more than youthful love  
 E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove  
 Through fields of fragrance by her AZIM's side,  
 His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride! —  
 'T was from a scene, a witching trance like this,  
 He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,  
 To the dim charnel-house; — through all its steams  
 Of damp and death, led only by those gleams  
 Which foul Corruption lights, as with design  
 To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine —  
 And, passing on through upright ranks of Dead,  
 Which to the maiden, doubly craz'd by dread,  
 Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them cast,  
 To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd —  
 There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd  
 And pledg'd in silence such a fearful draught,  
 Such — oh! the look and taste of that red bowl  
 Will haunt her till she dies — he bound her soul  
 By a dark oath, in hell's own language fram'd,  
 Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,  
 While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,  
 Never, by that all-imprecating oath,  
 In joy or sorrow from his side to sever. —  
 She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, “Never, never!”

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given  
 To him and — she believ'd, lost maid! — to heaven;  
 Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflam'd,  
 How proud she stood, when in full Haram nam'd  
 The Priestess of the Faith! — how flash'd her eyes  
 With light, alas, that was not of the skies,



When round, in trances, only less than hers,  
 She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers.  
 Well might MOKANNA think that form alone  
 Had spells enough to make the world his own: —  
 Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play  
 Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,  
 When from its stem the small bird wings away:  
 Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smil'd,  
 The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild  
 As are the momentary meteors sent  
 Across th' uncalm, but beauteous firmament.  
 And then her look — oh! where 's the heart so wise  
 Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?  
 Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,  
 Like those of angels, just before their fall;  
 Now shadow'd with the shames of earth — now crost  
 By glimpses of the Heav'n her heart had lost;  
 In every glance there broke, without controul,  
 The flashes of a bright, but troubled soul,  
 Where sensibility still wildly play'd,  
 Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young ZELICA — so chang'd  
 From her who, some years since, delighted rang'd  
 The almond groves that shade BOKHARA's tide,  
 All life and bliss, with AZIM by her side!  
 So alter'd was she now, this festal day,  
 When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,  
 The vision of that Youth whom she had lov'd,  
 Had wept as dead, before her breath'd and mov'd; —  
 When — bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track  
 But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back  
 Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light —  
 Her beauteous AZIM shone before her sight.

O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,  
 When least we look for it, thy broken clew!

Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain  
 Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again;  
 And how, like forts, to which beleaguers win  
 Unhop'd-for entrance through some friend within,  
 One clear idea, wakened in the breast  
 By memory's magic, lets in all the rest.  
 Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!  
 But though light came, it came but partially;  
 Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense  
 Wander'd about, — but not to guide it thence;  
 Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,  
 But not to point the harbour which might save.  
 Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,  
 With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind;  
 But, oh! to think how deep her soul had gone  
 In shame and falsehood since those moments shone;  
 And, then, her oath — *there* madness lay again,  
 And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain  
 Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee  
 From light, whose every glimpse was agony!  
 Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years  
 Brought, mingled with its pain, — tears, floods of tears,  
 Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills  
 Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,  
 And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,  
 Through valleys where their flow had long been lost.

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame  
 Trembled with horror, when the summons came  
 (A summons proud and rare, which all but she,  
 And she, till now, had heard with ecstasy,)  
 To meet MOKANNA at his place of prayer,  
 A garden oratory, cool and fair,  
 By the stream's side, where still at close of day  
 The Prophet of the Veil retir'd to pray;  
 Sometimes alone — but, oftener far, with one,  
 One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight  
As the young Priestess; and though, since that night  
When the death-caverns echoed every tone  
Of the dire oath that made her all his own,  
Th' Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,  
Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise,  
And utter'd such unheav'nly, monstrous things,  
As ev'n across the desperate wanderings  
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,  
Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt; —  
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,  
The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow,  
Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,  
Would soon, proud triumph! be to her reveal'd,  
To her alone; — and then the hope, most dear,  
Most wild of all, that her transgression here  
Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,  
From which the spirit would at last aspire,  
Ev'n purer than before, — as perfumes rise  
Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies —  
And that when AZIM's fond, divine embrace  
Should circle her in heav'n, no darkening trace  
Would on that bosom he once lov'd remain,  
But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again! —  
These were the wildering dreams, whose curst deceit  
Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,  
And made her think ev'n damning falsehood sweet.  
But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,  
That Semblance — oh how terrible, if true!  
Which came across her frenzy's full career  
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,  
As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,  
An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,  
And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,  
By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep; —  
So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,

And waking up each long-lull'd image there,  
But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair!

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,  
She now went slowly to that small kiosk,  
Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,  
MOKANNA waited her — too wrapt in dreams  
Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,  
To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,  
That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,  
Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now  
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound  
Came like a spirit's o'er th' unechoing ground, —  
From that wild ZELICA, whose every glance  
Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance!

Upon his couch the Veil'd MOKANNA lay,  
While lamps around — not such as lend their ray,  
Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray  
In holy KOOM,\* or MECCA's dim arcades, —  
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids  
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow  
Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow.  
Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,  
Which the world fondly thought he mused on there,  
Stood Vases, fill'd with KISHMEE'S\*\* golden wine,  
And the red weepings of the SHIRAZ vine;  
Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught  
Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,  
Like ZEMZEM'S Spring of Holiness,\*\*\* had power  
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!  
And still he drank and ponder'd — nor could see  
Th' approaching maid, so deep his reverie;

\* The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the Saints of Persia.—*Chardin*.

\*\* An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

\*\*\* The miraculous well at Mecca; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke  
 From EBLIS at the Fall of Man, he spoke: —  
 “Yes, ye vile race, for hell’s amusement given,  
 “Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven;  
 “God’s images, forsooth! — such gods as he  
 “Whom INDIA serves, the monkey deity; \* —  
 “Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,  
 “To whom if LUCIFER, as grandams say,  
 “Refus’d, though at the forfeit of heaven’s light,  
 “To bend in worship, LUCIFER was right! \*\* —  
 “Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck  
 “Of your foul race, and without fear or check,  
 “Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,  
 “My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man’s name! —  
 “Soon at the head of myriads, blind and fierce  
 “As hooded falcons, through the universe  
 “I’ll sweep my darkening, desolating way,  
 “Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey!  
 “Ye wise, ye learn’d, who grope your dull way on  
 “By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,

\* The god Hannaman. — “Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the God Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race.” — *Pennant’s Hindoostan*.

See a curious account, in *Stephen’s Persia*, of a solemn embassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast treasures for the recovery of a monkey’s tooth, which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanapatan.

\*\* This resolution of Eblis not to acknowledge the new creature, man, was, according to Mahometan tradition, thus adopted: — “The earth (which God had selected for the materials of his work) was carried into Arabia to a place between Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneaded by the angels, it was afterwards fashioned by God himself into a human form, and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as others say, as many years; the angels, in the mean time, often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels nearest to God’s presence, afterwards the devil) among the rest; but he, not contented with looking at it, kicked it with his foot till it rung; and knowing God designed that creature to be his superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such.” — *Sale on the Koran*.

"Like superstitious thieves, who think the light  
 "From dead men's marrow guides them best at night\* —  
 "Ye shall have honours — wealth, — yes, Sages, yes —  
 "I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness;  
 "Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,  
 "But a gilt stick, a bawble blinds it here.  
 "How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,  
 "In lying speech, and still more lying song,  
 "By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng;  
 "Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,  
 "A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

"Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,  
 "Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it breeds;  
 "Who, bolder ev'n than NEMROD, think to rise,  
 "By nonsense heap'd on nonsense, to the skies;  
 "Ye shall have miracles, aye, sound ones too,  
 "Seen, heard, attested, every thing — but true.  
 "Your preaching zealots, too inspir'd to seek  
 "One grace of meaning for the things they speak;  
 "Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood,  
 "For truths too heavenly to be understood;  
 "And your State Priests, sole vendors of the lore,  
 "That works salvation; — as, on AVA'S shore,  
 "Where none *but* priests are privileg'd to trade  
 "In that best marble of which Gods are made; \*\*  
 "They shall have mysteries — aye, precious stuff  
 "For knaves to thrive by — mysteries enough;  
 "Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,  
 "Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,  
 "While craftier feign belief, till they believe.

\* A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.

\*\* The material of which images of Gaudma (the Birman Deity) are made, is held sacred. "Birmans may not purchase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of the Deity ready made." — *Symes's Ava*, vol. ii. p. 376.

"A Heav'n too ye must have, ye lords of dust,  
 "A splendid Paradise, — pure souls, ye must:  
 "That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,  
 "Who finds not heav'ns to suit the tastes of all;  
 "Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,  
 "And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.  
 "Vain things! — as lust or vanity inspires,  
 "The heav'n of each is but what each desires,  
 "And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,  
 "Man would be man to all eternity!  
 "So let him — EBLIS! grant this crowning curse,  
 "But keep him what he is, no Hell were worse."

"Oh my lost soul!" exclaim'd the shuddering maid,  
 Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said: —  
 MOKANNA started — not abash'd, afraid, —  
 He knew no more of fear than one who dwells  
 Beneath the tropics knows of icicles!  
 But, in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,  
 "Oh my lost soul!" there was a sound so drear,  
 So like that voice, among the sinful dead,  
 In which the legend o'er Hell's Gate is read,  
 That, new as 't was from her, whom nought could dim  
 Or sink till now, it startled even him.

"Ha, my fair Priestess!" — thus, with ready wile,  
 Th' impostor turn'd to greet her — "thou, whose smile  
 "Hath inspiration in its rosy beam  
 "Beyond th' Enthusiast's hope or Prophet's dream;  
 "Light of the Faith! who twin'st religion's zeal  
 "So close with love's, men know not which they feel,  
 "Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart,  
 "The heav'n thou preachest or the heav'n thou art!  
 "What should I be without thee? without thee  
 "How dull were power, how joyless victory!  
 "Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine  
 "Bless'd not my banner, 't were but half divine.

"But — why so mournful, child? those eyes, that shone  
 "All life last night — what! — is their glory gone?  
 "Come, come — this morn's fatigue hath made them pale,  
 "They want rekindling — suns themselves would fail  
 "Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,  
 "From light's own fount supplies of brilliancy.  
 "Thou seest this cup — no juice of earth is here,  
 "But the pure waters of that upper sphere,  
 "Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,  
 "Catching the gem's bright colour, as they go.  
 "Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns —  
 "Nay, drink — in every drop life's essence burns;  
 "'T will make that soul all fire, those eyes all light —  
 "Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night:  
 "There is a youth — why start? — thou saw'st him then;  
 "Look'd he not nobly? such the godlike men  
 "Thou 'lt have to woo thee in the bowers above; —  
 "Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,  
 "Too rul'd by that cold enemy of bliss  
 "The world calls virtue — we must conquer this;  
 "Nay, shrink not, pretty sage! 't is not for thee  
 "To scan the mazes of Heav'n's mystery:  
 "The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield  
 "Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.  
 "This very night I mean to try the art  
 "Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.  
 "All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,  
 "Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,  
 "Shall tempt the boy; — young MIRZALA'S blue eyes,  
 "Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies;  
 "AROUYA'S cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,  
 "And lips that, like the seal of SOLOMON,  
 "Have magic in their pressure; ZEBAS lute,  
 "And LILLA'S dancing feet, that gleam and shoot  
 "Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep —  
 "All shall combine their witching powers to steep



"My convert's spirit in that softening trance,  
 "From which to heav'n is but the next advance; —  
 "That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,  
 "On which Religion stamps her image best.  
 "But hear me, Priestess! — though each nymph of these  
 "Hath some peculiar, practis'd power to please,  
 "Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,  
 "First charms herself, then all the world beside;  
 "There still wants *one*, to make the victory sure,  
 "One who in every look joins every lure;  
 "Through whom all beauty's beams concenter'd pass,  
 "Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning glass;  
 "Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,  
 "Whose words, ev'n when unmeaning, are ador'd,  
 "Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,  
 "Which our faith takes for granted are divine!  
 "Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,  
 "To crown the rich temptations of to-night;  
 "Such the refin'd enchantress that must be  
 "This hero's vanquisher, — and thou art she!"

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,  
 The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil  
 From which these words, like south winds through a fence  
 Of Kerzrah flow'rs, came fill'd with pestilence;\*  
 So boldly utter'd too! as if all dread  
 Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,  
 And the wretch felt assur'd that, once plung'd in,  
 Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin!

At first, tho' mute she listen'd, like a dream  
 Seem'd all he said: nor could her mind, whose beam  
 As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.  
 But when, at length, he utter'd, "Thou art she!"  
 All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteously,

\* "It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south wind, which in June or July passes over that flower (the Kerzereh), it will kill him." — *Thevenot*.

"Oh not for worlds!" she cried — "Great God! to whom  
 "I once knelt innocent, is this my doom?  
 "Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,  
 "My purity, my pride, then come to this, —  
 "To live, the wanton of a fiend! to be  
 "The pander of his guilt — oh infamy!  
 "And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep  
 "In its hot flood, drag others down as deep!  
 "Others — ha! yes — that youth who came to-day —  
 "Not him I lov'd — not him — oh! do but say,  
 "But swear to me this moment 't is not he,  
 "And I will serve, dark fiend, will worship even thee!"

"Beware, young raving thing! — in time beware,  
 "Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear,  
 "Ev'n from *thy* lips. Go — try thy lute, thy voice,  
 "The boy must feel their magic; — I rejoice  
 "To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,  
 "Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes;  
 "And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm,  
 "Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,  
 "So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,  
 "As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,  
 "Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.  
 "Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet! — those eyes were made  
 "For love, not anger — I must be obey'd."

"Obey'd! — 't is well — yes, I deserve it all —  
 "On me, on me Heaven's vengeance cannot fall  
 "Too heavily — but AZIM, brave and true  
 "And beautiful — must *he* be ruin'd too?  
 "Must *he* too, glorious as he is, be driven  
 "A renegade like me from Love and Heaven?  
 "Like me? — weak wretch, I wrong him — not like me;  
 "No — he's all truth and strength and purity!  
 "Fill up your madd'ning hell-cup to the brim,  
 "Its witchery, fiends, will have no charm for him.



"And so thou 'lt fly, forsooth? — what! — give up all  
 "Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,  
 "Where now to Love and now to ALLA given,  
 "Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even  
 "As doth MEDINA's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven!  
 "Thou 'lt fly? — as easily may reptiles run,  
 "The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon;  
 "As easily, when caught, the prey may be  
 "Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.  
 "No, no, 't is fix'd — let good or ill betide,  
 "Thou 'rt mine till death, till death MOKANNA's bride!  
 "Hast thou forgot thy oath?" —

At this dread word,  
 The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd  
 Through all its depths, and rous'd an anger there,  
 That burst and lighten'd even through her despair —  
 Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath  
 That spoke that word, and stagger'd pale as death.

"Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bowers  
 "Their bridal place — the charnel vault was ours!  
 "Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me  
 "Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality;  
 "Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we were wed,  
 "And, for our guests, a row of goodly Dead,  
 "(Immortal spirits in their time, no doubt,)  
 "From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out!  
 "That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine repeat —  
 "That cup — thou shudderest, Lady, — was it sweet?  
 "That cup we pledg'd, the charnel's choicest wine,  
 "Hath bound thee — aye — body and soul all mine;  
 "Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or curst  
 "No matter now, not hell itself shall burst!  
 "Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,  
 "Look wild, look — any thing but sad; yet stay —  
 "One moment more — from what this night hath pass'd,  
 "I see thou know'st me, know 'st me *well* at last.

"Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,  
 "And that I love mankind? — I do, I do —  
 "As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats  
 "Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats;  
 "Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives  
 "That rank and venomous food on which she lives! \* —

"And, now thou seest my *soul's* angelic hue,  
 "T is time these *features* were uncurtain'd too; —  
 "This brow, whose light — oh rare celestial light!  
 "Hath been reserv'd to bless thy favour'd sight;  
 "These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded might  
 "Thou 'st seen immortal Man kneel down and quake —  
 "Would that they *were* heaven's lightnings for his sake!  
 "But turn and look — then wonder, if thou wilt,  
 "That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,  
 "Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth  
 "Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth;  
 "And on that race who, though more vile they be  
 "Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me!  
 "Here — judge if hell, with all its power to damn,  
 "Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!" —

He raised his veil — the Maid turn'd slowly round,  
 Look'd at him — shriek'd — and sunk upon the ground!

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ON their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all around illuminated; some artists of Yamtcheou\*\* having been sent on previously for the purpose. On each side of the green alley, which led to

\* *Circum eadem ripas (Nili, viz.) ales est Ibis. Ea serpentium populatur ova, gratissimamque ex his escam nidis suis refert. — Solinus.*

\*\* "The feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamtcheou with more magnificence than any where else: and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not daring openly to leave his Court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trice. He made them in the night to ascend

the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work \* were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. — Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo-scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

LALLA ROOKH, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of ZELICA and her lover, to give a thought to any thing else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion, — greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou, — and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.\*\*

Without a moment's delay, young FERAMORZ was introduced, and FADLADEEN; who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when LALLA ROOKH impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded: —

magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtcheou. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city and descended by degrees; and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at court perceiving his absence." — *The present State of China*, p. 156.

\* See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alee in the *Asiatic Annual Register of 1804*.

\*\* "The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous mandarin, whose daughter walking one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned; this afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day; they continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom." — *Present State of China*.

PREPARE thy soul, young AZIM! — thou hast braved  
 The bands of GREECE, still mighty though enslaved;  
 Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,  
 Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;  
 All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow,  
 But a more perilous trial waits thee now, —  
 Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes  
 From every land where woman smiles or sighs;  
 Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise  
 His black or azure banner in their blaze;  
 And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash  
 That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,  
 To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid,  
 Like swords half-sheath'd, beneath the downcast lid; —  
 Such, AZIM, is the lovely, luminous host  
 Now led against thee; and, let conquerors boast  
 Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms  
 A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,  
 Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,  
 Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights  
 And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites; —  
 From room to room the ready handmaids hie,  
 Some skill'd to wreath the turban tastefully,  
 Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,  
 O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,  
 Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,  
 Like SEBA'S Queen could vanquish with that one: \* —  
 While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue  
 The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue, \*\*  
 So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem  
 Like tips of coral branches in the stream:

\* "Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes." — *Sol. Song.*

\*\* "They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna, so that they resembled branches of coral." — *Story of Prince Futtun in Bahardanush*

And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,  
 To give that long, dark languish to the eye, \*  
 Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull  
 From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful.  
 All is in motion; rings and plumes and pearls  
 Are shining every where: — some younger girls  
 Are gone by moonlight to the garden-beds,  
 To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads; —  
 Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, 't is to see  
 How each prefers a garland from that tree  
 Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,  
 And the dear fields and friendships far away.  
 The maid of INDIA, blest again to hold  
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold, \*\*  
 Thinks of the time when, by the GANGES' flood,  
 Her little play-mates scatter'd many a bud  
 Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam  
 Just dripping from the consecrated stream;  
 While the young Arab, haunted by the smell  
 Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell, —  
 The sweet Elcaya, \*\*\* and that courteous tree  
 Which bows to all who seek its canopy, †

\* "The women blacken the inside of their eyelids with a powder named the black Kohol." — *Russel*.

"None of these ladies," says *Shaw*, "take themselves to be completely dressed, till they have tinged the hair and edges of their eyelids with the powder of lead ore. Now, as this operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterwards through the eyelids over the ball of the eye, we shall have a lively image of what the Prophet (Jer. iv. 30.) may be supposed to mean by *rending the eyes with painting*. This practice is no doubt of great antiquity; for besides the instance already taken notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (2 Kings, ix. 30.) *to have painted her face*, the original words are, *she adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead-ore*" — *Shaw's Travels*.

\*\* "The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Campac on the black hair of the Indian women has supplied the Sanscrit Poets with many elegant allusions." — See *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv.

\*\*\* A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen. — *Niebuhr*.

† Of the genus mimosa, "which droops its branches whenever any



Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,  
 The well, the camels, and her father's tents;  
 Sighs for the home she left with little pain,  
 And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,  
 Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls  
 Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound  
 From many a jasper fount, is heard around,  
 Young AZIM roams bewilder'd, — nor can guess  
 What means this maze of light and loneliness.  
 Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors  
 Or mats of CAIRO, through long corridors,  
 Where, rang'd in cassolets and silver urns,  
 Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;  
 And spicy rods, such as illumine at night  
 The bowers of TIBET, \* send forth odorous light,  
 Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road  
 For some pure Spirit to its blest abode: —  
 And here, at once, the glittering saloon  
 Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon;  
 Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays  
 In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays  
 High as th' enamell'd cupola, which towers  
 All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers:  
 And the mosaic floor beneath shines through  
 The sprinkling of that fountain's silv'ry dew,  
 Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,  
 That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings  
 Of woman's love in those fair, living things  
 Of land and wave, whose fate — in bondage thrown  
 For their weak loveliness — is like her own!

person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade." — *Niebuhr*.

\* "Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence." — *Turner's Tibet*.

On one side gleaming with a sudden grace  
 Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase  
 In which it undulates, small fishes shine,  
 Like golden ingots from a fairy mine; —  
 While, on the other, latticed lightly in  
 With odoriferous woods of COMORIN, \*  
 Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;  
 Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between  
 The crimson blossoms of the coral tree \*\*  
 In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:  
 Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, \*\*\* and the thrush  
 Of Hindostan, † whose holy warblings gush,  
 At evening, from the tall pagoda's top; —  
 Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop  
 About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food ††  
 Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer flood; †††  
 And those that under Araby's soft sun  
 Build their high nests of budding cinnamon; §  
 In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly  
 Through the pure element, here calmly lie

\* "C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloës, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité." — *D'Herbelot*.

\*\* "Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral-trees." — *Barrow*.

\*\*\* "In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill." — *Pitt's Account of the Mahometans*.

† "The Pagoda Thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched on the sacred pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song." — *Pennant's Hindostan*.

†† *Tavernier* adds, that while the Birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the emmets come and eat off their legs; and that hence it is they are said to have no feet.

††† Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern isles to India; and "the strength of the nutmeg," says *Tavernier*, "so intoxicates them that they fall dead drunk to the earth."

§ "That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with cinnamon." — *Brown's Vulgar Errors*.

Sleeping in light, like the green birds \* that dwell  
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel!

So on, through scenes past all imagining,  
More like the luxuries of that impious King, \*\*  
Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch,  
Struck down and blasted even in Pleasure's porch,  
Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,  
Arm'd with Heav'n's sword, for man's enfranchisement —  
Young AZIM wander'd, looking sternly round,  
His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound  
But ill according with the pomp and grace  
And silent lull of that voluptuous place.

“Is this, then,” thought the youth, “is this the way  
“To free man's spirit from the deadening sway  
“Of worldly sloth, — to teach him while he lives,  
“To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,  
“And when he dies, to leave his lofty name  
“A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame?  
“It was not so, Land of the generous thought  
“And daring deed, thy god-like sages taught;  
“It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,  
“Thy Freedom nurs'd her sacred energies;  
“Oh! not beneath th' enfeebling, withering glow  
“Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow,  
“With which she wreath'd her sword, when she would dare  
“Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air  
“Of toil, — of temperance, — of that high, rare,  
“Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe  
“Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath.  
“Who, that surveys this span of earth we press, —  
“This speck of life in time's great wilderness,

\* “The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds.” — *Gibbon*, vol. ix. p. 421.

\*\* Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

"This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,  
 "The past, the future, two eternities! —  
 "Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,  
 "When he might build him a proud temple there,  
 "A name, that long shall hallow all its space,  
 "And be each purer soul's high resting-place.  
 "But no — it cannot be, that one, whom God  
 "Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod, —  
 "A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws  
 "Its rights from Heaven, should thus profane its cause  
 "With the world's vulgar pomps; — no, no, — I see —  
 "He thinks me weak — this glare of luxury  
 "Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze  
 "Of my young soul — shine on, 't will stand the blaze!"

So thought the youth; — but, ev'n while he defied  
 This witching scene, he felt its witchery glide  
 Through ev'ry sense. The perfume breathing round,  
 Like a pervading spirit; — the still sound  
 Of falling waters, lulling as the song  
 Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng  
 Around the fragrant NILICA, and deep  
 In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep; \*  
 And music, too — dear music! that can touch  
 Beyond all else the soul that loves it much —  
 Now heard far off, so far as but to seem  
 Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream;  
 All was too much for him, too full of bliss,  
 The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this;  
 Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave  
 His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave  
 Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid;  
 He thought of ZELICA, his own dear maid,  
 And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,  
 They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,

\* "My Pandits assure me that the plant before us (the Nilica) is their Sephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms." — *Sir W. Jones.*

Silent and happy — as if God had given  
Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven.

“Oh, my lov'd mistress, thou, whose spirit still  
“Is with me, round me, wander where I will —  
“It is for thee, for thee alone I seek  
“The paths of glory; to light up thy cheek  
“With warm approval — in that gentle look,  
“To read my praise, as in an angel's book,  
“And think all toils rewarded, when from thee  
“I gain a smile worth immortality!  
“How shall I bear the moment, when restor'd  
“To that young heart where I alone am Lord,  
“Though of such bliss unworthy, — since the best  
“Alone deserve to be the happiest: —  
“When from those lips, unbreathed upon for years,  
“I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,  
“And find those tears warm as when last they started,  
“Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted.  
“O my own life! — why should a single day,  
“A moment keep me from those arms away?”

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze  
Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,  
Each note of which but adds new, downy links  
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.  
He turns him tow'rd the sound, and far away  
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play  
Of countless lamps, — like the rich track which Day  
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us,  
So long the path, its light so tremulous; —  
He sees a group of female forms advance,  
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance  
By fetters, forg'd in the green sunny bowers,  
As they were captives to the King of Flowers; \*

\* “They deferred it till the King of Flowers should ascend his throne  
of enamelled foliage.” — *The Bahardanush*.

And some disporting round, unlin'd and free,  
 Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery;  
 And round and round them still, in wheeling flight  
 Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;  
 While others wak'd, as gracefully along  
 Their feet kept time, the very soul of song  
 From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,  
 Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still.  
 And now they come, now pass before his eye,  
 Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie  
 With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things  
 Lovely beyond its fairest picturings.  
 Awhile they dance before him, then divide  
 Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide  
 Around the rich pavilion of the sun, —  
 Till silently dispersing, one by one,  
 Through many a path, that from the chamber leads  
 To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,  
 Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,  
 And but one trembling nymph remains behind, —  
 Beck'ning them back in vain, for they are gone,  
 And she is left in all that light alone;  
 No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,  
 In its young bashfulness more beauteous now;  
 But a light golden chain-work round her hair, \*  
 Such as the maids of YEZD \*\* and SHIRAZ wear,  
 From which, on either side, gracefully hung  
 A golden amulet, in th' Arab tongue,  
 Engraven o'er with some immortal line  
 From Holy Writ, or bard scarce less divine;

\* "One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with a thin gold plate pendant, about the bigness of a crown-piece, on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs upon the cheek below the ear." — *Hanway's Travels*.

\*\* "Certainly the women of Yezd are the handsomest women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happy a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, and drink the wine of Shiraz." — *Tavernier*.

While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,  
 Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,  
 Which, once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,  
 Then took her trembling fingers off again.  
 But when at length a timid glance she stole  
 At AZIM, the sweet gravity of soul  
 She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,  
 And, like a half-tam'd antelope, more near,  
 Though shrinking still, she came; — then sat her down  
 Upon a musnud's\* edge, and, bolder grown,  
 In the pathetic mode of ISFAHAN\*\*  
 Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began: —

There's a bower of roses by BENDEMEER's\*\*\* stream,  
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;  
 In the time of my childhood 't was like a sweet dream,  
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,  
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,  
 I think — is the nightingale singing there yet?  
 Are the roses still bright by the calm BENDEMEER?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,  
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they  
 shone,  
 And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave  
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,  
 An essence that breathes of it many a year;

\* Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

\*\* The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or *Perdas* by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, &c.

\*\*\* A river which flows near the ruins of Chilmimar.

Thus bright to my soul, as 't was then to my eyes,  
Is that bower on the banks of the calm **BENDEMEER!**

“Poor maiden!” thought the youth, “if thou wert sent,  
“With thy soft lute and beauty’s blandishment,  
“To wake unholy wishes in this heart,  
“Or tempt its truth, thou little know’st the art.  
“For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,  
“Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.  
“But thou hast breath’d such purity, thy lay  
“Returns so fondly to youth’s virtuous day,  
“And leads thy soul — if e’er it wander’d thence —  
“So gently back to its first innocence,  
“That I would sooner stop the unchained dove,  
“When swift returning to its home of love,  
“And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,  
“Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!”

Scarce had this feeling pass’d, when, sparkling through  
The gently open’d curtains of light blue  
That veil’d the breezy casement, countless eyes,  
Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,  
Look’d laughing in, as if to mock the pair  
That sat so still and melancholy there: —  
And now the curtains fly apart, and in  
From the cool air, ’mid showers of jessamine  
Which those without fling after them in play,  
Two lightsome maidens spring, — lightsome as they  
Who live in th’ air on odours, — and around  
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,  
Chase one another, in a varying dance  
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,  
Too eloquently like love’s warm pursuit: —  
While she, who sung so gently to the lute  
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,  
Shrinking as violets do in summer’s ray, —  
But takes with her from **AZIM**’s heart that sigh  
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by



In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,  
Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danc'd  
Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanc'd  
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er  
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore; \*  
While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall  
Of curls descending, bells as musical  
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees  
Of EDEN, shake in the eternal breeze, \*\*  
Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet,  
As 't were th' extatic language of their feet.  
At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreath'd  
Within each other's arms; while soft there breath'd  
Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs  
Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise  
From some still lake, so liquidly it rose;  
And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,  
The ear could track through all that maze of chords  
And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words: —

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A SPIRIT there is, whose fragrant sigh  
Is burning now through earth and air;  
Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,  
Where lips are meeting the Spirit is there!

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,  
And his floating eyes — oh! *they* resemble \*\*\*

\* "To the north of us (on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku.) was a mountain, which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals with which it abounds." — *Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

\*\* "To which will be added the sound of the bells, hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for music." — *Sule*.

\*\*\* "Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies, agitated by the breeze." — *Jayadeva*.

Blue water-lilies, \* when the breeze  
 Is making the stream around them tremble.  
 Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power!  
 Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!  
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave  
 Who blushing unite,  
 Like the sun and wave,  
 When they meet at night;

By the tear that shows  
 When passion is nigh,  
 As the rain-drop flows  
 From the heat of the sky;

By the first love-beat  
 Of the youthful heart,  
 By the bliss to meet,  
 And the pain to part;

By all that thou hast  
 To mortals given,  
 Which — oh, could it last,  
 This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!  
 Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!  
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this

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Impatient of a scene, whose luxuries stole,  
 Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,  
 And where, midst all that the young heart loves most  
 Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,  
 The youth had started up, and turn'd away  
 From the light nymphs, and their luxurious lay,

\* The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

To muse upon the pictures that hung round, \* —  
 Bright images, that spoke without a sound,  
 And views, like vistas into fairy ground.  
 But here again new spells came o'er his sense : —  
 All that the pencil's mute omnipotence  
 Could call up into life, of soft and fair,  
 Of fond and passionate, was glowing there ;  
 Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art  
 Which paints of pleasure but the purer part ;  
 Which knows ev'n Beauty when half-veil'd is best, —  
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,  
 Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest. \*\*  
*There* hung the history of the Genii-King,  
 Trac'd through each gay, voluptuous wandering  
 With her from SABA's bowers, in whose bright eyes  
 He read that to be blest is to be wise ; \*\*\* —  
*Here* fond ZULFIKA † woos with open arms  
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,

\* It has been generally supposed that the Mahometans prohibit all pictures of animals; but *Toderini* shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

\*\* This is not quite astronomically true. "Dr. Hadley (says Keil) has shown that Venus is brightest when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun; and that then but *only a fourth part* of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth."

\*\*\* For the loves of King Solomon (who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii) with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, see *D'Herbelot*, and the *Notes on the Koran*, chap. 2.

"In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Saba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water, in which fish were swimming." This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. "It was said unto her, 'Enter the palace.' And when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water; and she discovered her legs, by lifting up her robe to pass through it. Whereupon Solomon said to her, 'Verily, this is the place evenly floored with glass.'" — Chap. 27.

† The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals.

The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her

Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,  
 Wishes that Heav'n and she could *both* be won;  
 And here MOHAMMED, born for love and guile,  
 Forgets the Koran in his MARY'S smile; —  
 Then beckons some kind angel from above  
 With a new text to consecrate their love.\*

With rapid step, yet pleas'd and lingering eye,  
 Did the youth pass these pictur'd stories by,  
 And hasten'd to a casement, where the light  
 Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright  
 The fields without were seen, sleeping as still  
 As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.  
 Here paus'd he, while the music, now less near,  
 Breath'd with a holier language on his ear,  
 As though the distance, and that heavenly ray  
 Through which the sounds came floating, took away  
 All that had been too earthly in the lay.

Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmov'd,  
 And by that light — nor dream of her he lov'd?  
 Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou may'st;  
 'T is the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.  
 Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,  
 Ere all the light, that made it dear, depart.  
 Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,  
 Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast;  
 Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,  
 Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep, in Heaven.  
 Think, in her own still bower she waits thee now,  
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,

young Hebrew slave has given rise to a much esteemed poem in the Persian language, entitled *Yusef vau Zelikha*, by *Noureddin Jami*; the manuscript copy of which, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is supposed to be the finest in the whole world." — *Note upon Nott's Translation of Hafez.*

\* The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in *Gagnier's Notes upon Abulfeda*, p. 151.

Yet shrin'd in solitude — thine all, thine only,  
 Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely.  
 Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,  
 Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,  
 And he is left, musing of bliss, alone; —  
 Alone? — no, not alone — that heavy sigh,  
 That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh —  
 Whose could it be? — alas! is misery found  
 Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?  
 He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,  
 Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,  
 Against a pillar near; — not glittering o'er  
 With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,  
 But in that deep-blue, melancholy dress,\*  
 BOKHARA'S maidens wear in mindfulness  
 Of friends or kindred, dead or far away; —  
 And such as ZELICA had on that day  
 He left her — when, with heart too full to speak,  
 He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him, — more  
 Than mere compassion ever wak'd before;  
 Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she  
 Springs forward, as with life's last energy,  
 But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,  
 Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground; —  
 Her veil falls off — her faint hands clasp his knees —  
 'T is she herself! — 't is ZELICA he sees!  
 But, ah, so pale, so chang'd — none but a lover  
 Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover  
 The once ador'd divinity — ev'n he  
 Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly  
 Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gaz'd  
 Upon those lids, where once such lustre blaz'd,

\* “Deep blue is their mourning colour.” — *Hanway*.

Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,  
 Own darling maid, whom he so long had known  
 In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;  
 Who, ev'n when grief was heaviest — when loth  
 He left her for the wars — in that worst hour  
 Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower,\*  
 When darkness brings its weeping glories out,  
 And spreads its sighs like frankincense about.

“Look up, my ZELICA — one moment show  
 “Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know  
 “Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,  
 “But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.  
 “Come, look upon thy AZIM — one dear glance,  
 “Like those of old, were heav'n! whatever chance  
 “Hath brought thee here, oh, 't was a blessed one!  
 “There — my lov'd lips — they move — that kiss hath run  
 “Like the first shoot of life through every vein,  
 “And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again.  
 “Oh the delight — now, in this very hour,  
 “When had the whole rich world been in my power,  
 “I should have singled out thee, only thee,  
 “From the whole world's collected treasury —  
 “To have thee here — to hang thus fondly o'er  
 “My own, best, purest ZELICA once more!”

It was indeed the touch of those fond lips  
 Upon her eyes that chas'd their short eclipse,  
 And, gradual as the snow, at Heaven's breath,  
 Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,  
 Her lids unclos'd, and the bright eyes were seen  
 Gazing on his — not, as they late had been,  
 Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene;  
 As if to lie, ev'n for that tranced minute,  
 So near his heart, had consolation in it;

\* The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.

And thus to wake in his belov'd caress  
 Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.  
 But, when she heard him call her good and pure,  
 Oh, 't was too much — too dreadful to endure!  
 Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,  
 And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,  
 Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven  
 A heart of very marble, "Pure! — oh Heaven!" —

That tone — those looks so chang'd — the withering blight,  
 That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light;  
 The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,  
 Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,  
 He would have seen himself, too happy boy,  
 Reflected in a thousand lights of joy;  
 And then the place, — that bright, unholy place,  
 Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace  
 And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves  
 Its wily covering of sweet balsam leaves,\* —  
 All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold  
 As death itself; — it needs not to be told —  
 No, no — he sees it all, plain as the brand  
 Of burning shame can mark — whate'er the hand,  
 That could from Heav'n and him such brightness sever,  
 'T is done — to Heav'n and him she 's lost for ever!  
 It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,  
 The lingering, lasting misery of years  
 Could match that minute's anguish — all the worst  
 Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst  
 Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,  
 Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate.

"Oh! curse me not," she cried, as wild he toss'd  
 His desperate hand tow'rd's Heav'n — "though I am lost,

\* "Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent among the balsam-trees, I made very particular inquiry; several were brought me alive both to Yambo and Jidda." — *Bruce*.

"Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,  
 "No, no — 't was grief, 't was madness did it all!  
 "Nay, doubt me not — though all thy love hath ceas'd —  
 "I know it hath — yet, yet believe, at least,  
 "That every spark of reason's light must be  
 "Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from thee.  
 "They told me thou wert dead — why, AZIM, why  
 "Did we not, both of us, that instant die  
 "When we were parted? oh! could'st thou but know  
 "With what a deep devotedness of woe  
 "I wept thy absence — o'er and o'er again  
 "Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,  
 "And memory, like a drop that, night and day,  
 "Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away.  
 "Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,  
 "My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,  
 "And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,  
 "Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear —  
 "Oh God! thou would'st not wonder that, at last,  
 "When every hope was all at once o'ercastr,  
 "When I heard frightful voices round me say  
 "*Azim is dead!* — this wretched brain gave way,  
 "And I became a wreck, at random driven,  
 "Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven —  
 "All wild — and even this quenchless love within  
 "Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin! —  
 "Thou pitiest me — I knew thou would'st — that sky  
 "Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.  
 "The fiend, who lur'd me hither — hist! come near  
 "Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear —  
 "Told me such things — oh! with such devilish art,  
 "As would have ruin'd ev'n a holier heart —  
 "Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,  
 "Where bless'd at length, if I but serv'd *him* here,  
 "I should for ever live in thy dear sight,  
 "And drink from those pure eyes eternal light.  
 "Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be.



"To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!  
 "Thou weep'st for me — do weep — oh, that I durst  
 "Kiss off that tear! but, no — these lips are curst,  
 "They must not touch thee; — one divine caress,  
 "One blessed moment of forgetfulness  
 "I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,  
 "Shrin'd in my soul's deep memory till I die;  
 "The last of joy's last relics here below,  
 "The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe,  
 "My heart has treasur'd from affection's spring,  
 "To soothe and cool its deadly withering!  
 "But thou — yes, thou must go — for ever go;  
 "This place is not for thee — for thee! oh no,  
 "Did I but tell thee half, thy tortur'd brain  
 "Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again!  
 "Enough, that Guilt reigns here — that hearts, once good,  
 "Now tainted, chill'd, and broken, are his food. —  
 "Enough, that we are parted — that there rolls  
 "A flood of headlong fate between our souls,  
 "Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee  
 "As hell from heav'n, to all eternity!"

"ZELICA, ZELICA!" the youth exclaim'd,  
 In all the tortures of a mind inflam'd  
 Almost to madness — "by that sacred Heav'n,  
 "Where yet, if pray'rs can move, thou 'lt be forgiven,  
 "As thou art here — here, in this writhing heart,  
 "All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art!  
 "By the remembrance of our once pure love,  
 "Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above  
 "The grave of our lost souls — which guilt in thee  
 "Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me!  
 "I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence —  
 "If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,  
 "Fly with me from this place —"

"With thee! oh bliss!

"'T is worth whole years of torment to hear this.

"What! take the lost one with thee? — let her rove  
 "By thy dear side, as in those days of love,  
 "When we were both so happy, both so pure —  
 "Too heavenly dream! if there's on earth a cure  
 "For the sunk heart, 't is this — day after day  
 "To be the blest companion of thy way;  
 "To hear thy angel eloquence — to see  
 "Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me;  
 "And, in their light re-chasten'd silently,  
 "Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,  
 "Grow pure by being purely shone upon!  
 "And thou wilt pray for me — I know thou wilt —  
 "At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt  
 "Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou 'lt lift thine eyes,  
 "Full of sweet tears, unto the dark'ning skies,  
 "And plead for me with Heav'n, till I can dare  
 "To fix my own weak, sinful glances there;  
 "Till the good angels, when they see me c'ng  
 "For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,  
 "Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,  
 "And bid thee take thy weeping slave to Heaven!  
 "Oh yes, I'll fly with thee —"

Scarce had she said

These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread  
 As that of MONKER, waking up the dead  
 From their first sleep — so startling 't was to both —  
 Rung through the casement near, "Thy oath! thy oath!"  
 Oh Heav'n, the ghastliness of that Maid's look! —  
 "T is he," faintly she cried, while terror shook  
 Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,  
 Though through the casement, now, nought but the skies  
 And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before —  
 "'T is he, and I am his — all, all is o'er —  
 "Go — fly this instant, or thou 'rt ruin'd too —  
 "My oath, my oath, oh God! 't is all too true,  
 "True as the worm in this cold heart it is —  
 "I am MOKANNA'S bride — his, AZIM, his —

"The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,  
 "Their blue lips echo'd it — I hear them now!  
 "Their eyes glar'd on me, while I pledg'd that bowl,  
 "'T was burning blood — I feel it in my soul!  
 "And the Veil'd Bridegroom — hist! I've seen to-night  
 "What angels know not of — so foul a sight,  
 "So horrible — oh! never may'st thou see  
 "What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!  
 "But I must hence — off, off — I am not thine,  
 "Nor Heav'n's, nor Love's, nor aught that is divine —  
 "Hold me not — ha! think'st thou the fiends that sever  
 "Hearts, cannot sunder hands? — thus, then — for ever!"

With all that strength, which madness lends the weak,  
 She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,  
 Whose sound, though he should linger out more years  
 Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears —  
 Flew up through that long avenue of light,  
 Fleetly as some dark, ominous bird of night,  
 Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!

LALLA ROOKH could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon FADLADEEN. She felt, too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that AZIM must have been just such a youth as FERAMORZ; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istakbar,\* is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank,\*\* whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of

\* "In the territory of Istakbar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour." — *Ebn Haukal*.

\*\* For an account of this ceremony, see *Grandpré's Voyage* in the Indian Ocean.

cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream; and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. LALLA ROOKH was all curiosity; — when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of Stars, \*) informed the Princess that it was the usual way, in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

LALLA ROOKH, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy, which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of FERAMORZ, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure; and, after a few unheard remarks from FADLA-DEEN upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a Princess, every thing was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued: —

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,  
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?

\* "The place where the Whangho, a river of Tibet, rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars; whence it is called Hotun-nor, that is, the Sea of Stars." — *Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

This City of War which, in a few short hours,  
 Hath sprung up here,\* as if the magic powers  
 Of Him who, in the twinkling of a star,  
 Built the high pillar'd halls of CHILMINAR,\*\*  
 Had conjur'd up, far as the eye can see,  
 This world of tents, and domes, and sun-bright armory —  
 Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold  
 Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold: —  
 Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,  
 Their chains and poitreles glittering in the sun;  
 And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,\*\*\*  
 Shaking in every breeze their light-ton'd bells!

But yester-eve, so motionless around,  
 So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound

\* "The Lescar or Imperial Camp is divided, like a regular town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and from a rising ground furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the world. Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchantment. Even those who leave their houses in cities to follow the prince in his progress are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, when situated in a beautiful and convenient place, that they cannot prevail with themselves to remove. To prevent this inconvenience to the court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents. — *Dow's Hindostan.*

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern encampment: — "His camp, like that of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or means of each individual, by extensive inclosures of coloured calico surrounding superb suites of tents; by ragged cloths or blankets stretched over sticks or branches; palm leaves hastily spread over similar supports; handsome tents and splendid canopies; horses, oxen, elephants, and camels; all intermixed without any exterior mark of order or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congeries of these masses; the only regular part of the encampment being the streets of shops, each of which is constructed nearly in the manner of a booth at an English fair." — *Historical Sketches of the South of India.*

\*\* The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

\*\*\* "A superb camel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells." — *Ali Bey.*

But the far torrent, or the locust bird\*  
 Hunting among the thickets, could be heard; —  
 Yet hark! what discords now, of every kind,  
 Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in the wind;  
 The neigh of cavalry; — the tinkling throngs  
 Of laden camels and their drivers songs; \*\* —  
 Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze  
 Of streamers from ten thousand canopies; —  
 War-music, bursting out from time to time,  
 With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime; —  
 Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,  
 The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,  
 That far off, broken by the eagle note  
 Of th' Abyssinian trumpet, \*\*\* swell and float.

Who leads this mighty army? — ask ye “who?”  
 And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,  
 The Night and Shadow, † over yonder tent? —  
 It is the CALIPH's glorious armament.  
 Rous'd in his Palace by the dread alarms,  
 That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,

\* A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

\*\* “Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks, which together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot,) singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully.” — *Pitt's Account of the Mahometans.*

“The camel-driver follows the camels singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe; the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music.” — *Tavernier.*

\*\*\* “This trumpet is often called, in Abyssinia, *nesser cano*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle.” — *Note of Bruce's Editor.*

† The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, The Night and The Shadow. — See *Gibbon.*

And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd  
 Defiance fierce at Islam\* and the world, —  
 Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind  
 The veils of his bright Palace calm reclin'd,  
 Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,  
 Thus unreveng'd, the evening of his reign;  
 But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave\*\*  
 To conquer or to perish, once more gave  
 His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,  
 And with an army, nurs'd in victories,  
 Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run  
 His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

Ne'er did the march of MAHADI display  
 Such pomp before; — not ev'n when on his way  
 To MECCA'S Temple, when both land and sea  
 Were spoil'd to feed the Pilgrim's luxury;\*\*\*  
 When round him, 'mid the burning sands, he saw  
 Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,  
 And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow  
 Of MECCA'S sun, with urns of Persian snow: † —  
 Nor e'er did armament more grand than that  
 Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.  
 First, in the van, the People of the Rock, ††  
 On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock: †††

\* The Mahometan religion.

\*\* "The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Casbin; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask him, if he dare swear by the Holy Grave." — *Struy*.

\*\*\* Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

† Nivem Meccam apportavit, rem ibi aut nunquam aut raro visam. — *Abulfeda*.

†† The inhabitants of Hejaz or Arabia Petræa, called by an Eastern writer "The People of the Rock." — *Ebn Haukal*.

††† "Those horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds." — *Niebuhr*.

Then, chieftains of **DAMASCUS**, proud to see  
 The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry; \* —  
 Men, from the regions near the **VOILGA'S** mouth,  
 Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South;  
 And Indian lancers, in white-turban'd ranks,  
 From the far **SINDE**, or **ATTOCK'S** sacred banks,  
 With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh, \*\*  
 And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude  
 In warfare's school, was the vast multitude  
 That, fir'd by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,  
 Round the white standard of th' impostor throng'd.  
 Beside his thousands of Believers — blind,  
 Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind —  
 Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel  
 The bloody Islamite's converting steel.  
 Flock'd to his banner; — Chiefs of th' **UZBEK** race,  
 Waving their heron crests with martial grace; \*\*\*  
**TURKOMANS**, countless as their flocks, led forth  
 From th' aromatic pastures of the North;  
 Wild warriors of the turquoise hills, † — and those  
 Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows  
 Of **HINDOO KOSH**, †† in stormy freedom bred,  
 Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.  
 But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,  
 Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand,

\* "Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems." — *Asiat. Misc.* v. i.

\*\* Azab or Saba.

\*\*\* "The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans." — *Account of Independent Tartary.*

† In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous (in Khorassan) they find turquoises. — *Ebn Haukal.*

†† For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountain  
*Elphinstone's Caubul.*



Or sterner hate, than IRAN'S outlaw'd men,  
 Her Worshippers of Fire\* — all panting then  
 For vengeance on th' accursed Saracen;  
 Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,  
 Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'eturn'd.  
 From YEZD'S\*\* eternal Mansion of the Fire,  
 Where aged saints in dreams of Heav'n expire:  
 From BAKU, and those fountains of blue flame  
 That burn into the CASPIAN,\*\*\* fierce they came,  
 Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,  
 So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled.

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,  
 That high in air their motley banners tost  
 Around the Prophet-Chief — all eyes still bent  
 Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,  
 That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,  
 That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood!

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,  
 And risen again, and found them grappling yet;  
 While streams of carnage in his noontide blaze,  
 Smoke up to Heav'n — hot as that crimson haze,  
 By which the prostrate Caravan is aw'd, †  
 In the red Desert, when the wind 's abroad.

\* The Ghebers or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home, or forced to become wanderers abroad.

\*\* "Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives, who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, about 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain. — *Stephen's Persia*.

\*\*\* "When the weather is hazy, the springs of Naphtha (on an island near Baku) boil up the higher, and the Naphtha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible." — *Hanway on the Everlasting Fire at Baku*.

† *Savary* says of the south wind, which blows in Egypt from February to May, "Sometimes it appears only in the shape of an impetuous

"On, Swords of God!" the panting CALIPH calls, —  
 "Thrones for the living — Heav'n for him who falls!" —  
 "On, brave avengers, on," MOKANNA cries,  
 "And EBLIS blast the recreant slave that flies!"  
 Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day —  
 They clash — they strive — the CALIPH's troops give way!  
 MOKANNA's self plucks the black Banner down,  
 And now the Orient World's Imperial crown  
 Is just within his grasp — when, hark, that shout!  
 Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslem's rout;  
 And now they turn, they rally — at their head  
 A warrior, (like those angel youths who led,  
 In glorious panoply of Heav'n's own mail,  
 The Champions of the Faith through BEDER's vale,\*)  
 Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,  
 Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives  
 At once the multitudinous torrent back —  
 While hope and courage kindle in his track;  
 And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes  
 Terrible vistas through which victory breaks!  
 In vain MOKANNA, midst the general flight,  
 Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,  
 Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,  
 Leave only her unshaken in the sky —  
 In vain he yells his desperate curses out,  
 Deals death promiscuously to all about,  
 To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,  
 And seems of *all* the Great Arch-enemy.  
 The panic spreads — "A miracle!" throughout  
 The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they shout,

whirlwind, which passes rapidly, and is fatal to the traveller. surprised in the middle of the deserts. Torrents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the colour of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it."

\* In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Beder, he was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Hiazum. — See *The Koran and its Commentators*.

All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems  
 A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams;  
 And every sword, true as o'er billows dim  
 The needle tracks the load-star, following him!

Right tow'rds MOKANNA now he cleaves his path,  
 Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath  
 He bears from Heav'n withheld its awful burst  
 From weaker heads, and souls but half way curst,  
 To break o'er Him, the mightiest and the worst!  
 But vain his speed — though, in that hour of blood,  
 Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood,  
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,  
 MOKANNA'S soul would have defied them all,  
 Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong  
 For human force, hurries ev'n *him* along;  
 In vain he struggles 'mid the wedg'd array  
 Of flying thousands — he is borne away;  
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,  
 In this forc'd flight, is — murdering as he goes!  
 As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might  
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,  
 Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks,  
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,  
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,  
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay.

“Alla illa Alla!” — the glad shout renew —  
 “Alla Akbar!” \* — the Caliph 's in MEROU.  
 Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,  
 And light your shrines and chaunt your ziralets. \*\*  
 The Swords of God have triumph'd — on his throne  
 Your Caliph sits, and the veil'd Chief hath flown.

\* The Tecbir, or cry of the Arabs. “Alla Acbar!” says Ockley, means, “God is most mighty.”

\*\* The ziralet is a kind of chorus which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions. — *Russell*.

Who does not envy that young warrior now,  
 To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,  
 In all the graceful gratitude of power,  
 For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?  
 Who doth not wonder, when, amid'st th' acclaim  
 Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name —  
 'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,  
 Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,  
 Like music round a planet as it rolls, —  
 He turns away — coldly, as if some gloom  
 Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illumine; —  
 Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze  
 Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays.  
 Yes, wretched AZIM! thine is such a grief,  
 Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;  
 A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,  
 Or warm or brighten, — like that Syrian Lake,\*  
 Upon whose surface morn and summer shed  
 Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead! —  
 Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe  
 Came by long use of suffering, tame and slow;  
 But thine, lost youth! was sudden — over thee  
 It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy;  
 When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy Past  
 Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at last —  
 'T was then, ev'n then, o'er joys so freshly blown,  
 This mortal blight of misery came down;  
 Ev'n then, the full, warm gushings of thy heart  
 Were check'd — like fount-drops, frozen as they start —  
 And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,  
 Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang.

One sole desire, one passion now remains  
 To keep life's fever still within his veins,  
 Vengeance! — dire vengeance on the wretch who cast  
 O'er him and all he lov'd that ruinous blast.

\* The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight  
 Far, far away, after that fatal night, —  
 Rumours of armies, thronging to th' attack  
 Of the Veil'd Chief, — for this he wing'd him back,  
 Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,  
 And, when all hope seem'd desp'rate, wildly hurl'd  
 Himself into the scale, and sav'd a world.  
 For this he still lives on, careless of all  
 The wreaths that Glory on his path lets fall;  
 For this alone exists — like lightning-fire,  
 To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives;  
 With a small band of desperate fugitives,  
 The last sole stubborn fragment, left unripen,  
 Of the proud host that late stood fronting Heaven,  
 He gain'd MEROU — breath'd a short curse of blood  
 O'er his lost throne — then pass'd the JIHON'S flood,\*  
 And gathering all, whose madness of belief  
 Still saw a Saviour in their down-fall'n Chief,  
 Rais'd the white banner within NEKSHEN'S gates,\*\*  
 And there, untam'd, th' approaching conqueror waits.

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive,  
 With music and with sweets sparkling alive,  
 He took but one, the partner of his flight,  
 One — not for love — not for her beauty's light —  
 No, ZELICA stood withering 'midst the gay,  
 Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday  
 From th' Alma tree and dies, while overhead  
 To-day's young flower is springing in its stead.\*\*\*

\* The ancient Oxus.

\*\* A city of Transoxiana.

\*\*\* "You never can cast your eyes on this tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit; and as the blossom drops underneath on the ground (which is frequently covered with these purple-coloured flowers), others come forth in their stead," &c. &c. — *Nieuhoff*.

Oh, not for love — the deepest Damn'd must be  
 Touch'd with Heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he  
 Can feel one glimpse of Love's divinity.  
 But no, she is his victim; — *there* lie all  
 Her charms for him — charms that can never pall,  
 As long as hell within his heart can stir,  
 Or one faint trace of Heaven is left in her.  
 To work an angel's ruin, — to behold  
 As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd  
 Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll  
 Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul —  
 This is his triumph; this the joy accurst,  
 That ranks him among demons all but first:  
 This gives the victim, that before him lies  
 Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,  
 A light like that with which hell-fire illumines  
 The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes!

But other tasks now wait him — tasks that need  
 All the deep daringness of thought and deed  
 With which the Dives\* have gifted him — for mark,  
 Over you plains, which night had else made dark,  
 Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights  
 That spangle INDIA's fields on showery nights,\*\* —  
 Far as their formidable gleams they shed,  
 The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,  
 Glimmering along th' horizon's dusky line,  
 And thence in nearer circles, till they shine  
 Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town  
 In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.  
 Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements  
 MOKANNA views that multitude of tents;  
 Nay, smiles to think that, though entoil'd, beset  
 Not less than myriads dare to front him yet; —

\* The Demons of the Persian mythology.

\*\* Carreri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season. —  
 See his Travels.

That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,  
 Ev'n thus a match for myriads such as they.  
 "Oh, for a sweep of that dark Angel's wing,  
 "Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian King\*  
 "To darkness in a moment, that I might  
 "People Hell's chambers with yon host to-night!  
 "But, come what may, let who will grasp the throne,  
 "Caliph or Prophet, Man alike shall groan;  
 "Let who will torture him, Priest — Caliph — King —  
 "Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring  
 "With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave, —  
 "Sounds, that shall glad me ev'n within my grave!"  
 Thus, to himself — but to the scanty train  
 Still left around him, a far different strain: —  
 "Glorious Defenders of the sacred Crown  
 "I bear from Heav'n, whose light nor blood shall drown  
 "Nor shadow of earth eclipse; — before whose gems  
 "The paly pomp of this world's diadems,  
 "The crown of GERASHID, the pillar'd throne  
 "Of PARVIZ,\*\* and the heron crest that shone,\*\*\*  
 "Magnificent, o'er ALI's beauteous eyes, †  
 "Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies  
 "Warriors, rejoice — the port to which we've pass'd  
 "O'er Destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!

\* Sennacherib, called by the Orientals King of Moussal. — *D'Herbelot*.

\*\* Chosroes. For the description of his Throne or Palace, see *Gibbon* and *D'Herbelot*.

There were said to be under this Throne or Palace of Khosrou Parviz a hundred vaults filled with "treasures so immense that some Mahometan writers tell us, their Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried them to a rock, which at his command opened, and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou." — *Universal History*.

\*\*\* "The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban." — From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abbas's tomb. — See *Chardin*.

† The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that whenever the Persians would describe any thing as very lovely, they say it is Ayn-Hali, or the Eyes of Ali. — *Chardin*.

"Victory's our own — 't is written in that Book  
 "Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,  
 "That ISLAM'S sceptre shall beneath the power  
 "Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,  
 "When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,  
 "From NEKSHEB'S Holy Well portentously shall rise!  
 "Now turn and see!" —

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,  
 A sudden splendour all around them broke,  
 And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,  
 Rise from the Holy Well, \* and cast its light  
 Round the rich city and the plain for miles, \*\* —  
 Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles  
 Of many a dome and fair-roof'd imaret  
 As autumn suns shed round them when they set.  
 Instant from all who saw th' illusive sign  
 A murmur broke — "Miraculous! divine!"  
 The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star  
 Had wak'd, and burst impatient through the bar  
 Of midnight, to inflame him to the war;  
 While he of MOUSSA'S creed saw, in that ray,  
 The glorious Light which, in his freedom's day,  
 Had rested on the Ark, \*\*\* and now again  
 Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain.

"To victory!" is at once the cry of all —  
 Nor stands MOKANNA loitering at that call;

\* We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that it was "une machine, qu'il disoit être la Lune." According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Neksheb. — "Nakshab, the name of a city in Transoxiana, where they say there is a well, in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day."

\*\* "Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Neksheb, en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fond d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à Lune, qui portoit sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles." — *D'Herbelot*. Hence he was called Sazendéhmah. or the Moon-maker.

\*\*\* The Shechinah, called Sakinat in the Koran. — See *Sale's Note*. chap. ii.



But instant the huge gates are flung aside,  
 And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide  
 Into the boundless sea, they speed their course  
 Right on into the **MosLEM's** mighty force.  
 The watchmen of the camp, — who, in their rounds,  
 Had paus'd, and ev'n forgot the punctual sounds  
 Of the small drum with which they count the night,\*  
 To gaze upon that supernatural light, —  
 Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,  
 And in a death-groan give their last alarm.  
 "On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,\*\*  
 "Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean;  
 "There rests the **CALIPH** — speed — one lucky lance  
 "May now achieve mankind's deliverance."  
 Desperate the die — such as they only cast,  
 Who venture for a world, and stake their last.  
 But Fate's no longer with him — blade for blade  
 Springs up to meet them thro' the glimmering shade,  
 And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon  
 Pour to the spot, like bees of **KAUZEROON**\*\*\*  
 To the shrill timbrel's summons, — till, at length,  
 The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,  
 And back to **NEKSEB's** gates, covering the plain  
 With random slaughter, drives th' adventurous train;  
 Among the last of whom the Silver Veil  
 Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail

\* The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums — See *Burder's Oriental Customs*, vol. i. p. 119.

\*\* The Serrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to enclose a considerable space round the royal tents. — *Notes on the Bahardanush*.

The tents of Princes were generally illuminated. Norden tells us that the tent of the Bey of Girge was distinguished from the other tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it. — See *Harmer's Observations on Job*.

\*\*\* "From the groves of orange trees at Kauzeroon the bees cull a celebrated honey." — *Morier's Travels*.

Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,  
Catching the tempest's momentary light!

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low?  
Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring? No.  
Though half the wretches, whom at night he led  
To thrones and victory, lie disgrac'd and dead,  
Yet morning hears him with unshrinking crest,  
Still vaunt of thrones, and victory to the rest; —  
And they believe him! — oh, the lover may  
Distrust that look which steals his soul away; —  
The babe may cease to think that it can play  
With Heaven's rainbow; — alchymists may doubt  
The shining gold their crucible gives out;  
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast  
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well th' Impostor knew all lures and arts,  
That LUCIFER e'er taught to tangle hearts;  
Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot  
Against men's souls, is ZELICA forgot.  
Ill-fated ZELICA! had reason been  
Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,  
Thou never could'st have borne it — Death had come  
At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home.  
But 't was not so — a torpor, a suspense  
Of thought, almost of life, came o'er the intense  
And passionate struggles of that fearful night,  
When her last hope of peace and heav'n took flight:  
And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke, —  
As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke  
Ominous flashings now and then will start,  
Which show the fire 's still busy at its heart;  
Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in solemn gloom, —  
Not such as AZIM'S, brooding o'er its doom,  
And calm without, as is the brow of death,  
While busy worms are gnawing underneath —

But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free  
 From thought or pain, a seal'd-up apathy,  
 Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,  
 The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in *MEROU*, he had her deck'd  
 Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect;  
 And led her glittering forth before the eyes  
 Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice, —  
 Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride  
 Of the fierce *NILE*, when, deck'd in all the pride  
 Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide.\*  
 And while the wretched maid hung down her head,  
 And stood, as one just risen from the dead,  
 Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell  
 His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell  
 Possess'd her now, — and from that darken'd trance  
 Should dawn ere long their Faith's deliverance.  
 Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,  
 Her soul was rous'd, and words of wildness came,  
 Instant the bold blasphemer would translate  
 Her ravings into oracles of fate,  
 Would hail Heav'n's signals in her flashing eyes,  
 And call her shrieks the language of the skies!

But vain at length his arts — despair is seen  
 Gathering around; and famine comes to glean  
 All that the sword had left un-reap'd: — in vain  
 At morn and eve across the northern plain  
 He looks impatient for the promis'd spears  
 Of the wild Hordes and *TARTAR* mountaineers;  
 They come not — while his fierce beleaguers pour  
 Engines of havoc in, unknown before,\*\*

\* “A custom still subsisting at this day, seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the God of the Nile; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river.” — *Savary*.

\*\* That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century, appears from *Dow's Account of Mamood I.*

And horrible as new; \* javelins, that fly  
 Enwreath'd with smoky flames through the dark sky,  
 And red-hot globes, that, opening as they mount,  
 Discharge, as from a kindled Naphtha fount, \*\*

“When he arrived at Moultau, finding that the country of the Jits was defended by great rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built, each of which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting from their prows and sides, to prevent their being boarded by the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of the Jits, and naphtha to set the whole river on fire.”

The *agnee aster*, too, in Indian poems the Instrument of Fire, whose flame cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek Fire. — See *Wilks's* South of India, vol. i. p. 471. — And in the curious Javan poem, the *Brata Yudha* given by *Sir Stamford Raffles* in his History of Java, we find, “He aimed at the heart of Soéta with the sharp-pointed Weapon of Fire.”

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Arabians, long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced by *Ebn Fadhî*, the Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thirteenth century. “Bodies,” he says, “in the form of scorpions, bound round and filled with nitrous powder, glide along, making a gentle noise; then, exploding, they lighten, as it were, and burn. But there are others which, cast into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring horribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides vomiting out flames, burst, burn, and reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way.” The historian *Ben Abdulla*, in speaking of the sieges of Abulualid in the year of the Hegira 712, says, “A fiery globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes the citadel.” — See the extracts from *Casiri's* Biblioth. Arab. Hispan. in the Appendix to *Berington's* Literary History of the Middle Ages.

\* The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the emperors to their allies. “It was,” says Gibbon, “either launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil.”

\*\* See *Hanway's* Account of the Springs of Naphtha at Baku (which is called by *Lieutenant Pottinger* Joala Mookee, or, the Flaming Mouth,) taking fire and running into the sea. *Dr. Cooke*, in his Journal, mentions some wells in Circassia, strongly impregnated with this inflammable oil, from which issues boiling water. “Though the weather,” he adds, “was now very cold, the warmth of these wells of hot water produced near them the verdure and flowers of spring.”

*Major Scott Waring* says, that naphtha is used by the Persians, we are told it was in hell, for lamps.

Showers of consuming fire o'er all below;  
 Looking, as through th' illumin'd night they go,  
 Like those wild birds \* that by the Magians oft,  
 At festivals of fire, were sent aloft  
 Into the air, with blazing faggots tied  
 To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide.  
 All night the groans of wretches who expire,  
 In agony, beneath these darts of fire,  
 Ring through the city — while, descending o'er  
 Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore, —  
 Its lone bazars, with their bright cloths of gold,  
 Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd, —  
 Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets  
 Now gush with blood, — and its tall minarets,  
 That late have stood up in the evening glare  
 Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer; —  
 O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,  
 And death and conflagration throughout all  
 The desolate city hold high festival!

MOKANNA sees the world is his no more; —  
 One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.  
 "What! drooping now?" — thus, with unblushing cheek,  
 He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,  
 Of all those famish'd slaves around him lying,  
 And by the light of blazing temples dying; —  
 "What! — drooping now? — now, when at length we press  
 "Home o'er the very threshold of success;

. . . . . many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielding light  
 As from a sky.

\* "At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Sezé, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination; and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the woods for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced." — *Richardson's Dissertation.*

"When AILLA from our ranks hath thinn'd away  
 "Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray  
 "Of favour from us, and we stand at length  
 "Heirs of his light and children of his strength,  
 "The chosen few, who shall survive the fall  
 "Of Kings and Thrones, triumphant over all!  
 "Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,  
 "All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star?  
 "Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid  
 "Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid  
 "Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither  
 "Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither?  
 "Long have its lightnings slept — too long — but now  
 "All earth shall feel th' unveiling of this brow!  
 "To-night — yes, sainted men! this very night,  
 "I bid you all to a fair festal rite,  
 "Where — having deep refresh'd each weary limb  
 "With viands, such as feast Heav'n's cherubim,  
 "And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,  
 "With that pure wine the Dark-ey'd Maids above  
 "Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they love,\* —  
 "I will myself uncurtain in your sight  
 "The wonders of this brow's ineffable light;  
 "Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse  
 "Yon myriads, howling through the universe!"

Eager they listen — while each accent darts  
 New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts;  
 Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies  
 To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!  
 Wildly they point their lances to the light  
 Of the fast sinking sun, and shout "To-night!" —  
 "To-night," their Chief re-echoes in a voice  
 Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice.

\* "The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed; the seal whereof shall be musk." — *Koran*, chap lxxxiii.

Deluded victims! — never hath this earth  
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth.  
*Here*, to the few, whose iron frames had stood  
 This racking waste of famine and of blood,  
 Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout  
 Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out: —  
*There*, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,  
 Danc'd, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,  
 Among the dead and dying, strew'd around; —  
 While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound  
 Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,  
 In ghastly transport wav'd it o'er his head!

'Twas more than midnight now — a fearful pause  
 Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,  
 That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,  
 Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,  
 When ZELICA — alas, poor ruin'd heart,  
 In every horror doom'd to bear its part! —  
 Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,  
 Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,  
 Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave  
 Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat  
 His message through, fell lifeless at her feet!  
 Shuddering she went — a soul-felt pang of fear,  
 A presage that her own dark doom was near,  
 Rous'd every feeling, and brought Reason back  
 Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.  
 All round seem'd tranquil — even the foe had ceas'd,  
 As if aware of that demoniac feast,  
 His fiery bolts; and though the heavens look'd red,  
 'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.  
 But hark — she stops — she listens — dreadful tone!  
 'Tis her Tormentor's laugh — and now, a groan,  
 A long death-groan comes with it: — can this be  
 The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?

She enters — Holy ALLA, what a sight  
 Was there before her! By the glimmering light  
 Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands  
 That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,  
 She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,  
 Rich censers breathing — garlands overhead —  
 The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd  
 All gold and gems, but — what had been the draught?  
 Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,  
 With their swoll'n heads sunk blackening on their breasts  
 Or looking pale to Heav'n with glassy glare,  
 As if they sought but saw no mercy there;  
 As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,  
 Remorse the deadlier torment of the two!  
 While some, the bravest, hardiest in the train  
 Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain  
 Would have met death with transport by his side,  
 Here mute and helpless gasp'd; — but, as they died,  
 Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,  
 And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,  
 The stony look of horror and despair,  
 Which some of these expiring victims cast  
 Upon their souls' tormentor to the last; —  
 Upon that mocking Fiend, whose Veil, now rais'd,  
 Show'd them, as in death's agony they gaz'd,  
 Not the long promis'd light, the brow, whose beaming  
 Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming,  
 But features horribler than Hell e'er trac'd  
 On its own brood; — no Demon of the Waste,\*  
 No church-yard Ghole, caught lingering in the light  
 Of the blest sun, e'er blasted human sight

\* "The Afghauns believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the *Ghoolee Beeabau*, or *Spirit of the Waste*. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by saying, they are wild as the *Demon of the Waste*." — *Elphinstone's Caubul*.



With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those  
 Th' Impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows: —  
 "There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your Star —  
 "Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.  
 "Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill  
 "Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?  
 "Swear that the burning death ye feel within  
 "Is but the trance with which Heav'n's joys begin;  
 "That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgrac'd  
 "Ev'n monstrous man, is — after God's own taste;  
 "And that — but see! — ere I have half-way said  
 "My greetings through, th' uncourteous souls are fled.  
 "Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,  
 "If *EBELIS* loves you half so well as I. —  
 "Ha, my young bride! — 't is well — take thou thy seat;  
 "Nay come — no shuddering — didst thou never meet  
 "The Dead before? — they grac'd our wedding, sweet;  
 "And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so true  
 "Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.  
 "But — how is this? — all empty? all drunk up?  
 "Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,  
 "Young bride — yet stay — one precious drop remains,  
 "Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins; —  
 "Here, drink — and should thy lover's conquering arms  
 "Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,  
 "Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,  
 "And I 'll forgive my Laughty rival's bliss!

"For, *me* — I too must die — but not like these  
 "Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze;  
 "To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,  
 "With all death's grimness added to its own,  
 "And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes  
 "Of slaves, exclaiming, 'There his Godship lies!'  
 "No — cursed race — since first my soul drew breath,  
 "They've been my dupes, and *shall* be ev'n in death.

"Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade — 't is fill'd  
 "With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd : \* —  
 "There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame —  
 "Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet's frame! —  
 "There perish, all — ere pulse of thine shall fail —  
 "Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.  
 "So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,  
 "Proclaim that Heav'n took back the Saint it gave; —  
 "That I 've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,  
 "To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile!  
 "So shall they build me altars in their zeal,  
 "Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel;  
 "Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,  
 "Written in blood — and Bigotry may swell  
 "The sail he spreads for Heav'n with blasts from hell!  
 "So shall my banner, through long ages, be  
 "The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy; —  
 "Kings yet unborn shall rue MOKANNA'S name,  
 "And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,  
 "Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,  
 "And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life.  
 "But, hark! their battering engine shakes the wall —  
 "Why, *let* it shake — thus I can brave them all.  
 "No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,  
 "And I can trust thy faith, for — thou 'lt be dumb.  
 "Now mark how readily a wretch like me,  
 "In one bold plunge, commences Deity!"

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said —  
 Quick clos'd the burning waters o'er his head,  
 And ZELICA was left — within the ring  
 Of those wide walls the only living thing;

\* "Il donna du poison dans le vin à tous ses gens, et se jetta lui-même ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brûlantes et consumantes, afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les membres de son corps, et que ceux qui restoient de sa secte puissent croire qu'il étoit monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver." — *D'Herbelot*.

The only wretched one, still curs'd with breath,  
 In all that frightful wilderness of death!  
 More like some bloodless ghost — such as, they tell,  
 In the Lone Cities of the Silent \* dwell,  
 And there, unseen of all but ALLA, sit  
 Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs  
 Throughout the camp of the beleaguerers.  
 Their globes of fire (the dread artillery lent  
 By GREECE to conquering MAHADI) are spent;  
 And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent  
 From high balistas, and the shielded throng  
 Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,  
 All speak th' impatient Islamite's intent  
 To try, at length, if tower and battlement  
 And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,  
 Less tough to break down than the hearts within.  
 First in impatience and in toil is he,  
 The burning AZIM — oh! could he but see  
 Th' Impostor once alive within his grasp,  
 Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clasp,  
 Could match that gripe of vengeance, or keep pace  
 With the fell heartiness of Hate's embrace!

Loud rings the ponderous ram against the walls;  
 Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,  
 But still no breach — “Once more, one mighty swing  
 “Of all your beams, together thundering!”  
 There — the wall shakes — the shouting troops exult,  
 “Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult  
 “Right on that spot, and NEKSHEB is our own!”  
 'T is done — the battlements come crashing down,

\* “They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed. who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes.” — *Elphinstone*.

And the huge wall, by that stroke riv'n in two,  
 Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew,  
 Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through.  
 But strange! no signs of life — nought living seen  
 Above, below — what can this stillness mean?  
 A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes —  
 "In through the breach," impetuous AZIM cries;  
 But the cool CALIPH, fearful of some wile  
 In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile. —  
 Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanc'd  
 Forth from the ruin'd walls, and, as there glanc'd  
 A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see  
 The well-known Silver Veil! — "'T is He, 't is He,  
 "MOKANNA, and alone!" they shout around;  
 Young AZIM from his steed springs to the ground —  
 "Mine, Holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task  
 "To crush yon daring wretch — 't is all I ask."  
 Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,  
 Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow  
 And falteringly comes, till they are near;  
 Then, with a bound, rushes on AZIM's spear,  
 And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows —  
 Oh! — 't is his ZELICA's life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, AZIM," soothingly she said,  
 As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,  
 And, looking in his face, saw anguish there  
 Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear —  
 "I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of this: —  
 "Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss  
 "Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but know,  
 "How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!  
 "But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow; —  
 "To linger on were maddening — and I thought  
 "If once that Veil, — nay, look not on it — caught  
 "The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be  
 "Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.

“But this is sweeter — oh! believe me, yes —  
“I would not change this sad, but dear caress,  
“This death within thy arms I would not give  
“For the most smiling life the happiest live!  
“All, that stood dark and drear before the eye  
“Of my stray’d soul, is passing swiftly by;  
“A light comes o’er me from those looks of love,  
“Like the first dawn of mercy from above;  
“And if thy lips but tell me I ’m forgiven,  
“Angels will echo the blest words in Heaven!  
“But live, my AZIM; — oh! to call thee mine  
“Thus once again! *my AZIM* — dream divine!  
“Live, if thou ever lov’dst me, if to meet  
“Thy ZELICA hereafter would be sweet,  
“Oh, live to pray for her — to bend the knee  
“Morning and night before that Deity,  
“To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,  
“As thine are, AZIM, never breath’d in vain, —  
“And pray that He may pardon her, — may take  
“Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,  
“And, nought remembering but her love to thee,  
“Make her all thine, all His, eternally!  
“Go to those happy fields where first we twin’d  
“Our youthful hearts together — every wind  
“That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flowers,  
“Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours  
“Back to thy soul, and thou may’st feel again  
“For thy poor ZELICA as thou didst then.  
“So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies  
“To Heav’n upon the morning’s sunshine, rise  
“With all love’s earliest ardour to the skies!  
“And should they — but, alas, my senses fail —  
“Oh for one minute! — should thy prayers prevail —  
“If pardon’d souls may, from that World of Bliss,  
“Reveal their joy to those they love in this —  
“I ’ll come to thee — in some sweet dream — and tell —  
“Oh Heav’n — I die — dear love! farewell, farewell.”

Time fled — years on years had pass'd away,  
 And few of those who, on that mournful day,  
 Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see  
 The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,  
 Were living still — when, by a rustic grave,  
 Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,  
 An aged man, who had grown aged there  
 By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,  
 For the last time knelt down — and, though the shade  
 Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd  
 A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,  
 That brighten'd even Death — like the last streak  
 Of intense glory on the horizon's brim,  
 When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and di  
 His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept;  
 She, for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept  
 So many years, had come to him, all drest  
 In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!  
 For this the old man breath'd his thanks, and died. —  
 And there, upon the banks of that lov'd tide,  
 He and his ZELICA sleep side by side.

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THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear FADLADEEN's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehau, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible.\* In the next place, the elephant,

\* "The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent-tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit-season by a guard of sepoy; and, in the reign of Shah Jehan. couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast, to secure an

laden with his fine antique porcelain,\* had, in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces: — an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old, as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran, too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to FADLADEEN, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

“In order,” said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, “to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever —” — “My good FADLADEEN!” exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, “we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard, will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition.” — “If that be all,” replied the critic, — evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about every thing, but the subject immediately before him — “if that be all that is re-

abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table.” — *Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.*

\* This old porcelain is found in digging, and “if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors” (about the year 442). — *Dunn's Collection of curious Observations, &c.*; — a bad translation of some parts of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses of the Missionary Jesuits.*

quired, the matter is easily despatched." He then proceeded to analyze the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi), whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face; — a young lady, whose reason went and came, according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise; — and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected? — after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberts of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes, and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling." \*

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter; — it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's \*\* apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait

\* "La lecture de ces Fabies plaisoit si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenoit de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament, ils les méprisoient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontoit étoient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préférence attira à Nasser la malédiction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples." — *D'Herbelot*.

\*\* The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.



of a very tired dromedary. The licences, too, in which it indulged, were unpardonable; — for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such; —

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

“What critic that can count,” said FADLADEEN, “and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?” — He here looked round, and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus: — “Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man: — so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him.”

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before LALLA ROOKH could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion — to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome; — but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for FADLADEEN, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet, himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation, (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere,) felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient; — the Ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what FADLADEEN said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep; — while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. LALLA ROOKH alone — and Love knew why — persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to

the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi, — “Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever!” — that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. “It is true,” she said, “few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth: \* — it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever: \*\* — but still there are some, as delightful, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short,” continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, “it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of

\* “The Huma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground; it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen; and that every head it overshades will in time wear a crown.” — *Richardson*.

In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder in 1760, one of the stipulations was, “that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the humma, according to the practice of his family.” — *Wilks's South of India*. He adds in a note; — “The Humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown. The splendid little bird suspended over the throne of Tippoo Suldaun, found at Seringapatam in 1799, was intended to represent this poetical fancy.”

\*\* “To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c. on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain.” — *Volney*. M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions; but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai, “who were satisfied with cutting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument; adding to their names and the date of their journeys some rude figures, which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts.” — *Niebuhr*.

the Sea, upon his back!"\* — FADLADEEN, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess, glancing a look at FERAMORZ, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor, for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion, has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair,\*\* to the *Cámalatá*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented.\*\*\* As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and LALLA ROOKH remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay, † or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost, — the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual

\* The Story of Sinbad.

\*\* See *Nott's Hafez*, Ode v.

\*\*\* "The *Cámalatá* (called by Linnæus, *Ipomæa*) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are 'celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,' and have justly procured it the name of *Cámalatá*, or *Love's Creeper*." — *Sir W. Jones*.

"*Cámalatá* may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of Indra; and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming *Ipomæa*." — *Ib.*

† "According to Father Premare, in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, surnamed Flower-loving; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years, was delivered of a son radiant as herself." — *Asiat. Res.*

creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. "It is," said he, with an appealing look to FADLADEEN, "in a lighter and humbler strain than the other:" then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

### PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate;  
 And as she listen'd to the Springs  
 Of Life within, like music flowing,  
 And caught the light upon her wings  
 Through the half-open portal glowing,  
 She wept to think her recreant race  
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,  
 "Are the holy Spirits who wander there,  
 "'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;  
 "Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
 "And the stars themselves have flowers for me,  
 "One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all!  
 "Though sunny the Lake of cool CASHMERE,  
 "With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,\*  
 "And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;  
 "Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,  
 "And the golden floods that thitherward stray,\*\*  
 "Yet — oh, 't is only the Blest can say  
 "How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

\* "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane trees upon it." — *Foster*.

\*\* "The Altan Kol or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it." — *Description of Tibet in Pinkerton*.

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
 "From world to luminous world, as far  
 "As the universe spreads its flaming wall:  
 "Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
 "And multiply each through endless years,  
 "One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping  
 The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;  
 And, as he nearer drew and listen'd  
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd  
 Within his eyelids, like the spray  
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies  
 On the blue flow'r, which — Bramins say —  
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.\*

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"  
 Gently he said — "One hope is thine.  
 "T is written in the Book of Fate,  
 "*The Peri yet may be forgiven*  
 "*Who brings to this Eternal gate*  
 "*The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!*  
 "Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin —  
 "'T is sweet to let the Pardon'd in."

Rapidly as comets run  
 To th' embraces of the Sun; —  
 Fleeter than the starry brands  
 Flung at night from angel hands\*\*  
 At those dark and daring sprites  
 Who would climb th' empyreal heights,

\* "The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue campac flowers only in Paradise." — *Sir W. Jones*. It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangkabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. "This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower champaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere." — *Marsden's Sumatra*.

\*\* "The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyrean or verge of the heavens." — *Fryer*.

Down the blue vault the PERI flies,  
 And, lighted earthward by a glance  
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,  
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go  
 To find this gift for Heav'n? — "I know  
 "The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,  
 "In which unnumber'd rubies burn,  
 "Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR;\*  
 "I know where the Isles of Perfume are\*\*  
 "Many a fathom down in the sea,  
 "To the south of sun-bright ARABY;\*\*\*  
 "I know, too, where the Genii hid  
 "The jewell'd cup of their Kind JAMSHID, †  
 "With Life's elixir sparkling high —  
 "But gifts like these are not for the sky.  
 "Where was there ever a gem that shone  
 "Like the steps of ALLA'S wonderful Throne?  
 "And the Drops of Life — oh! what would they be  
 "In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd  
 The air of that sweet Indian land,  
 Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads  
 O'er coral rocks, and amber beds; ††

\* The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there. — *D'Herbelot, Volney.*

\*\* *Diodorus* mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, "sunk (says *Grandpré*) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations." — *Voyage to the Indian Ocean.*

\*\*\* The Isles of Panchaia.

† "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis." — *Richardson.*

†† "It is not like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains of the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hair-

Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam  
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;  
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,  
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;  
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice  
Might be a Peri's Paradise!

But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood — the smell of death  
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,  
And man, the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath  
Upwafed from the innocent flowers.  
Land of the Sun! what foot invades  
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades \* —  
Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,  
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones? \*

'T is He of GAZNA \*\*\* — fierce in wrath

He comes, and INDIA'S diadems  
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path. —

His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,  
Torn from the violated necks

Of many a young and lov'd Sultana; †  
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,

zan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands." — *Travels of two Mohammedans.*

. . . . . in the ground  
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade,  
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.      MILTON.

For a particular description and plate of the Banyan-tree, see *Cordiner's Ceylon.*

\*\* "With this immense treasure Mamood returned to Ghizni, and in the year 400 prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and in other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni." — *Ferishta.*

\*\*\* "Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century." — See his History in *Dow* and Sir *J. Malcolm.*

† "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood

Priests in the very fane he slaughters,  
 And choaks up with the glittering wrecks  
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze,  
 And, through the war-field's bloody haze  
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand,

Alone beside his native river, —  
 The red blade broken in his hand,  
 And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share  
 "The trophies and the crowns I bear!"

Silent that youthful warrior stood —  
 Silent he pointed to the flood  
 All crimson with his country's blood,  
 Then sent his last remaining dart,  
 For answer, to th' Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;  
 The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell! —

Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay,  
 And, when the rush of war was past,  
 Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last —  
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed,  
 Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,

"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.

"Though foul are the drops that oft distil

"On the field of warfare, blood like this,

"For Liberty shed, so holy is, \*

was so magnificent, that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls." — *Universal History*, vol. iii.

\* Objections may be made to my use of the word Liberty in this, and more especially in the story that follows it, as totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever existed in the East; but though I cannot, of course, mean to employ it in that enlarged and noble sense which is so well understood at the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted



"It would not stain the purest rill,  
 "That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!  
 "Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,  
 "A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,  
 "'T is the last libation Liberty draws  
 "From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave  
 The gift into his radiant hand,  
 "Sweet is our welcome of the Brave  
 "Who die thus for their native Land. —  
 "But see — alas! — the crystal bar  
 "Of Eden moves not — holier far  
 "Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,  
 "That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,  
 Now among AFRIC'S lunar Mountains,\*  
 Far to the South, the PERI lighted;  
 And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains  
 Of that Egyptian tide — whose birth  
 Is hidden from the sons of earth  
 Deep in those solitary woods,  
 Where oft the Genii of the Floods  
 Dance round the cradle of their Nile,  
 And hail the new-born Giant's smile.\*\*

upon, yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it to that national independence, that freedom from the interference and dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist; and for which both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

\* "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise." — *Bruce*.

"Sometimes called," says *Jackson*, "Jibbel Kumrie, or the white or lunar coloured mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse."

\*\* "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant." — *Asiat. Research*. vol. i. p. 387.

Thence over EGYPT'S palmy groves,  
 Her grots, and sepulchres of Kings, \*  
 The exil'd Spirit sighing roves;  
 And now hangs listening to the doves  
 In warm ROSETTA'S vale \*\* — now loves  
 To watch the moonlight on the wings  
 Of the white pelicans that break  
 The azure calm of MOERIS' Lake. \*\*\*  
 'T was a fair scene — a Land more bright  
 Never did mortal eye behold!  
 Who could have thought, that saw this night  
 Those valleys and their fruits of gold  
 Basking in Heav'n's serenest light; —  
 Those groups of lovely date-trees bending  
 Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,  
 Like youthful maids, when sleep descending  
 Warns them to their silken beds; † —  
 Those virgin lilies, all the night  
 Bathing their beauties in the lake,  
 That they may rise more fresh and bright,  
 When their beloved Sun 's awake; —  
 Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem  
 The relics of a splendid dream;  
 Amid whose fairy loneliness  
 Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,  
 Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting  
 Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam,)  
 Some purple-wing'd Sultana †† sitting  
 Upon a column, motionless

\* See Perry's View of the Levant for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grots, covered all over with hieroglyphics in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

\*\* "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves." — *Sonnini*.

\*\*\* Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mæris.

† The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep." — *Dafard el Hadad*.

†† "That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and

And glittering like an Idol bird! —  
 Who could have thought, that there, ev'n there,  
 Amid those scenes so still and fair,  
 The Demon of the Plague hath cast  
 From his hot wing a deadlier blast,  
 More mortal far than ever came  
 From the red Desert's sands of flame!  
 So quick, that every living thing  
 Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,  
 Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,  
 At once falls black and withering!  
 The sun went down on many a brow,  
     Which, full of bloom and freshness then,  
 Is rankling in the pest-house now,  
     And ne'er will feel that sun again.  
 And, oh! to see th' unburied heaps  
 On which the lonely moonlight sleeps —  
 The very vultures turn away,  
 And sicken at so foul a prey!  
 Only the fierce hyæna stalks\*  
 Throughout the city's desolate walks\*\*  
 At midnight, and his carnage plies: —  
     Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets  
 The glaring of those large blue eyes\*\*\*  
     Amid the darkness of the streets!

palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana." — *Sonnini*.

\* Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries," &c.

\*\* "Gondar was full of hyænas from the time it turned dark, till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falashta from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety." — *Bruce*.

\*\*\* *Bruce*.

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,  
 "Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall —  
 "Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,  
 "But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"

She wept — the air grew pure and clear  
 Around her, as the bright drops ran;  
 For there 's a magic in each tear,  
 Such kindly Spirits weep for man!  
 Just then beneath some orange trees,  
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze  
 Were wantoning together, free,  
 Like age at play with infancy —  
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,  
 Close by the Lake, she heard the moan  
 Of one who, at this silent hour,  
 Had thither stol'n to die alone.  
 One who in life where'er he mov'd,  
 Drew after him the hearts of many;  
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,  
 Dies here unseen, unwept by any!  
 None to watch near him — none to slake  
 That fire that in his bosom lies,  
 With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,  
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.  
 No voice, well known through many a day,  
 To speak the last, the parting word,  
 Which, when all other sounds decay,  
 Is still like distant music heard; —  
 That tender farewell on the shore  
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,  
 Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark  
 Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone  
 Shed joy around his soul in death —  
 That she, whom he for years had known,  
 And lov'd, and might have call'd his own

Was safe from this foul midnight's breath, —  
 Safe in her father's princely halls,  
 Where the cool airs from fountain falls,  
 Freshly perfum'd by many a brand  
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,  
 Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see — who yonder comes by stealth,\*  
 This melancholy bower to seek,  
 Like a young envoy, sent by Health,  
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek?  
 'T is she — far off, through moonlight dim  
 He knew his own betrothed bride,  
 She, who would rather die with him,  
 Than live to gain the world beside! —  
 Her arms are round her lover now,  
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,  
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,  
 In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.  
 Ah! once, how little did he think  
 An hour would come, when he should shrink  
 With horror from that dear embrace,  
 Those gentle arms, that were to him  
 Holy as is the cradling place  
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!  
 And now he yields — now turns away,  
 Shuddering as if the venom lay  
 All in those proffer'd lips alone —  
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,  
 Never until that instant came  
 Near his unask'd or without shame.  
 "Oh! let me only breathe the air,  
 "The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,

\* This circumstance has been often introduced into poetry; — by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.

"And, whether on its wings it bear  
 "Healing or death, 't is sweet to me!  
 "There — drink my tears, while yet they fall —  
 "Would that my bosom's blood were balm,  
 "And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,  
 "To give thy brow one minute's calm.  
 "Nay, turn not from me that dear face —  
 "Am I not thine — thy own lov'd bride —  
 "The one, the chosen one, whose place  
 "In life or death is by thy side?  
 "Think'st thou that she, whose only light,  
 "In this dim world, from thee hath shone,  
 "Could bear the long, the cheerless night,  
 "That must be hers when thou art gone?  
 "That I can live, and let thee go,  
 "Who art my life itself? — No, no —  
 "When the stem dies, the leaf that grew  
 "Out of its heart must perish too!  
 "Then turn to me, my own love, turn,  
 "Before, like thee, I fade and burn;  
 "Cling to these yet cool lips, and share  
 "The last pure life that lingers there!"  
 She falls — she sinks — as dies the lamp  
 In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,  
 So quickly do his baleful sighs  
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.  
 One struggle — and his pain is past —  
 Her lover is no longer living!  
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,  
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the PERI, as softly she stole  
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,  
 As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast —  
 "Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,  
 "In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd  
 "Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,

“Who sings at the last his own death-lay,\*  
 “And in music and perfume dies away!”

Thus saying, from her lips she spread  
 Unearthly breathings through the place,  
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed  
 Such lustre o'er each paly face,  
 That like two lovely saints they seem'd,  
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken  
 From their dim graves, in odour sleeping;  
 While that benevolent PERI beam'd  
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping  
 Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;  
 Again the PERI soars above,  
 Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh  
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.  
 High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,  
 Th' Elysian palm she soon shall win,  
 For the bright Spirit at the gate  
 Smil'd as she gave that offering in;  
 And she already hears the trees  
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells  
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze  
 That from the throne of ALLA swells;  
 And she can see the starry bowls  
 That lie around that lucid lake,  
 Upon whose banks admitted Souls  
 Their first sweet draught of glory take!\*\*

\* “In the East, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.” — *Richardson*.

\*\* “On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave.” — From *Chateaubriand's Description of the Mahometan Paradise*, in his *Beauties of Christianity*.

But, ah! even PERIS' hopes are vain —  
 Again the Fates forbade, again  
 Th' immortal barrier clos'd — “Not yet,”  
 The Angel said as, with regret,  
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory —  
 “True was the maiden, and her story,  
 “Written in light o'er ALLA'S head,  
 “By seraph eyes shall long be read.  
 “But, PERI, see — the crystal bar  
 “Of Eden moves not — holier far  
 “Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be  
 “That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee.”

Now, upon SYRIA'S land of roses\*  
 Softly the light of Eve reposes,  
 And, like a glory, the broad sun  
 Hangs over sainted LEBANON;  
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,  
 And whitens with eternal sleet,  
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air  
 O'er all th' enchanted regions there,  
 How beauteous must have been the glow,  
 The life, the sparkling from below!  
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
 Of golden melons on their banks,  
 More golden where the sun-light falls; —  
 Gay lizards, glittering on the walls\*\*  
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright  
 As they were all alive with light;

\* Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose, for which that country has been always famous; — hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

\*\* “The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them.”  
 — Bruce.



And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,  
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam  
 Variously in the crimson beam  
 Of the warm West, — as if inlaid  
 With brilliants from the mine, or made  
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
 Th' unclouded skies of PERISTAN.

And then the mingling sounds that come,  
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, \* with hum  
 Of the wild bees of PALESTINE, \*\*

Banquetting through the flowery vales;  
 And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,  
 And woods, so full of nightingales. \*\*\*

But nought can charm the luckless PERI;  
 Her soul is sad — her wings are weary —  
 Joyless she sees the Sun look down  
 On that great Temple, once his own, †  
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,  
 Flinging their shadows from on high,  
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,  
 Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd  
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,  
 Some amulet of gems, anneal'd  
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd  
 With the great name of SOLOMON,  
 Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,

\* "The Syrinx or Pan's pipe is still a pastoral instrument in Syria."  
 — *Russell*.

\*\* "Wild bees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow trunks or branches  
 of trees, and the clefts of rocks. Thus it is said (Psalm lxxxi.), '*honey  
 out of the stony rock.*'" — *Burder's Oriental Customs*.

\*\*\* "The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and  
 pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all toge-  
 ther." — *Thevenot*.

† The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

May teach her where, beneath the moon,  
 In earth or ocean, lies the boon,  
 The charm, that can restore so soon  
 An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither; —  
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,  
 Nor have the golden bowers of Even  
 In the rich West begun to wither; —  
 When, o'er the vale BALBEC winging  
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,  
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,  
 As rosy and as wild as they;  
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,  
 The beautiful blue-damsel flies,\*  
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,  
 Like winged flowers or flying gems: —  
 And, near the boy, who tir'd with play  
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,  
 She saw a wearied man dismount  
 From his hot steed, and on the brink  
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount\*\*  
 Impatient fling him down to drink.  
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,  
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd  
 Upon a brow more fierce than that, —  
 Sullenly fierce — a mixture dire,  
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;  
 In which the PÉRI'S eye could read  
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;

\* "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels." — *Sonnini*.

\*\* Imaret, "hospice ou on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pélerins pendant trois jours." — *Toderini, translated by the Abbé de Courmand*. — See also *Castellan's Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. v. p. 145.

The ruin'd maid — the shrine profan'd —  
 Oaths broken — and the threshold stain'd  
 With blood of guests! — *there* written, all,  
 Black as the damning drops that fall  
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,  
 Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime  
 (As if the balmy evening time  
 Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,  
 Watching the rosy infant's play: —  
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance  
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,  
 As torches, that have burnt all night  
 Through some impure and godless rite,  
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesper call to prayer,  
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,  
 Is rising sweetly on the air;  
 From SYRIA's thousand minarets!  
 The boy has started from the bed  
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,  
 And down upon the fragrant sod  
 Kneels, \* with his forehead to the south,

\* "Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever they are about, in that very place they chance to stand on; insomuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeples, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for awhile; when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which, having ended, he leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and renews his journey with the mild expression of *Ghell gohnum ghell*, or Come, dear, follow me." — *Aaron Hill's Travels*.

Lisping th' eternal name of God  
 From Purity's own cherub mouth,  
 And looking, while his hands and eyes  
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,  
 Just lighted on that flowery plain  
 And seeking for its home again.

Oh! 't was a sight — that Heav'n — that child —  
 A scene, which might have well beguil'd  
 Ev'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh  
 For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man  
 Reclining there — while memory ran  
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,  
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,  
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace.  
 "There *was* a time," he said, in mild,  
 Heart-humbled tones — "thou blessed child!  
 "When, young and haply pure as thou,  
 "I look'd and pray'd like thee — but now —"  
 He hung his head — each nobler aim,  
 And hope, and feeling, which had slept  
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept — he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!  
 In whose benign, redeeming flow  
 Is felt the first, the only sense  
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the PERI, "that down from the moon  
 "Falls through the withering airs of June  
 "Upon EGYPT's land, \* of so healing a power,  
 "So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour

\* The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

"That drop descends, contagion dies,  
 'And health re-animates earth and skies! —  
 "Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,  
 "The precious tears of repentance fall?  
 "Though foul thy fiery plagues within,  
 "One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now — behold him kneeling there  
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,  
 While the same sunbeam shines upon  
 The guilty and the guiltless one,  
 And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven  
 The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'T was when the golden orb had set,  
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,  
 There fell a light more lovely far  
 Than ever came from sun or star,  
 Upon the tear that, warm and meek,  
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek.  
 To mortal eye this light might seem  
 A northern flash or meteor beam —  
 But well th' enraptur'd PERI knew  
 'T was a bright smile the Angel threw  
 From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear  
 Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done —  
 "The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!  
 "Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am —  
 "To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad  
 "Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,\*  
 "And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD!  
 "Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die  
 "Passing away like a lover's sigh; —

\* The Country of Delight — the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

"My feast is now of the Tooba Tree, \*  
 "Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!  
 "Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone  
   " In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief; —  
 "Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,  
 "To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA's throne, \*\*  
   "Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.  
 "Joy, joy for ever! — my task is done —  
 "The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

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"AND this," said the Great Chamberlain, "is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!" After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, FAD-LADEEN kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be over-run by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand Streams of Basra.\*\*\* They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success; — as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gain-

\* The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See *Sale's Prelim. Disc.* — Tooba, says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

\*\* Mahomet is described, in the 53d chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, says the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

\*\*\* "It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Pelal ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams." — *Ebn Haukal*.

ing it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the license and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence; — who, like them, flung the jereed\* carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark; — “and who,” said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, “contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they allow themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who is ingenious enough to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam!”

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven; but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies, — a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel’s “radiant hand” he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. “But, in short,” said he, “it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous, — puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital\*\* for Sick Insects should undertake.”

\* The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise. See *Castellan, Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. iii. p. 161.

\*\* “This account excited a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of their benevolence to all kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age or accident. On my arrival, there were presented to my view many horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment; in another, dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw for them to repose on. Above stairs were depositories for seeds of many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects.” — *Parsons’s Travels*

It is said that all animals know the Banyans, that the most timid approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people.— See *Grandpré*.

In vain did LALLA ROOKH try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places, — reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them;\* — that severity often extinguished every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman, — no one had ever yet reached its summit.\*\* Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of FADLADEEN's eyebrows, or charm him into any thing like encouragement, or even toleration, of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of FADLADEEN: — he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal was the same, too, in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters, — worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death appeared to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of LALLA ROOKH, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the Valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were then making in the Saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence, — which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure, — convinced her that her peace

\* “A very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges, near Heridwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and diffuses, when crushed, a strong odour.” — *Sir W. Jones* on the Spikenard of the Ancients.

\*\* “Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism. the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit.” — *Kinneir*.



was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young FERAMORZ. The veil had fallen off in which this passion at first disguises itself, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. FERAMORZ, too, — what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers; — if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature, — all had tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone! \* She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. FERAMORZ must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clue was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only endeavour to forget the short dream of happiness she had enjoyed, — like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever! \*\*

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionary among the people; while the artisans, in chariots \*\*\* adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of

\* "The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them." — *P. Vanstele, Relat. d'Egypte.*

\*\* See *Sale's Koran*, note, vol. ii. p. 484.

\*\*\* Oriental Tales.

their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment; — particularly on the day when LALLA ROOKH set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who kept waving over their heads plates of gold and silver flowers,\* and then threw them around to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party LALLA ROOKH, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary; — FADLADEEN felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees,\*\* at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere; — while the Ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to FADLADEEN, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were so tasteless as to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words: —

\* Ferishta. "Or rather," says *Scott*, upon the passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, "small coins, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace."

\*\* The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side. This road is 250 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says *Bernier*, "erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees."

TELL me not of joys above,  
 If that world can give no bliss,  
 Truer, happier than the Love  
 Which enslaves our souls in this.

Tell me not of Houris' eyes; —  
 Far from me their dangerous glow,  
 If those looks that light the skies  
 Wound like some that burn below.

Who, that feels what Love is here,  
 All its falsehood — all its pain —  
 Would, for ev'n Elysium's sphere,  
 Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat  
 Sees the waters fade away,  
 Would not rather die than meet  
 Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to LALLA ROOKH'S heart; — and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it to be a sad but still sweet certainty, that FERAMORZ was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra, — that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies. \* In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; \*\* while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-

\* The Baya, or Indian Gross-beak. — *Sir W. Jones.*

\*\* "Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water of which float multitudes of the beautiful red lotus: the flower is larger than that of

looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. LALLA ROOKH guessed in vain, and the all-pretending FADLADEEN, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the Ladies suggested that perhaps FERAMORZ could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might perhaps be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for FERAMORZ, who, in a very few minutes, made his appearance before them — looking so pale and unhappy in LALLA ROOKH's eyes, that she repented already of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors, \* preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostasy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou, \*\* when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in

the white water-lily, and is the most lovely of the nymphæas I have seen." — *Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.*

\* "On les voit persécutés par les Khalifes se retirer dans les montagnes du Kerman: plusieurs choisirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine; d'autres s'arrêtèrent sur les bords du Gange, à l'est de Delhi." — *M. Anquetil, Mémoires de l'Académie, tom. xxxi. p. 346.*

\*\* The "Ager ardens" described by *Kempfer, Amœnitat. Exot.*

another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, \* and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that FERAMORZ had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before FADLADEEN, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors! — sympathy with Fire-worshippers!" \*\* — while FERAMORZ, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those struggles of the brave Fire-worshippers against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for LALLA ROOKH to refuse; — he had never before looked half so animated; and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted; and while FADLADEEN sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers: —

\* "Cashmere (says its historians) had its own princes 4000 years before its conquest by Akbar in 1585. Akbar would have found some difficulty to reduce this paradise of the Indies, situated as it is within such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch, Yusef-Khan, was basely betrayed by his Omrahs." — *Pennant*.

\*\* Voltaire tells us that in his Tragedy, "Les Guèbres," he was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansenists. I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

## THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

'T IS moonlight over OMAN'S SEA ;\*  
 Her banks of pearl and palmy isles  
 Bask in the night-beam beauteously,  
 And her blue waters sleep in smiles.  
 'T is moonlight in HARMOZIA'S\*\* walls,  
 And through her EMIR'S porphyry halls,  
 Where, some hours since, was heard the swell  
 Of trumpet and the clash of zel,\*\*\*  
 Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell; —  
 The peaceful sun, whom better suits  
 The music of the bulbul's nest,  
 Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,  
 To sing him to his golden rest.  
 All hush'd — there 's not a breeze in motion  
 The shore is silent as the ocean.  
 If zephyrs come, so light they come,  
 Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven; —  
 The wind-tower on the EMIR'S dome †  
 Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Ev'n he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps  
 Calm, while a nation round him weeps;  
 While curses load the air he breathes,  
 And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths  
 Are starting to avenge the shame  
 His race hath brought on IRAN'S †† name.  
 Hard, heartless Chief, unmov'd alike  
 'Mid eyes that weep, and swords that strike; —

\* The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.

\*\* The present Gombaroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.

\*\*\* A Moorish instrument of music.

† "At Gombaroon and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses." — *Le Bruyn*.

†† "Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia." — *Asiat. Res. Disc.* 5

One of that saintly, murderous brood,  
 To carnage and the Koran given,  
 Who think through unbelievers' blood  
 Lies their directest path to heaven; —  
 One, who will pause and kneel unshod  
 In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,  
 To mutter o'er some text of God  
 Engraven on his reeking sword; \* —  
 Nay, who can coolly note the line,  
 The letter of those words divine,  
 To which his blade, with searching art,  
 Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just ALLA! what must be thy look,  
 When such a wretch before thee stands  
 Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book, —  
 Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,  
 And wresting from its page sublime  
 His creed of lust, and hate, and crime; —  
 Ev'n as those bees of TREBIZOND,  
 Which, from the sunniest flowers that glad  
 With their pure smile the gardens round,  
 Draw venom forth that drives men mad. \*\*

Never did fierce ARABIA send  
 A satrap forth more direly great;  
 Never was IRAN doom'd to bend  
 Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.  
 Her throne had fall'n — her pride was crush'd,  
 Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,  
 In their own land, — no more their own, —  
 To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.  
 Her towers, where MITRA once had burn'd,  
 To Moslem shrines — oh shame! — were turn'd,

\* "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed."—*Russell*.

\*\* "There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad."—*Tournefort*.

Where slaves, converted by the sword,  
 Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,  
 And curs'd the faith their sires ador'd.  
 Yet has she hearts, 'mid all this ill,  
 O'er all this wreck high buoyant still  
 With hope and vengeance; — hearts that yet —  
     Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays  
 They've treasur'd from the sun that's set, —  
     Beam all the light of long-lost days!  
 And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow  
     To second all such hearts can dare;  
 As he shall know, well, dearly know,  
     Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,  
 Tranquil as if his spirit lay  
 Becalm'd in Heav'n's approving ray.  
 Sleep on — for purer eyes than thine  
 Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine;  
 Sleep on, and be thy rest unmov'd  
     By the white moonbeam's dazzling power; —  
 None but the loving and the lov'd  
     Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see — where, high above those rocks  
     That o'er the deep their shadows fling,  
 Yon turret stands; — where ebon locks,  
     As glossy as a heron's wing  
     Upon the turban of a king,\*  
 Hang from the lattice, long and wild, —  
 'T is she, that EMIR's blooming child,  
 All truth and tenderness and grace,  
 Though born of such ungentle race; —  
 An image of Youth's radiant Fountain  
 Springing in a desolate mountain! \*\*

\* "Their kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty." — *Hanway*.

\*\* "The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East." — *Richardson*.



Oh what a pure and sacred thing  
 Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight  
 Of the gross world, illumining  
 One only mansion with her light!  
 Unseen by man's disturbing eye, —  
 The flower that blooms beneath the sea,  
 Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie  
 Hid in more chaste obscurity.  
 So, HINDA, have thy face and mind,  
 Like holy mysteries, lain enshrin'd.  
 And oh, what transport for a lover  
 To lift the veil that shades them o'er! —  
 Like those who, all at once, discover  
 In the lone deep some fairy shore,  
 Where mortal never trod before,  
 And sleep and wake in scented airs  
 No lip had ever breath'd but theirs.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,  
 On summer-eyes, through YEMEN'S\* dales,  
 And bright the glancing looks they hide  
 Behind their litters' roseate veils; —  
 And brides, as delicate and fair  
 As the white jasmine flowers they wear,  
 Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,  
 Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,\*\*  
 Before their mirrors count the time,\*\*\*  
 And grow still lovelier every hour.

#### Arabia Felix.

\*\* "In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles, make a sort of green wall; large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures." — *Lady M. W. Montagu*.

\*\*\* The women of the East are never without their looking-glasses. "In Barbary," says *Shaw*, "they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside,

But never yet hath bride or maid  
 In ARABY's gay Haram smil'd,  
 Whose boasted brightness would not fade  
 Before AL HASSAN's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless  
 An infant's dream, yet not the less  
 Rich in all woman's loveliness; —  
 With eyes so pure, that from their ray  
 Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,  
 Blinded like serpents, when they gaze  
 Upon the emerald's virgin blaze;\* —  
 Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,  
 Mingling the meek and vestal fires  
 Of other worlds with all the bliss,  
 The fond, weak tenderness of this:  
 A soul, too, more than half divine,  
 Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,  
 Religion's soften'd glories shine,  
 Like light through summer foliage stealing,  
 Shedding a glow of such mild hue,  
 So warm, and yet so shadowy too,  
 As makes the very darkness there  
 More beautiful than light elsewhere.

even when after the drudgery of the day they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water." — *Travels*

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. "Hence (and from the lotus being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute intercourse of two lovers before their parents: —

"He with salute of deference due,  
 A lotus to his forehead prest;  
 She rais'd her mirror to his view,  
 Then turn'd it inward to her breast."

*Asiatic Miscellany*, vol. ii.

\* "They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones (emeralds), he immediately becomes blind." — *Ahmed ben Abdulaziz*, Treatise on Jewels.

Such is the maid who, at this hour,  
 Hath risen from her restless sleep,  
 And sits alone in that high bower,  
 Watching the still and shining deep.  
 Ah! 't was not thus, — with tearful eyes  
 And beating heart, — she us'd to gaze  
 On the magnificent earth and skies,  
 In her own land, in happier days.  
 Why looks she now so anxious down  
 Among those rocks, whose rugged frown  
 Blackens the mirror of the deep?  
 Whom waits she all this lonely night  
 Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,  
 For man to scale that turret's height! —

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,  
 When high, to catch the cool night-air,  
 After the day-beam's withering fire,\*  
 He built her bower of freshness there,  
 And had it deck'd with costliest skill,  
 And fondly thought it safe as fair: —  
 Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,  
 Nor wake to learn what Love can dare; —  
 Love, all-defying Love, who sees  
 No charm in trophies won with ease; —  
 Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss  
 Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice!  
 Bolder than they, who dare not dive  
 For pearls, but when the sea 's at rest,  
 Love, in the tempest most alive,  
 Hath ever held that pearl the best  
 He finds beneath the stormiest water.  
 Yes — ARABY'S unrivall'd daughter,  
 Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,

\* "At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes so hot, that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water." — *Marco Polo*.

There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,  
 Would climb th' untrodden solitude  
 Of ARARAT'S tremendous peak,\*  
 And think its steeps, though dark and dread,  
 Heav'n's pathways, if to thee they led!  
 Ev'n now thou seest the flashing spray,  
 That lights his oar's impatient way; —  
 Ev'n now thou hear'st the sudden shock  
 Of his swift bark against the rock,  
 And stretchest down thy arms of snow,  
 As if to lift him from below!  
 Like her to whom, at dead of night,  
 The bridegroom, with his locks of light,\*\*  
 Came, in the flush of love and pride,  
 And scal'd the terrace of his bride; —  
 When, as she saw him rashly spring,  
 And midway up in danger cling,  
 She flung him down her long black hair,  
 Exclaiming, breathless, "There, love, there!"  
 And scarce did manlier nerve uphold  
 The hero ZAL in that fond hour,  
 Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,  
 Now climbs the rocks to HINDA'S bower.

\* This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible. *Struy* says, "I can well assure the reader that their opinion is not true, who suppose this mount to be inaccessible." He adds, that "the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty, and dark, the middlemost part very cold, and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions perfectly calm." — It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the Deluge, and part of it, they say, exists there still, which *Struy* thus gravely accounts for: — "Whereas none can remember that the air on the top of the hill did ever change or was subject either to wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has endured so long without being rotten." — See *Carrer's Travels*, where the Doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.

\*\* In one of the books of the *Shâh Nâmeh*, when *Zal* (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair,) comes to the terrace of his mistress *Rodahver* at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent; — he, however, manages it in a less romantic way by fixing his crook in a projecting beam. — See *Champion's Ferdosi*.

See — light as up their granite steeps  
 The rock-goats of ARABIA clamber,\*  
 Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,  
 And now is in the maiden's chamber.  
 She loves — but knows not whom she loves,  
 Nor what his race, nor whence he came; —  
 Like one who meets, in Indian groves,  
 Some beauteous bird without a name,  
 Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,  
 From isles in th' undiscover'd seas,  
 To show his plumage for a day  
 To wondering eyes, and wing away!  
 Will *he* thus fly — her nameless lover?  
 ALLA forbid! 't was by a moon  
 As fair as this, while singing over  
 Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,\*\*  
 Alone, at this same witching hour,  
 She first beheld his radiant eyes  
 Gleam through the lattice of the bower,  
 Where nightly now they mix their sighs;  
 And thought some spirit of the air  
 (For what could waft a mortal there?)  
 Was pausing on his moonlight way  
 To listen to her lonely lay!  
 This fancy ne'er hath left her mind:  
 And — though, when terror's swoon had past,  
 She saw a youth, of mortal kind,  
 Before her in obeisance cast, —  
 Yet often since, when he hath spoke  
 Strange, awful words, — and gleams have broken  
 From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,  
 Oh! she hath fear'd her soul was given

\* "On the lofty hills of Arabia Petræa are rock-goats." — *Niebuhr*.

\*\* "Canun, espèce de psalterion, avec des cordes de boyaux; les dames en touchent dans le serrail, avec des décailles armées de pointes de coc." — *Toderini, translated by De Courmand*.

To some unhallow'd child of air,  
 Some erring Spirit cast from heaven,  
 Like those angelic youths of old,  
 Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,  
 Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,  
 And lost their heaven for woman's eyes.  
 Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he  
 Who woos thy young simplicity;  
 But one of earth's impassion'd sons,  
 As warm in love, as fierce in ire  
 As the best heart whose current runs  
 Full of the Day-God's living fire.

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,  
 And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow; —  
 Never before, but in her dreams,  
 Had she beheld him pale as now:  
 And those were dreams of troubled sleep,  
 From which 't was joy to wake and weep;  
 Visions, that will not be forgot,  
 But sadden every waking scene,  
 Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot  
 All wither'd where they once have been.

“How sweetly,” said the trembling maid,  
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,  
 So long had they in silence stood,  
 Looking upon that tranquil flood —  
 “How sweetly does the moon-beam smile  
 “To-night upon yon leafy isle!  
 “Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,  
 “I've wish'd that little isle had wings,  
 “And we, within its fairy bowers,  
 “Were wafted off to seas unknown,  
 “Where not a pulse should beat but ours,  
 “And we might live, love, die alone!  
 “Far from the cruel and the cold, —  
 “Where the bright eyes of angels only

"Should come around us, to behold  
 "A paradise so pure and lonely.  
 "Would this be world enough for thee?" —  
 Playful she turn'd, that he might see  
 The passing smile her cheek put on;  
 But when she mark'd how mournfully  
 His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;  
 And, bursting into heart-felt tears,  
 "Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,  
 "My dreams have boded all too right —  
 "We part — for ever part — to-night!  
 "I knew, I knew it *could* not last —  
 "'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past!  
 "Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
 "I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
 "I never loved a tree or flower,  
 "But 't was the first to fade away.  
 "I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,  
 "To glad me with its soft black eye,  
 "But when it came to know me well,  
 "And love me, it was sure to die!  
 "Now too — the joy most like divine  
 "Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
 "To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine, —  
 "Oh misery! must I lose *that* too?  
 "Yet go — on peril's brink we meet; —  
 "Those frightful rocks — that treacherous sea —  
 "No, never come again — though sweet,  
 "Though heaven, it may be death to thee.  
 "Farewell — and blessings on thy way,  
 "Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger!  
 "Better to sit and watch that ray,  
 "And think thee safe, though far away,  
 "Than have thee near me, and in danger!"

"Danger! — oh, tempt me not to boast —"  
 The youth exclaim'd — "thou little know'st

"What he can brave, who, born and nurst  
 "In Danger's paths, has dar'd her worst;  
 "Upon whose ear the signal-word  
     "Of strife and death is hourly breaking;  
 "Who sleeps with head upon the sword  
     "His fever'd hand must grasp in waking.  
 "Danger! —"

"Say on — thou fear'st not then,  
 "And we may meet — oft meet again?"

"Oh! look not so — beneath the skies  
 "I now fear nothing but those eyes.  
 "If aught on earth could charm or force  
 "My spirit from its destin'd course, —  
 "If aught could make this soul forget  
 "The bond to which its seal is set,  
 "'T would be those eyes; — they, only they,  
 "Could melt that sacred seal away!  
 "But no — 't is fix'd — *my* awful doom  
 "Is fix'd — on this side of the tomb  
 "We meet no more; — why, why did Heaven  
 "Mingle two souls that earth has riven,  
 "Has rent asunder wide as ours?  
 "Oh, Arab maid, as soon the Powers  
 "Of Light and Darkness may combine,  
 "As I be link'd with thee or thine!  
 "Thy Father —"

    "Holy ALLA save  
 "His grey head from that lightning glance!  
 "Thou know'st him not — he loves the brave;  
     "Nor lives there under heaven's expanse  
 "One who would prize, would worship thee  
 "And thy bold spirit, more than he.  
 "Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd  
     "With the bright falchion by his side,  
 "I've heard him swear his lisp'ing maid  
     "In time should be a warrior's bride.  
 "And still, whene'er at Haram hours,



"I take him cool sherbets and flowers,  
 "He tells me, when in playful mood,  
 "A hero shall my bridegroom be,  
 "Since maids are best in battle woo'd,  
 "And won with shouts of victory!  
 "Nay, turn not from me — thou alone  
 "Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.  
 "Go — join his sacred ranks — thou know'st  
 "Th' unholy strife these Persians wage: —  
 "Good Heav'n, that frown! — even now thou glow'st  
 "With more than mortal warrior's rage.  
 "Haste to the camp by morning's light,  
 "And, when that sword is rais'd in fight,  
 "Oh still remember, Love and I  
 "Beneath its shadow trembling lie!  
 "One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,  
 "Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire  
 "Abhors —"

"Hold, hold — thy words are death —"

The stranger cried, as wild he flung  
 His mantle back, and show'd beneath

The Gheber belt that round him clung.\* —

"Here; maiden, look — weep — blush to see

"All that thy sire abhors in me!

"Yes — I am of that impious race,

"Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,

"Hail their Creator's dwelling-place

"Among the living lights of heaven: \*\*

\* "They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their cushee or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it." — *Grose's Voyage*. — "Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose; mais, ayant été dépouillé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portoit comme Ghebr," &c. &c. — *D'Herbelot*, art. Agduani. "Pour se distinguer des Idolatres de l'Inde, les Guèbres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau." — *Encyclopédie Française*.

D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

\*\* "They suppose the Throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary." — *Hanway*. "As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring-head of it in that globe of fire, the Sun, by

" Yes — *I* am of that outcast few ,  
 " To IRAN and to vengeance true ,  
 " Who curse the hour your Arabs came  
 " To desolate our shrines of flame ,  
 " And swear , before God's burning eye ,  
 " To break our country's chains , or die !  
 " Thy bigot sire , — nay , tremble not , —  
     " He , who gave birth to those dear eyes ,  
 " With me is sacred as the spot  
     " From which our fires of worship rise !  
 " But know — 't was he I sought that night ,  
     " When , from my watch-boat on the sea ,  
 " I caught this turret's glimmering light ,  
     " And up the rude rocks desperately  
 " Rush'd to my prey — thou know'st the rest —  
 " I climb'd the gory vulture's nest ,  
 " And found a trembling dove within ; —  
 " Thine , thine the victory — thine the sin —  
 " If Love hath made one thought his own ,  
 " That Vengeance claims first — last — alone !  
 " Oh ! had we never , never met ,  
 " Or could this heart ev'n now forget  
 " How link'd , how bless'd we might have been ,  
 " Had fate not frown'd so dark between !  
 " Hadst thou been born a Persian maid ,  
     " In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt ,

them called *Mythras*, or *Mihir*, to which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the Servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire, in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God; but they do not even give that luminary, all-glorious as it is, more than the second rank amongst his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man." — *Grose*. The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer's remark, that "calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it."

"Through the same fields in childhood play'd,  
 "At the same kindling altar knelt, —  
 "Then, then, while all those nameless ties,  
 "In which the charm of Country lies,  
 "Had round our hearts been hourly spun,  
 "Till IRAN'S cause and thine were one;  
 "While in thy lute's awakening sigh  
 "I heard the voice of days gone by,  
 "And saw, in every smile of thine,  
 "Returning hours of glory shine; —  
 "While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land  
 "Liv'd, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee, —  
 "God! who could then this sword withstand?  
 "Its very flash were victory!  
 "But now — estrang'd, divorc'd for ever,  
 "Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;  
 "Our only ties what love has wove, —  
 "In faith, friends, country, sunder'd wide;  
 "And then, then only, true to love,  
 "When false to all that 's dear beside!  
 "Thy father IRAN'S deadliest foe —  
 "Thyself, perhaps, ev'n now — but no —  
 "Hate never look'd so lovely yet!  
 "No — sacred to thy soul will be  
 "The land of him who could forget  
 "All but that bleeding land for thee.  
 "When other eyes shall see, unmov'd,  
 "Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,  
 "Thou 'lt think how well one Gheber lov'd,  
 "And for *his* sake thou 'lt weep for all!  
 "But look — "

With sudden start he turn'd  
 And pointed to the distant wave,  
 Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd  
 Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave;  
 And fiery darts, at intervals, \*

\* "The Mameluks that were in the other boat, when it was dark

Flew up all sparkling from the mai  
 As if each star that nightly falls,  
 Were shooting back to heaven again.

“My signal lights! — I must away —  
 “Both, both are ruin’d, if I stay.  
 “Farewell — sweet life! thou cling’st in vain —  
 “Now, Vengeance, I am thine again!”  
 Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp’d,  
 Nor look’d — but from the lattice dropp’d  
 Down ’mid the pointed crags beneath,  
 As if he fled from love to death.

While pale and mute young HINDA stood,  
 Nor mov’d, till in the silent flood

A momentary plunge below  
 Startled her from her trance of woe; —  
 Shrieking she to the lattice flew,

“I come — I come — if in that tide  
 “Thou sleep’st to-night, I’ll sleep there too,  
 “In death’s cold wedlock, by thy side.

“Oh! I would ask no happier bed  
 “Than the chill wave my love lies under: —  
 “Sweeter to rest together dead,

“Far sweeter, than to live asunder!”

But no — their hour is not yet come —

Again she sees his pinnace fly,  
 Wafting him fleetly to his home,

Where’er that ill-starr’d home may lie;

And calm and smooth it seem’d to win

Its moonlight way before the wind,

As if it bore all peace within,

Nor left one breaking heart behind!

used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars.” — *Baumgarten*.

THE Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that FERAMORZ had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her Ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for, whenever he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.\*

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country; — through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff,\*\* with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that, in that very spot, the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath this spacious shade, some pious hands had erected a row of pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain,\*\*\* which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here, while, as

\* “Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gualior) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice.” — *Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Ouzein, by W. Hunter, Esq.*

\*\* “It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers also to throw each a stone or brick near the spot, so that in the course of a little time a pile equal to a good waggon-load is collected. The sight of these flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension.” — *Oriental Field Sports*, vol. ii.

\*\*\* “The Ficus Indica is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils; the first, from the idols placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies; in others are erected beneath the shade pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved, and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors.” — *Pennant*.

usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with FADLADEEN in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story: —

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,  
 And o'er the Green Sea\* palely shines,  
 Revealing BAHREIN'S\*\* groves of palm,  
 And lighting KISHMA'S amber vines.  
 Fresh smell the shores of ARABY,  
 While breezes from the Indian sea  
 Blow round SELAMA'S\*\*\* sainted cape,  
 And curl the shining flood beneath, —  
 Whose waves are rich with many a grape,  
 And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,  
 Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,  
 Had tow'rd that holy headland cast —  
 Oblations to the Genii there  
 For gentle skies and breezes fair!  
 The nightingale now bends her flight †  
 From the high trees, where all the night  
 She sung so sweet, with none to listen;  
 And hides her from the morning star  
 Where thickets of pomegranate glisten  
 In the clear dawn, — bespangled o'er  
 With dew, whose night-drops would not stain  
 The best and brightest scimitar ††

\* The Persian Gulf. — “To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf.” — *Sir W. Jones*.

\*\* Islands in the Gulf.

\*\*\* Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom. “The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea, to secure a propitious voyage.” — *Morier*.

† “The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the daytime, and from the loftiest trees at night.” — *Russell's Aleppo*.

†† In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Francklin says, “The dew is of such a pure nature, that if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust.”

That ever youthful Sultan wore  
On the first morning of his reign.

And see — the Sun himself! — on wings  
Of glory up the East he springs.  
Angel of Light! who from the time  
Those heavens began their march sublime,  
Hath first of all the starry choir  
Trode in his Maker's steps of fire!

Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,  
When IRAN, like a sun-flower, turn'd  
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd? —

When, from the banks of BENDEMEER  
To the nut-groves of SAMARCAND,  
Thy temples flam'd o'er all the land?  
Where are they? ask the shades of them

Who, on CADESSIA'S\* bloody plains,  
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem  
From IRAN'S broken diadem,

And bind her ancient faith in chains: —  
Ask the poor exile, cast alone  
On foreign shores, unlov'd, unknown,  
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,\*\*

Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,  
Far from his beauteous land of dates,

Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains:  
Yet happier so than if he trod  
His own belov'd, but blighted, sod,  
Beneath a despot stranger's nod! —

Oh, he would rather houseless roam  
Where Freedom and his God may lead,  
Than be the sleekest slave at home  
That crouches to the conqueror's creed!

\* The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

\*\* Derbend. — “Les Turcs appellent cette ville Demir Capi, Porte de Fer; ce sont les Caspiæ Portæ des anciens. — *D'Herbelot.*”

IS IRAN'S pride then gone for ever,  
 Quench'd with the flame in MITHRA'S caves? —  
 No — she has sons, that never — never —  
 Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,  
 While heaven has light or earth has graves; —  
 Spirits of fire, that brood not long,  
 But flash resentment back for wrong;  
 And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds  
 Of vengeance ripen into deeds,  
 Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,  
 They burst, like ZEILAN'S giant palm,\*  
 Whose buds fly open with a sound  
 That shakes the pigmy forests round!  
 Yes, EMIR! he, who scal'd that tower,  
 And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,  
 Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power  
 How safe ev'n tyrant heads may rest —  
 Is one of many, brave as he,  
 Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;  
 Who, though they know the strife is vain,  
 Who, though they know the riven chain  
 Snaps but to enter in the heart  
 Of him who rends its links apart,  
 Yet dare the issue, — blest to be  
 Ev'n for one bleeding moment free,  
 And die in pangs of liberty!  
 Thou know'st them well — 't is some moons since  
 Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags  
 Thou satrap of a bigot Prince,  
 Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags;  
 Yet here, ev'n here, a sacred band  
 Ay, in the portal of that land

\* The Talpot or Talipot tree. "This beautiful palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelopes the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon." — *Thunberg*.



Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,  
 Their spears across thy path have thrown;  
 Here — ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er —  
 Rebellion brav'd thee from the shore.  
 Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,  
     Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd  
 The holiest cause that tongue or sword  
     Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.  
 How many a spirit, born to bless,  
     Hath sunk beneath that withering name,  
 Whom but a day's, an hour's success  
     Had wasted to eternal fame!  
 As exhalations, when they burst  
 From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,  
 If check'd in soaring from the plain,  
 Darken to fogs and sink again; —  
 But, if they once triumphant spread  
 Their wings above the mountain-head,  
 Become enthron'd in upper air,  
 And turn to sun-bright glories there!  
 And who is he, that wields the might  
     Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,  
 Before whose sabre's dazzling light\*  
     The eyes of YEMEN'S warriors wink?  
 Who comes, embower'd in the spears  
 Of KERMAN'S hardy mountaineers? —  
 Those mountaineers that truest, last,  
     Cling to their country's ancient rites,  
 As if that God, whose eyelids cast  
     Their closing gleam on IRAN'S heights,  
 Among her snowy mountains threw  
 The last light of his worship too!  
 'T is HAFED — name of fear, whose sound  
     Chills like the muttering of a charm! —

\* "When the bright cimitars make the eyes of our heroes wink." -  
*The Moulakat, Poem of Anru.*

Shout but that awful name around,  
 And palsy shakes the manliest arm.  
 'T is HAFED, most accurs'd and dire  
 (So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)  
 Of all the rebel Sons of Fire;  
 Of whose malign, tremendous power  
 The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,  
 Such tales of fearful wonder tell,  
 That each affrighted sentinel  
 Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,  
 Lest HAFED in the midst should rise!  
 A man, they say, of monstrous birth,  
 A mingled race of flame and earth,  
 Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,\*  
 Who in their fairy helms, of yore  
 A feather from the mystic wings  
 Of the Simoorgh resistless wore;  
 And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,  
 Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,  
 With charms that, all in vain withstood,  
 Would drown the Koran's light in blood!

Such were the tales, that won belief,  
 And such the colouring Fancy gave  
 To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief, —  
 One who, no more than mortal brave,  
 Fought for the land his soul ador'd,  
 For happy homes and altars free, —  
 His only talisman, the sword,  
 His only spell-word, Liberty!  
 One of that ancient hero line,  
 Along whose glorious current shine

\* Tahmuras, and other ancient Kings of Persia; whose adventures in Fairy-land among the Peris and Dives may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

Names, that have sanctified their blood;  
 As **LEBANON'S** small mountain-flood  
 Is render'd holy by the ranks  
 Of sainted cedars on its banks.\*  
 'T was not for him to crouch the knee  
 Tamely to Moslem tyranny;  
 'T was not for him, whose soul was cast  
 In the bright mould of ages past,  
 Whose melancholy spirit, fed  
 With all the glories of the dead,  
 Though fram'd for **IRAN'S** happiest years,  
 Was born among her chains and tears! —  
 'T was not for him to swell the crowd  
 Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd  
 Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,  
 Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast —  
 No — far he fled — indignant fled  
     The pageant of his country's shame;  
 While every tear her children shed  
     Fell on his soul like drops of flame;  
 And, as a lover hails the dawn  
     Of a first smile, so welcom'd he  
 The sparkle of the first sword drawn  
     For vengeance and for liberty!

But vain was valour — vain the flower  
 Of **KERMAN**, in that deathful hour,  
 Against **AL HASSAN'S** whelming power. —  
 In vain they met him, helm to helm,  
 Upon the threshold of that realm

\* This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the "cedar-saints" among which it rises.

In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different cause assigned for its name of Holy. "In these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluses, who had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of the severity of their penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river of which we have just treated the name of the Holy River." — See *Chateaubriand's Beauties of Christianity*.

He came in bigot pomp to sway,  
 And with their corpses block'd his way —  
 In vain — for every lance they rais'd,  
 Thousands around the conqueror blaz'd;  
 For every arm that lin'd their shore,  
 Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er, —  
 A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,  
 Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd  
 As dates beneath the locust cloud.  
 There stood — but one short league away  
 From old HARMOZIA's sultry bay —  
 A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea  
 Of OMAN beetling awfully;\*  
 A last and solitary link

Of those stupendous chains that reach  
 From the broad Caspian's reedy brink  
 Down winding to the Green Sea beach.  
 Around its base the bare rocks stood,  
 Like naked giants, in the flood,  
 As if to guard the Gulf across;  
 While, on its peak, that brav'd the sky,  
 A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so high  
 That oft the sleeping albatross\*\*  
 Struck the wild ruins with her wing,  
 And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering  
 Started — to find man's dwelling there  
 In her own silent fields of air!

\* This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupendous chain," of which I suppose it a link, does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf. "This long and lofty range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish empires. It runs parallel with the river Tigris and Persian Gulf, and almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gomberoon (Harmozia) seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and following an easterly course through the centre of Meckraun and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sinde." — *Kinnier's Persian Empire*.

\*\* These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope.

Beneath, terrific caverns gave  
 Dark welcome to each stormy wave  
 That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in; —  
 And such the strange, mysterious din  
 At times throughout those caverns roll'd, —  
 And such the fearful wonders told  
 Of restless sprites imprison'd there,  
 That bold were Moslem, who would dare,  
 At twilight hour, to steer his skiff  
 Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.\*

On the land side, those towers sublime,  
 That seem'd above the grasp of Time,  
 Were sever'd from the haunts of men  
 By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,  
 So fathomless, so full of gloom,  
     No eye could pierce the void between:  
 It seem'd a place where Gholes might come  
 With their foul banquets from the tomb,  
     And in its caverns feed unseen.  
 Like distant thunder, from below,  
     The sound of many torrents came,  
 Too deep for eye or ear to know  
 If 't were the sea's imprison'd flow,  
     Or floods of ever-restless flame.  
 For, each ravine, each rocky spire  
 Of that vast mountain stood on fire;\*\*  
 And, though for ever past the days  
 When God was worshipp'd in the blaze

\* "There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood, called Kohé Gubr, or the Guebre's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deeves or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it." — *Pottinger's Beloochistan*.

\*\* The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

That from its lofty altar shone, —  
 Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,  
 Still did the mighty flame burn on,\*  
 Through chance and change, through good and ill,  
 Like its own God's eternal will,  
 Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!

Thither the vanquish'd HAFED led  
 His little army's last remains; —  
 "Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,  
 "Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,  
 "Is Heav'n to him who flies from chains!"  
 O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known  
 To him and to his Chiefs alone,  
 They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers, —  
 "This home," he cried, "at least is ours; —  
 "Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns  
 "Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;  
 "Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs  
 "To quiver to the Moslem's tread.  
 "Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks  
 "Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,  
 "Here — happy that no tyrant's eye  
 "Gloats on our torments — we may die!" —  
 'T was night when to those towers they came,  
 And gloomily the fitful flame,  
 That from the ruin'd altar broke,  
 Glared on his features, as he spoke: —  
 "T is o'er — what men could do, we've done —  
 "If IRAN *will* look tamely on,

\* "At the city of Yezd, in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Darûb Abadut, or Seat of Religion, the Guebres are permitted to have an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it since the days of Zoroaster) in their own compartment of the city; but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not the tolerance of the Persian government, which taxes them at twenty-five rupees each man." — *Pottinger's Beloochistan.*

"And see her priests, her warriors driven  
 "Before a sensual bigot's nod,  
 "A wretch who shrines his lusts in heaven,  
 "And makes a pander of his God;  
 "If her proud sons, her high-born souls,  
 "Men, in whose veins — oh last disgrace!  
 "The blood of ZAL and RUSTAM\* rolls, —  
 "If they *will* court this upstart race,  
 "And turn from MITHRA'S ancient ray,  
 "To kneel at shrines of yesterday;  
 "If they *will* crouch to IRAN'S foes,  
 "Why, let them — till the land's despair  
 "Cries out to Heav'n, and bondage grows  
 "Too vile for ev'n the vile to bear!  
 "Till shame at last, long hidden, burns  
 "Their inmost core, and conscience turns  
 "Each coward tear the slave lets fall  
 "Back on his heart in drops of gall.  
 "But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,  
 "And souls that thralldom never stain'd; —  
 "This spot, at least, no foot of slave  
 "Or satrap ever yet profaned;  
 "And though but few — though fast the wave  
 "Of life is ebbing from our veins,  
 "Enough for vengeance still remains.  
 "As panthers, after set of sun,  
 "Rush from the roots of LEBANON  
 "Across the dark-sea robber's way,\*\*  
 "We'll bound upon our startled prey;  
 "And when some hearts that proudest swell  
 "Have felt our falchion's last farewell;  
 "When Hope's expiring throb is o'er,  
 "And ev'n Despair can prompt no more,

\* Ancient heroes of Persia. "Among the Guebres there are some, who boast their descent from Rustam." — *Stephen's Persia*

\*\* See Russell's account of the panther's attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.

“This spot shall be the sacred grave  
 “Of the last few who, vainly brave,  
 “Die for the land they cannot save!”

His Chiefs stood round — each shining blade  
 Upon the broken altar laid —  
 And though so wild and desolate  
 Those courts, where once the Mighty sate;  
 Nor longer on those mouldering towers  
 Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,  
 With which of old the Magi fed  
 The wandering Spirits of their Dead;\*  
 Though neither priest nor rites were there,  
 Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate;\*\*  
 Nor hymn, nor censer’s fragrant air,  
 Nor symbol of their worshipp’d planet;\*\*\*  
 Yet the same God that heard their sires  
 Heard *them*, while on that altar’s fires  
 They swore † the latest, holiest deed  
 Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,  
 Should be, in IRAN’S injur’d name,  
 To die upon that Mount of Flame —  
 The last of all her patriot line,  
 Before her last untrampled Shrine!

\* “Among other ceremonies the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves.” — *Richardson*.

\*\* In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their Fire, as described by Lord, “the Daroo,” he says, “giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness.”

\*\*\* “Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun.” — *Rabbi Benjamin*.

† “Nul d’entre eux oseroit se parjurer, quand il a pris à témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur.” — *Encyclopédie Française*.



Brave, suffering souls! they little knew  
 How many a tear their injuries drew  
 From one meek maid, one gentle foe,  
 Whom love first touch'd with others' woe —  
 Whose life, as free from thought as sin,  
 Slept like a lake, till Love threw in  
 His talisman, and woke the tide,  
 And spread its trembling circles wide.  
 Once, EMIR! thy unheeding child,  
 'Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smil'd, —  
 Tranquil as on some battle plain

The Persian lily shines and towers,\*  
 Before the combat's reddening stain

Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.  
 Light-hearted maid, unaw'd, unmov'd,  
 While Heav'n but spar'd the sire she lov'd,  
 Once at thy evening tales of blood  
 Unlistening and aloof she stood —

And oft, when thou hast pac'd along  
 Thy Haram halls with furious heat,  
 Hast thou not curs'd her cheerful song,  
 That came across thee, calm and sweet,  
 Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near  
 Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear!

Far other feelings Love hath brought —

Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,  
 She now has but the one dear thought,

And thinks that o'er, almost to madness!  
 Oft doth her sinking heart recall  
 His words — “for *my* sake weep for all;”  
 And bitterly, as day on day

Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,  
 She weeps a lover snatch'd away

\* “A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour.”  
 — *Russell's Aleppo.*

In every Gheber wretch that bleeds,  
 There 's not a sabre meets her eye,  
     But with his life-blood seems to swim;  
 There 's not an arrow wings the sky,  
     But fancy turns its point to him.  
 No more she brings with footstep light  
 AL HASSAN'S falchion for the fight;  
 And — had he look'd with clearer sight,  
 Had not the mists, that ever rise  
 From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes —  
 He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,  
 When from the field of blood he came,  
 The faltering speech — the look estrang'd —  
 Voice, step, and life, and beauty chang'd —  
 He would have mark'd all this, and known  
 Such change is wrought by Love alone!

Ah! not the Love, that should have bless'd  
 So young, so innocent a breast;  
 Not the pure, open, prosperous Love,  
 That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,  
 Grows in the world's approving eyes,  
     In friendship's smile and home's caress,  
 Collecting all the heart's sweet ties  
     Into one knot of happiness!

No, HINDA, no, — thy fatal flame  
 Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame; —  
     A passion, without hope or pleasure,  
 In thy soul's darkness buried deep,  
     It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure, —  
 Some idol, without shrine or name,  
 O'er which its pale-ey'd votaries keep  
 Unholy watch, while others sleep.

Seven nights have darken'd OMAN'S sea,  
     Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,  
 She saw his light oar rapidly  
     Hurry her Gheber's bark away, —

And still she goes, at midnight hour,  
 To weep alone in that high bower,  
 And watch, and look along the deep  
 For him whose smiles first made her weep; —  
 But watching, weeping, all was vain,  
 She never saw his bark again.  
 The owl's solitary cry,  
 The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,  
 And oft the hateful carrion bird,  
 Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,  
 Which reek'd with that day's banquetting —  
 Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'T is the eighth morn — AL HASSAN'S brow  
 Is brighten'd with unusual joy —  
 What mighty mischief glads him now,  
 Who never smiles but to destroy?  
 The sparkle upon HERKEND'S Sea,  
 When toss'd at midnight furiously,\*  
 Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,  
 More surely than that smiling eye!  
 "Up, daughter, up — the KERNA'S\*\* breath  
 "Has blown a blast would waken death,  
 "And yet thou sleep'st — up, child, and see  
 "This blessed day for Heaven and me,  
 "A day more rich in Pagan blood  
 "Than ever flash'd o'er OMAN'S flood.  
 "Before another dawn shall shine,  
 "His head — heart — limbs — will all be mine;  
 "This very night his blood shall steep  
 "These hands all over ere I sleep!"

\* "It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire." — *Travels of Two Mohammedans*.

\*\* A kind of trumpet; — it "was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles." — *Richardson*.

"His blood!" she faintly scream'd — her mind  
 Still singling *one* from all mankind —  
 "Yes — spite of his ravines and towers,  
 "HAFED, my child, this night is ours.  
 "Thanks to all-conquering treachery,  
     "Without whose aid the links accurst,  
 "That bind these impious slaves, would be  
     "Too strong for ALLA's self to burst!  
 "That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread  
 "My path with piles of Moslem dead,  
 "Whose baffling spells had almost driven  
 "Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,  
 "This night, with all his band shall know  
 "How deep an Arab's steel can go,  
 "When God and Vengeance speed the blow.  
 "And — Prophet! by that holy wreath  
 "Thou wor'st on OHOD's field of death,\*  
 "I swear, for every sob that parts  
 "In anguish from these heathen hearts,  
 "A gem from PERSIA's plunder'd mines  
 "Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines.  
 "But, ha! — she sinks — that look so wild —  
 "Those livid lips — my child, my child,  
 "This life of blood befits not thee,  
 "And thou must back to ARABY.  
     "Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex  
 "In scenes that man himself might dread,  
 "Had I not hop'd our every tread  
     "Would be on prostrate Persian necks —  
 "Curst race, they offer swords instead!  
 "But cheer thee, maid, — the wind that now  
 "Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,  
 "To-day shall waft thee from the shore;  
 "And, e'er a drop of this night's gore

\* "Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one; the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the fillet, wreath, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod." — *Universal History*.

“Have time to chill in yonder towers,  
 “Thou ’lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers!”

His bloody boast was all too true;  
 There lurk’d one wretch among the few  
 Whom HAFED’S eagle eye could count  
 Around him on that Fiery Mount, —  
 One miscreant, who for gold betray’d  
 The pathway through the valley’s shade  
 To those high towers, where Freedom stood  
 In her last hold of flame and blood.  
 Left on the field last dreadful night,  
 When, sallying from their Sacred height,  
 The Ghebers fought hope’s farewell fight,  
 He lay — but died not with the brave;  
 That sun, which should have gilt his grave  
 Saw him a traitor and a slave; —  
 And, while the few, who thence return’d  
 To their high rocky fortress, mourn’d  
 For him among the matchless dead  
 They left behfd on glory’s bed,  
 He liv’d, and, in the face of morn,  
 Laugh’d them and Faith and Heaven to scorn.

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,  
     Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
 Comes o’er the councils of the brave,  
     And blasts them in their hour of might!  
 May Life’s unblessed cup for him  
 Be drugg’d with treacheries to the brim, —  
 With hopes, that but allure to fly,  
     With joys, that vanish while he sips,  
 Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,  
     But turn to ashes on the lips!\*

\* “They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes.” — *Thevenot*. The same is asserted of the oranges there; v. *Witman’s Travels in Asiatic Turkey*.

His country's curse, his children's shame,  
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,  
 May he, at last, with lips of flame  
 On the parch'd desert thirsting die, —  
 While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,\*  
 Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,  
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!  
 And, when from earth his spirit flies,  
 Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell  
 Full in the sight of Paradise,  
 Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

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LALLA ROOKH had, the night before, been visited by a dream which, in spite of the impending fate of poor HAFED, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk has just passed over.\*\* She fancied that she was sailing on that

"The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water." — *Klaproth's Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea*, Annals of Philosophy, January, 1813. *Hasselquist*, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his third Canto of *Childe Harold*, — magnificent beyond any thing, perhaps, that even *he* has ever written.

\* "The Subrab or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake." — *Pottinger*.

"As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing." — *Koran*, chap. 24.

\*\* "A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name." — "The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month." — *Le Bruyn*.

Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water,\* enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer —

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her Ladies, when FERAMORZ appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, every thing else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets; — the violet sherbets\*\* were hastily handed round, and after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava,\*\*\* which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued: —

\* “The Biajús are of two races: the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of winds and waves, as an offering to the *Spirit of the Winds*; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term *the King of the Sea*. In like manner the Biajús perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it.” — *Dr. Leyden on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations.*

\*\* “The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar.” — *Hasselquist.*

“The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drank by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar.” — *Tavernier.*

\*\*\* “Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers.” — *Persian Tales.*

THE day is lowering — stilly black  
 Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,  
 Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky  
 Hangs like a shatter'd canopy.

There 's not a cloud in that blue plain

But tells of storm to come or past; —  
 Here, flying loosely as the mane

Of a young war-horse in the blast; —  
 There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,  
 As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!

While some, already burst and riven,  
 Seem melting down the verge of heaven;  
 As though the infant storm had rent

The mighty womb that gave him birth,  
 And, having swept the firmament,

Was now in fierce career for earth.

On earth 't was yet all calm around,  
 A pulseless silence, dread, profound,  
 More awful than the tempest's sound.  
 The diver steer'd for ORMUS' bowers,  
 And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;  
 The sea-birds, with portentous screech,  
 Flew fast to land; — upon the beach  
 The pilot oft had paus'd, with glance  
 Turn'd upward to that wild expanse; —  
 And all was boding, drear, and dark  
 As her own soul, when HINDA's bark  
 Went slowly from the Persian shore. —  
 No music tim'd her parting oar,\*  
 Nor friends upon the lessening strand  
 Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,  
 Or speak the farewell, heard no more; —  
 But lone, unheeded, from the bay  
 The vessel takes its mournful way,

\* "The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music."  
 — Harmer.



Like some ill-destin'd bark that steers  
 In silence through the Gate of Tears.\*  
 And where was stern AL HASSAN then?  
 Could not that saintly scourge of men  
 From bloodshed and devotion spare  
 One minute for a farewell there?  
 No — close within, in changeful fits  
 Of cursing and of prayer, he sits  
 In savage loneliness to brood  
 Upon the coming night of blood, —  
     With that keen, second-scent of death,  
 By which the vulture snuffs his food  
     In the still warm and living breath!\*\*  
 While o'er the wave his weeping daughter  
 Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter, —  
 As a young bird of BABYLON,\*\*\*  
 Let loose to tell of victory won,  
 Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain'd  
 By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks  
 Light up no gladness on her cheeks?  
 The flowers she nurs'd — the well-known groves,  
 Where oft in dreams her spirit roves —  
 Once more to see her dear gazelles  
 Come bounding with their silver bells;  
 Her birds' new plumage to behold,  
     And the gay, gleaming fishes count,

\* "The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmanded. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean." — *Richardson*.

\*\* "I have been told that whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear." — *Pennant*.

\*\*\* "They fasten some writing to the wings of a Bagdat, or Babylonian pigeon." — *Travels of certain Englishmen*.

She left, all filleted with gold,  
 Shooting around their jasper fount; \*  
 Her little garden mosque to see,  
 And once again, at evening hour,  
 To tell her ruby rosary \*\*

In her own sweet acacia bower. —  
 Can these delights, that wait her now,  
 Call up no sunshine on her brow?  
 No, — silent, from her train apart, —  
 As if even now she felt at heart  
 The chill of her approaching doom, —  
 She sits, all lovely in her gloom  
 As a pale Angel of the Grave;  
 And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,  
 Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,  
 Where, in a few short awful hours,  
 Blood, blood, in streaming tides shall run,  
 Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!  
 "Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,  
 "So lov'd, so lost, where art thou now?  
 "Foe — Gheber — infidel — whate'er  
 "Th' unhallow'd name thou 'rt doom'd to bear,  
 "Still glorious — still to this fond heart  
 "Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art!  
 "Yes — ALLA, dreadful ALLA! yes —  
 "If there be wrong, be crime in this,  
 "Let the black waves that round us roll,  
 "Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,  
 "Forgetting faith — home — father — all —  
 "Before its earthly idol fall,

\* "The Empress of Jehan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which she caused to be put round them." — *Harris*.

\*\* "Le Tespîh, qui est un chapelet, composé de 99 petites boules d'agate, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre matière précieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpos; il étoit de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estimé trente mille piastres." — *Toderini*.

"Nor worship ev'n Thyself above him —  
 "For, oh, so wildly do I love him,  
 "Thy Paradise itself were dim  
 "And joyless, if not shar'd with him!"  
 Her hands were clasp'd — her eyes upturn'd,  
     Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;  
 And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd  
     With words of passion, bold, profane,  
 Yet was there light around her brow,  
     A holiness in those dark eyes,  
 Which show'd, — though wandering earthward now, —  
     Her spirit's home was in the skies.  
 Yes — for a spirit pure as hers  
 Is always pure, ev'n while it errs,  
 As sunshine, broken in the rill,  
 Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot  
 All thoughts but one, she heeded not  
 The rising storm — the wave that cast  
 A moment's midnight, as it pass'd —  
 Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread  
 Of gathering tumult o'er her head —  
 Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie  
 With the rude riot of the sky. —  
 But, hark! — that war-whoop on the deck —  
     That crash, as if each engine there,  
 Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,  
     'Mid yells and stampings of despair!  
 Merciful Heaven! what *can* it be?  
 'T is not the storm, though fearfully  
 The ship has shudder'd as she rode  
 O'er mountain-waves — "Forgive me, God!  
 "Forgive me" — shriek'd the maid, and knelt,  
 Trembling all over — for she felt  
 As if her judgment-hour was near;  
 While crouching round, half dead with fear,

Her handmaids clung, nor breath'd, nor stirr'd —  
 When, hark! — a second crash — a third —  
 And now, as if a bolt of thunder  
 Had riv'n the labouring planks asunder,  
 The deck falls in — what horrors then!  
 Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men  
 Come mix'd together through the chasm, —  
 Some wretches in their dying spasm  
 Still fighting on — and some that call  
 "FOR GOD and IRAN!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away  
 The perils of th' infuriate fray,  
 And snatch'd her breathless from beneath  
 This wilderment of wreck and death?  
 She knew not — for a faintness came  
 Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame  
 Amid the ruins of that hour  
 Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,  
 Beneath the red volcano's shower.  
 But, oh! the sights and sounds of dread  
 That shock'd her ere her senses fled!  
 The yawning deck — the crowd that strove  
 Upon the tottering planks above —  
 The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er  
 The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore  
 Flutter'd like bloody flags — the clash  
 Of sabres, and the lightning's flash  
 Upon their blades, high toss'd about  
 Like meteor brands\* — as if throughout  
 The elements one fury ran,  
 One general rage, that left a doubt  
 Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or Man!

Once too — but no — it could not be —  
 'T was fancy all — yet once she thought,

\* The meteors that Pliny calls "faces."

While yet her fading eyes could see,  
 High on the ruin'd deck she caught  
 A glimpse of that unearthly form,  
 That glory of her soul, — even then,  
 Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,  
 Shining above his fellow-men,  
 As, on some black and troublous night,  
 The Star of *EGYPT*,\* whose proud light  
 Never hath beam'd on those who rest  
 In the White Islands of the West,\*\*  
 Burns through the storm with looks of flame  
 That put Heav'n's cloudier eyes to shame.  
 But no — 't was but the minute's dream —  
 A fantasy — and ere the scream  
 Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,  
 A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse  
 Of soul and sense its darkness spread  
 Around her, and she sunk, as dead.

How calm, how beautiful comes on  
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone;  
 When warring winds have died away,  
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,  
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea  
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity, —  
 Fresh as if Day again were born,  
 Again upon the lap of Morn! —  
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn  
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,  
 Hang floating in the pure air still,  
 Filling it all with precious balm,  
 In gratitude for this sweet calm; —  
 And every drop the thunder-showers  
 Have left upon the grass and flowers

\* "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates." — *Brown*.

\*\* See Wilford's learned Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West.  
*Thomas Moore*. III.

Sparkles, as 't were that lightning-gem \*  
 Whose liquid flame is born of them!  
 When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,  
     There blow a thousand gentle airs,  
     And each a different perfume bears, —  
 As if the loveliest plants and trees  
 Had vassal breezes of their own  
 To watch and wait on them alone,  
 And waft no other breath than theirs:  
 When the blue waters rise and fall,  
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all;  
 And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves  
 Is like the full and silent heaves  
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,  
 Too newly to be quite at rest.

Such was the golden hour that broke  
 Upon the world, when HINDA woke  
 From her long trance, and heard around  
 No motion but the water's sound  
 Rippling against the vessel's side,  
 As slow it mounted o'er the tide. —  
 But where is she? — her eyes are dark,  
 Are wilder'd still — is this the bark,  
 The same, that from HARMOZIA's bay  
 Bore her at morn — whose bloody way  
 The sea-dog track'd? — no — strange and new  
 Is all that meets her wondering view.  
 Upon a galliot's deck she lies,  
     Beneath no rich pavilion's shade, —  
 No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,  
     Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.

\* A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients, Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages, supposes it to be the opal.

But the rude litter, roughly spread  
 With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,  
 And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,  
 For awning o'er her head are flung.  
 Shuddering she look'd around — there lay  
     A group of warriors in the sun,  
 Resting their limbs, as for that day  
     Their ministry of death were done.  
 Some gazing on the drowsy sea,  
 Lost in unconscious reverie;  
 And some, who seem'd but ill to brook  
 That sluggish calm, with many a look  
 To the slack sail impatient cast,  
 As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest ALIA! who shall save her now?  
     There 's not in all that warrior band  
 One Arab sword, one turban'd brow  
     From her own Faithful Moslem land.  
 Their garb — the leathern belt \* that wraps  
     Each yellow vest \*\* — that rebel hue —  
 The Tartar fleece upon their caps \*\*\* —  
     Yes — yes — her fears are all too true,  
 And Heav'n hath, in this dreadful hour,  
 Abandon'd her to HAFED's power; —  
 HAFED, the Gheber! — at the thought  
     Her very heart's blood chills within;  
 He, whom her soul was hourly taught  
     To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,  
 Some minister, whom Hell had sent  
 To spread its blast, where'er he went,

\* *D'Herbelot*, art. Agduani.

\*\* "The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes." — *Thevenot*.

\*\*\* "The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary." — *Waring*.

And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,  
 His shadow betwixt man and God!  
 And she is now his captive, — thrown  
 In his fierce hands, alive, alone;  
 His the infuriate band she sees,  
 All infidels — all enemies!  
 What was the daring hope that then  
 Cross'd her like light'ning, as again,  
 With boldness that despair had lent,  
     She darted through that armed crowd  
 A look so searching, so intent,  
     That ev'n the sternest warrior bow'd  
 Abash'd, when he her glances caught,  
 As if he guess'd whose form they sought.  
 But no — she sees him not — 't is gone,  
 The vision that before her shone  
 Through all the maze of blood and storm,  
 Is fled — 't was but a phantom form —  
 One of those passing, rainbow dreams,  
 Half light, half shade, which Francy's beams  
 Paint on the fleeting mists that roll  
 In trance or slumber round the soul.

But now the bark, with livelier bound,  
     Scales the blue wave — the crew's in motion,  
 The oars are out, and with light sound  
     Break the bright mirror of the ocean,  
 Scattering its brilliant fragments round.  
 And now she sees — with horror sees,  
     Their course is tow'rd that mountain-hold, —  
 Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,  
 Where MECCA'S godless enemies  
     Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd  
     In their last deadly, venomous fold!  
 Amid th' illumin'd land and flood  
 Sunless that mighty mountain stood;



Save where, above its awful head,  
 There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,  
 As 't were the flag of destiny  
 Hung out to mark where death would be !

Had her bewilder'd mind the power  
 Of thought in this terrific hour,  
 She well might marvel where or how  
 Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow,  
 Since ne'er had Arab heard or known  
 Of path but through the glen alone. —  
 But every thought was lost in fear,  
 When, as their bounding bark drew near  
 The craggy base, she felt the waves  
 Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves,  
 That from the Deep in windings pass  
 Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass ; —  
 And loud a voice on deck commands  
 To lower the mast and light the brands ! —  
 Instantly o'er the dashing tide  
 Within a cavern's mouth they glide,  
 Gloomy as that eternal Porch

Through which departed spirits go :  
 Not ev'n the flare of brand and torch  
 Its flickering light could further throw  
 Than the thick flood that boil'd below.  
 Silent they floated — as if each  
 Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech  
 In that dark chasm, where even sound  
 Seem'd dark, — so sullenly around  
 The goblin echoes of the cave  
 Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,  
 As 't were some secret of the grave !

But soft — they pause — the current turns  
 Beneath them from its onward track ; —  
 Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns  
 The vexed tide, all foaming, back,

And scarce the oars' redoubled force  
 Can stem the eddy's whirling force;  
 When, hark! — some desperate foot has sprung  
 Among the rocks — the chain is slung —  
 The oars are up — the grapple clings,  
 And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.  
 Just then, a day-beam through the shade  
 Broke tremulous — but, ere the maid  
 Can see from whence the brightness steals,  
 Upon her brow she shuddering feels  
 A viewless hand, that promptly ties  
 A bandage round her burning eyes;  
 While the rude litter where she lies,  
 Uplifted by the warrior throng,  
 O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine! — genial Day,  
 What balm, what life is in thy ray!  
 To feel thee is such real bliss,  
 That had the world no joy but this,  
 To sit in sunshine calm and sweet, —  
 It were a world too exquisite  
 For man to leave it for the gloom,  
 The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.  
 Ev'n HINDA, though she saw not where  
     Or whither wound the perilous road,  
 Yet knew by that awakening air,  
     Which suddenly around her glow'd,  
 That they had risen from darkness then,  
 And breath'd the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled —  
 For now the steepy labyrinth led  
 Through damp and gloom — 'mid crash of boughs,  
 And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse  
 The leopard from his hungry sleep,  
     Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,

And long is heard, from steep to steep,  
 Chasing them down their thundering way!  
 The jackal's cry — the distant moan  
 Of the hyæna, fierce and lone —  
 And that eternal saddening sound  
 Of torrents in the glen beneath,  
 As 't were the ever-dark Profound  
 That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!  
 All, all is fearful — ev'n to see,  
 To gaze on those terrific things  
 She now but blindly hears, would be  
 Relief to her imaginings;  
 Since never yet was shape so dread,  
 But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,  
 And by such sounds of horror fed,  
 Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has Fear again  
 Perplex'd the workings of her brain,  
 Or did a voice, all music, then  
 Come from the gloom, low whispering near —  
 "Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here?"  
 She *does* not dream — all sense, all ear,  
 She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."  
 'T was his own voice — she could not err —  
 Throughout the breathing world's extent  
 There was but *one* such voice for her,  
 So kind, so soft, so eloquent!  
 Oh, sooner shall the rose of May  
 Mistake her own sweet nightingale,  
 And to some meaner minstrel's lay  
 Open her bosom's glowing veil,\*  
 Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,  
 A breath of the beloved one!

\* A frequent image among the oriental poets. "The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose." — *Jami*.

Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think  
 She has that one beloved near,  
 Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink  
 Hath power to make ev'n ruin dear, —  
 Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost  
 By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.  
 How shall the ruthless HAFED brook  
 That one of Gheber blood should look,  
 With aught but curses in his eye,  
 On her — a maid of ARABY —  
 A Moslem maid — the child of him,  
 Whose bloody banner's dire success  
 Hath left their altars cold and dim,  
 And their fair land a wilderness!  
 And, worse than all, that night of blood  
 Which comes so fast — Oh! who shall stay  
 The sword, that once hath tasted food  
 Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?  
 What arm shall then the victim cover,  
 Or from her father shield her lover?

“Save him, my God!” she inly cries —  
 “Save him this night — and if thine eyes  
 “Have ever welcom'd with delight  
 “The sinner's tears, the sacrifice  
 “Of sinners' hearts — guard him this night,  
 “And here, before thy throne, I swear  
 “From my heart's inmost core to tear  
 “Love, hope, remembrance, though they be  
 “Link'd with each quivering life-string there,  
 “And give it bleeding all to Thee!  
 “Let him but live, — the burning tear,  
 “The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,  
 “Which have been all too much his own,  
 “Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.  
 “Youth pass'd in penitence, and age  
 “In long and painful pilgrimage,

" Shall leave no traces of the flame  
 " That wastes me now — nor shall his name  
 " Ere bless my lips, but when I pray  
 " For his dear spirit, that away  
 " Casting from its angelic ray  
 " Th' eclipse of earth, he, too, may shine  
 " Redeem'd, all glorious and all Thine!  
 " Think — think what victory to win  
 " One radiant soul like his from sin, —  
 " One wandering star of virtue back  
 " To its own native, heaven-ward track!  
 " Let him but live, and both are Thine,  
     " Together thine — for, blest or crost,  
 " Living or dead, his doom is mine,  
     " And, if *he* perish, both are lost!"

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THE next evening LALLA ROOKH was entreated by her Ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of HINDA and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind; — much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.\*

FADLADFEEN, whose indignation had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet resumed his profane and seditious story as follows: —

\* "Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthes give a durable colour to silk." — *Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal*, p. 200. Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower. — *Sir W. Jones*. The Persians call it Gul. — *Curreri*.

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease  
 The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,  
 That lay beneath that mountain's height,  
 Had been a fair enchanting sight.  
 'T was one of those ambrosial eves  
 A day of storm so often leaves  
 At its calm setting — when the West  
 Opens her golden bowers of rest,  
 And a moist radiance from the skies  
 Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes  
 Of some meek penitent, whose last,  
 Bright hours atone for dark ones past,  
 And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,  
 Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

'T was stillness all — the winds that late  
 Had rush'd through KERMAN's almond groves,  
 And shaken from her bowers of date  
 That cooling feast the traveller loves,\*  
 Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl  
 The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam  
 Limpid, as if her mines of pearl  
 Were melted all to form the stream:  
 And her fair islets, small and bright,  
 With their green shores reflected there,  
 Look like those PERI isles of light,  
 That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst  
 On HINDA's dazzled eyes, when first  
 The bandage from her brow was taken,  
 And, pale and aw'd as those who waken  
 In their dark tombs — when, scowling near,  
 The Searchers of the Grave\*\* appear, —

\* "In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers." — *Ebn Haukal*.

\*\* The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called "the

She shuddering turn'd to read her fate  
 In the fierce eyes that flash'd around ;  
 And saw those towers all desolate ,  
 That o'er her head terrific frown'd ,  
 As if defying ev'n the smile  
 Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.  
 In vain with mingled hope and fear ,  
 She looks for him whose voice so dear  
 Had come , like music , to her ear —  
 Strange , mocking dream ! again 't is fled.  
 And oh , the shoots , the pangs of dread  
 That through her inmost bosom run ,  
 When voices from without proclaim  
 " HAFED , the Chief " — and , one by one ,  
 The warriors shout that fearful name !  
 He comes — the rock resounds his tread —  
 How shall she dare to lift her head ,  
 Or meet those eyes whose scorching glare  
 Not YEMEN'S boldest sons can bear ?  
 In whose red beam , the Moslem tells ,  
 Such rank and deadly lustre dwells ,  
 As in those bellish fires that light  
 The mandrake's charnel leaves at night.\*  
 How shall she bear that voice's tone ,  
 At whose loud battle-cry alone  
 Whole squadrons oft in panic ran ,  
 Scatter'd like some vast caravan ,  
 When , stretch'd at evening round the well ,  
 They hear the thirsting tiger's yell .

Breathless she stands , with eyes cast down ,  
 Shrinking beneath the fiery frown ,

Searchers of the Grave" in the "Creed of the orthodox Mahometans"  
 given by Ockley , vol. ii.

\* "The Arabians call the mandrake 'the Devil's candle,' on account  
 of its shining appearance in the night." — *Richardson*.

Which, fancy tells her, from that brow  
 Is flashing o'er her fiercely now:  
 And shuddering as she hears the tread  
 Of his retiring warrior band. —  
 Never was pause so full of dread;  
 Till HAFED with a trembling hand  
 Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,  
 "HINDA;" — that word was all he spoke,  
 And 't was enough — the shriek that broke  
 From her full bosom, told the rest. —  
 Panting with terror, joy, surprise,  
 The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,  
 To hide them on her Gheber's breast!  
 'T is he, 't is he — the man of blood,  
 The fellest of the Fire-fiend's brood,  
 HAFED, the demon of the fight,  
 Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight, —  
 Is her own loved Gheber, mild  
 And glorious as when first he smil'd  
 In her lone tower, and left such beams  
 Of his pure eye to light her dreams,  
 That she believ'd her bower had given  
 Rest to some wanderer from heaven!

Moments there are, and this was one,  
 Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun  
 Amid the black Simoom's eclipse —  
 Or, like those verdant spots that bloom  
 Around the crater's burning lips,  
 Sweetening the very edge of doom!  
 The past — the future — all that Fate  
 Can bring of dark or desperate  
 Around such hours, but makes them cast  
 Intenser radiance while they last!

Ev'n he, this youth — though dimm'd and gone  
 Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on —



His glories lost — his cause betray'd —  
 IRAN, his dear-lov'd country, made  
 A land of carcasses and slaves,  
 One dreary waste of chains and graves! —  
 Himself but lingering, dead at heart,  
 To see the last, long struggling breath  
 Of Liberty's great soul depart,  
 Then lay him down and share her death —  
 Ev'n he, so sunk in wretchedness,  
 With doom still darker gathering o'er him,  
 Yet, in this moment's pure caress,  
 In the mild eyes that shone before him,  
 Beaming that blest assurance, worth  
 All other transports known on earth,  
 That he was lov'd — well, warmly lov'd —  
 Oh! in this precious hour he prov'd  
 How deep, how thorough-felt the glow  
 Of rapture, kindling out of woe; —  
 How exquisite one single drop  
 Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top  
 Of misery's cup — how keenly quaff'd,  
 Though death must follow on the draught!

She, too, while gazing on those eyes  
 That sink into her soul so deep,  
 Forgets all fears, all miseries,  
 Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,  
 Whom fancy cheats into a smile,  
 Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!  
 The mighty Ruins where they stood,  
 Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,  
 Lay open tow'rd's the ocean flood,  
 Where lightly o'er the illumin'd surge  
 Many a fair bark that, all the day,  
 Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay  
 Now bounded on, and gave their sails,  
 Yet dripping, to the evening gales;

Like eagles, when the storm is done,  
 Spreading their wet wings in the sun.  
 The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star  
 Had sunk behind the hills of LAR,  
 Were still with lingering glories bright, —  
 As if, to grace the gorgeous West,

The Spirit of departing Light  
 That eve had left his sunny vest  
 Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.  
 Never was scene so form'd for love!  
 Beneath them waves of crystal move  
 In silent swell — Heav'n glows above,  
 And their pure hearts, to transport given,  
 Swell like the wave, and glow like Heav'n.

But ah! too soon that dream is past —

Again, again her fear returns; —  
 Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,  
 More faintly the horizon burns,  
 And every rosy tint that lay  
 On the smooth sea hath died away.

Hastily to the darkening skies

A glance she casts — then wildly cries

“*At night*, he said — and, look, 't is near —

“Fly, fly — if yet thou lov'st me, fly —

“Soon will his murderous band be here,

“And I shall see thee bleed and die. —

“Hush! heard'st thou not the tramp of men

“Sounding from yonder fearful glen? —

“Perhaps ev'n now they climb the wood —

“Fly, fly — though still the West is bright,

“He 'll come — oh! yes — he wants thy blood —

“I know him — he 'll not wait for night!”

In terrors ev'n to agony

She clings around the wondering Chief; —

“Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me

“Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief.



"Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire ;  
 "This morning , with that smile so dire  
 "He wears in joy , he told me all ,  
 "And stamp'd in triumph through our hall ,  
 "As though thy heart already beat  
 "Its last life-throb beneath his feet !  
 "Good Heav'n , how little dream'd I then  
     "His victim was my own lov'd youth ! —  
 "Fly — send — let some one watch the glen —  
     "By all my hopes of heaven 't is truth ! "

Oh ! colder than the wind that freezes  
     Founts , that but now in sunshine play'd ,  
 Is that congealing pang which seizes  
     The trusting bosom , when betray'd .  
 He felt it — deeply felt — and stood ,  
 As if the tale had froz'n his blood ,  
     So maz'd and motionless was he ; —  
 Like one whom sudden spells enchant ,  
 Or some mute , marble habitant  
     Of the still Halls of ISHMONIE ! \*

But soon the painful chill was o'er ,  
 And his great soul , herself once more ,  
 Look'd from his brow in all the rays  
 Of her best , happiest , grandest days .  
 Never , in moment most elate ,  
     Did that high spirit loftier rise ; —  
 While bright , serene , determinate ,  
     His looks are lifted to the skies ,  
 As if the signal lights of Fate  
     Were shining in those awful eyes !  
 'T is come — his hour of martyrdom  
 In IRAN'S sacred cause is come ;

\* For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, &c. to be seen to this day, see *Perry's View of the Levant*.

And, though his life hath pass'd away  
 Like lightning on a stormy day,  
 Yet shall his death-hour leave a track  
     Of glory, permanent and bright,  
 To which the brave of after-times,  
 The suffering brave, shall long look back  
     With proud regret, — and by its light  
     Watch through the hours of slavery's night  
 For vengeance on th' oppressor's crimes.  
 This rock, his monument aloft,  
     Shall speak the tale to many an age;  
 And hither bards and heroes oft  
     Shall come in secret pilgrimage,  
 And bring their warrior sons, and tell  
 The wondering boys where HAFED fell;  
 And swear them on those lone remains  
 Of their lost country's ancient fanes,  
 Never — while breath of life shall live  
 Within them — never to forgive  
 Th' accursed race, whose ruthless chai  
 Hath left on IRAN'S neck a stain  
 Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

Such are the swelling thoughts that now  
 Enthroned themselves on HAFED'S brow;  
 And ne'er did Saint of ISSA\* gaze  
     On the red wreath, for martyrs twin'd,  
 More proudly than the youth surveys  
     That pile, which through the gloom behind,  
 Half lighted by the altar's fire,  
 Glimmers — his destin'd funeral pyre!  
 Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,  
     Of every wood of odorous breath,  
 There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,  
     Ready to fold in radiant death

\* Jesus.

The few still left of those who swore  
 To perish there, when hope was o'er —  
 The few, to whom that couch of flame,  
 Which rescues them from bonds and shame,  
 Is sweet and welcome as the bed  
 For their own infant Prophet spread,  
 When pitying Heav'n to roses turn'd  
 The death-flames that beneath him burn'd!\*

With watchfulness the maid attends  
 His rapid glance, where'er it bends —  
 Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?  
 What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?  
 Alas! why stands he musing here,  
 When every moment teems with fear?  
 "HAFED, my own beloved Lord,"  
 She kneeling cries — "first, last ador'd!  
 "If in that soul thou 'st ever felt  
 "Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,  
 "Here, on my knees that never knelt  
 "To any but their God before,  
 "I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly —  
 "Now, now — ere yet their blades are nigh.  
 "Oh haste — the bark that bore me hither  
 "Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea  
 "East — west — alas, I care not whither,  
 "So thou art safe, and I with thee!  
 "Go where we will, this hand in thine,  
 "Those eyes before me smiling thus,  
 "Through good and ill, through storm and shine,  
 "The world's a world of love for us!

\* The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into "a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed." — *Tavernier*.

Of their other Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in *Dion Prusseus*, Orat. 36., that the love of wisdom and virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared, then appeared to him. — v. *Patrick* on Exodus, iii. 2.

"On some calm, blessed shore we 'll dwell,  
 "Where 't is no crime to love too well; —  
 "Where thus to worship tenderly  
 "An erring child of light like thee  
 "Will not be sin — or, if it be,  
 "Where we may weep our faults away,  
 "Together kneeling, night and day,  
 "Thou, for *my* sake, at ALLA's shrine,  
 "And I — at *any* God's, for thine!"

Wildly these passionate words she spoke —  
 Then hung her head, and wept for shame;  
 Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke  
 With every deep-heav'd sob that came.  
 While he, young, warm — oh! wonder not  
 If, for a moment, pride and fame,  
 His oath — his cause — that shrine of flame,  
 And IRAN's self are all forgot  
 For her whom at his feet he sees  
 Kneeling in speechless agonies.  
 No, blame him not, if Hope awhile  
 Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile  
 O'er hours to come — o'er days and nights,  
 Wing'd with those precious, pure delights  
 Which she, who bends all beauteous there,  
 Was born to kindle and to share.  
 A tear or two, which, as he bow'd  
 To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,  
 First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud  
 Of softness passing o'er his soul.  
 Starting, he brush'd the drops away,  
 Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray; —  
 Like one who, on the morn of fight,  
 Shakes from his sword the dews of night,  
 That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.  
 Yet, though subdued th' unnerving thrill,  
 Its warmth, its weakness linger'd still

So touching in each look and tone,  
 That the fond, fearing, hoping maid  
 Half counted on the flight she pray'd,  
 Half thought the hero's soul was grown  
 As soft, as yielding as her own,  
 And smil'd and bless'd him, while he said, —  
 "Yes — if there be some happier sphere,  
 "Where fadeless truth like ours is dear, —  
 "If there be any land of rest  
 "For those who love and ne'er forget,  
 "Oh! comfort thee — for safe and blest  
 "We 'll meet in that calm region yet!"

Scarce had she time to ask her heart  
 If good or ill these words impart,  
 When the rous'd youth impatient flew  
 To the tower-wall, where, high in view,  
 A ponderous sea-horn\* hung, and blew  
 A signal, deep and dread as those  
 The storm-fiend at his rising blows. —  
 Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true  
 Through life and death, that signal knew;  
 For 't was th' appointed warning-blast,  
 Th' alarm, to tell when hope was past,  
 And the tremendous death-die cast!  
 And there, upon the mouldering tower,  
 Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,  
 Ready to sound o'er land and sea  
 That dirge-note of the brave and free.  
 They came — his Chieftains at the call  
 Came slowly round, and with them all —  
 Alas, how few! — the worn remains  
 Of those who late o'er KERMAN'S plains

\* "The shell called Siiankos, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals: it sends forth a deep and hollow sound." — *Pennant*.



Went gaily prancing to the clash  
 Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,  
 Catching new hope from every flash  
 Of their long lances in the sun,  
 And, as their coursers charg'd the wind,  
 And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,\*  
 Looking, as if the steeds they rode  
 Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!  
 How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan  
 Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,  
 As round the burning shrine they came; —  
     How deadly was the glare it cast,  
 As mute they paus'd before the flame  
     To light their torches as they pass'd!  
 'T was silence all — the youth hath plann'd  
 The duties of his soldier-band;  
 And each determin'd brow declares  
 His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.  
 But minutes speed — night gems the skies —  
 And oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes,  
 That look from heaven, ye may behold  
 Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!  
 Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,  
 The maiden sees the veteran group  
 Her litter silently prepare,  
     And lay it at her trembling feet; —  
 And now the youth, with gentle care,  
     Hath plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,  
 And press'd her hand — that lingering press  
     Of hands, that for the last time sever;  
 Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,  
     When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.  
 And yet to *her* this sad caress  
     Gives hope — so fondly hope can err!

\* "The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies." — *Thevenot*.

'T was joy, she thought, joy's mute excess —  
 Their happy flight's dear harbinger;  
 'T was warmth — assurance — tenderness —  
 'T was any thing but leaving her.  
 "Haste, haste!" she cried, "the clouds grow dark,  
 "But still, ere night, we 'll reach the bark;  
 "And by to-morrow's dawn — oh bliss!  
 "With thee upon the sun-bright deep,  
 "Far off, I 'll but remember this,  
 "As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep;  
 "And thou —" but ah! — he answers not —  
 Good Heav'n! — and does she go alone?  
 She now has reach'd that dismal spot,  
 Where, some hours since, his voice's tone  
 Had come to soothe her fears and ills,  
 Sweet as the angel ISRAFIL's,\*  
 When every leaf on Eden's tree  
 Is trembling to his minstrelsy —  
 Yet now — oh, now, he is not nigh. —  
 "HAFED! my HAFED! — if it be  
 "Thy will, thy doom this night to die,  
 "Let me but stay to die with thee,  
 "And I will bless thy loved name,  
 "Till the last life-breath leave this frame.  
 "Oh! let our lips, our cheeks be laid  
 "But near each other while they fade;  
 "Let us but mix our parting breaths,  
 "And I can die ten thousand deaths!  
 "You too, who hurry me away  
 "So cruelly, one moment stay —  
 "Oh! stay — one moment is not much —  
 "He yet may come — for *him* I pray —  
 "HAFED! dear HAFED! —" all the way  
 In wild lamentings, that would touch

\* "The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures." — *Sate*.

A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name  
To the dark woods — no HAFED came: —  
No — hapless pair — you 've look'd your last: —  
Your hearts should both have broken then:  
The dream is o'er — your doom is cast —  
You 'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!  
Still half-way down the steep he stands,  
Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes  
The glimmer of those burning brands,  
That down the rocks, with mournful ray,  
Light all he loves on earth away!  
Hopeless as they who, far at sea,  
By the cold moon have just consign'd  
The corse of one, lov'd tenderly,  
To the bleak flood they leave behind;  
And on the deck still lingering stay,  
And long look back, with sad delay,  
To watch the moonlight on the wave,  
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see — he starts — what heard he then?  
That dreadful shout! — across the glen  
From the land-side it comes, and loud  
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd  
Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,  
Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,  
Had all in one dread howl broke out,  
So loud, so terrible that shout!  
“They come — the Moslems come!” — he cries,  
His proud soul mounting to his eyes, —  
“Now, Spirits of the Brave, who roam  
“Enfranchis'd through yon starry dome,  
“Rejoice — for souls of kindred fire  
“Are on the wing to join your choir!”  
He said — and, light as bridegrooms bound  
To their young loves, reclimb'd the steep

And gain'd the Shrine — his Chiefs stood round —  
 Their swords, as with instinctive leap,  
 Together, at that cry accurst,  
 Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.  
 And hark! — again — again it rings;  
 Near and more near its echoings  
 Peal through the chasm — oh! who that then  
 Had seen those listening warrior-men,  
 With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame  
 Turn'd on their Chief — could doubt the shame,  
 Th' indignant shame with which they thrill  
 To hear those shouts and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts — they were his own —  
 “What! while our arms can wield these blades,  
 “Shall we die tamely? die alone?  
 “Without one victim to our shades,  
 “One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,  
 “The sabre from its toil may sleep?  
 “No — God of IRAN'S burning skies!  
 “Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.  
 “No — though of all earth's hope bereft,  
 “Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.  
 “We 'll make yon valley's reeking caves  
 “Live in the awe-struck minds of men,  
 “Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves  
 “Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.  
 “Follow, brave hearts! — this pile remains  
 “Our refuge still from life and chains;  
 “But his the best, the holiest bed,  
 “Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!”

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,  
 While vigour, more than human, strung  
 Each arm and heart. — Th' exulting foe  
 Still through the dark defiles below,

Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,  
 Wound slow, as through GOLCONDA's vale \*  
 The mighty serpent, in his ire,  
 Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.  
 No torch the Ghebers need — so well  
 They know each mystery of the dell,  
 So oft have, in their wanderings,  
 Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,  
 The very tigers from their delves  
 Look out, and let them pass, as things  
 Untam'd and fearless like themselves!

There was a deep ravine, that lay  
 Yet darkling in the Moslem's way;  
 Fit spot to make invaders rue  
 The many fall'n before the few.  
 The torrents from that morning's sky  
 Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,  
 And, on each side, aloft and wild,  
 Huge cliffs and toppling crags were pil'd, —  
 The guards with which young Freedom lines  
 The pathways to her mountain-shrines.  
 Here, at this pass, the scanty band  
 Of IRAN's last avengers stand;  
 Here wait, in silence like the dead,  
 And listen for the Moslem's tread  
 So anxiously, the carrion-bird  
 Above them flaps his wing unheard!

They come — that plunge into the water  
 Gives signal for the work of slaughter.  
 Now, Ghebers, now — if e'er your blades  
 Had point or prowess, prove them now —  
 Woe to the file that foremost wades!

They come — a falchion greets each brow,  
 And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,  
 Beneath the gory waters sunk,

\* See Hoole upon the Story of Sinbad.

Still o'er their drowning bodies press  
 New victims quick and numberless ;  
 Till scarce an arm in HAFED'S band ,  
     So fierce their toil , hath power to stir ,  
 But listless from each crimson hand  
     The sword hangs , clogg'd with massacre.  
 Never was horde of tyrants met  
 With bloodier welcome — never yet  
 To patriot vengeance hath the sword  
 More terrible libations pour'd !

All up the dreary , long ravine ,  
 By the red , murky glimmer seen  
 Of half-quench'd brands , that o'er the flood  
 Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood ,  
 What ruin glares ! what carnage swims !  
 Heads , blazing turbans , quivering limbs ,  
 Lost swords that , dropp'd from many a hand ,  
 In that thick pool of slaughter stand ; —  
 Wretches who wading , half on fire  
     From the toss'd brands that round them fly ,  
 'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire ; —  
     And some who , grasp'd by those that die ,  
 Sink woundless with them , smother'd o'er  
 In their dead brethren's gushing gore !

But vainly hundreds , thousands bleed ,  
 Still hundreds , thousands more succeed ;  
 Countless as tow'rds some flame at night  
 The North's dark insects wing their flight ,  
 And quench or perish in its light ,  
 To this terrific spot they pour —  
 Till , bridg'd with Moslem bodies o'er ,  
 It bears aloft their slippery tread ,  
 And o'er the dying and the dead ,  
 Tremendous causeway ! on they pass .  
 Then , hapless Ghebers , then , alas ,  
 What hope was left for you ? for you ,

Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice  
 Is smoking in their vengeful eyes ; —  
 Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,  
 And burn with shame to find how few.

Crush'd down by that vast multitude,  
 Some found their graves where first they stood ;  
 While some with hardier struggle died,  
 And still fought on by HAFED'S side,  
 Who, fronting to the foe, trod back  
 Tow'rd's the high towers his gory track ;  
 And, as a lion swept away

By sudden swell of JORDAN'S pride  
 From the wild covert where he lay, \*

Long battles with th' o'erwhelming tide,  
 So fought he back with fierce delay,  
 And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now? their track is lost,

Their prey escap'd — guide, torches gone —  
 By torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,

The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on —  
 "Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"

They panting cry, "so far behind ;

"Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,

"To track the way the Gheber went!"

Vain wish — confusedly along

They rush, more desperate as more wrong :

Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,

Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,

Their footing, maz'd and lost, they miss,

And down the darkling precipice

Are dash'd into the deep abyss ;

\* "In this thicket upon the banks of the Jordan several sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbour themselves, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river, gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, *he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.*" — *Maunderell's Aleppo.*

Or midway hang, impal'd on rocks,  
 A banquet, yet alive, for flocks  
 Of ravening vultures, — while the dell  
 Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds — the last, to vengeance dear,  
 That e'er shall ring in HAFED'S ear, —  
 Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,  
 Upon the steep way breathless thrown,  
 He lay beside his reeking blade,

Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,  
 Its last blood-offering amply paid,  
 And IRAN'S self could claim no more.

One only thought, one lingering beam  
 Now broke across his dizzy dream  
 Of pain and weariness — 't was she,

His heart's pure planet, shining yet  
 Above the waste of memory,

When all life's other lights were set.  
 And never to his mind before  
 Her image such enchantment wore.

It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,  
 Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,  
 And not one cloud of earth remain'd

Between him and her radiance cast; —  
 As if to charms, before so bright,

New grace from other worlds was given,  
 And his soul saw her by the light

Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!

A voice spoke near him — 't was the tone  
 Of a lov'd friend, the only one  
 Of all his warriors, left with life  
 From that short night's tremendous strife. —

“And must we then, my chief, die here?”

“Foes round us, and the Shrine so near!”

These words have rous'd the last remains

Of life within him — “what! not yet



“Beyond the reach of Moslem chains!”

The thought could make ev'n Death forget  
 His icy bondage — with a bound  
 He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,  
 And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown  
 Ev'n feebler, heavier than his own,  
 And up the painful pathway leads,  
 Death gaining on each step he treads.  
 Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow!  
 They mount — they bleed — oh save them now —  
 The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,  
 The rock-weed's dripping with their gore; —  
 Thy blade too, HAFED, false at length,  
 Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength!  
 Haste, haste — the voices of the Foe  
 Come near and nearer from below —  
 One effort more — thank Heav'n! 't is past,  
 They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.  
 And now they touch the temple's walls,  
 Now HAFED sees the Fire divine —  
 When, lo! — his weak, worn comrade falls  
 Dead on the threshold of the shrine.

“Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!

“And must I leave thee withering here,

“The sport of every ruffian's tread,

“The mark for every coward's spear?

“No, by yon altar's sacred beams!”

He cries, and, with a strength that seems  
 Not of this world, uplifts the frame  
 Of the fall'n Chief, and tow'rd's the flame  
 Bears him along; — with death-damp hand  
 The corpse upon the pyre he lays,  
 Then lights the consecrated brand,

And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze  
 Like lightning bursts o'er OMAN'S Sea. —

“Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee,”

The youth exclaims, and with a smile  
 Of triumph vaulting on the pile,  
 In that last effort, ere the fires  
 Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on OMAN'S tide?

It came from yonder drifting bark,  
 That just hath caught upon her side  
 The death-light — and again is dark.  
 It is the boat — ah, why delay'd? —  
 That bears the wretched Moslem maid;  
 Confided to the watchful care

Of a small veteran band, with whom  
 Their generous Chieftain would not share  
 The secret of his final doom,

But hop'd when HINDA, safe and free,  
 Was render'd to her father's eyes,  
 Their pardon, full and prompt, would be  
 The ransom of so dear a prize. —

Unconscious, thus, of HAFED'S fate,  
 And proud to guard their beauteous freight,  
 Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves  
 That foam around those frightful caves,  
 When the curst war-whoops, known so well,  
 Came echoing from the distant dell —  
 Sudden each oar, upheld and still,

Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,  
 And, driving at the current's will,  
 They rock'd along the whispering tide;  
 While every eye, in mute dismay,  
 Was tow'rd that fatal mountain turn'd,  
 Where the dim altar's quivering ray  
 As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh! 't is not, HINDA, in the power  
 Of Fancy's most terrific touch  
 To paint thy pangs in that dread hour —  
 Thy silent agony — 't was such

As those who feel could paint too well,  
But none e'er felt and liv'd to tell!  
'T was not alone the dreary state  
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,  
When, though no more remains to dread,  
    The panic chill will not depart; —  
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,  
    Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart;  
No — pleasures, hopes, affections gone,  
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,  
Like things, within the cold rock found  
Alive, when all 's congeal'd around.  
But there 's a blank repose in this,  
A calm stagnation, that were bliss  
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,  
Now felt through all thy breast and brain; —  
That spasm of terror, mute, intense,  
That breathless, agoniz'd suspense,  
From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching,  
The heart hath no relief but breaking!  
Calm is the wave — heav'n's brilliant lights  
    Reflected dance beneath the prow; —  
Time was when, on such lovely nights,  
    She who is there, so desolate now,  
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,  
    And ask no happier joy than seeing  
That star-light o'er the waters thrown —  
No joy but that, to make her blest,  
    And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being,  
Which bounds in youth's yet careless breast, —  
Itself a star, not borrowing light,  
But in its own glad essence bright.  
How different now! — but, hark, again  
The yell of havoc rings — brave men!  
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand  
On the bark's edge — in vain each hand  
Half draws the falchion from its sheath;

All 's o'er — in rust your blades may lie : —  
 He, at whose word they 've scatter'd death,  
 Ev'n now, this night, himself must die!  
 Well may ye look to yon dim tower,  
 And ask, and wondering guess what means  
 The battle-cry at this dead hour —

Ah! she could tell you — she, who leans  
 Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,  
 With brow against the dew-cold mast; —  
 Too well she knows — her more than life,  
 Her soul's first idol and its last,  
 Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see — what moves upon the height?  
 Some signal! — 't is a torch's light.

What bodes its solitary glare?  
 In gasping silence tow'rd the Shrine  
 All eyes are turn'd — thine, HINDA, thine  
 Fix their last fading life-beams there.

'T was but a moment — fierce and high  
 The death-pile blaz'd into the sky,  
 And far away, o'er rock and flood  
 Its melancholy radiance sent;

While HAFED, like a vision stood  
 Reveal'd before the burning pyre,  
 Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire  
 Shrin'd in its own grand element!

“'T is he!” — the shuddering maid exclaims, —  
 But, while she speaks, he 's seen no more;  
 High burst in air the funeral flames,  
 And IRAN's hopes and hers are o'er!  
 One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave;  
 Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,  
 Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,  
 And, gazing, sunk into the wave, —  
 Deep, deep, — where never care or pain  
 Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Farewell — farewell to thee, ARABY's daughter!

(Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea,)

No pearl ever lay, under OMAN's green water,  
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,  
How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,  
Like the wind of the south\* o'er a summer lute blowing,  
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon ARABY's green sunny highlands,  
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom  
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,  
With nought but the sea-star\*\* to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,\*\*\*  
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,  
The happiest there, from their pastime returning  
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses  
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,  
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN, beloved of her Hero! forget thee —  
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,  
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,  
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell — be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;

\* "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts." — *Stephen's Persia*.

\*\* "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays." — *Mirza Abu Taleb*.

\*\*\* For a description of the meriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, see *Kempfer, Amœnitat. Exot.*

Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow  
 Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;\*  
 With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber  
 We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We 'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,  
 And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;  
 We 'll seek where the sands of the Caspian\*\* are sparkling,  
 And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell — farewell — until Pity's sweet fountain  
 Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,  
 They 'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,  
 They 'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

\* Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds. — See *Trevoux*, *Chambers*.

\*\* "The bay Kieslarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire." — *Struy*.



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