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MOORE'S  
POEMS



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS MOORE:

INCLUDING

"LALLA ROOKH," "ODES OF ANACREON," "IRISH  
MELODIES," "NATIONAL AIRS," AND  
"MISCELLANEOUS POEMS."

*A NEW EDITION.*



NEW YORK:  
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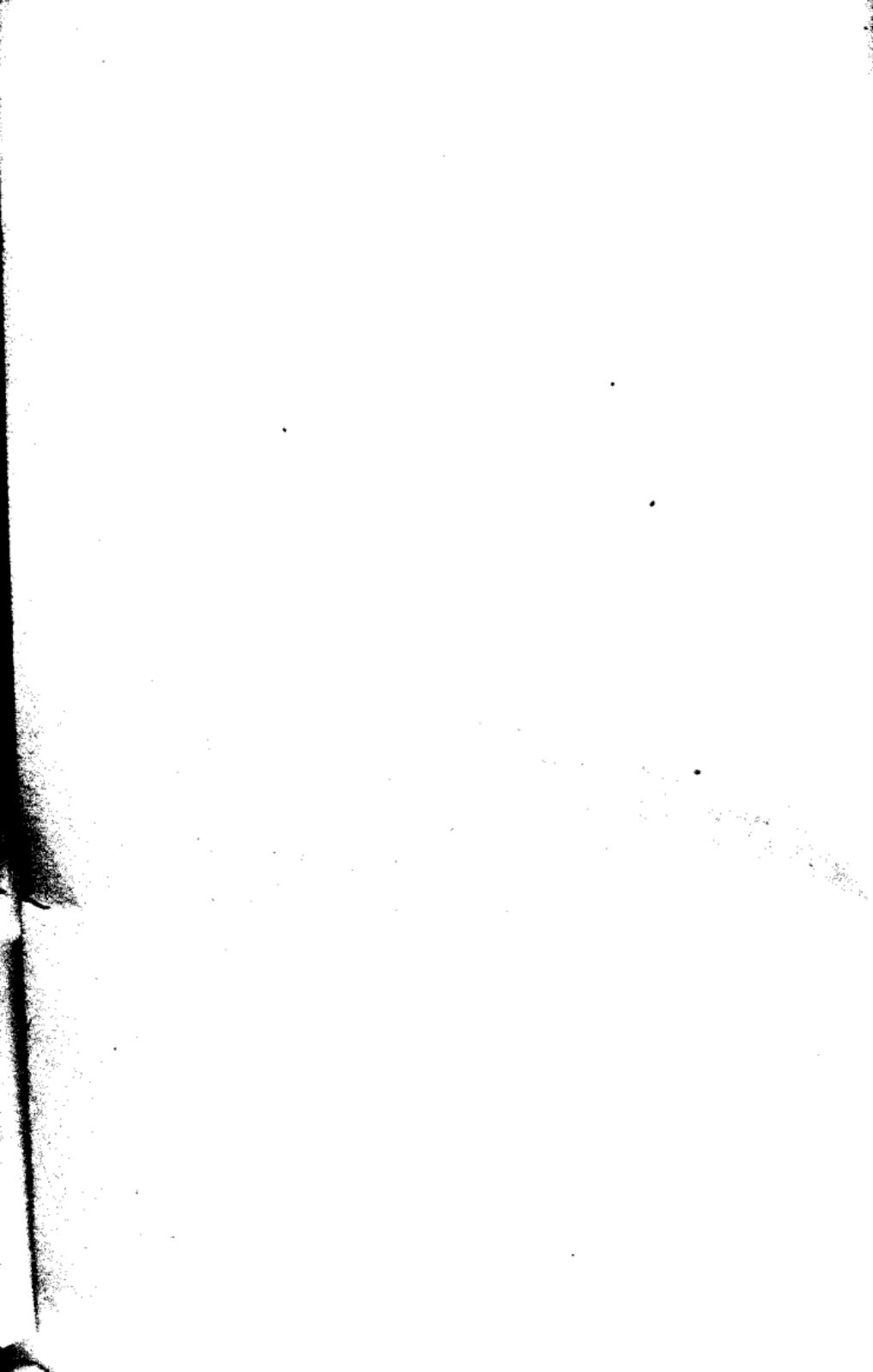
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE public have long felt the want of a work of the character now offered them, the editions of this author's poems heretofore published being too expensive to come within the reach of the many; and it is to supply a vacuum of this kind that the present volume is offered. The author's greatest production, and the one from which he has derived his well-deserved fame,—*Lalla Rookh*,—has been preserved entire, with the principal portion of the “*Odes of Anacreon*,” “*Irish Melodies*,” and “*National Airs*,” to which has been added a careful selection from the remainder of his works, under the title of “*Miscellaneous Poems*.”



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# **LALLA ROOKH.**



## LALLA ROOKH.

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IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favor 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 splendor 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 beautiful than Leila, Shirine, Dewilde, 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 Bucharia.

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 splendor. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favor, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles ; — the costly armor 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 pineapples 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-colored 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 honor, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses; -- all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadladeen, Great Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Harain, who was borne in his palan keen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadladeen 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 noonday 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 a evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments, -- sometimes

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During the first days of their journey, Lalla Rockh, 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 a evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from 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 person, 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 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 recollectcd that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reci-

ting 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 their 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 favorable 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 Fera-morz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, 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 shawlgoads 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 Fadladeen upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in everything 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 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 ev'ry 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 raised 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 ;

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 pond'rous 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 its feath'ring 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 network, 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 had placed 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,  
 (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 ev'ry beauteous race beneath the sun,  
 From those who kneel at Brahma's burning founts,  
 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 Azab'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 ev'ry hue and race,  
 Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,  
 Like tulip-beds, of diff'rent 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 mimicry 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,  
 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 practised 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, e'en 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 shir'ing footprints of her Deity,  
 Nor feel those godlike 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' awak'ning 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 refined, —  
 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 raised  
 To right the nations, and beheld, emblazed  
 On the white flag, Mokanna's host unsurl'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  
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred text  
 Seem'd doubly edged, 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 inspired  
 With livelier trust in what it most desired,  
 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,  
 Waved, 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 ev'ry 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,  
 From frame to frame the unextinguish'd soul  
 Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal !

"Nor think 'tis 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 refined 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, hast'ning 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 pass'd,  
 In one full lake of light it rests at last,)  
 That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free  
 From lapse or shadow, centres 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  
 Waving embroidered scarfs, whose motion gave  
 A perfume forth — like those the Houris wave  
 When beck'ning to their bow'r's 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 splendors now,  
 And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide expance,  
 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 thrilled like Alla's own :  
 The Young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,  
 The glitt'ring throne, and Haram's half-caught glances,  
 The Old deep pond'ring on the promised 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 wond'ring 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 flow'r  
 Or gem of thine, 'twas 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' aërial 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 mem'ry'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 has not heard of the first youthful loves ?  
 Born by that ancient flood, which from its spring  
 In the dark Mountains swiftly wandering,  
 Enrich'd by ev'ry 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 flow'rs 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-glance of first affection cast  
 Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd.  
 But war disturbed 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 exchanged his sylvan dwelling-place  
 For the rude tent and war-field's dreadful 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 rumors came,  
 Like spirit-tongues, mutt'ring the sick man's name,  
 Just ere he dies : — at length those sounds of dread  
 Fell with'ring on her soul, "Azim is dead !"  
 Oh Grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate  
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate  
 In the wide world, without that only tie  
 For which it loved 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 dread 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 wand'ring bark upon whose pathway shone  
 All stars of heaven, except the guiding one !  
 Again she smiled, nay, much and brightly smiled.  
 But 'twas 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 pow'rful 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 bless'd  
 With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,  
 To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes  
 Which the Veil'd Prophet destined for the skies : —  
 And such quick welcome as a spark receives,  
 Dropped 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 !  
 Predestined bride, in heaven's eternal dome,  
 Of some brave youth — ha ! durst they say "*of sorie*" ?  
 No — of the one, one only object traced  
 In her heart's core too deep to be effaced ;  
 The one whose mem'ry, fresh as life, is twined  
 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 shaded 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 loved image, graven on thy heart,  
 Which would have saved 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, inflamed, — a restless zeal took place  
 Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace ;  
 First of the Prophet's favorites, proudly first  
 In zeal and charms, — too well th' Impostor nursed  
 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 twined.  
 No art was spared, no witch'ry ; — 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 a maniac's moon, whose light is madness.

"T was from a brilliant banquet, where the sound  
 Of poesy and music breathed around,  
 Together picturing to her mind and ear  
 The glories of that heav'n, her destined 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 crazed by dread,  
 Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them cast  
 To move their lips in mutt'ring as she pass'd —  
 There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd  
 And pledged 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 framed,  
 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 giv'n  
 To him and — she believed, lost maid ! — to heav'n,  
 Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflamed,  
 How proud she stood, when in full Haram named  
 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 smiled,  
 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 cross'd  
 By glimpses of the Heav'n her heart had lost ;  
 In ev'ry glance there broke, without control,  
 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 changed  
 From her who, some years since, delighted ranged  
 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 loved,  
 Had wept as dead, before her breathed and moved ;  
 When — bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track  
 But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back  
 Again to earth, glist'ning 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 darkened brain  
 Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again ;  
 And how, like forts, to which beleaguerers win  
 Unhoped-for entrance through some friend within,

One clear idea, waken'd in the breast  
 By mem'ry'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 harbor 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, shudd'ring, 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 the 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 retired to pray ;  
 Sometimes alone — but oftener far, with one,  
 One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favor in his sight  
As the young Priestess ; and though, since that night,  
When the death-caverns echo'd 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 desp'rare 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 dark'ning trace  
Would on that bosom he once loved remain,  
But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again ! —  
These were the wild'ring dreams, whose cursed 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 ev'ning 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-rip'ning 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 ev'ry glance  
 Was thrilling fire, whose ev'ry thought a trance !

Upon his couch the Veil'd Mokanna lay,  
 While lamps around — not such as lend their ray,  
 Glimm'ring 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 glitt'ring flow.  
 Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of pray'r,  
 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 pow'r  
 To freshen the soul's virtues into flow'r !

And still he drank and ponder'd — nor could see  
 Th' approaching maid, so deep his revery ;  
 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 heav'n.  
 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,  
 Refused, 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-nursed loathing of man's name ! —  
 Soon at the head of myriads, blind and fierce  
 As hooded falcons, through the universe,  
 I'll sweep my dark'ning, desolating way,  
 Weak man my instrument, cursed mar. my prey !

“ Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on  
 By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,  
 Like superstitious thieves, who think the light  
 From dead men's marrow guides them best at night —  
 Ye shall have honors — wealth — yes, Sages, yes —  
 I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness ;  
 Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,  
 But a gilt stick, a bauble blinds it here.  
 How shall I 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, ay, sound ones too,  
 Seen, heard, attested, ev'ry thing — but true.  
 Your preaching zealots, too inspired to seek  
 One grace of meaning for the things they speak ;  
 Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood  
 For truths too heav'nly to be understood ;  
 And your State Priests, sole venders of the lore,  
 That works salvation ; — as, on Ava's shore,  
 Where none *but* priests are privileged to trade  
 In that best marble of which Gods are made ;  
 They shall have mysteries — ay, 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 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 shudd'ring maid,  
 Whose ears had drank 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 naught 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 color, as they go.  
 Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns —  
 Nay, drink — in ev'ry 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 bow'r's above ; —  
 Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,  
 Too ruled 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's sun,  
 And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,  
 Have magic in their pressure ; Zeba's 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 soft'ning 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, practised pow'r 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 vict'ry sure,  
 One who in every look joins every lure :

Through whom all beauty's beams concentred pass,  
 Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning-glass ;  
 Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,  
 Whose words, ev'n when unmeaning, are adored  
 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 refined 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 assured that, once plunged in,  
 Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin !

At first, though 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,  
 “ 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 heav'nly 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 loved — 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 illumining 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.”

“ Obeyed ! — 't is well — yes, I deserve it all  
 On me, on me Heav'n'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 witch'ry, fiends, will have no charm for him.  
 Let loose your glowing wantons from their bow'rs,  
 He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers !  
 Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign  
 Pure as when first we met, without a stain !

Though ruin'd — lost — my mem'ry, like a charm  
 Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.  
 Oh ! never let him know how deep the brow  
 He kiss'd at parting, is dishonor'd now ;  
 Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she,  
 Whom once he loved — once ! — *still* loves dotingly.  
 Thou laugh'st, tormentor — what ! — thou 'lt brand my  
 name ?

Do, do — in vain — he 'll not believe my shame —  
 He thinks me true, that naught beneath God's sky  
 Could tempt or change me, and — so once thought I,  
 But this is past — though worse than death my lot,  
 Than hell — 't is nothing while *he* knows it not.  
 Far off to some benighted land I 'll fly,  
 Where sunbeams ne'er shall enter till I die ;  
 Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,  
 But I may fade and fall without a name.  
 And thou — cursed man or fiend, whate'er thou art,  
 Who found'st this burning plague spot in my heart,  
 And spread'st it — oh, so quick ! — through soul and  
 frame,  
 With more than demon's art, till I became  
 A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame ! —  
 If, when I 'm gone — ”

“ Hold, fearless maniac, hold  
 Nor tempt my rage — by Heaven, not half so bold  
 The puny bird, that dares with teasing hum  
 Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come ;  
 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 roused 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 bow'rs  
 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, flick'ring 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 mine repeat —  
 That cup, — thou shudd'rest, Lady, — was it sweet?  
 That cup we pledged, the charnel's choicest wine,  
 Hath bound thee — ay — body and soul all mine :  
 Bound thee by chains that, whether bless'd or cursed,  
 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 dotes  
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 reserved to bless thy favor'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

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 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 splendor 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 :

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 splendors, almost hid,  
 Like swords half-sheath'd, beneath the downcast lid ; —  
 Such, Azim, is the lovely, luminous host  
 Now led against thee ; and, let conqu'rors 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 conqu'ror 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 :  
 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 ev'rywhere : — some younger girls  
 Are gone by moonlight to the garden-beds,  
 To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads ; —  
 Gay creatures ! sweet, though mournful, 'tis 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, bless'd again to hold  
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,  
 Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges' flood,  
 Her little playmates 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 flow'rs, as by a spell, —  
 The sweet Elcaya, and that courteous tree  
 Which bows to all who seek its canopy,  
 Sees, cull'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, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,  
 Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns ;  
 And spicy rods, such as illume at night  
 The bow'rs 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' enameli'd cupola, which tow'rs  
 All rich with arabesques of gold and flow'rs,  
 And the mosaic floor beneath shines through  
 The sparkling of that fountain's silv'ry dew,  
 Like the wet, glist'ning shells, of ev'ry 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 !  
 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 odiferous 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 lured 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  
 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 ev'n in Pleasure's porch,  
 Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,  
 Arm'd with Heaven'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 dead'ning 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 godlike sages taught ;  
 It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,  
 Thy Freedom nursed her sacred energies ;  
 Oh ! not beneath th' enfeebling, with'ring glow  
 Of such dull lux'ry 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,  
 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 witch'ry 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,  
 Silent and happy — as if God had giv'n  
 Naught else worth looking at on this side heav'n.

“ Oh, my loved 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 restored  
 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, unbreathe'd upon for years,  
 I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,  
 And find those tears warm as when they last 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, forged in the green sunny bow'rs,  
As they were captives to the King of Flow'rs ;  
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,  
Who seem'd to mock their sister's slavery ;  
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight,  
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night ;  
While others waked, as gracefully along  
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song  
From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heav'nly thrill,  
Or their own youthful voices, heav'nlier 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 her young bashfulness more beauteous now ;  
 But a light golden chain-work round her hair,  
 Such as the maids of Yedz and Shiras 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 ;  
 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-tamed 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 ;  
 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 troth, thou little know'st the art :  
 For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,  
 Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.  
 But thou hast breathed 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 unchain'd dove,  
 When swift returning to its home of love,  
 And round its snowy wings new fetters twine,  
 Than turn from virtue one poor 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 ev'ning 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 show'rs of jessamine,

Which those without fling after them in play,  
 Two lightsome maidens spring, — lightsome as they  
 Who live in th' air on odors, — 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 sign  
 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 danced  
 Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanced  
 More brilliant than the sea-glass glitt'ring 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 ev'ry bound more sweet,  
 As 'twere the ecstatic language of their feet.  
 At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreath'd  
 Within each other's arms ; while soft there breathed  
 Through the cool easement, mingled with the sighs  
 Of moonlight flow'rs, 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 :

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 flow'rs like these,  
 And his floating eyes — oh ! *they* resemble  
 Blue water-lilies, when the breeze  
 Is making the stream around them tremble.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling pow'r !  
 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.

Impatient of a scene, whose lux'ries stole,  
 Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,  
 And where, midst all that the young heart loves most,  
 Flow'rs, 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  
 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 retired looks loveliest.  
*There* hung the history of the Genii-King,  
 Traced 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 Zuleika woos with open arms  
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,  
 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 pleased and ling'ring eye  
Did the youth pass these pictured 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 paused he, while the music, now less clear,  
Breathed with a holier language on his ear,  
As though the distance, and that heav'nly 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 unmoved,  
And by that light — nor dream of her he loved ?  
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 naught of earth o'ercast ;  
Recall her tears, to thee at parting giv'n,  
Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep, in Heav'n.  
Think, in her own still bower she waits thee now,  
With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,  
Yet shrined 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 glitt'ring 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 waked 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 changed — none but a lover  
 Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover  
 The once-adored divinity — ev'n he  
 Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly  
 Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gazed  
 Upon those lids, where once such lustre blazed,  
 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-flow'r,  
 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 loved 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 pow'r,  
 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 chased their short eclipse,  
 And, gradual as the snow, at Heaven's breath,  
 Melts off, and shows the azure flow'r's beneath,  
 Her lids unclosed, 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 :  
 And thus to wake in his beloved caress,  
 Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.

But, when she heard him call her good and pure,  
 Oh, 'twas too much — too dreadful to endure !  
 Shudd'ring she broke away from his embrace,  
 And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,  
 Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riv'n  
 A heart of very marble, " Pure ! — oh Heav'n ! "

That tone — those looks so changed — 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 lux'ry, as the viper weaves  
 Its wily cov'ring 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 ling'ring 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 desp'rate hand tow'rds Heav'n — " though I am  
 lost,

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 ceased,  
 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 ! couldst 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 mem'ry, 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 wouldest not wonder that, at last,  
 When every hope was all at once o'ercast,  
 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 Heav'n —  
 All wild — and even this quenchless love within  
 Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin ! —  
 Thou pitiest me — I knew thou wouldest — that sky  
 Hath naught beneath it half so lorn as I.  
 The fiend, who lured me hither — hist ! come near,  
 Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear —  
 Told me such things — oh ! with such dev'lish 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 served *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 cursed,  
 They must not touch thee ; — one divine caress,  
 One blessed moment of forgetfulness  
 I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,  
 Shrined in my soul's deep mem'ry 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 treasured 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 tortured 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 inflamed  
 Almost to madness — “ by that sacred Heav'n,  
 Where yet, if pray'rs can move, thou'l be forgiv'n,  
 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 churchyard 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 heav'nly dream ! if there 's on earth a cure  
 For the sunk heart, 't is this — day after day  
 To be the bless'd companion of thy way ;  
 To hear thy angel eloquence — to see  
 Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me ;  
 And, in their light rechasten'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 cling  
 For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,  
 Shall, for thy sake, pronounce my soul forgiv'n,  
 And bid thee take thy weeping slave to Heav'n :  
 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, naught 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 Mokauna'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 glared on me, while I pledged 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 gayety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon Fadla-deen. 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 Istkahar, 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 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 the 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 Fadladeen 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 ?  
 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 conjured up, far as the eye can see,  
 This world of tents, and demes, and sun-bright armory  
 Princeely 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 poitrels glitt'ring in the sun ;  
 And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shelis,  
 Shaking in every breeze their light-toned bells !

But yester-eve, so motionless around,  
 So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound  
 But the far torrent, or the locust-bird  
 Hunting among the thickets, could be heard ; —  
 Yet hark ! what discords now, of ev'ry 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.  
Roused in his Palace by the dread alarms,  
That hourly came, of the false Prophet’s arms,  
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 reclined,  
Yet brook’d he not such blasphemy should stain,  
Thus unrevenged, 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, nursed in victories,  
Here stands to crush the rebels that o’errun  
His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

Ne’er did the march of Mahadi display  
Such pomp before; — nor 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.

Then, chieftains of Damascus, proud to see  
 The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry ; —  
 Men, from the regions near the Volga's mouth,  
 Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South,  
 And Indian lancers, in white turban'd ranks,  
 From the far Sind, 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, fired 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 crest 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,  
 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'erturn'd,  
 From Yezd's eternal Mansion of the Fire,  
 Where aged saints in dreams of Heav'n expire :

From Badku, and those fountains of blue flame  
 That turn 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 toss'd  
 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 awed,  
 In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad.  
 “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 pursuer's 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 vict'ry 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!” through ~~the~~  
 The Moslem ranks, “a miracle!” they shout,  
 All gazing on that youth, whose coming ~~seems~~  
 A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams;  
 And ev'ry sword, true as o'er billows dim  
 The needle tracks the load-star, following him

Right tow'rs 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 cursed,  
 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 wedged array  
 Of flying thousands — he is borne away;  
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,  
 In this forced flight, is — murd'ring 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 no 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 ziraleets.  
 The Swords of God have triumph'd — on his throne  
 Your Caliph sits, and the veil'd Chief hath flown.  
 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, amidst 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 illume; —  
 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 suff'ring, 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 splendor, 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 loved that ruinous blast.  
 For this, when rumors reached him in his flight  
 Far, far away, after that fatal night. —  
 Rumors 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 saved 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 desp'rate fugitives,  
 The last sole stubborn fragment, left unriv'n.  
 Of the proud host that late stood fronting Heav'n,  
 He gain'd Merou — breathed a short curse of blood  
 O'er his lost throne — then pass'd the Jihon's flood

And gath'ring all, whose madness of belief  
 Still saw a Saviour in their down-fall'n Chief,  
 Raised the white banner within Neksheb's gates,  
 And there, untamed, th' approaching conq'ror 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 flow'r is springing in its stead.  
 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 accursed,  
 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 yon plains, which night had else made dark,

Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights  
 That spangle India's fields on show'ry nights. —  
 Far as their formidable gleams they shed,  
 The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,  
 Glimm'ring 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 entoiled, beset,  
 Not less than myriads dare to front him yet; —  
 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 Heaven, 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 sky!"

Warriors, rejoice — the port to which we've pass'd,  
 O'er Destiny's dark wave, beams out at last !  
 Vict'ry '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 splendor 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 minaret,  
 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 waked, 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 loit'ring at that call ;  
 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 paused, 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.”  
 Desp’rate 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 meeet them thro’ the glimm’ring 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 Neksheb’s gates, covering the plain  
 With random slaughter, drives the adventurous train  
 Among the last of whom the Silver Veil  
 Is seen glitt’ring at times, like the white sail  
 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 vict’ry, lie disgraced and dead,  
 Yet morning bears him with unshrinking crest,  
 Still vaunt of thrones, and vict’ry 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 couldst 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 tort'er's will.

Again, as in Merou, he had her deck'd  
 Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect ;  
 And led her glitt'ring 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 roused, 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  
 Gath'ring around ; and famine comes to glean  
 All that the sword hath left unreap'd : — in vain  
 At morn and eve across the northern plain  
 He looks impatient for the promised spears  
 Of the wild Hordes and Tartar mountaineers ;  
 They come not — while his fierce beleaguerers pour  
 Engines of havoc in, unknown before,  
 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 Naptha fount,  
 Show'rs of consuming fire o'er all below ;  
 Looking, as through th' illuminated night they go,  
 Like those wild birds that by the Magians oft,  
 At festivals of fire, were sent aloft  
 Into the air, with blazing fagots tied  
 To their huge wings, scatt'ring combustion wide

All night the groans of wretches who expire,  
 In agony, beneath those darts of fire,  
 Ring through the city — while, descending o'er  
 Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore,—  
 Its lone bazaars, 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  
 dress  
 Home o'er the very threshold of success;  
 When Alla from our ranks hath thinn'd away  
 Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray  
 Of favor 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-eyed 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 treach'rous 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 mock'ry that bids hell rejoice.  
 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 smould'ring fire,  
 Danced, 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 wond

Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,  
In ghastly transport waved it o'er his head!

'T was 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 accursed,  
When Zelica — alas, poor ruin'd heart,  
In ev'ry horror doon'd to bear its part! --  
Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,  
Who, while his quiv'ring 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!  
Shudd'ring she went — a soul-felt pang of fear,  
A presage that her own dark doom was near,  
Roused ev'ry feeling, and brought Reason back  
Once more to writhe her last upon the rack.  
All round seem'd tranquil — ev'n the foe had ceased  
As if aware of that demoniac feast,  
His fiery bolts ; and though the heav'ns look'd red,  
'T was but some distant conflagration's spread.  
But hark — she stops — she listens — dreadful tone  
T is her Tormenter'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 glimm'ring 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 censors 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 swell'n heads sunk black'ning 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 slack'ning 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 soul's tormentor to the last ; —  
 Upon that mocking Fiend, whose veil, now raised,  
 Show'd them, as in death's agony they gazed,  
 Not the long promised light, the brow, whose beaming  
 Was to come forth, all conqu'ring, all redeeming,  
 But features horribler than Hell e'er traced  
 On its own brood ; — no Demon of the Waste,  
 No churchyard Ghole, caught ling'ring in the light  
 Of the blest sun, e'er blasted human sight  
 With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those  
 Th' Impostor now, in grinning mock'ry, 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 disgraced  
 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 Eblis loves you half so well as I. —  
 Ha, my young bride ! — 't is well — take thou thy seat  
 Nay come — no shudd'ring — didst thou never meet  
 The Dead before ? — they graced 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 conqu'ring arms  
 Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,  
 Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,  
 And I 'll forgive my haughty 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 shal' 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 batt'ring 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 *thou*, 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 closed the burning waters o'er his head,  
 And Zelica was left — within the ring  
 Of those wide walls the only living thing ;  
 The only wretched one, still cursed with breath,  
 In all that frightful wilderness of death !  
 More like some bloodless ghost — such ~~as~~, <sup>as</sup> they 'll,  
 In the Lone Cities of the Silent dwell,  
 And 'here, unseen of all but Alla, ~~as~~,  
 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 artill'ry lent  
 By Greece to conqu'ring 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 pond'rous 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,  
 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 — naught 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, advanced  
 Forth from the ruin'd walls, and, as there glanced  
 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 quiv’ring 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 madd’ning — 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 forgiv'n,  
 Angels will echo the blest words in Heav'n !  
 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 breathed in vain, —  
 And pray that He may pardon her, — may take  
 Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,  
 And, naught rememb'ring but her love to thee,  
 Make her all thine, all His, eternally !  
 Go to those happy fields where first we twined  
 Our youthful hearts together — every wind  
 That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known  
 flow'rs,  
 Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours  
 Back to thy soul, and thou mayst feel again  
 For thy poor Zelica as thou didst then.  
 So shall thy orison, like dew that flies  
 To Heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise  
 With all love's earliest ardor 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 fleeted — years on years had pass'd away,  
And few of those who, on that mournful day,  
Had stood, with pity in their eycs, 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 dark'ning 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 th' horizon's brim,  
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim.  
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 dress'd  
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest !  
For this the old man breathed his thanks, and died  
And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,  
He and his Zelica sleep side by side

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear Fadladeen's criticism 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 Jehan, 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, 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 favorite 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 required, the matter is easily dispatched." 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-favored 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 hilberts 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 laudible purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes, and expires. Thus

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 honor 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 of a very tired dromedary. The licenses, 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 candor, 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 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 forever:— but still there are some, as delighted, 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 forever, like the old Man of 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 favorite 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 *Camalata*, 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 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 outblooms 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

“ 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 forgi' n*  
*Who brings to this Eternal gate*  
*The Gift that is most dear to Heav'n.*  
 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, —  
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,  
 And, lighted earthward by a glance  
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,  
 Hung hov'ring 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 King 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 mused, 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 ;  
 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 bow'rs 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 bow'rs,  
 And man, the sacrifice of man,  
     Mingled his taint with ev'ry breath,  
     Upwafted from th' innocent flow'rs.

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 loved Sultana ;  
 Maidens, within their pure Zenana,  
 Priests in the very fane he slaugh'ters,  
 And chokes up with the glitt'ring 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 st<sup>d</sup>nd,  
 Alone beside his native river, —  
 The red blade broken in his hand,  
 And the last arrow in his quiver.  
 "Live," said the Conq'r<sup>r</sup>er, "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 lived, 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,  
 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 Heav'n 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 Nue.  
 And hail the new-born Giant's sinne  
 Thence over Egypt's palm'y groves

Her grots, and sepulchres of Kings,  
 The exiled Spirit sighing roves ;  
 And now hangs list'ning to the doves  
 In warn' Rosetta's vale — now loves  
 To watch the moonlight on the wings  
 Of the white pelicans that break  
 The azure calm of Mœris' 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 tow'rs that seem  
 The relics of a splendid dream ;

Amid whose fairy loneliness  
 Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,  
 Naught seen but (when the shadows, flitting  
 Fast from the moon, unsheathe its gleam)  
 Some purple-wing'd Sultanna sitting

Upon a column, motionless  
 And glitt'ring 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 ev'ry living thing

Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,

Like plants, where the Simoon hath pass'd,

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 !

“ 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 moved,  
 Drew after him the hearts of many ;  
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,  
 Dies here unseen, unwept by any !  
 None to watch near him — none to slake  
 The fire that in his bosom lies,  
 With ev'n a sprinkie 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 one, whom he for years had known,  
 And loved, 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 fall,  
 Freshly perfumed 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 pow'r to seek,  
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,  
With rosy gits upon her cheek ?  
Tis she — far off, through moonlight dim  
He knew his own betrothed bride,  
She, who would rather die w'en 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  
Shudd'ring 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 unmask'd or without shame.  
" Oh ! let me only breathe the air,  
The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,  
And, whether on its wings it bear  
Healing or death, 't is sweet to me !  
There — drink my tears, whiie 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 loved 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 fails — 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 odor 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 odor sleeping  
     While that benevolent Peri beam'd  
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping  
     Watch o'er them till their souls should 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  
     Smiled as she gave that off'ring 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

But, ah ! ev'n Peri's hopes are vain —  
 Again the fates forbade, again  
 Th' immortal barrier closed — " 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 tow'rs,  
 And whitens with eternal sleet,  
 While summer, in a vale of flow'rs,  
 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, glitt'ring on the walls  
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright  
 As they were all alive with light ;  
 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,  
 Banqueting through the flow'ry vales;  
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,  
 And woods, so full of nightingales

But laugh 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 raised 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 illumined eyes,  
 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 of Balbec winging  
 Slowly, she sees a child at play  
 Among the rosy wild-flow'r's 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 flow'r's or flying gems : —  
 And, near the boy, who, tired 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 Peri's eye could read  
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;  
 The ruined maid — the shrine profaned —  
 Oaths broken — and the threshold stain'd  
 With blood of guests ! — *there* written, all  
 Black as the dimming 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 burn'd all night  
 Through some impure and godless rite,  
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark ! the vesper call to pray'r,  
 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 flow'rs, where he had laid his head,  
 And down upon the fragrant sod  
 Kneels with his forehead to the south,  
 Lisp'g 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 flow'ry plain,  
 And seeking for its home again.  
 Oh ! 't was a sight — that Heav'n — that child —  
 A scene, which might have well beguiled  
 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 pow’r  
 So balmy a virtue, that ev’n in the hour  
 That drop descends, contagion dies,  
 And health reanimates 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 pray’r,  
 While the same sunbeam shines upon  
 The guilty and the guiltless one,  
 And hymns of joy proclaim through Heav’n  
 The triumph of a Soul Forgiv’n !

“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' enraptured Peri knew  
 'T was a bright smile the Angel threw  
 From Heav'n's gate, to hail that tear  
 The harbinger of glory near !

“ Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done —  
 The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n 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 odors of Earth, that die  
 Passing away like a lover's sigh ; —  
 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 blon  
 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 !

"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, Fadladeen 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 overrun 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 gaining 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 vigor 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 *Masulipatan*!"

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; 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."

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 matter

of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties and 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 honors 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, dispatched 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 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 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 clew was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bcharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only endeavor 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 Iram, 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 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 fair 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 favorite 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: —

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 Hounds' eyes,  
Far from me their dangerous glow  
If those looks that light the skies  
Would 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 enamored 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 favorite 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 mango-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 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-pre-

tending 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 Laures 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 dispatched 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 apostacy 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 Baku, when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in 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 cimeter 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:—

## 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 zell,  
 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, unmoved alike,  
 Mid eyes that weep, and swords that strike;

One of that saintly, murd'rous brood,  
 To carnage and the Koran giv'n,  
 Who think through unbelievers' blood  
 Lies their directest path to heav'n ; —  
 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 Trebizon'd,  
 Which, from the sunniest flow'rs that glad  
 With their pure smile the gardens round,  
 Draw venom forth that drives me 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 tow'rs, where Mithra once had burn'd,  
 To Moslem shrines — oh shame ! — were turn'd,

Where slaves, converted by the sword,  
 Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,  
 And cursed the faith their sires adored.  
 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 treasured 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 lux'ry there,  
 Tranquil as if his spirit lay  
 Be calm'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 unmoved  
 By the white moonbeam's dazzling power ; —  
 None but the loving and the loved  
 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 !

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 flow'r that blooms beneath the sea,  
 Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie  
 Hid in most chaste obscurity.  
 So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,  
 Like holy myst'ries, lain enshrined.  
 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 breathed but theirs.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,  
 On summer-eves, 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 flow'rs they wear,  
 Hath Yemen and her blissful clime,  
 Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bow'r  
 Before their mirrors count the time,  
 And grow still lovelier ev'ry hour.  
 But never yet hath bride or maid  
 In Araby's gay Haram smiled,  
 Whose boasted brightness w'ould 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 em'rald'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.

Such is the maid who, at this hour,  
 Hath risen from her restless sleep,  
 And sits alone in that high bow'r,  
 Watching the still and shining deep  
 Ah ! 't was not thus — with tearful eyes  
 And beating heart, — she used 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 brows  
 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 ! —

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So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,  
 When high to catch the cool night-air  
 After the day-beam's with'ring fire.

He built her bow'r 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 charn 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 tow'r, that rock-way rude,  
 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,  
 Heaven'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 scaled 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.  
 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 wond'ring 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 bow'r  
 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 pass'd.  
 She saw a youth, of mortal kind,  
 Before her in obeisance cast, —  
 Ye: often since, when he hath spoken  
 Strange, awful words, — and gleams have broken  
 From his dark eye, too bright to bear,  
 Oh ! she hath fear'd her soul was given  
 To some unhallow'd child of air,  
 Some erring Spirit cast from heav'n,  
 Like those angelic youths of old,  
 Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,  
 Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,  
 And lost their heav'n 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 ardor 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 moonbeam 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 bow'rs,  
 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?" —  
 Playfully 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 heartfelt 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 heav'nly, but 't is *past* —  
 Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour  
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;  
 I never loved a tree or flow'r,  
 But 't was the first to fade away.  
 I never nursed 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 treach'rous sea —  
 No, never come again — though sweet,  
 Though heav'n, it may be death to thee.  
 Farewell — and blessings on thy way,  
 Where'er thou goest, 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 nursed  
 In Danger's paths, has dared 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 destined 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 fixed — *my* awful doom  
 Is fix'd — on this side of the tomb  
 We meet no more ; — why, why did Heav'n  
 Mingle two souls that earth has riv'n,  
 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 gray head from that lightning glance  
 Thou know'st him not — he loves the brave  
 Nor lives there under Heav'n'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 lisping maid  
 In time should be a warrior's bride.  
 And still, whene'er at Haram hours,  
 I take him cool sherbets and flow'rs,  
 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 raised in fight,

Oh still remember, Love and I  
 Beneath its shadow trembling lie !  
 One vict'ry 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 :  
 Yes — *I* am of that outcast few,  
 To Iran and to vengeance true,  
 Who curse the hour your Arab's 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 glimm'ring light,  
 And up the rude rocks desp'rately  
 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 neighboring valleys had we dwelt,  
 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 awak'ning 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  
 Lived, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee  
 God ! who could then this sword withstand ?  
 Its very flash were victory !  
 But now — estranged, divorced 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, unmoved,  
 Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,  
 Thou 'lt think how well one Gheber loved,  
 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,  
 Flew up all sparkling from the main,  
 As if each star that nightly falls,  
 Were shooting back to heav'n 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 moved, 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 sweetly 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

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 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 flow'ry 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 cimeter  
 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,  
 12°

Hath first of all the starry choir  
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire !

Where are the days, thou wond'rs sphere,  
When Iran, like a sun-flow'r 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 flamed 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, unloved, unknown,  
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,

Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,  
Far from his beauteous land of dates,

Her jasminine bow'r's and sunny fountains  
Yet happier so than if he trod  
His own beloved, 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

Is Iran's pride then gone forever,  
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 heav'n 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 treach'rous 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 scaled that tow'r,  
 And, had he reach'd thy slumb'ring breast,  
 Had taught thee, in a Gheber's pow'r  
 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, — bless'd 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  
 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 braved thee from the shore.  
 Rebellion! foul, dishonoring word,  
 Whose wrongful blight so oft hath 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 with'ring name,  
 Whom but a day's, an hour's success  
 Had wafted 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 enthroned 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 !  
 Shout but that awful name around,  
 And palsy shakes the manliest arm.  
**T** is Hafed, most accursed 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 cow! 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 coloring Fancy gave  
 To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—  
 One who, no more than mortal brave,  
 Fought for the land his soul adored,  
 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  
 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,  
 Theugh framed 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 welcomed he  
 The sparkle of the first sword drawn  
     For vengeance and for liberty !

But vain was valor — vain the flow'r  
 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  
 He came in bigot pomp to sway,  
 And with their corpses block'd his way —  
 In vain — for every lance they raised,  
 Thousands around the conqueror blazed  
 For every arm that lined 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 braved 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 !  
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 tow'rs 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  
 That from its lofty altar shone, —  
 Though fled the priests, the vot'ries 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 bridgeway, known  
 To him and to his Chiefs alone,  
 They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the tow'rs, —  
 "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 your 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,  
 And see her priests, her warriors driv'n  
 Before a sensual bigot's nod,  
 A wretch who shrines his lust in heav'n,  
 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,  
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 mould'ring tow'rs  
Was seen the feast of fruit and flow'rs,  
With which of old the Magi fed  
The wand'ring 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 injured name,  
To die upon that Mount of Flame —  
The last of all her patriot line,  
Before her last untrampled Shrine !

Brave, suff'ring 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 smiled,—  
 Tranquil as on some battle-plain

The Persian lily shines and tow'rs,  
 Before the combat's redd'ning stain  
 Hath fall'n upon her golden flow'rs.  
 Light-hearted maid, unawed, unmoved,  
 While Heav'n but spared the sire she loved ;  
 Once, at thy evening tales of blood,  
 Unlist'ning and aloof she stood—  
 And oft, when thou hast paced along

Thy Haram halls with furious heat,  
 Hast thou not cursed 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 snatched away  
In ev'ry 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 shudd'ring frame,  
When from the field of blood he came,  
The falt'ring speech — the look estranged —  
Voice, step, and life, and beauty changed —  
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, prosp'rous Love,  
That, pledged 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 nursed 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-eyed vot'ries 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 bow'r,  
 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 owllet'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 banqueting,—  
     Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn — Al Hassan's brow  
 Is brightened 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 flashed 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!"—

"*His* blood!" she faintly scream'd—her mind  
 Still singling *one* from all mankind—  
 "Yes—spite of his ravines and tow'rs,  
 Hafed, my child, this night is ours.  
 Thanks to all-conqu'ring treachery,

Without whose aid the links accursed,  
 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 driv'n  
 Back from their course the Swords of Heav'n,  
 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 ev'ry 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 hoped our ev'ry tread

Would be on prostrate Persian necks--  
 Cursed 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, ere a drop of this night's gore  
Have time to chill in yonder tow'rs,  
Thou 'lt see thy own sweet Arab bow'rs !"

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 tow'rs, 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 behind on glory's bed,  
He lived, and, in the face of morn,  
Laugh'd them, and Faith, and Heav'n 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 treach'ry 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 !  
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 heav'n, and feeling hell !

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 Bidmusk has just passed over. She fancied that she was sailing on that 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, 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 day is low'ring — stilly black  
 Sleeps the grim wave, while heav'n's rack  
 Dispersed 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 riv'n,  
 Seem melting down the verge of heav'n ;  
 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-bird, with portentous screech,  
 Flew fast to land ; — upon the beach  
 The pilot oft had paused, with glance  
 Turn'd upward to that wild expanse ; —  
 And all was boding, drear, and dark  
 As her own soul, when Hind's bark  
 Went slowly from the Persian shore. —  
 No music timed her parting oar,

Nor friends upon the less'ning 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,  
 Like some ill-destined 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 pray'r, 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 vict'ry 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 flow'rs she nursed — 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,  
 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 bow'r.—  
 Can these delights, that wait her now,  
 Call up no sunshine on her brow ?  
 No,—silent, from her train apart,—  
 As 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 ;  
 As o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,  
 Looks, with a shudder, to those tow'rs  
 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 loved, 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,  
 Nor worship ev'n Thyself above him —  
 For, oh, so wildly do I love him,

Thy Paradise itself were dim  
 And joyless, if not shared 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 wand'ring 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 gath'ring 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 kueft,  
 Trembling all over — for she felt  
 As if her judgment-hour was near ;  
 While crouching round, half dead with fear,

Her handmaids clung, nor breathed, nor stirr'd  
 When, hark ! — a second crash — a third —  
 And now, as if a bolt of thunder  
 Had riv'n the laboring planks asunder,  
 The deck falls in — what horrors then !  
 Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men  
 Come mix'd together through the clasm, —  
 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 flow'r  
 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 tott'ring planks above —  
 The sail, whose fragments, shiv'ring 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 gen'ral 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,  
 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 deathlike 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-show'rs  
 Have left upon the grass and flow'rs  
 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 diff'rent 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 bless'd,  
 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 wond'ring 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 ;

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.  
 Shudd'ring 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 revery,  
 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 Alla ! 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.  
 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 th' infuriate band she sees,  
All infidels—all enemies!

What was the daring hope that then  
Cross'd her like lightning, 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—'tis 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 Fancy'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,  
Scatt'ring its brilliant fragments round.  
And now she sees—with horror sees,

Their course is tow'rd that mountain-hold,—  
Those tow'rs, 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' illumined 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 pow'r  
 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'r'd those dismal caves,  
 That from the Deep in windings pass  
 Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass ; —  
 And loud a voice on deck commands  
 To low'r 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 flick'ring light could further throw  
 Than the thick flood that boil'd below.  
 Silent they floated — as if each  
 Sat breathless, and too awed 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 course ;  
When, hark ! — some desp'rate foot has sprung  
Among the rocks — the chain is flung —  
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 shudd'ring 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 awak'ning air,  
Which suddenly around her glow'd,  
That they had ris'n from darkness then,  
And breathed 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 thund'ring way !  
 The jackal's cry — the distant moan  
 Of the hyæna, fierce and lone —  
 And that eternal sadd'ning 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 whisp'ring 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 !

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 even ruin dear,—  
 Yet soon this gleam of rapture, cross'd  
 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 heart, 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 welcomed 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 quiv'ring 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  
E'er 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 wand'ring star of virtue back  
To his own native, heavenward track !  
Let him but live, and both are Thine,  
    Together thine — for, bless'd or cross'd,  
Living or dead, his doom is mine,  
    And, if *he* perish, both are lost ! ”

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.

Fadladeen, whose indignation had more than once broken out during the recital 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 : —

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.  
 'Twas 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 forgiv'n,  
 Shine, as they fall, with light from heav'n.

'T was stillness all — the winds that late  
 Had rush'd through Kerman's almond groves  
 And shaken from her bow'rs 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 awed as those who waken  
 In their dark tombs — when, scowling near  
 The Searchers of the Grave appear, —  
 She shudd'ring 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 heav'n 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 hellish 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,  
 Which, fancy tells her, from that brow  
 Is flashing o'er her fiercely now :  
 And shudd'ring 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 wond'ring 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 smiled  
 In her lone tow'r, and left such beams  
 Of his pure eye to light her dreams,  
 That she believed her bower had giv'n  
 Rest to some wanderer from heav'n !

Moments there are, and this was one,  
 Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun  
 Amid the black Simoon's eclipse —  
 Or, like those verdant spots that bloom  
 Around the crater's burning lips,  
 Sweet'ning 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-loved country, made  
A land of carcasses and slaves,  
One dreary waste of chains and graves ! —  
Himself but ling'ring, 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 gath'ring 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 loved — well, warmly loved —  
Oh ! in this precious hour he proved  
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 mis'ry'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'rds the ocean flood,  
 Where lightly o'er the illumined surge  
 Many a fair bark that, all the day,  
 Had lurk'd in shelt'ring creek or bay,  
 Now bounded on, and gave their sails,  
 Yet dripping, to the ev'ning gales ;  
 Like eagles, when the storm is done,  
 Spreading their wet wings in the sun  
 The beauteous clouds, though daylight **Star**  
 Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,  
 Were still with ling'ring glories bright, —  
 't is 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 giv'n,  
 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 gath'ring fast,  
 More faintly the horizon burns,  
 And every rosy tint that lay  
 On the smooth sea hath died away.  
 Hastily to the dark'ning 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 murd'rous 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 wond'ring Chief;—  
 "Alas, poor wilder'd maid ! to me  
 Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief.  
 Lost as I am, naught ever grew  
 Beneath my shade but perish'd too —  
 My doom is like the Dead Sea air,  
 And nothing lives that enters there !  
 Why were our barks together driv'n  
 Beneath this morning's furious heav'n ?  
 Why, when I saw the prize that chance  
 Had thrown into my desp'rate arms, —  
 When, casting but a single glance  
 Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,  
 I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er  
 Thy safety through that hour's alarms)  
 To meet th' unmanning sight no more —  
 Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow ?  
 Why weakly, madly met thee now ?—  
 Start not — that noise is but the shock  
 Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd —  
 Dread nothing here — upon this rock  
 We stand above the jarring world.  
 Alike beyond its hope — its dread —  
 In gloomy safety, like the Dead !

Or, could ev'n earth and hell unite  
 In league to storm this Sacred Height,  
 Fear nothing thou — myself, to-night,  
 And each o'erlooking star that dwells  
 Near God, will be thy sentinels; —  
 And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,  
 Back to thy sire — ”

“ To-morrow! — no ” —  
 The maiden scream'd — “ thou 'lt never see  
 To-morrow's sun — death, death will be  
 The night-cry through each reeking tower,  
 Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!  
 Thou art betray'd — some wretch who knew  
 That dreadful glen's mysterious clew —  
 Nay, doubt not — by yon stars, 't is true —  
 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 loved youth!  
 Fly — send — let some one watch the glen —  
 By all my hopes of heav'n '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 mazed 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 brows 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 :  
 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 suff'ring 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 wond'ring 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 chain  
 Hath left on Iran's neck a stain  
 Blood, blood alone can cleanse again !  
 Such are the swelling thoughts that now  
 Enthrone themselves on Hafed's brow ;  
 And ne'er did Saint of Issa gaze  
 On the red wreath, for martyrs twined,  
 More proudly than the youth surveys  
 That pile, which through the gloom behind,  
 Half lighted by the altar's fire,  
 Glimmers — his destined funeral pyre ?  
 Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,  
 Of ev'ry wood of odorous breath,  
 There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,  
 Ready to fold in radiant death  
 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 ev'ry moment teems with fear ?  
 " Hafed, my own beloved Lord,"  
 She kneeling cries — " first, last adored !

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 dark'ning 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 !  
 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-heaved 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 dang'rous 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 its 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 smiled 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 bless'd  
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 roused youth impatient flew  
To the tow'r-wall, where, high in view,

A pond'rous 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 mould'ring tow'r,  
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  
Went gayly 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 charged 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 paused before the flame  
To light their torches as they pass'd !  
'T was silence all — the youth had plann'd  
The duties of his soldier-band ;

And each determined 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 placed her in the shelter'd seat,  
And press'd her hand — that ling'ring 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 !  
'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 leaves 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  
 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, loved tenderly,  
 To the bleak flood they leave behind,  
 And on the deck still ling'ring 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  
 Enfranchised 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 accursed,  
 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 list'ning 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 vigor, 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 glitt'ring, deadly trail.

No torch the Ghebers need — so well  
 They know each myst'ry 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  
 Untamed 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 piled, —  
 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,

Still o'er their drowning bodies press  
 New victims quick and numberless ;  
 Till scarce an arm in Hased'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, quiv'ring 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, bridged with Moslem bodies o'er,

It bears aloft their slipp'ry 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 harder struggle died,  
 And still fought on by Hafed's side,  
 Who, fronting to the foe, trod back  
 Tow'rds 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 escaped — guide, torches gone —  
 By torrent beds and labyrinths cross'd,  
 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 desp'rate as more wrong,

Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,  
 Yet glitt'ring up those gloomy heights,  
 Their footing, mazed and lost, they miss,  
 And down the darkling precipice  
 Are dash'd into the deep abyss ;  
 Or midway hang, impaled on rocks,  
 A banquet, yet alive, for flocks  
 Of rav'ning vultures, — while the dell  
 Re-echoes with each horrid 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,  
 Resigned, 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 ling'ring 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 giv'n,  
 And his soul saw her by the light  
 Now breaking o'er itself from heav'n.

A voice spoke near him — 't was the tone  
 Of a loved 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 roused 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 heardst 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 tott'ring 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 with'ring 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  
 No. of this world, uplifts the frame  
 Of the fall'n Chief, and tow'rds 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 gen'rous Chieftain would not share

The secret of his final doom,  
 But hoped 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 cursed 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 whisp'ring tide ;  
 While every eye, in mute dismay,  
     Was tow'rd that fatal mountain turn'd,  
 Where the dim altar's quiv'ring ray,  
     As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh ! 't is not, Hinda, in the pow'r  
     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 lived 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 mould'ring 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, agonized 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 starlight 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 wond'ring 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 murd'rous 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 blazed 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  
 Shrined in its own grand element !

" 'T is he ! " — the shudd'ring 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 naught 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 flow'rs 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 ev'ry thing beauteous that grows in the deep ;  
 Each flow'r of the rock and each gem of the bellow  
 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.

THE singular placidity with which Fadladeen had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and Feramorz exceedingly; and even inclined towards him the hearts of those unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital,— which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Chabuk would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigor on the occasion, (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to Feramorz, and a place to Fadladeen,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out like poppies of the desert over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him

the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled the following evening in the pavilion, and Lalla Rookh was expecting to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian queen,—he agreeably disappointed her, by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passed off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and Imperial master, Aurungzebe,—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, Fadladeen, the very profitable posts of Betelecarrier, and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms, and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that Forbidden River, beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hus-sun Abdaul, which had always been a favorite resting-place of the Emperors in their annual migration to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehan-Guire, been known to wander with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would Lalla Rookh have been happy to remain forever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for Feramorz and love in this sweet lonely valley. But the time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer,—or, what was still worse, behold him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments,

which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eye became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment appeared an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy,—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge, who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a much freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While Fadladeen, in addition to the spiritual comfort derived by him from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint from whom the valley is named, had also opportunities of indulging, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards, which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill;—taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the Faithful say their prayers.

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens, which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still

though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to Lalla Rookh all that her heart could fancy of fragrance coolness and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, "it was too delicious;"— and here, in listening to the sweet voice of Feramorz, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal, the Light of the Haram, who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond, the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather hapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers' quarrel which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida, which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and Feramorz had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of Lalla Rookh's Persian slave, and thus began:—

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,  
 With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,  
 Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear  
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave ?

Oh ! to see it at sunset,— when warm o'er the Lake  
 Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,  
 Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take  
 A last look at her mirror at night ere she goes ! —  
 When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming  
 half shown,  
 And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.  
 Here the music of pray'r from a minaret swells,  
 Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swing-  
 ing  
 And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells  
 Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is  
 ringing, —  
 Or to see it by moonlight, — when mellowly shines  
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines ;  
 When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,  
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars  
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet  
 From the cool, shining walks where the young people  
 meet, —  
 Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes  
 A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,  
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one  
 Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.  
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day  
 From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away ;

And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover  
 The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.  
 When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,  
 And Day with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,  
 Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes  
 Sublime from that Valley of bliss to the world !

But never yet, by night or day,  
 In dew of spring or summer's ray,  
 Did the sweet Valley shine so gay  
 As now it shines — all love and light,  
 Visions by day and feasts by night !  
 A happier smile illumes each brow,  
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,  
 And all is ecstacy, — for now  
 The Valley holds its Feast of Roses ;  
 The joyous time, when pleasures pour  
 Profusely round and, in their shower  
 Hearts open, like the Season's Rose, —  
 The flow'ret of a hundred leaves,  
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,  
 And every leaf its balm receives.

'T was when the hour of evening came  
 Upon the Lake, serene and cool,  
 When Day had hid his sultry flame  
 Behind the palms of Baramoule,  
 When maids began to lift their heads,  
 Refresh'd from their embroider'd beds  
 Where they had slept the sun away  
 And waked to moonlight and to play.  
 All were abroad — the busiest hive  
 On Bela's hills is less alive,

When saffron-beds are full in flow'r,  
 Than look'd the Valley in that hour.  
 A thousand restless torches play'd  
 Through every grove and island shade ;  
 A thousand sparkling lamps were set  
 On every dome and minaret ;  
 And fields and pathways, far and near,  
 Were lighted by a blaze so clear,  
 That you could see, in wand'ring round,  
 The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.  
 Yet did the maids and matrons leave  
 Their veils at home, that brilliant eve ;  
 And there were glancing eyes about,  
 And cheeks, that would not dare shine out  
 In open day, but thought they might  
 Look lovely then, because 't was night.  
 And all was free, and wandering,

And all exclaim'd to all they met,  
 That never did the summer bring  
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet ;  
 The moon had never shed a light  
 So clear as that which bless'd them there ;  
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright,  
 Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flow'rs !  
 It seem'd as though from all the bow'rs  
 And fairest fields of all the year,  
 The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.  
 The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,  
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie, —  
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths  
 Had fall'n upon it from the sky !

And then the sounds of joy,—the beat  
 Of tabors and of dancing feet;—  
 The minaret-crier's chant of glee  
 Sung from his lighted gallery,  
 And answer'd by a ziraleet  
 From neighboring Haram, wild and sweet,--  
 The merry laughter, echoing  
 From gardens, where the silken swing  
 Wafts some delighted girl above  
 The top leaves of the orange-grove ;  
 Or, from those infant groups at play  
 Among the tents that line the way,  
 Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,  
 Handfuls of roses at each other.—

Then, the sounds from the Lake — the low whisp'-  
 ring in boats,  
 As they shoot through the moonlight ;— the dip-  
 ping of oars,  
 And the wild, airy warbling that ev'rywhere floats,  
 Through the groves, round the islands, as if all  
 the shores,  
 Like those of Kathay, utter'd music, and gave  
 An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.  
 But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling  
 That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—  
 Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power  
 Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.  
 Oh ! best of delights as it ev'rywhere is  
 To be near the loved *One*, — what a rapture is his  
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide  
 O'er the Lake of Cashmere, with that *One* by his side.  
 If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,  
 Think, think what a Heav'n she must make of Cash-  
 mere

So felt the magnificent Son of Acbar,  
 When from pow'r and pomp and the trophies of war  
 He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all  
 With the Light of the Haram, his young Nourmahal,  
 When free and uncrown'd as the Conqueror roved  
 By the banks of that lake, with his only beloved,  
 He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch  
 From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,  
 And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd  
 Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world.

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,  
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,  
 Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,  
 Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor.  
 This was not the beauty — oh, nothing like this  
 That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss,  
 But the loveliness, ever in motion, which plays  
 Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,  
 Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies  
 From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,  
 Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,  
 Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his dreams.  
 When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,  
 That charm of all others, was born with her face !  
 And when angry, — for ev'n in the tranquillest climes  
 Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes —  
 The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken  
 New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweetest when  
 shaken.

If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye  
 At once took a darker, a heav'nlier dye,  
 From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings  
 From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings

Then her mirth -- oh ! 't was sportive as ever took  
wing  
From the heart with a burst, like the wild bird in  
spring ;  
Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,  
Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.  
While her laugh, full of life, without any control  
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul,  
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover  
In lip, cheek, or eye, for she brighten'd all over, —  
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,  
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.  
Such, such were the peerless enchantments that gave  
Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her slave :  
And though bright was his Haram, — a living parterre  
Of flow'rs of this planet — though treasures were there,  
For which Soliman's self might have giv'n all the store  
That the navy from Ophir e'er wing'd to his shore,  
Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,  
And the Light of his Haram was young Nourmahal.

But where is she now, this night of joy,  
When bliss is every heart's employ ?  
When all around her is so bright,  
So like the visions of a trance,  
That one might think, who came by chance  
Into the vale this happy night,  
He saw that City of Delight  
In Fairy-land, whose streets and tow'rs  
Are made of gems, and light, and flow'rs !  
Where is the loved Sultana ? where,  
When mirth brings out the young and fair,  
Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,  
In melancholy stillness now ?

Alas! — how light a cause may move  
 Dissension between hearts that love!  
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
 And sorrow but more closely tied;  
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
 When heav'n was all tranquillity!  
 A something, light as air — a look,

A word unkind or wrongly taken —  
 Oh! love, that tempests never shook,  
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.  
 And ruder words will soon rush in  
 To spread the breach that words begin;  
 And eyes forget the gentle ray  
 They wore in courtship's smiling day;  
 And voices lose the tone that shed  
 A tenderness round all they said;  
 Till fast declining, one by one,  
 The sweetesses of love are gone,  
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
 Like broken clouds, — or like the stream,  
 That smiling left the mountain's brow

As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,  
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh, you, that have the charge of Love,  
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound  
 As in the Fields of Bliss above  
 He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd round.  
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,  
 Nor ever let him use his wings;

For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight  
 Will rob the plumes of half their light.  
 Like that celestial bird, — whose nest  
     Is found beneath far Eastern skies, —  
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,  
     Lose all their glory when he flies !

Some diff'rence of this dang'rous kind. —  
 By which, though light, the links that bind  
 The fondest hearts may soon be riv'n ;  
 Some shadow in Love's summer heav'n,  
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,  
 May yet in awful thunder burst ; —  
 Such cloud it is that now hangs over  
 The heart of the Imperial Lover,  
 And far hath banish'd from his sight  
 His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light !  
 Hence is it, on this happy night,  
 When Pleasure through the fields and groves  
 Has let loose all her world of loves,  
 And every heart has found its own,  
 He wanders, joyless and alone,  
 And weary as that bird of Thrace,  
 Whose pinion knows no resting-place.

In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes  
 This Eden of the Earth supplies  
     Come crowding round — the cheeks are pale,  
 The eyes are dim : — though rich the spot  
 With every flow'r this earth has got,  
     What is it to the nightingale,  
 If there his darling rose is not ?  
 In vain the Valley's smiling throng  
 Worship him, as he moves along ;

He heeds them not — one smile of hers  
 Is worth a world of worshippers.  
 They but the Star's adorers are,  
 She is the Heav'n that lights the Star !

Hence is it, too, that Nourmahal,  
 Amid the luxuries of this hour  
 Far from the joyous festival,  
 Sits in her own sequester'd bow'r,  
 With no one near to soothe or aid,  
 But that inspired and wondrous maid,  
 Namouna, the Enchantress ; — one,  
 O'er whom his race the golden sun  
 For unremember'd years has run,  
 Yet never saw her blooming brow  
 Younger or fairer than 't is now.  
 Nay, rather, — as the west wind's sigh  
 Freshens the flow'r it passes by, —  
 Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,  
 To leave her lovelier than before.  
 Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,  
 And when, as oft, she spoke or sung  
 Of other worlds, there came a light  
 From her dark eyes so strangely bright,  
 That all believ'd nor man nor earth  
 Were conscious of Namouna's birth !

All spells and talismans she knew,  
 From the great Mantra, which around  
 The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,  
 To the gold gems of Afric, bound  
 Upon the wand'ring Arab's arm,  
 To keep him from the Siltim's harm ;

And she had pledged her powerful art,—  
 Pledged it with all the zeal and heart  
 Of one who knew, though high her sphere,  
 What 't was to lose a love so dear,—  
 To find some spell that should recall  
 Her Selim's smile to Nourmahal !

'T was midnight — through the lattice, wreath'd  
 With woodbine, many a perfume breathed  
 From plants that wake when others sleep,  
 From timid jasmine buds, that keep  
 Their odor to themselves all day,  
 But, when the sunlight dies away,  
 Let the delicious secret out  
 To every breeze that roams about; —  
 When thus Namouna : — " 'T is the hour  
 That scatters spells on herb and flow'r,  
 And garlands might be gather'd now,  
 That, twined around the sleeper's brow,  
 Would make him dream of such delights,  
 Such miracles and dazzling sights,  
 As Genii of the Sun behold,  
 At evening, from their tents of gold  
 Upon th' horizon — where they play  
 Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,  
 Their sunny mansions melt away.  
 Now, too, a chaplet might be wreath'd  
 Of buds o'er which the moon has breath'd,  
 Which worn by her, whose love has stray'd,  
 Might bring some Peri from the skies,  
 Some sprite, whose very soul is made  
 Of flow'rets' breaths and lovers' sighs,  
 And who might tell — "

“ For me, for me,”  
 Cried Nourmahal impatiently, —  
 “ Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night.”  
 Then, rapidly, with foot as light  
 As the young musk-roe’s, out she flew,  
 To cull each shining leaf that grew  
 Beneath the moonlight’s hallowing beams,  
 For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams  
 Anemones and Seas of Gold,  
 And new-blown lilies of the river,  
 And those sweet flow’rets, that unfold  
 Their buds on Camadeva’s quiver; —  
 The tube-rose, with her silv’ry light,  
 That in the Gardens of Malay  
 Is call’d the Mistress of the Night,  
 So like a bride, scented and bright,  
 She comes out when the sun’s away; —  
 Amaranths, such as crown the maids  
 That wander through Zamara’s shades; —  
 And the white moon-flow’r, as it shows,  
 On Serendib’s high crags, to those  
 Who near the isle at evening sail,  
 Scenting her clove-trees in the gale; —  
 In short, all flow’rets and all plants,  
 From the divine Amrita tree,  
 That blesses heaven’s inhabitants  
 With fruits of immortality,  
 Down to the basil tuft, that waves,  
 Its fragrant blossom over graves,  
 And to the humble rosemary,  
 Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed  
 To scent the desert and the dead: —  
 All in that garden bloom, and all  
 Are gather’d by young Nourmahal,

Who heaps her basket with the flow'rs  
 And leaves, till they can hold no more;  
 Then to Namcuna flies, and show'rs  
 Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight th' Enchantress views  
 So many buds, bathed with the dews  
 And beams of that bless'd hour! — her glance  
 Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,  
 As, in a kind of holy trance,  
 She hung above those fragrant treasures,  
 Bending to drink their balmy airs,  
 As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.  
 And 't was, indeed, the perfume shed  
 From flow'rs and scented flame, that fed  
 Her charmed life — for none had e'er  
 Beheld her taste of mortal fare,  
 Nor ever in aught earthly dip,  
 But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.  
 Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,  
 Th' Enchantress now begins her spell,  
 Thus singing as she winds and weaves  
 In mystic form the glittering leaves.

I know where the winged visions dwell  
 That around the night-bed play;  
 I know each herb and flow'ret's bell,  
 Where they hide their wings by day;  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies  
 To visit the bashful maid.

Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs  
 Its soul, like her, in the shade.  
 The dream of a future, happier hour,  
 That alights on misery's brow,  
 Springs out of the silvery almond-flow'r,  
 That blooms on a leafless bough.  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes  
 The glitter of mines unfold,  
 Inhabit the mountain-herb, that dyes  
 The tooth of the fawn like gold.  
 The phantom shapes—oh touch not them —  
 That appal the murd'rer's sight,  
 Lurk in the fleshy mandrake's stem,  
 That shrieks, when pluck'd at night !  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injured, patient mind,  
 That smiles with the wrongs of men,  
 Is found in the bruised and wounded rind  
 Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

No sooner was the flow'ry crown  
 Placed on her head, than sleep came down,  
 Gently as nights of summer fall,  
 Upon the lids of Nourmahal :—

And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,  
 As full of small, rich harmonies  
 As ever wind, that o'er the tents  
 Of Azab blew, was full of scents,  
 Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,  
 Like the first air of morning creeping  
 Into those wreathy, Red Sea shells,  
 Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping;  
 And now a Spirit form'd, 't would seem,  
 Of music and of light, — so fair,  
 So brilliantly his features beam,  
 And such a sound is in the air  
 Of sweetness when he waves his wings, —  
 Hovers around her, and thus sings:

From Chindara's warbling fount I come,  
 Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;  
 From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,  
 Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.  
 Where lutes in the air are heard about,  
 And voices are singing the whole day long,  
 And every sigh the heart breathes out  
 Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song;  
 Hither I come  
 From my fairy home,  
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain,  
 I swear by the breath  
 Of that moonlight wreath,  
 Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,  
 And mine are the murmur'ring, dying notes,

That fall as soft as snow on the sea,  
 And melt in the heart as instantly :—  
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,  
     Refines the bosom it trembles through,  
 As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,  
     Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway  
 The Spirits of past Delight obey ;—  
 Let but the tuneful talisman sound,  
 And they come, like genii, hov'ring round.  
 And mine is the gentle song that bears  
     From soul to soul, the wishes of love,  
 As a bird, that wafts through genial airs  
     The cinnamon-seed from grove to grove.

'T is I that mingle in one sweet measure  
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure ;  
 When Memory links the tone that is gone  
     With the blissful tone that's still in the ear,  
 And Hope from a heavenly note flies on  
     To a note more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,  
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be  
 As his own white plume, that high amid death  
 Through the field has shone — yet moves with  
     a breath !

And, oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,  
     When Music has reach'd her inward soul,  
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen  
     While Heaven's eternal melodies roll.

So hither I come  
 From my fairy home,  
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain  
 I swear by the breath  
 Of that moonlight wreath,  
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

'T is dawn — at least that earlier dawn,  
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,  
 As if the morn had waked, and then  
 Shut close her lids of light again.  
 And Nourmahal is up, and trying  
 The wonders of her lute, whose strings —  
 Oh bliss! — now murmur like the sighing  
 From that ambrosial Spirit's wings.  
 And then, her voice — 't is more than human —  
 Never, till now, had it been given  
 To lips of any mortal woman  
 To utter notes so fresh from heaven;  
 Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,  
 When angel sighs are most divine. —  
 "Oh! let it last till night," she cries,  
 "And he is more than ever mine."  
 And hourly she renews the lay,  
 So fearful lest its heav'nly sweetness  
 Should, ere the evening, fade away, —  
 For things so heav'nly have such fleetness.  
 But, far from fading, it but grows,  
 Richer, diviner as it flows;  
 Till rapt she dwells on every string,  
 And pours again each sound along,  
 Like echo, lost and languishing,  
 In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening, (trusting that his soul  
 Might be from haunting love released  
 By mirth, by music, and the bowl,) —  
 Th' Imperial Selim held a feast  
 In his magnificent Shalimar : —  
 In whose Saloons, when the first star  
 Of evening o'er the waters trembled,  
 The Valley's loveliest all assembled ;  
 All the bright creatures that, like dreams,  
 Glide through its foliage, and drink beams  
 Of beauty from its founts and streams ;  
 And all those wand'ring minstrel-maids,  
 Who leave — how *can* they leave ? — the shades  
 Of that dear Valley, and are found  
 Singing in gardens of the South  
 Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound  
 As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile ; —  
 Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,  
 And from the Gardens of the Nile,  
 Delicate as the roses there ; —  
 Daughters of Love from Cyprus' rocks,  
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks. —  
 Like Peri forms, such as they are  
 On the gold meads of Candahar ;  
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,  
 In their own bright Kathaian bow'rs,  
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,  
 That they might fancy the rich flow'rs,  
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,  
 Had been by magic all set flying.  
 Every thing young, every thing fair  
 From East and West is blushing there,

Except — except — oh, Nourmahal !  
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,  
 The one, whose smile shone out alone,  
 Amidst a world the only one ;  
 Whose light, among so many lights,  
 Was like that star on starry nights,  
 The seaman singles from the sky,  
 To steer his bark for ever by !  
 Thou wert not there — so Selim thought,  
 And every thing seem'd drear without thee  
 But, ah ! thou wert, thou wert, — and brought  
 Thy charm of song all fresh about thee  
 Mingling unnoticed with a band  
 Of lutanists from many a land,  
 And veil'd by such a mask as shades  
 The features of young Arab maids, —  
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,  
 To do its best in witchery, —  
 She roved, with beating heart, around,  
 And waited, trembling, for the minute,  
 When she might try if still the sound  
 Of her loved lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine ;  
 With grapes of gold, like those that shine  
 On Casbin's hills : — pomegranates full  
 Of melting sweetness, and the pears,  
 And sunniest apples that Canbul  
 In all its thousand gardens bears ;  
 Plantains, the golden and the green,  
 Malaya's nectar'd mangusteen ;  
 Prunes of Bokhara, and sweet nuts  
 From the far groves of Samarcand.

And Basra dates, and apricots,

    Seed of the Sun, from Iran's land ; —  
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,  
Of orange flowers, and of those berries  
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles  
Feed on in Erac's rocky dells.

All these in richest vases smile,

    In baskets of pure sandal-wood,  
And urns of porcelain from that isle  
    Sunk underneath the Indian flood,  
Whence oft the lucky diver brings  
Vases to grace the halls of kings.  
Wines, too, of every clime and hue,  
Around their liquid lustre threw ;  
Amber Rosolli, — the bright dew  
From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing  
And Shiraz wine, that richly ran  
    As if that jewel, large and rare,  
The ruby for which Kublai Khan  
Offer'd a city's wealth, was blushing,  
    Melted within the goblets there !

And amply Selim quaffs of each,  
And seems resolved the flood shall reach  
His inward heart, — shedding around

    A genial deluge, as they run,  
That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,

    For Love to rest his wings upon.

He little knew how well the boy

    Can float upon a goblet's streams,  
Lighting them with his smile of joy ; —

    As bards have seen him in their dreams.  
Down the blue Ganges laughing glide  
    Upon a rosy lotus wreath,

Catching new lustre from the tide  
 That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid  
 Of song to speed them as they flow ?  
 And see — a lovely Georgian maid,  
 With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow  
 Of her own country maidens' looks,  
 When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks ;  
 And with an eye, whose restless ray,  
 Full, floating, dark — oh, he who knows  
 His heart is weak, of Heav'n should pray  
 To guard him from such eyes as those ! —  
 With a voluptuous wildness flings  
 Her snowy hand across the strings  
 Of a syrinda, and thus sings : —

Come hither, come hither — by night and by day,  
 We linger in pleasures that never are gone ;  
 Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,  
 Another as sweet and as shining comes on.  
 And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth  
 To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss ;  
 And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh  
 As the flow'r of the Amra just oped by a bee ;  
 And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,  
 Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.  
 Oh ! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth  
 When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss  
 And own if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallow'd by love,  
 Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,  
 Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above,  
 And forgot heav'n's stars for the eyes we have here.  
 And, bless'd with the odor our goblet gives forth,  
 What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss ?  
 For, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,  
 When the same measure, sound for sound,  
 Was caught up by another lute,  
 And so divinely breathed around,  
 That all stood hush'd and wondering,  
 And turn'd and look'd into the air,  
 As if they thought to see the wing  
 Of Israfil, the angel, there ; —  
 So pow'rfully on ev'ry soul  
 That new, enchanted measure stole.  
 While now a voice, sweet as the note  
 Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float  
 Along its chords, and so entwine  
 Its sounds with theirs, that none knew whether  
 The voice or lute was most divine,  
 So wondrously they went together : —

There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,  
 When two, that are link'd in one heav'nly tie  
 With heart never changing, and brow never cold,  
 Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.  
 One hour of a passion so sacred is worth  
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss.  
 And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

"T was not the air, 't was not the words,  
 But that deep magic in the chords  
 And in the lips, that gave such pow'r  
 As music knew not till that hour.  
 At once a hundred voices said,  
 "It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"  
 While Selim, who had felt the strain  
 Deepest of any, and had lain  
 Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,  
 After the fairy sounds were o'er,  
 Too inly touch'd for utterance,  
 Now motion'd with his hand for more.

Fly to the desert, fly with me,  
 Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;  
 But, oh ! the choice what heart can doubt  
 Of tents with love, or thrones without ?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there  
 Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,  
 Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less  
 For flow'ring in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope  
 The silv'ry-footed antelope  
 As gracefully and gayly springs  
 As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come — thy Arab maid will be  
 The loved and lone acacia-tree,  
 The antelope, whose feet shall bless  
 With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart  
 An instant sunshine through the heart, --  
 As if the soul that minute caught  
 Some treasure it through life had sought ;

As if the very lips and eyes,  
 Predestined to have all our sighs,  
 And never be forgot again,  
 Sparkled and spoke before us then !

So came thy ev'ry glance and tone  
 When first on me they breathed and shone ;  
 New, as if brought from other spheres,  
 Yet welcome as if loved for years.

Then fly with me, — if thou hast known  
 No other flame, nor falsely thrown  
 A gem away, that thou hadst sworn  
 Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me,  
 Is pure and fresh as mine for thee, —  
 Fresh as the fountain under ground,  
 When first 't is by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake  
 Some other maid, and rudely break  
 Her worshipp'd image from its base  
 To give to me the ruin'd place, —

Then, fare thee well — I 'd rather make  
 My bower upon some icy lake  
 When thawing suns begin to shine,  
 Than trust to love so false as thine

There was a pathos in this lay,  
That, ev'n without enchantment's art,  
Would instantly have found its way  
Deep into Selim's burning heart;  
But, breathing, as it did, a tone  
To earthly lutes and lips unknown;  
With every chord fresh from the touch,  
Of Music's Spirit — 't was too much!  
Starting, he dash'd away the cup, —  
Which, all the time of this sweet air,  
His hand had held, untasted, up,  
As if 't were fix'd by magic there,  
And naming her, so long unnamed,  
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,  
"Oh Nourmahal! oh Nourmahal!  
Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,  
I could forget — forgive thee all,  
And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off — the charm is wrought —  
And Selim to his heart has caught,  
In blushes, more than ever bright,  
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light!  
And well do vanish'd frowns enhance  
The charm of every brighten'd glance;  
And dearer seems each dawning smile  
For having lost its light awhile;  
And, happier now for all her sighs,  
As on his arm her head reposes,  
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,  
"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses."

FADLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cash merian's poetry, — of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, “frivolous” — “inharmonious” — “nonsensical,” he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favorable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream, — a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions, — not to mention dews, gems, &c. — was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers ; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion, — these were the themes honored with his particular enthusiasm ; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palitable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful, wine ; — “being, perhaps,” said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, “one of those bards whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain, so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it.” Upon the whole, it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard,

and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that — whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess — poetry was by no means his proper avocation ; “ and indeed,” concluded the critic, “ from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet.”

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India ; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalla Rookh saw no more of Feramorz. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart’s refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret — though not without some suspicion of the cause — that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when instead of the lively and beautiful Lalla Rookh, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the house of Azor, he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled, — to hide himself in her heart ?

If any thing could have charmed away the mel-

ancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled. But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains, — neither the splendor of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottoes, hermitages, and miraculous fountains, which make every spot of that region holy ground, — neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre ; — not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened, and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honor to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-colored tortoise-shell of Pegu. Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fireworks would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might fancy he beheld that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth ; — while, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by

which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon ; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters, who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fireworks delighted the Ladies of the Princess exceedingly ; and with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could Lalla Rookh herself help feeling the kindness and splendor with which the young bridegroom welcomed her ;— but she also felt how painful is the gratitude, which kindness from those we cannot love excites ; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though never before had a night of more wakeful and anxious thought been passed in the Happy Valley, yet, when she rose in the morning and her Ladies came round her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul beaming from the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-colored bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to

convey her across the lake ;— first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father at parting had hung about her neck.

The morning was as fresh and fair as the maid on whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To Lalla Rookh alone it was a melancholy pageant ; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of Feramorz. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed on the way, at which her heart did not flutter with the momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell ! — In the barge immediately after the Princess sat Fadladeen, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, “ concerning Feramorz, and literature, and the Chabuk, as connected therewith.”

They now had entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar and went gliding on through the gardens that ascended from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume ; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like tall pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the

arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride ; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she could walk up the marble steps which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Coolburga, on one of which sat Aliris, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of Lalla Rookh into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her ; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise, and fainted at his feet. It was Feramorz himself that stood before her ! — Feramorz, was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of Fadladeen at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly : he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested ; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch Aliris, and, moreover, ready to prescribe his favorite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia

after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of Lalla Rookh, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than Feramorz.

ODES OF ANACREON.



## ODES OF ANACREON.

## ODE I.

I SAW the smiling bard of pleasure,  
 The minstrel of the Teian measure.  
 'T was in a vision of the night,  
 He beam'd upon my wondering sight ;  
 I heard his voice, and warmly press'd  
 The dear enthusiast to my breast.  
 His tresses wore a silvery dye,  
 But Beauty sparkled in his eye ;  
 Sparkled in his eyes of fire,  
 Through the mist of soft desire.  
 His lip exhaled, whene'er he sigh'd,  
 The fragrance of the racy tide ;  
 And, as with weak and reeling feet  
 He came my cordial kiss to meet,  
 An infant, of the Cyprian band,  
 Guided him on with tender hand.  
 Quick from his glowing brows he drew  
 His braid, of many a wanton hue ;  
 I took the wreath, whose inmost twine  
 Breathed of him and blush'd with wine ;  
 I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,  
 And ah ! I feel its magic now :  
 I feel that even his garland's touch  
 Can make the bosom love too much.

## ODE II.

Give me the harp of epic song,  
 Which Homer's finger thrill'd along ;  
 But tear away the sanguine string,  
 For war is not the theme I sing.  
 Proclaim the laws of festal rite,  
 I'm monarch of the board to-night  
 And all around shall brim as high,  
 And quaff the tide as deep as I.  
 And when the cluster's mellowing dews  
 Their warm enchanting balm infuse,  
 Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound  
 And reel us through the dance's round.  
 Great Bacchus ! we shall sing to thee,  
 In wild but sweetebriety ;  
 Flashing around such sparks of thought,  
 As Bacchus could alone have taught.

Then, give the harp of epic song,  
 Which Homer's finger thrill'd along ;  
 But tear away the sanguine string,  
 For war is not the theme I sing

## ODE III.

LISTEN to the Muse's lyre,  
 Master of the pencil's fire !  
 Sketch'd in painting's bold display,  
 Many a city first portray ;  
 Many a city, revelling free,  
 Full of loose festivity.  
 Picture then a rosy train,  
 Bacchants straying o'er the plain  
 Piping, as they roam along,  
 Roundelay or shepherd-song.  
 Paint me next, if painting may  
 Such a theme as this portray,  
 All the earth's heaven of love  
 These delighted mortals prove.

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 ODE IV.

VULCAN ! hear your glorious task  
 I do not from your labors ask  
 In gorgeous panoply to shine,  
 For war was ne'er a sport of mine.  
 No — let me have a silver bowl,  
 Where I may cradle all my soul ;

But mind that, o'er its simple frame  
No mimic constellations flame;  
Nor grave upon the swelling side  
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.  
I care not for the glitt'ring wain,  
Nor yet the weeping sister train.  
But let the vine luxuriant roll  
Its blushing tendrils round the bowl,  
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid  
Is culling clusters in their shade  
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,  
Wildly press the gushing grapes,  
And flights of Loves, in wanton play,  
Wing through the air their winding way;  
While Venus from her harbor green,  
Looks laughing at the joyous scene,  
And young Lyæus by her side  
Sits, worthy of so bright a bride.

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## ODE V.

**S**CULPTOR, wouldst thou glad my soul,  
Grave for me an ample bowl,  
Worthy to shine in hall or bower,  
When spring-time brings the reveller's hour.  
Grave it with themes of chaste design,  
Fit for a simple board like mine.  
Display not there the barbarous rites  
In which religious zeal delights

Nor any tale of tragic fate  
 Which History shudders to relate.  
 No — cull thy fancies from above,  
 Themes of heav'n and themes of love.  
 Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,  
 Distil the grape in drops of joy,  
 And while he smiles at every tear,  
 Let warm-eyed Venus, dancing near.  
 With spirits of the genial bed,  
 The dewy herbage deftly tread.  
 Let Love be there, without his arms,  
 In timid nakedness of charms ;  
 And all the Graces, link'd with Love.  
 Stray, laughing, through the shadowy grove  
 While rosy boys disporting round,  
 In circlets trip the velvet ground  
 But ah ! if there Apollo toys,  
 I tremble for the rosy boys

## ODE VI.

As late I sought the spangled bowers,  
 To cull a wreath of matin flowers,  
 Where many an early rose was weeping,  
 I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.  
 I caught the boy, a goblet's tide  
 Was richly mantling by my side,  
 I caught him by his downy wing,  
 And whelm'd him in the racy spring

Then drank I down the poison'd bowl,  
And Love now nestles in my soul.  
Oh yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,  
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

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## ODE VII.

THE women tell me every day  
That all my bloom has pass'd away ;  
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,  
"Behold this mirror with a sigh ;  
The locks upon thy brow are few,  
And, like the rest, are withering too."  
Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,  
I'm sure I neither know nor care ;  
But this I know, and this I feel,  
As onward to the tomb I steal,  
That still as death approaches nearer,  
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer ;  
And had I but an hour to live,  
That little hour to bliss I'd give.

## ODE VIII.

I CARE not for the idle state  
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great ;  
I envy not the monarch's throne,  
Nor wish the treasured gold my own ;  
But oh ! be mine the rosy wreath,  
Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe ;  
Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,  
To cool and scent my locks of snow.  
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,  
As if to-morrow ne'er would shine ;  
But if to-morrow comes, why then  
I 'll haste to quaff my wine again.  
And thus while all our days are bright,  
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,  
Let us the festal hours beguile  
With mantling cup and cordial smile ;  
And shed from each new bowl of wine  
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine.  
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,  
May come when least we wish him present,  
And beckon to the sable shore,  
And grimly bid us — drink no more.

## ODE IX.

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,  
 Give me the mighty bowl I love,  
 And let me sing, in wild delight,  
 'I will — I will be mad to-night !'  
 Alcmæon once, as legends tell,  
 Was frenzied by the fiends of hell ;  
 Orestes too, with naked tread,  
 Frantic paced the mountain-head ;  
 And why ? a murder'd mother's shade  
 Haunted them still where'er they stray'd.  
 But ne'er could I a murderer be,  
 The grape alone shall bleed by me  
 Yet can I shout, with wild delight,  
 "I will — I will be mad to-night !"

Alcides' self, in days of yore,  
 In brued his hands in youthful gore,  
 And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,  
 The quiver of th' expiring boy :  
 And Ajax, with tremendous shield,  
 Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.  
 But I, whose hands no weapon ask,  
 No armor but this joyous flask ;  
 The trophy of whose frantic hours  
 Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers,  
 Ev'n I can sing with wild delight,  
 "I will — I will be mad to-night !"

## ODE X.

How am I to punish thee,  
 For the wrong thou 'st done to me  
 Silly swallow, prating thing —  
 Shall I clip that wheeling wing ?  
 Or, as Tereus did, of old,  
 (So the fabled tale is told,)  
 Shall I tear that tongue away,  
 Tongue that utter'd such a lay  
 Ah, how thoughtless hast thou been !  
 Long before the dawn was seen,  
 When a dream came o'er my mind,  
 Picturing her I worship, kind,  
 Just when I was nearly blest,  
 Loud thy matins broke my rest !

## ODE XL.

“TELL me, gentle youth, I pray thee  
 What in purchase shall I pay thee  
 For this little waxen toy,  
 Image of the Paphian boy ?”  
 Thus I said, the other day,  
 To a youth who pass'd my way

"Sir," (he answer'd, and the while  
 Answer'd all in Doric style,)  
 "Take it, for a trifle take it;  
 'T was not I who dared to make it;  
 No, believe me, 't was not I;  
 Oh, it has cost me many a sigh,  
 And I can no longer keep  
 Little gods, who murder sleep!"  
 "Here, then, here," (I said with joy,  
 "Here is silver for the boy:  
 He shall be my bosom guest,  
 Idol of my pious breast!"  
 Now, young Love, I have thee mine,  
 Warm me with that torch of thine;  
 Make me feel as I have felt,  
 Or thy waxen frame shall melt:  
 I must burn with warm desire,  
 Or thou, my boy — in yonder fire

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### ODE XII

THEY tell how Atys, wild with love,  
 Roams the mount and haunted grove  
 Cybele's name he howls around,  
 The gloomy blast returns the sound!  
 Oft too, by Claros' haunted spring,  
 The votaries of the laurell'd king  
 Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,  
 And rave in wild, prophetic dream.

But frenzied dreams are not for me  
 Great Bacchus is my deity !  
 Full of mirth and full of him,  
 While floating odors round me swim,  
 While mantling bowls are full supplied  
 And you sit blushing by my side,  
 I will be mad and raving too —  
 Mad, my girl, with love for you !

## ODE XIII.

I WILL, I will, the conflict 's past,  
 And I 'll consent to love at last.  
 Cupid has long, with smiling art,  
 Invited me to yield my heart ;  
 And I have thought that peace of mind  
 Should not be for a smile resign'd :  
 And so repell'd the tender lure,  
 And hoped my heart would sleep secure.

But, slighted in his boasted charms,  
 The angry infant flew to arms ;  
 He slung his quiver's golden frame,  
 He took his bow, his shafts of flame,  
 And proudly summon'd me to yield,  
 Or meet him on the martial field.  
 And what did I unthinking do ?  
 I took to arms, undaunted, too

Assumed the corslet, shield, and spear,  
And, like Pelides, smiled at fear.  
Then (hear it, all ye powers above ! )  
I fought with Love ! I fought with Love !  
And now his arrows all were shed,  
And I had just in terror fled —  
When, heaving an indignant sigh,  
To see me thus unwounded fly,  
And, having now no other dart,  
He shot himself into my heart !  
My heart — alas the luckless day !  
Received the god, and died away.  
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield  
Thy lord at length is forced to yield.  
Vain, vain, is every outward care,  
The foe 's within, and triumphs there.

---

## ODE XIV.

COUNT me, on the summer trees,  
Every leaf that courts the breeze  
Count me, on the foamy deep,  
Every wave that sinks to sleep,  
Then, when you have number'd these  
Billowy tides and leafy trees,  
Count me all the flames I prove,  
All the gentle nymphs I love.  
First, of pure Athenian maids  
Sporting in their olive shades.

You may reckon just a score,  
 Nay, I 'll grant you fifteen more.  
 In the famed Corinthian grove,  
 Where such countless wantons rove,  
 Chains of beauties may be found,  
 Chains, by which my heart is bound ;  
 There, indeed, are nymphs divine,  
 Dangerous to a soul like mine.  
 Many bloom in Lesbos' isle ;  
 Many in Ionia smile ;  
 Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast ;  
 Caria too contains a host.  
 Sum them all — of brown and fair  
 You may count two thousand there.  
 What, you stare ? I pray you, peace  
 More I 'll find before I cease.  
 Have I told you all my flames,  
 'Mong the amorous Syrian dames ?  
 Have I number'd every one,  
 Glowing under Egypt's sun ?  
 Or the nymphs, who, blushing sweet,  
 Deck the shrine of Love in Crete ;  
 Where the God, with festal play,  
 Holds eternal holiday ?  
 Still in clusters, still remain  
 Gades' warm, desiring train ;  
 Still there lies a myriad more  
 On the sable India's shore ;  
 These, and many far removed,  
 All are loving — all are loved

## ODE XV

TELL me, why, my sweetest dove,  
 Thus your humid pinions move,  
 Shedding through the air in showers  
 Essence of the balmiest flowers ?  
 Tell me whither, whence you rove,  
 Tell me all, my sweetest dove

Curious stranger, I belong  
 To the bard of Teian song ;  
 With his mandate now I fly  
 To the nymph of azure eye ; —  
 She, whose eye has madden'd many  
 But the poet more than any.  
 Venus, for a hymn of love,  
 Warbled in her votive grove,  
 ('T was in sooth a gentle lay,)  
 Gave me to the bard away.  
 See me now his faithful minion. —  
 Thus with softly-gliding pinion,  
 To his lovely girl I bear  
 Songs of passion through the air.  
 Oft he blandly whispers me,  
 "Soon, my bird, I 'll set you free."  
 But in vain he 'll bid me fly,  
 I shall serve him till I die.  
 Never could my plumes sustain  
 Ruffling winds and chilling rain,

O'er the plains, or in the dell,  
 On the mountain's savage swell,  
 Seeking in the desert wood  
 Gloomy shelter, rustic food.  
 Now I lead a life of ease,  
 Far from rustic haunts like these.  
 From Anacreon's hand I eat  
 Food delicious, viands sweet ;  
 Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,  
 Sip the foamy wine with him.  
 Then when I have wanton'd round  
 To his lyre's beguiling sound ;  
 Or with gently-moving wings  
 Fann'd the minstrel while he sings  
 On his harp I sink in slumbers,  
 Dreaming still of dulcet numbers !

This is all — away — away —  
 You have made me waste the day.  
 How I 've chatter'd ! prating crow  
 Never yet did chatter so.



## ODE XVI.

THOU, whose soft and rosy hues  
 Mimic form and soul infuse,  
 Best of painters, come, portray  
 The lovely maid that 's far away

Far away, my soul ! thou art,  
But I've thy beauties all by heart  
Paint her jetty ringlets playing,  
Silky locks, like tendrils straying  
And, if painting hath the skill  
To make the spicy balm distil,  
Let every little lock exhale  
A sigh of perfume on the gale.  
Where her tresses' curly flow  
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,  
Let her forehead beam to light,  
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.  
Let her eyebrows smoothly rise  
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,  
Each, a crescent gently gliding,  
Just commingling, just dividing.

But, hast thou any sparkles warm,  
The lightning of her eyes to form  
Let them effuse the azure rays  
That in Minerva's glances blaze,  
Mix'd with the liquid light that lies  
In Cytherea's languid eyes.  
O'er her nose and cheek be shed  
Flushing white and soften'd red ;  
Mingling tints, as when there glows  
In snowy milk the bashful rose.  
Then her lip, so rich in blisses,  
Sweet petitioner for kisses,  
Rosy nest, where lurks Persuasion  
Mutely courting Love's invasion.  
Next, beneath the velvet chin,  
Whose dimple hides a Love within.

Mould her neck with grace descending,  
In a heaven of beauty ending ;  
While countless charms, above, below,  
Sport and flutter round its snow.  
Now let a floating, lucid veil  
Shadow her form, but not conceal ;  
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,  
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.  
Enough — 't is she ! 't is all I seek ;  
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak !

---

## ODE XVII.

AND now with all thy pencil's truth,  
Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth !  
Let his hair, in masses bright,  
Fall like floating rays of light ;  
And there the raven's dye confuse  
With the golden sunbeam's hues.  
Let no wreath, with artful twine,  
The flowing of his locks confine ;  
But leave them loose to every breeze,  
To take what shape and course they please.  
Beneath the forehead, fair as snow,  
But flush'd with manhood's early glow,  
And guileless as the dews of dawn,  
Let the majestic brows be drawn,  
Of ebon hue, enrich'd by gold.  
Such as dark, shining snakes unfold.

Mix in his eyes the power alike,  
With love to win, with awe to strike ;  
Borrow from Mars his look of ire,  
From Venus her soft glance of fire ;  
Blend them in such expression here,  
That we by turns may hope and fear !

Now from the sunny apple seek  
The velvet down that spreads his cheek  
And there, if art so far can go,  
Th' ingenious blush of boyhood show.  
While, for his mouth — but no, — in vain  
Would words its witching charm explain.  
Make it the very seat, the throne,  
That Eloquence would claim her own ;  
And let the lips, though silent, wear  
A life-look, as if words were there.

Next thou his ivory neck must trace,  
Moulded with soft but manly grace ;  
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,  
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.  
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,  
With which he waves his snaky wand ;  
Let Bacchus the broad chest supply,  
And Leda's sons the sinewy thigh ;  
While, through his whole transparent frame  
Thou show'st the stirrings of that flame,  
Which kindles, when the first love-sigh  
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.  
But sure thy pencil, though so bright,  
Is envious of the eye's delight,  
Or its enamor'd touch would show  
The shoulder, fair as sunless snow

Which now in veiling shadow lies,  
Removed from all but Fancy's eyes.  
Now, for his feet — but hold — forbear —  
I see the sun-god's portrait there ;  
Why paint Bathyllus ? when, in truth,  
There, in that god, thou 'st sketch'd the youth.  
Enough — let this bright form be mine,  
And send the boy to Samos' shrine ;  
Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,  
Bathyllus then, the deity !

---

## ODE XVIII.

Now the star of day is high,  
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,  
Bring me wine in brimming urns,  
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns !  
Sunn'd by the meridian fire,  
Panting, languid, I expire.  
Give me all those humid flowers,  
Drop them o'er my brow in showers.  
Scarce a breathing chaplet now  
Lives upon my feverish brow ;  
Every dewy rose I wear  
Sheds its tears, and withers there,  
But to you, my burning heart,  
What can now relief impart ?  
Can brimming bowl, or flowret's dew  
Cool the flame that scorches you ?

## ODE XIX

HERE recline you, gentle maid,  
 Sweet in this embowering shade ;  
 Sweet the young, the modest tree,  
 Ruffled by the kissing breeze ;  
 Sweet the little founts that weep,  
 Lulling soft the mind to sleep ;  
 Hark ! they whisper as they roll,  
 Calm persuasion to the soul ;  
 Tell me, tell me, is not this  
 All a stilly scene of bliss ?  
 Who, my girl, would pass it by ?  
 Surely neither you nor I.

## ODE XX.

ONE day the Muses twined the hands  
 Of infant Love with flow'ry bands ;  
 And to celestial Beauty gave  
 The captive infant for her slave.  
 His mother comes, with many a toy,  
 To ransom her beloved boy ;  
 His mother sues, but all in vain, —  
 He ne'er will leave his chains again

Even should they take his chains away,  
The little captive still would stay.  
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,  
Oh, who could wish for liberty?"

---

## ODE XXI.

OBSERVE when mother earth is dry,  
She drinks the droppings of the sky,  
And then the dewy cordial gives  
To ev'ry thirsty plant that lives.  
The vapors, which at evening weep,  
Are beverage to the swelling deep ;  
And when the rosy sun appears,  
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.  
The moon, too, quaffs her paly stream  
Of lustre from the solar beam.  
Then, hence with all your sober thinking,  
Since Nature's holy law is drinking ;  
I'll make the laws of nature mine,  
And pledge the universe in wine.

## ODE XXII.

THE Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,  
 Was once a weeping matron's form ;  
 And Progue, hapless, frantic maid,  
 Is now a swallow in the shade.  
 Oh ! that a mirror's form were mine.  
 That I might catch that smile divine :  
 And like my own fond fancy be,  
 Reflecting thee, and only thee ;  
 Or could I be the robe which holds  
 That graceful form within its folds ;  
 Or, turn'd into a fountain, lave  
 Thy beauties in my circling wave.  
 Would I were perfume for thy hair,  
 To breathe my soul in fragrance there ;  
 Or, better still, the zone, that lies  
 Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs !  
 Or e'en those envious pearls that show  
 So faintly round that neck of snow —  
 Yes, I would be a happy gem,  
 Like them to hang, to fade like them  
 What more would thy Anacreon be  
 Or, any thing that touches thee ;  
 Nay sandals for those airy feet —  
 E'en to be trod by them were sweet !

## ODE XXII.

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,  
This warbler of my soul's desire,  
Could raise the breath of song sublime  
To men of fame, in former time.  
But when the soaring theme I try,  
Along the chords my numbers die,  
And whisper, with dissolving tone,  
"Our sighs are given to love alone!"  
Indignant at the feeble lay,  
I tore the panting chords away,  
Attuned them to a nobler swell,  
And struck again the breathing shell;  
In all the glow of epic fire,  
To Hercules I wake the lyre.  
But still its fainting sighs repeat,  
"The tale of love alone is sweet!"  
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,  
That mad'st me follow Glory's theme;  
For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,  
Shall never more in spirit part;  
And all that one has felt so well  
The other shall as sweetly tell!

## ODE XXIV

To all that breathe the air of heaven,  
 Some boon of strength has Nature given.  
 In forming the majestic bull,  
 She fenced with wreathed horns his skull  
 A hoof of strength she lent the steed,  
 And wing'd the timorous hare with speed.  
 She gave the lion fangs of terror,  
 And o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,  
 Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng  
 To trace their liquid path along ;  
 While for the umbrage of the grove,  
 She plumed the warbling world of love.

To man she gave, in that proud hour,  
 The boon of intellectual power,  
 Then, what, oh woman, what, for thee,  
 Was left in Nature's treasury ?  
 She gave thee beauty — mightier far  
 Than all the pomp and power of war.  
 Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power  
 Like woman in her conquering hour.  
 Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,  
 Smile, and a world is weak before thee !

## ODE XXV.

ONCE in each revolving year,  
 Gentle bird! we find thee here.  
 When Nature wears her summer-vest,  
 Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest  
 But when the chilling winter lowers.  
 Again thou seek'st the genial bowers  
 Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,  
 Where sunny hours for ever smile.  
 And thus thy pinion rests and roves,—  
 Alas! unlike the swarm of Loves,  
 That brood within this hapless breast,  
 And never, never change their nest!  
 Still every year, and all the year,  
 They fix their fated dwelling here;  
 And some their infant plumage try,  
 And on a tender winglet fly;  
 While in the shell, pregn'd with fires,  
 Still lurk a thousand more desires;  
 Some from their tiny prisons peeping,  
 And some in formless embryo sleeping

Thus peopled, like the vernal groves,  
 My breast resounds with warbling Loves  
 One urchin imps the other's feather,  
 Then twin-desires they wing together,  
 And fast as they thus take their flight,  
 Still other urchins spring to light.

But is there then no kindly art,  
To chase these Cupids from my heart?  
Ah, no ! I fear, in sadness fear,  
They will for ever nestle here !

---

## ODE XXVI.

THY harp may sing of Troy's alarms,  
Or tell the tale of Theban arms ;  
With other wars my song shall burn,  
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.  
'Twas not the crested warrior's dart  
That drank the current of my heart ;  
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,  
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed.  
No — 't was from eyes of liquid blue,  
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew ;  
And now my heart all bleeding lies  
Beneath that army of the eyes !

## ODE XXVII.

WE read the flying courser's name  
 Upon his side, in marks of flame ;  
 And, by their turban'd brows alone,  
 The warriors of the East are known.  
 But in the lover's glowing eyes,  
 The inlet to his bosom lies ;  
 Through them we see the small faint mark,  
 Where Love has dropp'd his burning spark



## ODE XXVIII.

AS, by his Lemnian forge's flame,  
 The husband of the Paphian dame  
 Moulded the glowing steel, to form  
 Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm ;  
 And Venus, as he plied his art,  
 Shed honey round each new-made dart.  
 While Love, at hand, to finish all,  
 Tipp'd every arrow's point with gall ;  
 It chanced the Lord of Battles came  
 To visit that deep cave of flame.  
 'T was from the ranks of war he rush'd  
 His spear with many a life-drop blush'd

He saw the fiery darts, and smiled  
Contemptuous at the archer-child.  
"What!" said the urchin, "dost thou smile?  
Here, hold this little dart awhile,  
And thou wilt find, though swift of flight,  
My bolts are not so feathery light."

Mars took the shaft — and, oh, thy look  
Sweet Venus, when the shaft he took! —  
Sighing, he felt the urchin's art,  
And cried, in agony of heart,  
"It is not light — I sink with pain!  
Take — take thy arrow back again."  
"No," said the child, "it must not be;  
That little dart was made for thee!"

---

## ODE XXIX.

YES — loving is a painful thrill,  
And not to love more painful still;  
But oh, it is the worst of pain,  
To love and not be loved again!  
Affection now has fled from earth,  
Nor fire of genius, noble birth,  
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile  
From beauty's cheek one favoring smile.  
Gold is the woman's only theme,  
Gold is the woman's only dream.

Oh ! never be that wretch forgiven —  
 Forgive him not, indignant heaven !  
 Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,  
 Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.  
 Since that devoted thirst began,  
 Man has forgot to feel for man ;  
 The pulse of social life is dead,  
 And all its tender feelings fled !  
 War too has sullied Nature's charms,  
 For gold provokes the world to arms  
 And oh ! the worst of all its arts,  
 It rends asunder loving hearts.



## ODE XXX.

"T WAS in a mocking dream of night  
 I fancied I had wings as light  
 As a young bird's, and flew as fleet ;  
 While Love, around whose beauteous feet,  
 I knew not why, hung chains of lead,  
 Pursued me, as I trembling fled .  
 And, strange to say, as swift as thought,  
 Spite of my pinions, I was caught !  
 What does the wanton Fancy mean  
 By such a strange, illusive scene ?  
 I fear she whispers to my breast,  
 That you, sweet maid, have stol'n its rest

That though my fancy, for a while,  
Hath hung on many a woman's smile,  
I soon dissolved each passing vow,  
And ne'er was caught by love till now

---

## ODE XXXL

ARM'D with hyacinthine rod,  
(Arms enough for such a god,)  
Cupid bade me wing my pace,  
And try with him the rapid race.  
O'er many a torrent, wild and deep,  
By tangled brake and pendent steep,  
With weary foot I panting flew,  
Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.  
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,  
To my lip was faintly flying ;  
And now I thought the spark had fled,  
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,  
And fanning light his breezy pinion,  
Rescued my soul from death's dominion  
Then said, in accents half-reproving,  
Why hast thou been a foe to loving ? "

## ODE XXXII.

STREW me a fragrant bed of leaves,  
 Where lotus with the myrtle weaves  
 And while in luxury's dream I sink,  
 Let me the balm of Bacchus drink !  
 In this sweet hour of revelry  
 Young Love shall my attendant be —  
 Dress'd for the task, with tunic round  
 His snowy neck and shoulders bound,  
 Himself shall hover by my side,  
 And minister the racy tide !

Oh, swift as wheels that kindling roll,  
 Our life is hurrying to the goal .  
 A scanty dust, to feed the wind,  
 Is all the trace 't will leave behind.  
 Then wherefore waste the rose's bloom  
 Upon the cold, insensate tomb ?  
 Can flowery breeze, or odor's breath,  
 Affect the still, cold sense of death ?  
 Oh no ; I ask no balm to steep  
 With fragrant tears my bed of sleep :  
 But now, while every pulse is glowing,  
 Now let me breathe the balsam flowing  
 Now let the rose, with blush of fire,  
 Upon my brow in sweets expire ;  
 And bring the nymph whose eye hath power,  
 To brighten even death's cold hour.

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Hath hung on many a woman's smile,  
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 Now let the rose, with blush of fire,  
 Upon my brow in sweets expire ;  
 And bring the nymph whose eye hath power,  
 To brighten even death's cold hour.

Yes, Cupid ! ere my shade retire,  
 To join the blest elysian choir,  
 With wine, and love, and social cheer ;  
 I 'll make my own elysium here !

## ODE XXXIII.

T WAS noon of night, when round the pole  
 The sullen Bear is seen to roll ;  
 And mortals, wearied with the day,  
 Are slumbering all their cares away :  
 An infant, at that dreary hour,  
 Came weeping to my silent bower,  
 And waked me with a piteous prayer,  
 To shield him from the midnight air.  
 " And who art thou," I waking cry,  
 " That bidd'st my blissful visions fly ? "  
 " Ah, gentle sire ! " the infant said,  
 " In pity take me to thy shed ;  
 Nor fear deceit : a lonely child  
 I wander o'er the gloomy wild.  
 Chill drops the rain, and not a ray  
 Illumes 'the drear and misty way "

I heard the baby's tale of woe ,  
 I heard the bitter night-winds blow ;  
 And sighing for his piteous fate ,  
 I trimm'd my lamp and oped the gate .

'T was Love ! the little wand'ring sprite  
 His pinion sparkled through the night.  
 I knew him by his bow and dart ;  
 I knew him by my fluttering heart.  
 Fondly I take him in, and raise  
 The dying embers' cheering blaze ;  
 Press from his dank and clinging hair  
 The crystals of the freezing air,  
 And in my hand and bosom hold  
 His little fingers thrilling cold.

And now the embers' genial ray  
 Had warm'd his anxious fears away ;  
 "I pray thee," said the wanton child,  
 (My bosom trembled as he smiled,)  
 'I pray thee let me try my bow,  
 For through the rain I 've wander'd so,  
 That much I fear the midnight shower  
 Has injured its elastic power."  
 The fatal bow the urchin drew ;  
 Swift from the string the arrow flew  
 As swiftly flew as glancing flame,  
 And to my inmost spirit came !  
 "Fare thee well!" I heard him say  
 As laughing wild he wing'd away ;  
 "Fare thee well, for now I know  
 The rain has not relax'd my bow ;  
 It still can send a thrilling dart,  
 As thou shalt own with all thy heart

## ODE XXXIV.

Oh thou, of all creation blest,  
 Sweet insect, that delight'st to rest  
 Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,  
 To drink the dew that morning drops,  
 And chirp thy song with such a glee,  
 That happiest kings may envy thee.  
 Whatever decks the velvet field,  
 Whate'er the circling seasons yield,  
 Whatever buds, whatever blows,  
 For thee it buds, for thee it grows.  
 Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,  
 To him thy friendly notes are dear ;  
 For thou art mild as matin dew ;  
 And still, when summer's flowery hue  
 Begins to paint the bloomy plain,  
 We hear thy sweet prophetic strain ;  
 Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,  
 And bless the notes and thee revere !  
 The Muses love thy shrilly tone ;  
 Apollo calls thee all his own ;  
 'T was he who gave that voice to thee,  
 'T is he who tunes thy minstrelsy

Unworn by age's dim decline,  
 The fadeless blooms of youth are thine  
 Melodious insect, child of earth,  
 In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth ;

Exempt from every weak decay  
That withers vulgar frames away ;  
With not a drop of blood to stain  
The current of thy purer vein ;  
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,  
Thou seem'st — a little deity !

---

## ODE XXXV.

CUPID once upon a bed  
Of roses laid his weary head ;  
Luckless urchin, not to see  
Within the leaves a slumbering bee  
The bee awaked — with anger wild  
The bee awaked, and stung the child.  
Loud and piteous are his cries ;  
To Venus quick he runs, he flies ;  
    Oh, mother! — I am wounded through  
I die with pain — in sooth I do !  
    Stung by some little angry thing,  
Some serpent on a tiny wing —  
A bee it was — for once, I know  
I heard a rustic call it so.”  
    Thus he spok. and she the while  
Heard him with a soothing smile ;  
Then said, “ My infant, if so much  
Thou feel the little wild-bees touch,  
How must the heart, ah, Cupid ! be,  
The hapless heart that’s stung by thee ! ”

## ODE XXXVI.

If hoarded gold possess'd the power  
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,  
And purchase from the hand of death  
A little span, a moment's breath,  
How I would love the precious ore !  
And every hour should swell my store  
That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,  
To waft me to his black dominion,  
I might, by bribes, my doom delay,  
And bid him call some distant day.  
But, since not all earth's golden store  
Can buy for us one bright hour more,  
Why should we vainly mourn our fate,  
Or sigh at life's uncertain date ?  
Nor wealth nor grandeur can illumine  
The silent midnight of the tomb.  
No — give to others hoarded treasures —  
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures :  
The goblet rich, the board of friends,  
Whose social souls the goblet blends  
And mine, while yet I've life to live.  
Those joys that love alone can give

## ODE XXXVIL

'T WAS night, and many a circling bowl  
 Had deeply warm'd my thirsty soul ;  
 As lull'd in slumber I was laid,  
 Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd.  
 With maidens, blooming as the dawn,  
 I seem'd to skim the opening lawn ;  
 Light, on tiptoe bathed in dew,  
 We flew, and sported as we flew !

Some ruddy striplings who look'd on —  
 With cheeks, that like the wine-god's shone  
 Saw me chasing, free and wild,  
 These blooming maids, and slyly smiled ;  
 Smiled indeed with wanton glee,  
 Though none could doubt they envied me.  
 And still I flew — and now had caught  
 The panting nymphs, and fondly thought  
 To gather from each rosy lip  
 A kiss that Jove himself might sip —  
 When sunder all my dreams of joys,  
 Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,  
 All were gone ! — “ Alas ! ” I said,  
 Sighing for th' illusion fled,  
 “ Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,  
 Oh ! let me dream it o'er and o'er ! ”

## ODE XXXVIII.

LET us drain the nectar'd bowl,  
 Let us raise the song of soul  
 To him, the god who loves so well  
 The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell ;  
 The god who taught the sons of earth  
 To thrid the tangled dance of mirth ;  
 Him, who was nursed with infant Love,  
 And cradled in the Paphian grove ;  
 Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms  
 So oft has fondled in her arms.  
 Oh 'tis from him the transport flows,  
 Which sweet intoxication knows ;  
 With him, the brow forgets its gloom,  
 And brilliant graces learn to bloom.

Behold ! — my boys a goblet bear,  
 Whose sparkling foam lights up the air.  
 Where are now the tear, the sigh ?  
 To the winds they fly, they fly !  
 Grasp the bowl ; in nectar sinking !  
 Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking !  
 Say, can the tears we lend to thought  
 In life's account avail us aught ?  
 Can we discern with all our lore,  
 The path we've yet to journey o'er ?  
 Alas, alas, in ways so dark,  
 'T is only wine can strike a spark !

Then let me quaff the foamy tide,  
And through the dance meandering glide ;  
Let me imbibe the spicy breath  
Of odors chafed to fragrant death ;  
Or from the lips of love inhale  
A more ambrosial, richer gale !  
To hearts that court the phantom Care,  
Let him retire and shroud him there,  
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,  
And swell the choral song of soul  
To him, the god who loves so well  
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell.

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## ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,  
Tripping through the dance of joy  
How I love the mellow sage,  
Smiling through the veil of age !  
And whene'er this man of years  
In the dance of joy appears,  
Snows may o'er his head be flung,  
But his heart — his heart is young.

## ODE XL.

I KNOW that Heaven hath sent me here  
 To run this mortal life's career ;  
 The scenes which I have journey'd o'er,  
 Return no more — alas ! no more ;  
 And all the path I 've yet to go,  
 I neither know nor ask to know.  
 Away, then, wizard Care, nor think  
 Thy fetters round this soul to link ;  
 Never can heart that feels with me  
 Descend to be a slave to thee !  
 And oh ! before the vital thrill  
 Which trembles at my heart, is still,  
 I 'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,  
 And gild with bliss my fading hours  
 Bacchus shall b'd my winter bloom  
 And Venus dance me to the tomb.

—  
ODE XII.

WHEN Spring adorns the dewy scene,  
 How sweet to walk the velvet green,  
 And hear the west wind's gentle sighs,  
 As o'er the scented mead it flies !

How sweet to mark the pouting vine,  
 Ready to burst in tears of wine ;  
 And with some maid, who breathes but love,  
 To walk at noontide, through the grove,  
 Or sit in some cool, green recess —  
 Oh, is not this true happiness ?

---

## ODE XLII.

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,  
 Where humor sparkles from the wine.  
 Around me, let the youthful choir  
 Respond to my enlivening lyre ;  
 And while the red cup foams along,  
 Mingle in soul as well as song.  
 Then, while I sit, with flow'rets crown'd,  
 To regulate the goblet's round,  
 Let but the nymph, our banquet's pride,  
 Be seated smiling by my side,  
 And earth has not a gift or power  
 That I would envy in that hour.  
 Envy ! — oh never let its blight  
 Touch the gay hearts met here to night.  
 Far hence be slander's sidelong wounds,  
 Nor harsh disputes, nor discord's sounds  
 Disturb a scene, where all should be  
 Attuned to peace and harmony

Come, let us hear the harp's gay note  
Upon the breeze inspiring float,  
While round us, kindling into love,  
Young maidens through the light dance move  
Thus blest with mirth, and love, and peace,  
Sure such a life should never cease

---

## ODE XLIII.

WHILE our rosy fillets shed  
Freshness o'er each fervid head,  
With many a cup and many a smile  
The festal moments we beguile.  
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings  
Tuneful raptures from its strings,  
Some airy nymph, with graceful bound,  
Keeps measure to the music's sound ;  
Waving, in her snowy hand,  
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,  
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,  
Trembles all over to her sighs.  
A youth the while, with loosen'd hair  
Floating on the listless air,  
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,  
A tale of woes, alas ! his own ;  
And oh, the sadness in his sigh,  
As o'er his lip the accents die !  
Never sure on earth has been  
Half so bright, so blest a scene.

It seems as Love himself had come  
To make this spot his chosen home ;  
And Venus, too, with all her wiles,  
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles  
All, all are here, to hail with me  
The Genius of Festivity

---

## ODE XLIV.

BUDS of roses, virgin flowers,  
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,  
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,  
Till with crimson drops they weep.  
Twine the rose, the garland twine,  
Every leaf distilling wine ;  
Drink and smile, and learn to think  
That we were born to smile and drink.  
Rose, thou art the sweetest flower  
That ever drank the amber shower ;  
Rose, thou art the fondest child  
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild.  
Even the Gods, who walk the sky,  
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.  
Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,  
His hair with rosy fillet braids,  
When, with the blushing, sister Graces,  
The wanton winding dance he traces.  
Then bring me, showers of roses bring,  
And shed them o'er me while I sing,

Or while, great Bacchus, round thy shrine,  
Wreathing my brow with rose and vine.  
I lead some bright nymph through the dance  
Commingling soul with every glance.

---

## ODE XLV.

WITHIN this goblet, rich and deep,  
I cradle all my woes to sleep.  
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,  
Or pour the unavailing tear ?  
For death will never heed the sigh,  
Nor soften at the tearful eye ;  
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,  
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep.  
Then let us never vainly stray,  
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way ;  
But wisely quaff the rosy wave,  
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave ;  
And in the goblet, rich and deep,  
Cradle our crying woes to sleep.

## ODE XLVI.

BEHOLD, the young, the rosy Spring,  
 Gives to the breeze her scented wing  
 While virgin Graces, warm with May,  
 Fling roses o'er her dewy way.

The murmuring billows of the deep  
 Have languish'd into silent sleep ;  
 And mark ! the flitting sea-birds lave  
 Their plumes in the reflecting wave ;  
 While cranes from hoary winter fly  
 To flutter in a kinder sky.

Now the genial star of day  
 Dissolves the murky clouds away ;  
 And cultured field, and winding stream,  
 Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells  
 With leafy buds and flowery bells ;  
 Gemming shoots the olive twine,  
 Clusters ripe festoon the vine ;  
 All along the branches creeping,  
 Through the velvet foliage peeping  
 Little infant fruits we see,  
 Nursing into luxury.

## ODE XLVII.

'T is true, my fading years decline,  
 Yet can I quaff the brimming wine,  
 As deep as any stripling fair,  
 Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear  
 And if, amidst the wanton crew,  
 I'm call'd to wind the dance's clew,  
 Then shalt thou see this vigorous hand,  
 Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand.  
 But brandishing a rosy flask,  
 The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask !

Let those, who pant for Glory's charms,  
 Embrace her in the field of arms :  
 While my inglorious, placid soul  
 Breathes not a wish beyond this bowl,  
 Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,  
 And bathe me in its brimming wave,  
 For though my fading years decay,  
 Though manhood's prime hath pass'd away  
 Like old Silenus, sire divine,  
 With blushes borrow'd from my wine  
 I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,  
 And live my follies o'er again !

## ODE XLVIII.

WHEN my thirsty soul I steep,  
Every sorrow 's lull'd to sleep.  
Talk of monarchs ! I am then  
Richest, happiest, first of men ;  
Careless o'er my cup I sing,  
Fancy makes me more than king  
Gives me wealthy Crœsus' store,  
Can I, can I wish for more ?  
On my velvet couch reclining,  
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,  
While my soul expands with glee,  
What are kings and crowns to me  
If before my feet they lay,  
I would spurn them all away !  
Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,  
Hasten to the sanguine fight ;  
But let *me*, my budding vine !  
Spill no other blood than thine.  
Yonder brimming goblet see,  
That alone shall vanquish me —  
Who think it better, wiser far  
To fall in banquet than in war

## ODE XLIX.

WHEN Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy  
 The rosy harbinger of joy,  
 Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,  
 Thaws the winter of our soul —  
 When to my inmost core he glides,  
 And bathes it with his ruby tides,  
 A flow of joy, a lively heat,  
 Fires my brain, and wings my feet,  
 Calling up round me visions known  
 To lovers of the bowl alone.  
 Sing, sing of love, let music's sound  
 In melting cadence float around,  
 While, my young Venus, thou and I  
 Responsive to its murmurs sigh.  
 Then waking from our blissful trance,  
 Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.

## ODE L.

WHEN wine I quaff, before my eyes  
 Dreams of poetic glory rise ;  
 And freshen'd by the goblet's dews,  
 My soul invokes the heavenly Muse.

When wine I drink, all sorrow 's o'er ;  
I think of doubts and fears no more ;  
But scatter to the railing wind  
Each gloomy phantom of the mind.  
When I drink wine, th' ethereal boy  
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy ;  
And while we dance through vernal bowers,  
Whose ev'ry breath comes fresh from flowers,  
In wine he makes my senses swim,  
Till the gale breathes of naught but him

Again I drink, — and, lo, there seems  
A calmer light to fill my dreams ;  
The lately ruffled wreath I spread  
With steadier hand around my head ;  
Then take the lyre, and sing " how blest  
The life of him who lives at rest ! "  
But then comes witching wine again,  
With glorious woman in its train ;  
And, while rich perfumes round me rise,  
That seem the breath of woman's sighs,  
Bright shapes, of every hue and form,  
Upon my kindling fancy swarm,  
Till the whole world of beauty seems  
To crowd into my dazzled dreams !

When thus I drink, my heart refines,  
And rises as the cup declines ;  
Rises in the genial flow,  
That none but social spirits know,  
When, with young revellers, round the bowl  
The old themselves grow young in soul !

Oh, when I drink, true joy is mine,  
There's bliss in every drop of wine.  
All other blessings I have known,  
I scarcely dared to call my own ;  
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy  
Till death o'ershadows all my joy.

IRISH MELODIES.



## IRISH MELODIES.

## GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,  
 But, while fame elates thee,  
 Oh ! still remember me.  
 When the praise thou meetest,  
 To thine ear is sweetest,  
 Oh ! then remember me.  
 Other arms may press thee,  
 Dearer friends caress thee,  
 All the joys that bless thee,  
 Sweeter far may be ;  
 But when friends are nearest,  
 And when joys are dearest,  
 Oh ! then remember me !

When, at eve, thou rovest  
 By the star thou lovest,  
 Oh ! then remember me.  
 Think, when home returning,  
 Bright we 've seen it burning,  
 Oh ! thus remember me.  
 Oft as summer closes,  
 When thine eye reposes  
 On its ling'ring roses,

Once so loved by thee,  
 Think of her who wove them,  
 Her who made thee love them.  
 Oh ! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,  
 Autumn leaves are lying,  
 Oh ! then remember me.  
 And, at night, when gazing  
 On the gay hearth blazing,  
 Oh ! still remember me.  
 Then should music, stealing  
 All the soul of feeling,  
 To thy heart appealing,  
 Draw one tear from thee ;  
 Then let memory bring thee  
 Strains I used to sing thee, —  
 Oh ! then remember me.

---

ERIN THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN  
 THINE EYES.

ERIN, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,  
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies !  
 Shining through sorrow's stream,  
 Saddening through pleasure's beam.  
 Thy suns with doubtful gleam.  
 Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,  
Erin, thy langaid smile ne'er shall increase,  
Till, like the rainbow's light,  
Thy various tints unite,  
And form in heaven's sight  
One arch of peace!

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### THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,  
As if that soul were fled. —  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,  
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells ;  
The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
Its tale of ruin tells.  
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives,  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still she lives.

## WAR SONG

## REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the brave,  
 Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;  
 Tho' lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,  
 He returns to Kinkora no more.  
 That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd  
 Its beam on the battle, is set;  
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword  
 To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint  
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair  
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print  
 The footstep of slavery there?  
 No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,  
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,  
 That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,  
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood  
 In the day of distress by our side;  
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood  
 They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.  
 That sun which now blesses our arms with his light,  
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—  
 Oh let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,  
 To find that they fell there in vain.

## OH. BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

**O**n breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,  
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid :  
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,  
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps  
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps  
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.



## RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

**R**ICH and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;  
But oh ! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

“Lady ! dost thou not fear to stray,  
So lone and lovely through this bleak way ?  
Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold,  
As not to be tempted by woman or gold ?”

‘Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,  
No son of Erin will offer me harm:—  
For though they love woman and golden store,  
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more! ’

On she went, and her maiden smile  
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle  
And blest for ever is she who relied  
Upon Erin’s honor and Erin’s pride.



### AS A BEAM O’ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o’er the face of the waters may glow,  
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,  
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,  
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
Its bleak shade alike o’er our joys and our woes,  
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring  
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting —

O’! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,  
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer’s bright ray  
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,  
It may smile in its light, but it blooers not again.

## TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

TAKE back the virgin page,  
 White and unwritten still ;  
 Some hand, more calm and sage  
 The leaf must fill.  
 Thoughts come, as pure as light,  
 Pure as even *you* require  
 But, oh ! each word I write  
 Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book .  
 Oft shall my heart renew,  
 When on its leaves I look,  
 Dear thoughts of you.  
 Like you, 't is fair and bright  
 Like you too bright and fair  
 To let wild passion write  
 One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes  
 Far, far away I roam,  
 Should calmer thoughts arise  
 Tow'ards you and home ;  
 Fancy may trace some line,  
 Worthy those eyes to meet,  
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine,  
 Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far.  
 Seamen their records keep,  
 Led by some hidden star  
 Through the cold deep ;  
 So may the words I write  
 Tell thro' what storms I stray —  
 You still the unseen light  
 Guiding my way.

---

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD

LET Erin remember the days of old,  
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her ;  
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,  
 Which he won from her proud invader,  
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,  
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger ; —  
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world  
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,  
 When the clear cold eve's declining,  
 He sees the round towers of other days  
 In the wave beneath him shining ;  
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,  
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;  
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time  
 For the long faded glories they cover

## EVELEEN'S BOWER.

OH ! weep for the hour,  
 When to Eveleen's bower  
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came ;  
 The moon hid her light  
 From the heavens that night,  
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon  
 From the chaste cold moon,  
 And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame  
 But none will see the day,  
 When the clouds shall pass away,  
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay  
 On the narrow path-way,  
 When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor  
 And many a deep print  
 On the white snow's tint  
 Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray  
 Soon melted away  
 Every trace on the path where the false Lord came  
 But there's a light above  
 Which alone can remove  
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh the days are gone, when Beauty bright  
 My heart's chain wove ;  
 When my dream of life, from morn till night  
 Was love, still love.  
 New hope may bloom,  
 And days may come,  
 Of milder, calmer beam,  
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life,  
 As love's young dream :  
 No, there's nothing half so sweet in life,  
 As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,  
 When wild youth's past ;  
 Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,  
 To smile at last ;  
 He'll never meet  
 A joy so sweet,  
 In all his noon of fame,  
 As when first he sung to woman's ear  
 His soul-felt flame,  
 And at every close, she blush'd to hear  
 The one loved name.

No, — that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot  
 Which first love traced ;  
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
 On memory's waste.

"T was odor fled  
 As soon as shed ;  
 "T was morning's winged dream ;  
 "T was a light that ne'er can shine again  
 On life's dull stream ;  
 Oh ! 't was light that ne'er can shine again  
 On life's dull stream.



## ERIN, OH ERIN.

Like the bright lamp, that shone in Kildar's holy fane  
 And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,  
 Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,  
 Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.  
 Erin, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the tears  
 Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,  
 Thy sun is but rising, when others are set ;  
 And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung  
 The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet  
 Erin, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade,  
 Thy star shall shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,  
 The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,  
 Till Spring's light torch her fetters unbind,  
 And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.  
 Thus Erin, oh Erin, thy winter is past,  
 And the hope that lived thro' it shall blossom at last.

## I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'D mourn the hopes that leave me,  
 If thy smiles had left me too,  
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,  
 If thou wert, like them, untrue.  
 But while I've thee before me,  
 With hearts so warm and eyes so bright,  
 No clouds can linger o'er me,  
 That smile turns them all to light.

\*T is not in fate to harm me,  
 While fate leaves thy love to me;  
 \*T is not in joy to charm me,  
 Unless joy be shared with thee.  
 One minute's dream about thee  
 Were worth a long, an endless year  
 Of waking bliss without thee,  
 My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,  
 That long sparkled o'er our way,  
 Oh! we shall journey on, love,  
 More safely, without its ray.  
 Far better lights shall win me  
 Along the path I've yet to roam:—  
 The mind that burns within me,  
 And pure smiles from thee at home

Thus when the lamp that lighted  
The traveller at first goes out,  
He feels awhile benighted,  
And looks round in fear and doubt.  
But soon, the prospect clearing,  
By cloudless starlight on he treads,  
And thinks no lamp so cheering  
As that light which Heaven sheds

---

### OH THE SHAMROCK.

THROUGH Erin's Isle,  
To sport awhile,  
As Love and Valor wander'd,  
With Wit, the sprite,  
Whose quiver bright  
A thousand arrows squander'd.  
Where'er they pass,  
A triple grass  
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,  
As softly green  
As emeralds seen  
Through purest crystal gleaming.  
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock  
Chosen leaf,  
Of Bard and Chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Says Valor, "See  
 They spring for me,  
 Those leafy gems of morning!"  
 Says Love, "No, no,  
 For me they grow,  
 My fragrant path adorning."  
 But Wit perceives  
 The triple leaves,  
 And cries, "Oh! do not sever  
 A type, that blends  
 Three godlike friends,  
 Love, Valor, Wit, for ever!"

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!  
 Chosen leaf  
 Of Bard and Chief,  
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond  
 May last the bond  
 They wove that morn together,  
 And ne'er may fall  
 One drop of gill  
 On Wit's celestial feather.  
 May Love, as twine  
 His flowers divine,  
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em  
 May Valor ne'er  
 His standard rear  
 Against the cause of Freedom!

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock  
 Chosen leaf  
 Of Bard and Chief,  
 Old Erin's native Shamrock

FAREWELL.—BUT WHENEVER YOU  
WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL.—but whenever you welcome the hour,  
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower  
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,  
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.  
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain  
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain.  
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw  
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up  
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,  
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,  
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night,  
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,  
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles  
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,  
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy  
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.  
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!  
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd  
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

## T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'T is the last rose of summer  
 Left blooming alone ;  
 All her lovely companions  
 Are faded and gone ;  
 No flower of her kindred,  
 No rosebud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes,  
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one  
 To pine on the stem ;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go, sleep thou with them.  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from Love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away.  
 When true hearts lie wither'd,  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh ! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone !

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS  
SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,  
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?  
Too fast have those young days faded,  
That, ev'n in sorrow, were sweet!  
Does Time with his cold wing wither  
Each feeling that once was dear?—  
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,  
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,  
Been like our Lagenian mine,  
Where sparkles of golden splendor  
All over the surface shine—  
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,  
Allured by the gleam that shone,  
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper  
Like Love, the bright ore is gone

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,  
That flitted from tree to tree  
With the talisman's glitt'ring glory—  
Has Hope been that bird to thee?  
On branch after branch alighting,  
The gem did she still display,  
And, when nearest and most inviting,  
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fleeted,  
 When sorrow itself look'd bright;  
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,  
 That led thee along so light;  
 If thus the cold world now wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear  
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,  
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

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### THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,  
 In the ranks of death you 'll find him ;  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp swung behind him.—  
 " Land of song ! " said the warrior bard,  
 " Though all the world betrays thee,  
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
 One faithful harp shall praise thee ! "

The Minstrel fell ! — but the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its chords asunder ;  
 And said, " No chains shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and bravery !  
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
 They shall never sound in slavery ! "

OH HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE  
ISLE OF OUR OWN.

Oh ! had we some bright little isle of our own,  
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,  
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,  
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers

Where the sun loves to pause  
With so fond a delay,  
That the night only draws  
A thin veil o'er the day ;

Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,  
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,  
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time  
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,  
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there

With affection as free  
From decline as the bowers.  
And, with hope, like the bee,  
Living always on flowers,

Our life should resemble a long day of light.  
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

## FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

**F**ILL the bumper fair !

Every drop we sprinkle

O'er the brow of Care

Smooths away a wrinkle.

**W**it's electric flame

Ne'er so swiftly passes,

**A**s when through the frame

It shoots from brimming glasses.

**F**ill the bumper fair !

Every drop we sprinkle

O'er the brow of Care

Smooths away a wrinkle.

**S**ages can, they say,

Grasp the lightning's pinions,

And bring down its ray

From the starr'd dominions : —

**S**o we, Sages, sit,

And 'mid bumpers bright'ning,

From the Heaven of Wit

Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first

Made our souls inherit

This ennobling thirst

For wine's celestial spirit ?

It chanced upon that day,  
When, as bards inform us,  
Prometheus stole away  
The living fires that warin us !

The careless Youth, when up  
To Glory's fount aspiring,  
Took nor urn nor cup  
To hide the pilfer'd fire in.—  
But oh his joy, when round  
The halls of Heaven spying,  
Among the stars he found  
A bowl of Bacchus lying !

Some drops were in that bowl,  
Remains of last night's pleasure  
With which the Sparks of Soul  
Mix'd their burning treasure.  
Hence the goblet's shower  
Hath such spells to win us ;  
Hence its mighty power  
O'er that flame within us ;  
Fill the bumper fair !  
Every drop we sprinkle  
O'er the brow of Care  
Smooths away a wrinkle

## AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track  
 Against the wind was cleaving,  
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back  
 To that dear Isle 't was leaving.  
 So loath we part from all we love,  
 From all the links that bind us ;  
 So turn our hearts as on we rove,  
 To those we 've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years  
 We talk, with joyous seeming, —  
 With smiles that might as well be tears,  
 So faint, and sad their beaming ;  
 While mem'ry brings us back again  
 Each early tie that twined us,  
 Oh, sweet 's the cup that circles then  
 To those we 've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet  
 Some isle, or vale enchanting,  
 Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,  
 And naught but love is wanting ;  
 We think how great had been our bliss,  
 If Heav'n had but assign'd us  
 To live and die in scenes like this,  
 With some we 've left behind us !

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,  
 When eastward dark'y going,  
 To gaze upon that light they leave  
 Still faint behind them glowing,—  
 So, when the close of pleasure's day  
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,  
 We turn to catch one fading ray  
 Of joy that's left behind us.



### I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining  
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;  
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,  
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,  
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;  
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,  
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning  
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night,—  
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of  
 Morning,  
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best  
 light.

## IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,  
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,  
 When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,  
 And the light that surrounds us is all from within ;  
 Oh 't is not, believe me, in that happy time  
 We can love, as in hours of less transport we may ; —  
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 't is the gay sunny prime,  
 But affection is truest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,  
 Like a leaf on the stream that will never return ;  
 When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high  
 First castes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn ;  
 Then, then is the time when affection holds sway  
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew ;  
 Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,  
 But the Love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers  
 Their sighs have no freshness, their odor no worth ;  
 'T is the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers  
 That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.  
 So it is not mid splendor, prosperity, mirth,  
 That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears ;  
 To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,  
 But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

## WHERE IS THE SLAVE.

Oh, where's the slave so lowly,  
 Condemn'd to chains unholy,  
 Who, could he burst  
 His bonds at first,  
 Would pine beneath them slowly ?  
 What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,  
 Would wait till time decay'd it,  
 When thus its wing  
 At once may spring  
 To the throne of Him who made it ?

Farewell, Erin, — farewell, all,  
 Who live to weep our fall !

Less dear the laurel growing,  
 Alive, untouched and blowing,  
 Than that, whose braid  
 Is pluck'd to shade  
 The brows with victory glowing.  
 We tread the land that bore us,  
 Her green flag g'itters o'er us,  
 The friends we've tried  
 Are by our side,  
 And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin, — Farewell, all,  
 Who live to weep our fall !

## WREATH THE BOWL.

WREATH the bowl  
 With flowers of soul,  
 The brightest Wit can find us :  
 We 'll take a flight  
 Tow'rd heaven to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us.  
 Should Love amid  
 The wreaths be hid,  
 That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,  
 No danger fear,  
 While wine is near,  
 We 'll drown him if he stings us  
 Then, wreath the bowl  
 With flowers of soul,  
 The brightest Wit can find us :  
 We 'll take a flight  
 Tow'rd heaven to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us.

"T was nectar fed  
 Of old, 't is said,  
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos  
 And man may brew  
 His nectar too,  
 The rich receipt 's as follows  
 Take wine like this,  
 Let looks of bliss

Around it well be blended,  
Then bring Wit's beam  
To warm the stream,  
And there's your nectar, splendid  
So wreath the bowl  
With flowers of soul,  
The brightest Wit can find us;  
We'll take a flight  
Tow'rs heaven to-night,  
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time,  
His glass sublime,  
Fill up with sands unsightly,  
When wine, he knew,  
Runs brisker through,  
And sparkles far more brightly?  
Oh, lend it us,  
And, smiling thus,  
The glass in two we'll sever  
Make pleasure glide  
In double tide,  
And fill both ends forever!  
Then wreath the bowl  
With flowers of soul,  
The brightest Wit can find us  
We'll take a flight  
Tow'rs heaven to-night.  
And leave dull earth behind us.

## BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,  
 Herald of to-morrow's strife ;  
 By that sun, whose light is bringing  
 Chains or freedom, death or life —  
 Oh ! remember life can be  
 No charm for him, who lives not free  
 Like the day-star in the wave,  
 Sinks a hero in his grave,  
 Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline  
 The smiles of home may soothing shine,  
 And light him down the steep of years : —  
 But oh, how blest they sink to rest,  
 Who close their eyes on Victory's breast

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers  
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,  
 When his heart that field remembers,  
 Where we tamed his tyrant might.  
 Never let him bind again  
 A chain, like that we broke from then  
 Hark ! the horn of combat calls . —  
 Ere the golden evening falls,  
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round

Many a heart that now beats high,  
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,  
 Nor waken even at victory's sound :  
 But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,  
 O'er whom a wond'ring world shal weep



## AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,  
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,  
 Where those who lost that dreadful day,  
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still.  
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,  
 For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd —  
 Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,  
 When all but life and honor's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,  
 And valor's task, moved slowly by,  
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam  
 Should rise and give them light to die.  
 There s yet a world, where souls are free,  
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ; —  
 If de' th that world's bright opening be,  
 Oh ' who would live a slave in this ?

## ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting ! — though many  
 Have circled the board since we met,  
 The fullest, the saddest of any,  
 Remains to be crown'd by us yet.  
 The sweetness that pleasure hath in it,  
 Is always so slow to come forth,  
 That seldom, alas, till the minute  
 It dies, do we know half its worth.  
 But come, — may our life's happy measure  
 Be all of such moments made up ;  
 They 're born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant  
 To pause and inhabit awhile  
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,  
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile !  
 But Time, like a pitiless master,  
 Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hour --  
 Ah, never doth Time travel faster,  
 Than when his way lies among flowers.  
 But come, — may our life's happy measure  
 Be all of such moments made up ;  
 They 're born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,  
 The waters beneath him how bright ;

And now, let our farewell of drinking  
 Resemble that farewell of light.  
 You saw how he finish'd, by darting  
 His beam o'er a billow's brim  
 So, fill up, let 's shine at our parting,  
 In full liquid glory, like him.  
 And oh! may our life's happy measure  
 Of moments like this be made up,  
 'T was born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
 It dies 'mid the tears of the cup



### WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,  
 A moment from her smile I turn'd,  
 To look at orbs, that, more bright,  
 In lone and distant glory burn'd.  
 But *too* far  
 Each proud star,  
 For me to feel its warming flame,  
 Much more dear  
 That mild sphere,  
 Which near our planet smiling came;—  
 Thus, Mary, be but thou my own;  
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,  
 I'll love those moonlight looks alone,  
 That bless my home and guide my way

The day had sunk in dim showers,  
 But midnight now, with lustre meet,  
 Illumined all the pale flowers,  
 Like hope upon a mourner's cheek  
 I said (while  
 The moon's smile  
 Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),  
 "The moon looks  
 On many brooks ;  
 The brook can see no moon but this ;"  
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,  
 For many a lover looks to thee,  
 While oh ! I feel there is but *one*,  
*One* Mary in the world for me.



### COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,  
 Maiden, with me,  
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.  
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part not ;  
 Tis life where *thou* art, 't is death where thou art not  
 Then come o'er the sea,  
 Maiden, with me,

Come wherever the wild wind blows ;  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where'er it goes

Was not the sea  
 Made for the Free,  
 Land for courts and chains alone ?  
 Here we are slaves,  
 But, on the waves,  
 Love and Liberty 's all our own.

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,  
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us —  
 Then come o'er the sea,  
 Maiden, with me,  
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where'er it goes



### COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer  
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still  
 here ;  
 Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,  
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same  
 Through joy and through torment, through glory and  
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart, [shame?  
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,  
 And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—  
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue  
 And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too!

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### WHENEVER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,  
 So full of hope, and joy, and light,  
 As if no cloud could ever rise,  
 To dim a heav'n so purely bright—  
 I sigh to think how soon that brow  
 In grief may lose its every ray,  
 And that light heart, so joyous now,  
 Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,  
 The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind,  
 And love, that leaves, where'er it lights,  
 A chill or burning heart behind:—  
 While youth, that now like snow appears  
 Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,  
 When once 't is touch'd by sorrow's tears,  
 Can never shine so bright again.

## ON MUSIC

WHEN thro' life unblest we rove,  
 Losing all that made life dear,  
 Should some notes we used to love,  
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,  
 Oh! how welcome breathes the strain  
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept  
 Kindling former smiles again  
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along  
 Beds of oriental flowers,  
 Is the grateful breath of song,  
 That once was heard in happier hours  
 Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,  
 Though the flowers have sunk in death  
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
 Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,  
 Language fades before thy spell !  
 Why should Feeling ever speak,  
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?  
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
 Love's are ev'n more false than they  
 Oh ! 't is only music's strain  
 Can sweetly sooth and not betray.

## SHE SUNG OF LOVE.

SHE sung of Love, while o'er her lyre  
 The rosy rays of evening fell,  
 As if to feed, with their soft fire,  
 The soul within that trembling shell.  
 The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,  
 And play'd around those lips that sung  
 And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak  
 If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,  
 Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew  
 And when, to gaze again I turn'd,  
 The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.  
 As if *her* light and heav'n's were one  
 The glory all had left that frame;  
 And from her glimmering lips the tone,  
 As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever loved, but had the thought  
 That he and all he loved must part?  
 Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught  
 The fading image to my heart —  
 And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?  
 Oh light of youth's resplendent day!  
 Must ye then lose your golden bloom,  
 And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

## ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

ALONE in crowds to wander on,  
 And feel that all the charm is gone  
 Which voices dear and eyes beloved  
 Shed round us once, where'er we roved —  
 'This, this the doom must be,  
 Of all who've loved, and lived to see  
 The few bright things they thought would stay  
 Forever near them, die away.

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,  
 Their smiles to others all belong,  
 And want that charm which dwells alone  
 Round those the fond heart calls its own.  
 Where, where the sunny brow ?  
 The long-known voice — where are they now ?  
 Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,  
 The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,  
 If all her art cannot call forth  
 One bliss like those we felt of old  
 From lips now mute, and eyes now cold ?  
 No, no, — her spell is vain, —  
 As soon could she bring back again  
 Those eyes themselves from out the grave,  
 As wake again one bliss they gave.

## THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be  
 One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee ;  
 Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour  
 As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,  
 I could harm what I love,—as the sun's wanton ray  
 But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No — beaming with light as those young features are  
 There 's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far :  
 It *is* not that check — 't is the soul dawning clear  
 Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear ;  
 As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,  
 Is look'd up to the more, because Heaven lies there !

## ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes  
 To music at night,  
 When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes.  
 And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,  
 Goes answering light

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,  
 And far more sweet,  
 Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,  
 Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,  
 The songs repeat.

'T is when the sigh, in youth sincere,  
 And only then, —  
 The sigh that's breathed for one to hear  
 Is by that one, that only dear,  
 Breathed back again !

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THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH  
 SORROW I SEE.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,  
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me ;  
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,  
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,  
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,  
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind  
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreaths,  
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes ;  
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear  
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair

## AS VANQUISH'D ERIN

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside  
 The Boyne's ill-fated river.  
 She saw where Discord, in the tide,  
 Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.  
 "Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,  
 Where mortal eye may shun you;  
 Lie hid — the stain of manly hearts  
 That bled for me, is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain,—  
 As Time too well hath taught her—  
 Each year the Fiend returns again,  
 And dives into that water;  
 And brings, triumphant, from beneath  
 His shafts of desolation,  
 And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,  
 Through all her madd'ning nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,  
 Ev'n now, beside that river—  
 Unwearied still the Fiend returns,  
 And stored is still his quiver.  
 "When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"  
 She weeping asks for ever;  
 But only hears, from out that flood,  
 The Demon answer, "Never!"

## WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past ;  
 Your dreams of pride are o'er ;  
 The fatal chain is round you cast,  
 And you are men no more.  
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;  
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain  
 Oh, Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,  
 It never lights again.

Weep on — perhaps in after days,  
 They'll learn to love your name ;  
 When many a deed may wake in praise  
 That long hath slept in blame.  
 And when they tread the ruin'd Isle,  
 Where rest, at length, the lord and slave  
 They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile  
 Could conquer hearts so brave ?

"T was fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate  
 Your web of discord wove ;  
 And while your tyrants join'd in hate,  
 You never join'd in love.  
 But hearts fell off that ought to twine,  
 And man profaned what God had given  
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine  
 Where others knelt to heaven !"

## DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found thee,  
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,  
 When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,  
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !  
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness  
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;  
 But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness  
 That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to thy numbers,  
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine  
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,  
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine  
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 't is thy glory alone ;  
 I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,  
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.



## THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,  
 A youth, whose moments had calmly flown,  
 Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,  
 He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er  
The golden sands of that island shore,  
A footprint sparkled before his sight—  
T was the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite !

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,  
As bending over the stream he lay,  
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,  
And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,  
That spirit fled ! — and the youth but heard  
Sweet music, such as marks the flight  
Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,  
The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,  
And, guided only by memory's light,  
Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

“ Oh thou, who lovest the shadow,” cried,  
A voice, low whisp'ring by his side,  
“ Now turn and see,” — here the youth's delight  
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite

“ Of all the Spirits of land and sea,”  
Then rapt he murmur'd, “ there's none like thee;  
And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light  
In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite ! ”

## LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

LAY his sword by his side, it hath served him too wel.  
 Not to rest near his pillow below;  
 To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,  
 Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.  
 Fellow-lab'rers in life, let them slumber in death,  
 Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave,—  
 That sword which he loved still unbroke in its sheath.  
 And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause — for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,  
 As if breathed from his brave heart's remains, —  
 Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,  
 Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"  
 And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep,  
 "Tho' the day of your Chieftain forever hath set,  
 O leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep, —  
 It hath victory's life in it yet!

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,  
 Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,  
 Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,  
 Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.  
 But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use  
 Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain, —  
 Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose  
 Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

OH COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD  
OF OURS.

Oh, could we do with this world of ours  
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,  
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,  
    What a heaven on earth we 'd make it!  
So bright a dwelling should be our own,  
So warranted free from sigh or frown,  
That angels soon would be coming down,  
    By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through air  
And in themselves a lustre bear,  
A stock of light, still ready there,  
    Whenever they wish to use it;  
So, in this world I 'd make for thee.  
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,  
And the flash of wit or poesy  
    Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere  
Hath still some shadow hov'ring near,  
In this new world of ours, my dear,  
    Such shadows will all be omitted.  
Unless they 're like that graceful one,  
Which, when thou 'rt dancing in the sun,  
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon  
    Each spot where it hath flitted!

## FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

**FORGET** not the field where they perish'd,  
 The truest, the last of the brave,  
 All gone — and the bright hope we cherish'd  
 Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave

Oh ! could we from death but recover  
 Those hearts as they bounded before,  
 In the face of high heav'n to fight over  
 That combat for freedom once more ; —

Could the chain for an instant be riven  
 Which Tyranny hung round us then,  
 No, 't is not in Man, nor in Heaven,  
 To let Tyranny bind it again !

But 't is past — and tho' blazon'd in story  
 The name of our Victor may be,  
**Accursed** is the march of that glory  
 Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,  
 Illumed by one patriot name,  
 Than the trophies of all, who have risen  
 On Liberty's ruins to fame.

## IF THOU 'LT BE MINE.

If thou 'lt be mine, the treasures of air,  
 Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet ;  
 Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,  
 Or in Hope's sweet music sounds *most sweet*,  
 Shall be ours — if thou wilt be mine, love !

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,  
 A voice divine shall talk in each stream ;  
 The stars shall look like worlds of love,  
 And this earth be all one beautiful dream  
 In our eyes — if thou wilt be mine, love !

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,  
 Like streams, that come from heaven-ward hills,  
 Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie  
 To be bathed by those eternal rills,  
 Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love !

All this and more the Spirit of Love  
 Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells ;  
 That heaven, which forms his home above,  
 He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,  
 As thou 'lt own, — if thou wilt be mine, love

## SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark —  
 Wherever blows the welcome wind,  
 It cannot lead to scenes more dark,  
 More sad than those we leave behind.  
 Each wave that passes seems to say,  
 “ Though death beneath our smile may be,  
 Less cold we are, less false than they,  
 Whose smiling wreck’d thy hopes and thee.”

Sail on, sail on, — through endless space —  
 Through calm — through tempest — stop no more  
 The stormiest sea’s a resting-place  
 To him who leaves such hearts on shore.  
 Or — if some desert land we meet,  
 Where never yet false-hearted men  
 Profaned a world, that else were sweet, —  
 Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.



## THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet  
 Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;  
 'T was *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
 Oh ! no, — it was something more exquisite still.

**T**was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were  
 near,  
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear  
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest  
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should  
 cease,  
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace



### SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps  
 And lovers are round her, sighing :  
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
 Every note which he loved awaking ; ---  
 Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,  
 How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived tor his love, for his country he died,

They were all that to life had entwined him ;  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,

Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,

When they promise a glorious morrow ;  
They 'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,  
From her own loved island of sorrow.



### NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers  
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,  
When half-awaking from fearful slumbers,  
He thinks the full quire of heaven is near, —  
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,  
This heart long had sleeping lain,  
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken  
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort ! 't was like the stealing  
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell —  
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling  
Of all my soul echoed to its spell.  
T was whisper'd balm — 't was sunshine spoken ! --  
I'd live years of grief and pain  
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken  
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

## DRINK TO HER

DRINK to her, who long  
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,  
 The girl, who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy  
 Oh! woman's heart was made  
 For minstrel hands alone;  
 By other fingers play'd,  
 It yields not half the tone.  
 Then here 's to her, who long  
 Hath waked the poet's sigh.  
 The girl, who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy

At Beauty's door of glass,  
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,  
 They ask'd her, "*which* might pass?"  
 She answer'd, "he, who could."  
 With golden key Wealth thought  
 To pass—but 't would not do:  
 While Wit a diamond brought,  
 Which cut his bright way through  
 So here 's to her, who long  
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,  
 The girl, who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home  
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,

Is like the gloomy gnome,  
 That dwells in dark gold mines.  
 But oh ! the poet's love  
 Can boast a brighter sphere ;  
 Its native home 's above,  
 Tho' woman keeps it here.  
 Then drink to her, who long  
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,  
 The girl, who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy.



### THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,  
 And I 'll tell you your fortune truly  
 As ever was told, by the new-moon's light,  
 To a young maiden, shining as newly

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,  
 Lest haply the stars should deceive me,  
 Such secrets between you and me and the sky  
 Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,  
 My science shall call up before you  
 A male apparition, the image of him  
 Whose destiny 't is to adore you

And if to that phantom you'll be kind,  
So fondly around you he'll hover,  
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find  
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,  
He'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion —  
An ardor, of which such an innocent sprite  
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,  
As in destiny's book I've not seen them,  
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes  
To settle, ere morning, between them.



**NATIONAL AIRS.**



## NATIONAL AIRS.

## A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP

[SPANISH AIR.]

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,  
 I 'll build in this garden,— the thought is divine!"  
 Her temple was built, and she now only wanted,  
 An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.  
 She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her  
 A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent ;  
 But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer  
 Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

"Oh ' ever," she cried, " could I think of enshrining  
 An imagé, whose looks are so joyless and dim ;—  
 But yon little god, upon roses reclining,  
 We 'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him "  
 So the bargain was struck ; with the little god laden  
 She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove :  
 " Farewell," said the sculptor, " you 're not the first  
 maiden  
 Who came but for Friendship and took away Love."

## ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

[INDIAN AIR.]

ALL that's bright must fade, —  
 The brightest still the fleetest ;  
 All that's sweet was made,  
 But to be lost when sweetest.  
 Stars that shine and fall ; —  
 The flower that drops in springing ;  
 These, alas ! are types of all  
 To which our hearts are clinging.  
 All that's bright must fade, —  
 The brightest still the fleetest ;  
 All that's sweet was made  
 But to be lost when sweetest !

Who would seek or prize  
 Delights that end in aching ?  
 Who would trust to ties  
 That every hour are breaking ?  
 Better far to be  
 In utter darkness lying,  
 Than to be bless'd with light and see  
 That light forever flying.  
 All that's bright must fade, —  
 The brightest still the fleetest ;  
 All that's sweet was made  
 But to be lost when sweetest !

## REASON, FOLLY AND BEAUTY

[ITALIAN AIR.]

REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,  
 Went on a party of pleasure one day  
     Folly play'd  
     Around the maid,  
 The bells of his cap rung merrily out ;  
     While Reason took  
     To his sermon-book —  
 Oh ! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,  
 Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,  
 Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,  
     Till Folly said,  
     “ Look here, sweet maid ! ” —  
 The sight of his cap brought her back to herself  
     While Reason read  
     His leaves of lead,  
 With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !  
 No, — no one to mind him, poor sensible elf

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap  
 Had he that on, he her heart might entrap —  
     “ There it is,”  
     Quoth Folly, “ old quiz ! ”

(Folly was always good-natured, 't is said,  
 " Under the sun  
 There 's no such fun,  
 As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,  
 Reason with my cap and bells on his head!"

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,  
 That Beauty now liked him still less than before  
 While Folly took  
 Old Reason's book,  
 And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,  
 That Beauty vow'd  
 (Though not aloud)  
 She liked him still better in that than his own,  
 Yes,—liked him still better in that than his own.



### THOSE EVENING BELLS.

[AIR.—THE BELLS OF ST. PETERSBURGH.]

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!  
 How many a tale their music tells,  
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,  
 When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away;  
 And many a heart, that then was gay,  
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone ;  
That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
While other bards shall walk these dells,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !

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### THERE COMES A TIME.

[GERMAN AIR.]

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,  
To him whose heart hath flown  
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,  
And made each flower its own.  
'T is when his soul must first renounce  
Those dreams so bright, so fond ;  
Oh ! then 's the time to die at once,  
For life has naught beyond.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,  
That instant all is night ;  
And so should life at once be o'er,  
When Love withdraws his light ; —  
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on  
Through twilight's dim delay,  
The cold remains of lustre gone,  
Of fire long pass'd away.

## LOVE AND HOPE.

[SWISS AIR.]

AT morn, beside yon summer sea,  
 Young Hope and Love reclined ;  
 But scarce had noontide come, when he  
 Into his bark leap'd smilingly,  
 And left poor Hope behind.

“ I go,” said Love, “ to sail awhile  
 Across this sunny main ; ”  
 And then so sweet his parting smile,  
 That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,  
 Believed he 'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam  
 Along the waters lay ;  
 And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,  
 Oft traced his name, which still the stream  
 As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,  
 And tow'rs the maiden moves !  
 'T is Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,  
 His golden bark reflects the light,  
 But ah ! it is not Love's.

Another sail — 't was Friendship show'd  
    Her night-lamp o'er the sea ;  
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd ;  
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,  
    And where, alas ! was he ?

Now fast around the sea and shore  
    Night threw her darkling chain ;  
The sunny sails were seen no more,  
Hope's 'morning dreams of bliss were o'er,—  
    Love never came again.

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### THE CRYSTAL-HUNTERS

[SWISS AIR.]

O'ER mountains bright  
    With snow and light,  
We Crystal-Hunters speed along ;  
    While rocks and caves  
        And icy waves,  
    Each instant echo to our song ;  
And when we meet with store of gems,  
We grudge not kings their diadems.  
    O'er mountains bright  
        With snow and light,

We Crystal-Hunters speed along ;  
While grots and caves,  
And icy waves,  
Each instant echo to our song.

Not half so oft the lover dreams  
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,  
As we of those refreshing gleams  
That tell where deep the crystal lies  
Though, next to crystal, we too grant  
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.  
O'er mountains bright, &c.

Sometimes, when on the Alpine rose  
The golden sunset leaves its ray,  
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,  
We thither bend our headlong way ;  
And, though we find no treasure there,  
We bless the rose that shines so fair.  
O'er mountains bright  
With snow and light,  
We Crystal-Hunters speed along  
While rocks and caves,  
And icy waves,  
Each instant echo to our song

## FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE

[SICILIAN AIR.]

FARE thee well, thou lovely one !

Lovely still, but dear no more ;

Once his soul of truth is gone,

Love's sweet life is o'er.

Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,

Could scarce have thus deceived ;

But eyes that acted truth so well

Were sure to be believed.

Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one .

Lovely still, but dear no more ;

Once his soul of truth is gone,

Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,

True as stars they keep their light

Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil

Of blushing always bright.

T is only on thy changeful heart

The blame of falsehood lies ;

Love lives in every other part,

But there, alas ! he dies.

Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one !

Lovely still, but dear no more ;

Once his soul of truth is gone,

Love's sweet life is o'er

## GAYLY SOUNDS THE CASTANET

[MALTESE AIR.]

**GAYLY** sounds the castanet,  
 Beating time to bounding feet,  
 When, after daylight's golden set,  
 Maids and youths by moonlight meet.  
 Oh, then, how sweet to move  
 Through all that maze of mirth,  
 Led by light from eyes we love  
 Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread  
 On the cool and fragrant ground,  
 With heav'n's bright sparklers overhead,  
 And still brighter sparkling round.  
 Oh, then, how sweet to say  
 Into some loved one's ear,  
 Thoughts reserved through many a day  
 To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,  
 Arm in arm as home we stray,  
 How sweet to see the dawning sun  
 O'er her cheek's warm blushes play  
 Then, too, the farewell kiss —  
 The words, whose parting tone  
 Lingers still in dreams of bliss,  
 That haunt young hearts alone.

## OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

[SCOTCH AIR.]

Ort, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other davs around me ;  
 The smies, the tears,  
 Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken ;  
 The eyes that shone,  
 Now dimm'd and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken !  
 Thus, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
 The friends, so link'd together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather  
 I feel like one,  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted.  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose garland 's dead,  
 And all but he departed !

Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me

---

### PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

[SCOTCH AIR.]

Peace be around thee, wherever thou rovest  
May life be for thee one summer's day  
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,  
Come smiling around thy sunny way!  
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,  
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,  
Like spring-showers, they 'll only make  
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,  
And daily dooms some joy to death,  
O'er thee let years so gently fall,  
They shall not crush one flower beneath.  
As half in shade and half in sun  
This world along its path advances,  
May that side the sun 's upon  
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

## ROW GENTLY HERE.

[VENETIAN AIR.]

Row gently here,  
 My gondolier,  
 So softly wake the tide,  
 That not an ear  
 On earth may hear,  
 But hers to whom we glide.  
 Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well  
 As starry eyes to see,  
 Oh, think what tales 't would have to tell  
 Of wandering youths like me!

Now rest thee here,  
 My gondolier.  
 Hush, hush, for up I go,  
 To climb yon light  
 Balcony's height,  
 While thou keep'st watch below.  
 Ah! did we take for Heaven above  
 But half such' pains as we  
 Take, day and night, for woman's love,  
 What Angels we should be!

## MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

[SWEDISH AIR.]

My harp has one unchanging theme,  
One strain that still comes o'er  
Its languid chord, as 't were a dream  
Of joy that's now no more.  
In vain I try, with livelier air,  
To wake the breathing string ;  
That voice of other times is there,  
And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,  
Henceforth be all my own ;  
Though thou art oft so full of pain  
Few hearts can bear thy tone.  
Yet oft thou 'rt sweet, as if the sigh,  
The breath that Pleasure's wings  
Gave out, when last they wanton'd by  
Were still upon thy strings.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR  
AWAY.

[FRENCH AIR.]

COME, chase that starting tear away  
Ere mine to meet it springs ;  
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,  
Whate'er to-morrow brings.  
Like sunset gleams, that linger late  
When all is dark'ning fast,  
Are hours like these we snatch from Fate  
The brightest, and the last.  
Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

To gild the deep'ning gloom, if Heaven  
But one bright hour allow,  
Oh, think that one bright hour is given,  
In all its splendor, now.  
Let 's live it out — then sink in night.  
Like waves that from the shore  
One minute swell, are touch'd with light,  
Then lost for evermore !  
Come, chase that starting tear, &c.

## WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

[PORTUGUESE AIR.]

HYMEN, late his love-knots selling,  
 Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling,  
 None could doubt, who saw or knew them,  
 Hymen's call was welcome to them.

“Who 'll buy my love-knots ?  
 Who 'll buy my love-knots ?”  
 Soon as that sweet cry resounded,  
 How his baskets were surrounded !

Maids, who now first dream'd of trying  
 These gay knots of Hymen's tying ;  
 Dames, who long had sat to watch him  
 Passing by, but ne'er could catch him ;  
 “Who 'll buy my love-knots ?  
 Who 'll buy my love-knots ?” —  
 All at that sweet cry assembled ;  
 Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled

“Here are knots,” said Hymen, taking  
 Some loose flowers, “of Love's own making  
 Here are gold ones — you may trust 'em” —  
 (These, of course, found ready custom,) —

“Come, buy my love-knots !  
 Come, buy my love-knots !  
 Some are labell'd ‘Knots to tie men —  
 Love the maker — Bought of Hymen.’”

Scarce their bargains were completed,  
 When the nymphs all cried, " We 're cheated  
 See these flowers — they 're drooping sadly ;  
 This gold-knot, too, ties but badly —  
 Who 'd buy such love-knots ?  
 Who 'd buy such love-knots ?  
 Even this tie, with Love's name round it  
 All a sham — He never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,  
 Would have laugh'd, but for good-breeding ;  
 While Old Hymen, who was used to  
 Cries like that these dames gave loose to —  
 " Take back our love-knots !  
 Take back our love-knots ! "  
 Coolly said, " There 's no returning  
 Wares on Hymen's hands — Good morning "



### BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

[WELSH AIR.]

BRIGHT be thy dreams — may all thy weeping  
 Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping.  
 May those by death or seas removed,  
 The friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,  
 All, thou hast ever prized or loved,  
 In dreams come smiling to thee !

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,  
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest;  
Still as she was — no charm forgot —  
No lustre lost that life had given;  
Or, if changed, but changed to what  
Thou 'lt find her yet in Heaven!

---

### LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D

LIKE one who, doom'd o'er distant seas,  
His weary path to measure,  
When home at length, with fav'ring breeze,  
He brings the far-sought treasure;

His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,  
That shore to which he hasted;  
And all the wealth he thought his own  
Is o'er the waters wasted.

Like him, this heart, thro' many a track  
Of toil and sorrow straying,  
One hope alone brought fondly back,  
Its toil and grief repaying.

Like him, alas, I see that ray  
Of hope before me perish,  
And one dark minute sweep away  
What years were given to cherish.

## THOUGH 'T IS ALL BUT A DREAM

[FRENCH AIR.]

THOUGH 't is all but a dream at the best,  
 And still, when happiest, soonest o'er,  
 Yet, even in a dream, to be bless'd  
 Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.  
 The bosom that opes  
 With earliest hopes,  
 The soonest finds those hopes untrue  
 As flowers that first  
 In spring-time burst  
 The earliest wither too!  
 Ay — 't is all but a dream, &c.

Though by Friendship we oft are deceived,  
 And find Love's sunshine soon o'ercast,  
 Yet Friendship will still be believed,  
 And Love trusted on to the last.  
 The web 'mong the leaves  
 The spider weaves  
 Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men  
 Though often she sees  
 "T is broke by the breeze,  
 She spins the bright tissue again.  
 Ay — 't is all but a dream, c.

## JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

[PORTUGUESE AIR.]

WHISP'RINGS, heard by wakeful maids,  
 To whom the night-stars guide us ;  
 Stolen walks through moonlight shades  
 With those we love beside us.

Hearts beating,  
 At meeting ;  
 Tears starting,  
 At parting ;

Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades !  
 Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting !

Wand'rings far away from home,  
 With life all new before us ;  
 Greetings warm, when home we come,  
 From hearts whose prayers watch'd o'er us.

Tears starting,  
 At parting ;  
 Hearts beating,  
 At meeting ;

Oh, sweet youth, how lost on some !  
 To some, how bright and fleeting !

## LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY.

[LANGUEDOCIAN AIR.]

LOVE is a hunter-boy,  
 Who makes young hearts his prey,  
 And, in his nets of joy,  
 Ensnares them night and day.  
 In vain conceal'd they lie —  
 Love tracks them everywhere ;  
 In vain aloft they fly —  
 Love shoots them flying there.

But 't is his joy most sweet,  
 At early dawn to trace  
 The print of Beauty's feet,  
 And give the trembler chase.  
 And if, through virgin snow,  
 He tracks her footsteps fair,  
 How sweet for Love to know  
 None went before him there.

## FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

[PORTUGUESE AIR.]

Flow on, thou shining river ;  
But, ere thou reach the sea,  
Seek Ella's bower, and give her  
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.  
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,  
The current of our lives shall be,  
With joys along their course to shine,  
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,  
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,  
Then leave those wreaths to wither  
Upon the cold bank there ;  
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,  
Her lone and loveless charms shall be  
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,  
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

## GO, THEN—'T IS VAIN.

[SICILIAN AIR.]

Go, then—'t is vain to hover  
    Thus round a hope that's dead ;  
At length my dream is over ;  
    'T was sweet — 't was false — 't is fled.  
Farewell ! since naught it moves thee,  
    Such truth is mine to see —  
Some one, who far less loves thee,  
    Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness  
    New life around me shed ;  
Farewell, false heart, whose lightness  
    Now leaves me death instead.  
Go, now, those charms surrender  
    To some new lover's sigh —  
One who, though far less tender,  
    May be more bless'd than I.

## WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

[NEAPOLITAN AIR.]

WHERE shall we bury our shame?  
Where, in what desolate place,  
Hide the last wreck of a name  
Broken and stain'd by disgrace?  
Death may dis sever the chain,  
Oppression will cease when we're gone,  
But the dishonor, the stain,  
Die as we may, will live on.

Was it for this we sent out  
Liberty's cry from our shore?  
Was it for this that her shout  
Thrill'd to the world's very core?  
Thus to live cowards and slaves! —  
Oh, ye free hearts that lie dead,  
Do you not, ev'n in your graves,  
Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

## TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

[NEAPOLITAN AIR.]

TAKE hence the bowl ; — though beaming  
 Brightly as bowl e'er shone,  
 Oh, it but sets me dreaming  
 Of happy days now gone.  
 There, in its clear reflection,  
 As in a wizard's glass,  
 Lost hopes and dead affection,  
 Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither  
 Some scenes of bliss gone by ; —  
 Bright lips, too bright to wither,  
 Warm hearts, too warm to die, —  
 Till, as the dream comes o'er me  
 Of those long-vanish'd years,  
 Alas, the wine before me  
 Seems turning all to tears.

## HARK ! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

[RUSSIAN AIR.]

HARK ! the vesper hymn is stealing  
O'er the waters soft and clear ;  
Nearer yet, and nearer pealing,  
And now bursts upon the ear :  
Jubilate, Amen.  
Farther now, now farther stealing,  
Soft it fades upon the ear :  
Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating  
To the shore, it dies along ;  
Now, like angry surges meeting  
Breaks the mingled tide of song.  
Jubilate, Amen.  
Hush ! again, like waves, retreating  
To the shore, it dies along.  
Jubilate, Amen.

## WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZETTA

[VENETIAN AIR.]

WHEN through the Piazetta  
Night breathes her cool air,  
Then, dearest Ninetta,  
I 'll come to thee there.  
Beneath thy mask shrouded,  
I 'll know thee afar,  
As Love knows, though clouded,  
His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling  
Some gay gondolier,  
I 'll whisper thee, trembling,  
" Our bark, love, is near ;  
Now, now, while there hover  
Those clouds o'er the moon,  
"T will waft thee safe over  
Yon silent Lagoon."

## WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD

WHEN abroad in the world thou appearest,  
 And the young and the lovely are there,  
 To my heart while of all thou 'rt the dearest,  
 To my eyes thou 'rt of all the most fair

They pass one by one,  
 Like waves of the sea,  
 That say to the Sun,  
 " See, how fair we can be."

But where 's the light like thine,  
 In sun or shade to shine ?

No — no, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,  
 Nothing like thee.

Oft, of old, without farewell or warning,  
 Beauty's self used to steal from the skies ;  
 Fling a mist round her head, some fine morning,  
 And post down to earth in disguise ;

But, no matter what shroud  
 Around her might be

Men peep'd through the cloud,  
 And whisper'd " T is She."

So thou, where thousands are,  
 Shin'st forth the only star —

Yes, yes, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,  
 Nothing like thee.

## WHEN LOVE IS KIND

WHEN Love is kind,  
 Cheerful and free,  
 Love's sure to find  
 Welcome from me.

But when Love brings  
 Heartache or pang,  
 Tears, and such things —  
 Love may go hang!

If Love can sigh  
 For one alone  
 Well pleased am I  
 To be that one.

But should I see  
 Love giv'n to rove  
 To two or three,  
 Then — good-by, Love

Love must, in short,  
 Keep fond and true,  
 Through good report,  
 And evil too.

Else, here I swear,  
 Young Love may go,  
 For aught I care —  
 To Jericho

## KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE

KEEP those eyes still purely mine  
 Though far off I be :  
 When on others most they shine,  
 Then think they 're turn'd on me.

Should those lips as now respond  
 To sweet minstrelsy,  
 When their accents seem most fond,  
 Then think they 're breathed for me.

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,  
 If when all on thee  
 Fix their charmed thoughts alone,  
 Thou think'st the while on me.



## HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

[FRENCH AIR.]

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,  
 In which our Love lies cold and dead,  
 I count each flatt'ring hope he gave  
 Of joys, now lost, and charms now fled.

Who could have thought the smile he *wore*,  
When first we met, would fade away?  
Or that a chill would e'er come o'er  
Those eyes so bright through many a day?  
Hear me but once, &c

---

## THOU LOV'ST NO MORE.

Too plain, alas, my doom is spoken,  
No: canst thou veil the sad truth o'er  
Thy heart is changed, thy vow is broken,  
Thou lov'st no more — thou lov'st no more.

Though kindly still those eyes behold me,  
The smile is gone, which once they *wore*;  
Though fondly still those arms enfold me,  
'T is not the same — thou lov'st no more

Too long my dream of bliss believing,  
I 've thought thee all thou wert before;  
But now — alas! there's no deceiving,  
'T is all too plain, thou lov'st no more.

Oh, thou as soon the dead couldst waken,  
As lost affection's life restore,  
Give peace to her that is forsaken,  
Or bring back him who loves no more.

## HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.

[HIGHLAND AIR.]

HERE sleeps the Bard who knew so well  
 All the sweet windings of Apollo's snell  
 Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,  
 Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear.  
 Sleep, sleep, mute bard ; alike unheeded now  
 The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow ;  
 That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay ;  
 That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away



## DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.

Do not say that life is waning,  
 Or that Hope's sweet day is set ;  
 While I've thee and love remaining,  
 Life is in th' horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,  
 Though thy roses fade and fall ;  
 Beauty hath a grace undying,  
 Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms, the newest, brightest,  
That on other cheeks may shine,  
Would I change the least, the slightest  
That is ling'ring now o'er thine.

---

## IF IN LOVING, SINGING.

If in loving, singing, night and day  
We could trifle merrily life away,  
Like atoms dancing in the bēam,  
Like day-flies skinning o'er the stream,  
Or summer blossoms, born to sigh  
Their sweetness out, and die —  
How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,  
Thou and I could make our minutes glide.  
No atoms ever glanced so bright,  
No day-flies ever danced so l.ight,  
Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sigh,  
So close, as thou and I!



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

## LINES

## WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,  
 And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;  
 But far, very far, were the friends that he loved,  
 And he gazed on its flowery banks with a sigh.

Oh Nature, though blessed and bright are thy rays  
 O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,  
 Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays  
 In a smile from the heart that is fondly our own.

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain  
 Unbless'd by the smile he had languish'd to meet;  
 Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,  
 Till the threshold of home had been press'd by his feet.

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,  
 And they loved what they knew of so humble a name,  
 And they told him with flattery welcome and dear,  
 That they found in his heart something better than  
 fame.

Nor did woman—oh woman! whose form and whose soul  
 Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;  
 Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,  
 If woman be there, there is happiness too:—

Nor did she her enamoring magic deny,—  
 That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,—  
 Like eyes he had loved was *her* eloquent eye,  
 Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

Oh, bless'd be the tear, and in memory oft  
 May its sparkle be shed o'er the wanderer's dream  
 Thr'ce bless'd be that eye, and may passion as soft,  
 As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,  
 When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,  
 To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,  
 As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone



### A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime  
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.  
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?  
There is not a breathe the blue wave to curl ;  
But, when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh ! sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar,  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

Utawas' tide ! the trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,  
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favor'ng airs.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

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#### TO THE FIRE-FLY.

At morning, when the earth and sky  
Are glowing with the light of spring,  
We see thee not, thou humble fly !  
Nor think upon thy gleaming wing.

But when the skies have lost their hue,  
And sunny lights no longer play,  
Oh then we see and bless thee too  
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Thus let my hope, when lost to me  
The lights that now my life illume,  
Some milder joys may come, like thee,  
To cheer, if not to warm, the gloom !

## THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,  
 And under courses snug we fly ;  
 Or when light breezes swell the sail,  
 And royals proudly sweep the sky ;  
 'Longside the wheel, unwearied still  
 I stand, and, as my watchful eye  
 Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,  
 I think of her I love, and cry,  
 Port, my boy ! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow  
 Right from the point we wish to steer ;  
 When by the wind close-haul'd we go,  
 And strive in vain the port to near ;  
 I think 't is thus the fates defer  
 My bliss with one that 's far away,  
 And while remembrance springs to her,  
 I watch the sails and sighing say,  
 Thus, my boy ! thus

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,  
 All hands are up the yards to square,  
 And now the floating stu'n-sails waft  
 Our stately ship through waves and air.  
 Oh ! then I think that yet for me  
 Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,  
 Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee -  
 And in that hope I smiling sing,  
 Steady, boy ! so

## WRITTEN ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,  
 Fast gliding along a gloomy bark?  
 Her sails are full,— though the wind is still,  
 And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Say what doth that vessel of darkness bear?  
 The silent calm of the grave is there,  
 Save now and again a death-knell rung,  
 And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore  
 Of cold and pitiless Labrador;  
 Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,  
 Full many a mariner's bones are toss'd.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,  
 And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,  
 Doth play on as pale and livid a crew  
 As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,  
 To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;  
 By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,  
 And the hand that steers is not of this world

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on,  
 Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,  
 Nor let morning look on so foul a sight  
 As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

## THE TORCH OF LIBERTY

I saw it all in Fancy's glass —

Herself, the fair, the wild magician,  
Who bids this splendid day-dream pass,  
And named each gliding apparition.

'T was like a torch-race — such as they  
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,  
When the fleet youths, in long array,  
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand,  
To catch the coming flame in turn ; —  
I saw, from ready hand to hand,  
The clear, though struggling, glory burn

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,  
'T was, in itself, a joy to see ; —  
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,  
" That torch they pass is Liberty ! "

And each, as she received the flame,  
Lighted her altar with its ray ;  
Then, smiling, to the next who came,  
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose ancient shrine  
Was furnish'd with the fire already,  
Columbia caught the boon divine,  
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,  
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising  
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,  
As she would set the world a-blazing !

Thus kindling wild, so fierce and high  
Her altar blazed into the air,  
That Albion, to that fire too nigh,  
Shrunk back, and shudder'd at its glare !

Next, Spain, so new was light to her,  
Leap'd at the torch — but, ere the spark  
That fell upon her shrine could stir,  
'T was quench'd — and all again was dark

Yet, no — *not* quench'd — a treasure, worth  
So much to mortals, rarely dies :  
Again her living light look'd forth,  
And ~~silence~~, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next received the flame ? alas,  
Unworthy Naples — shame of shames,  
That ever through such hands should pass  
That brightest of all earthly flames !

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,  
When, frightened by the sparks it shed,  
Nor waiting even to feel the scorch,  
She dropp'd it to the earth — and fled

And fall'n it might have long remain'd ;  
But Greece, who saw her moment now,  
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,  
And waved it round her beauteous brow

And Fancy bade me mark where, o'er  
 Her altar, as its flame ascended,  
 Fair, laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,  
 Who thus in song their voices blended: —

“Shine, shine for ever, glorious Flame,  
 Divinest gift of Gods to men!  
 From Greece thy earliest splendor came,  
 To Greece thy ray returns again.

“Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,  
 When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return,  
 Till not a shrine through earth be found,  
 On which thy glories shall not burn!”

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## THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW

THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
 For man's illusion given;  
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,  
 Deceitfu' shine, deceitful flow —  
 There's nothing true, but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,  
 As fading hues of Even:  
 And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,  
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb —  
 There's nothing bright, but Heaven

Poor wand'rers of a stormy day!  
From wave to wave we're driven,  
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,  
Serve but to light the troubled way —  
There's nothing calm, but Heaven!

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### OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

Oh, teach me to love Thee, to feel what thou art,  
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart  
Shall all other passions disown :  
Like some pure temple, that shines apart,  
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame  
Thus still let me, living and dying the same,  
In *Thy* service bloom and decay —  
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame  
In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth  
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,  
On Thee let my spirit rely —  
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,  
Still looks for its light from the sky.

## WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb,

In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,  
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,

Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.  
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it

'T was frozen in all the pure light of its course,  
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has un-  
chain'd it,

To water that Eden where first was its source.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,

In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,  
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,

Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,

Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,  
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,

And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow  
Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit for flying

From this gloomy world, while its gloom was  
unknown —

And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying  
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own.

Weep not for her — in her spring-time she flew  
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfur'l'd

And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,  
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

## A BALLAD.

## THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

“THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp  
 For a soul so warm and true ;  
 And she’s gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp.  
 Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp  
 She paddles her white canoe.

“And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,  
 And her paddle I soon shall hear ;  
 Long and loving our life shall be,  
 And I’ll hide the maid in a cypress tree,  
 When the footstep of death is near.”

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds —  
 His path was rugged and sore,  
 Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
 Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds  
 And man never trod before.

And, when on earth he sunk to sleep,  
 If slumber his eyelids knew,  
 He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep  
 Its venomous tear, and nightly steep  
 The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,  
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,  
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,  
" Oh ! when shall I see the dusky Lake,  
And the white canoe of my dear ? "

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright  
Quick over its surface play'd —  
" Welcome," he said, " my dear one's light ! "  
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,  
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,  
Which carried him off from shore ;  
Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,  
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,  
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,  
This lover and maid so true  
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp  
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,  
And paddle their white canoe

SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE  
WOODS.

Now the vapor, hot and damp,  
Shed by day's expiring lamp,  
Through the misty ether spreads  
Every ill the white man dreads ;  
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,  
Fitful ague's shivering chill !

Hark ! I hear the traveller's song,  
As he winds the woods along ; —  
Christian, 't is the song of fear ;  
Wolves are round thee, night is near,  
And the wild thou dar'st to roam —  
Think, 't was once the Indian's home !

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,  
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,  
By the creeks, or by the brakes,  
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,  
And the cayman loves to creep,  
Torpid, to his wintry sleep :  
Where the bird of carrion flits,  
And the shudd'ring murderer sits,  
Lone beneath a roof of blood ;  
While upon his poison'd food,  
From the corpse of him he slew  
Drops the chill and gory dew.

Hither bend ye, turn ye hither,  
Eyes that blast and wings that wither !  
Cross the wand'ring Christian's way,  
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,  
Many a mile of madd'ning error,  
Through the maze of night and terror,  
Till the morn behold him lying  
On the damp earth, pale and dying.  
Mock him, when his eager sight  
Seeks the cordial cottage-light ;  
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug  
Tempt him to the den that's dug  
For the foul and famish'd brood  
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood ;  
Or, unto the dangerous pass  
O'er the deep and dark morass,  
Where the trembling Indian brings  
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,  
Tributes, to be hung in air,  
To the Fiend presiding there !

Then, when night's long labor past,  
Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,  
Sinking where the causeway's edge  
Moulders in the slimy sedge.  
There let every noxious thing  
Trail its filth and fix its sting ;  
Let the bull-toad taint him over,  
Round him let moschetoes hover,  
In his ears and eyeballs tingle,  
With his blood their poison mingle,  
Till, beneath the solar fires,  
Rankling all, the wretch expires

## LINES

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK  
RIVER.

FROM rise of morn till set of sun  
I 've seen the mighty Mohawk run ;  
And as I mark'd the woods of pine  
Along his mirror darkly shine,  
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass  
Before the wizard's midnight glass ;  
And as I view'd the hurrying pace  
With which he ran his turbid race,  
Rushing, alike untired and wild,  
Through shades that frown'd and flowers  
that smiled,  
Flying by every green recess  
That woo'd him to its calm caress,  
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,  
As if to leave one look behind, —  
Oft have I thought, and thinking sigh'd.  
How like to thee, thou restless tide,  
May be the lot, the life of him  
Who roams along thy water's brim ;  
Through what alternate wastes of woe  
And flowers of joy my path may go ;  
How many a shelter'd, calm retreat  
May woo the while my weary feet,  
While still pursuing, still unbless'd,  
I wander on, nor dare to rest :

But, urgent as the doom that calls  
Thy water to its destined falls,  
I feel the world's bewild'ring force  
Hurry my heart's devoted course  
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,  
And the spent current cease to run.  
One only prayer I dare to make,  
As onward thus my course I take ; —  
Oh, be my falls as bright as thine !  
May heaven's relenting rainbow shine  
Upon the mist that circles me,  
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee !

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### THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;  
My temple, Lord ! that Arch of thine ,  
My censer's breath the mountain airs,  
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves.  
When murmur'ring homeward to their caves,  
Or when the stillness of the sea,  
E'en more than music, breathes of Thee.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,  
All light and silence, like thy Throne ;  
And the pale stars shall be, at night,  
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 't is bliss to look,  
Shall be my pure and shining book,  
Where I shall read, in words of flame,  
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I 'll read thy anger in the rack  
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track  
Thy mercy in the azure hue  
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There 's nothing bright, above, below,  
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,  
But in its light my soul can see  
Some feature of thy Deity.

There 's nothing dark, below, above,  
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,  
And meekly wait that moment, when  
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

---

### YOUTH AND AGE.

"TELL me, what 's Love ?" said Youth, one day  
To drooping Age, who cross'd 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 :  
Wouldst know the blight it leaves behind ?

Repentance ! Repentance !  
And this is Love — when Love is o’er.”

“ 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,

“ Oh ! bear, thou foaming tide,  
This gift to my lady-bride

'T was then, in life's last quiver,  
He flung the scart ne 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

## 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 splendor ;  
 There the maiden's charms  
 Shine more tender ;  
 Ev'ry 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 —  
 Ev'ry flow'r 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!

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### THE MAGIC MIRROR.

“COME, if thy magic Glass have pow'r  
 To call up forms we wish to see ;  
 Show me my Love, in that rosy bow'r  
 Where last she pledged her troth 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 ;  
 “Tis,” 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 flow'r ;  
 “Such,” he exclaim'd, “was the gift that she  
 Each morning sent me from that bow'r !”

She gives her page the blooming rose,  
 With looks that say, " Like lightning, fly "  
 "Thus," thought the Knight, " she sooths 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 bow'r 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 FANCY FAIR.

COME, maids and youths, for here we sell  
 All wondrous 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 show'r,  
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 spr'ng,  
And endless loves for summer wear, —  
All sold at this our Fancy Fair.

We ve reputations 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

## 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 hie,  
 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.

## BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd  
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,  
 And I said, " If there's peace to be found in the world,  
 A heart that was humble might hope for it here ! "

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around  
 In silence reposed the voluptuous bee ;  
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound.  
 But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beach-tree.

And, " Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,  
 " With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,  
 Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I  
 blamed,  
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I die !

" By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips  
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,  
 And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,  
 Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine " 34 \*

## SALE OF CUPID.

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 is n'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 curl'd,  
 His wings, too, ev'n 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

## COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

COME ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,  
 Come, at God's altar fervently kneel ;  
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-  
 guish —

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,  
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,  
 Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying —  
 "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,  
 What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,  
 Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us —  
 "Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."



## 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! ship ahoy!" our joyful cry  
While answering back the sounds we hear  
"Ship ahoy! 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.

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### 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  
Bit 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 ev'ry melting beam,  
Thy whisper, in each dying breeze.

## AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS

As down in the sunless retreats of the Ocean,  
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,  
 So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,  
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,  
 My God! silent, to Thee,  
 Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,  
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,  
 So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,  
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,  
 My God! trembling, to Thee —  
 True, fond, trembling, to Thee



## 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 ere 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.



### SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

SOUND the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !  
 Jehovah has triumph'd — his people are free.  
 Sing — for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,  
     His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave —  
 How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken,  
     And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.  
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,  
 Jehovah has triumph'd — his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord !  
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.  
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
     Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?  
 For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,  
     And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.  
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea ;  
 Jehovah has triumph'd — his people are free !

## 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 color 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.

## TELL HER, OH, TELL HER.

TELL her, oh, tell her, the lute she left lying  
 Beneath the green arbor, 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 arbor 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 arbor 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



## 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 !

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### FANCY.

THE more I 've view'd this world, the more I 've found,  
 That, fill'd as 't is with scenes and creatures rare,  
 Fancy commands, within her own bright round,  
 A world of scenes and creatures far more fair  
 Nor is it that her power can call up there  
 A single charm, that 's not from nature won, —  
 No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear  
 A single tint unborrow'd from the sun ;  
 But 't is the mental medium it shines through,  
 That lends to Beauty all its charms and hue ;  
 As the same light, that o'er the level lake  
 One dull monotony of lustre flings,  
 Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make  
 Colors as gay as those on angels' wings !

## TO THE FLYING FISH.

WHEN I have seen thy snow-white wing  
 From the blue wave at evening spring,  
 And show those scales of silvery white,  
 So gayly to the eye of light,  
 As if thy frame were formed to rise,  
 And live amid the glorious skies ;  
 Oh ! it has made me proudly feel,  
 How like thy wing's impatient zeal  
 Is the pure soul that rests not, pent  
 Within this world's gross element,  
 But takes the wing that God has given,  
 And rises into light and heaven !

But when I see that wing, so bright,  
 Grow languid with a moment's flight,  
 Attempt the paths of air in vain,  
 And sink into the waves again ;  
 Alas ! the flattering pride is o'er ;  
 Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar.  
 But erring man must blush to think,  
 Like thee, again the soul may sink.

Oh Virtue ! when thy clime I seek,  
 Let not my spirit's flight be weak :  
 Let me not, like this feeble thing,  
 With brine still dropping from its wing,  
 Just sparkle in the solar glow,  
 And plunge again to depths below ;

But, when I leave the grosser throng  
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,  
Let me, in that aspiring day,  
Cast every lingering stain away,  
And, panting for thy purer air,  
Fly up at once and fix me there.

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### THE DAY-DREAM

THEY both were hush'd, the voice, the chords.—  
I heard but once that witching lay,  
And few the notes, and few the words,  
My spell-bound memory brought away;

Traces remember'd here and there,  
Like echoes of some broken strain;—  
Links of a sweetness lost in air,  
That nothing now could join again.

Ev'n these, too, ere the morning, fled;  
And, though the charm still linger'd on,  
That o'er each sense her song had shed,  
The song itself was faded, gone;—

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,  
On summer days, ere youth had set;  
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,  
Thought *what* they were, we now forget.

In vain, with hints from other strains,  
I wo'd this truant air to come —  
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,  
To lure their wilder kindred home.

In vain: — the song that Sappho gave  
In dying, to the mournful sea,  
Not muter slept beneath the wave,  
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay  
In that half-waking mood, when dreams  
Unwillingly at last give way  
To the full truth of daylight's beams,

A face — the very face, methought,  
From which had breathed, as from a shrine  
Of song and soul, the notes I sought —  
Came with its music close to mine ;

And sung the long-lost measure o'er, —  
Each note and word, with every tone  
And look, that lent it life before, —  
All perfect, all again my own !

Like parted souls, when, mid the Blest  
They meet again, each widow'd sound  
Through memory's realm had wing'd in quest  
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor even in waking did the clue.  
Thus strangely caught, escape again  
For never lark its matins knew  
So well as now I knew this strain.

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell  
Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,  
I sing this lady's song, and tell  
The vision of that morning hour.

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## BOAT GLEE.

THE song that lightens our languid way  
When brows are glowing,  
And faint with rowing,  
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,  
To whose sound through life we stray.  
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,  
As we row along through waves so clear.  
I Ilume its spray, like the fleeting smile  
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees  
With an eye that Feeling gave ;  
For him there 's a story in every breeze,  
And a picture in every wave.  
Then sing to lighten the languid way ;—  
When brows are glowing,  
And faint with rowing ;  
T 'is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,  
To whose sound through life we stray

## SONG.

WHERE is the heart that would not give  
 Years of drowsy days and nights,  
 One little hour, like this, to live —  
 Full, to the brim, of life's delights ?  
 Look, look around  
 This fairy ground,  
 With love-lights glittering o'er ;  
 While cups that shine  
 With freight divine  
 Go coasting round its shore.

Hope is the dupe of future hours,  
 Memory lives in those gone by ;  
 Neither can see the moment's flowers  
 Springing up fresh beneath the eye.  
 Wouldst thou, or thou,  
 Forego what's *now*,  
 For all that Hope may say ?  
 No — Joy's reply,  
 From every eye,  
 Is, "Live we while we may."

## COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR AGAIN.

## A BALLAD.

COME, play me that simple air again,  
 I used so to love, in life's young day  
 And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then  
 Were waken'd by that sweet lay.  
 The tender gloom its strain  
 Shed o'er the heart and brow,  
 Grief's shadow, without its pain —  
 Say where, where is it now ?

But play me the well-known air once more,  
 For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,  
 Like dreams of some far, fairy shore  
 We never shall see again.

Sweet air, how every note brings back  
 Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright,  
 That, shining o'er life's early track,  
 Fill'd ev'n its tears with light.  
 The new-found life that came  
 With love's first echo'd vow, —  
 The fear, the bliss, the shame —  
 Ah — where, where are they now  
 But, still the same loved notes prolong,  
 For sweet were thus, to that old lay,  
 In dreams of youth and love and song,  
 To breathe life's hour away.

## SONG.

“ ‘Tis the Vine ! ‘tis 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 sunbeam that kiss’d it look’d pale :  
 “ ‘Tis the Vine ! ‘tis 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  
 ‘Twas 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 ; ”  
 “ ‘Tis the Vine ! ‘tis the Vine ! ” hills and valleys replied,  
 “ 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 flow’r of the earth, sea, or sky,  
 Such a soul-giving odor inhale :  
 “ ‘Tis the Vine ! ‘tis 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 ;  
 “ ‘Tis the Vine ! ‘tis the Vine ! ” laughing myriads  
 resound,  
 “ Hail ! hail to the Wine-tree, all hail ! ”

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## SOVEREIGN WOMAN.

## A BALLAD.

THE dance was o'er, yet still in dreams  
 That fairy scene went on ;  
 Like clouds still flush'd with daylight gleams,  
 Though day itself is gone.  
 And gracefully to music's sound,  
 The same bright nymphs went gliding round ;  
 While thou, the Queen of all, wert there —  
 The Fairest still, where all were fair.

The dream then changed — in halls of state,  
 I saw thee high enthroned ;  
 While, ranged around, the wise, the great,  
 In thee their mistress own'd ;

And still the same, thy gentle sway  
O'er willing subjects won its way —  
Till all confess'd the Right Divine  
To rule o'er man was only thine !

But, lo, the scene now changed again  
And borne on plumed steed,  
I saw thee o'er the battle-plain  
Our land's defenders lead ;  
And stronger in thy beauty's charms,  
Than man, with countless hosts in arms,  
Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free.  
Thy very smile was victory !

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone —  
In cot and court the same,  
Wherever woman's smile is known.  
Victoria's still her name.  
For though she almost blush to reign,  
Though Love's own flow'rets wreath the chair,  
Disguise our bondage as we will,  
'T is woman, woman, rules us still.

## AT NIGHT.

At night, when all is still around,  
 How sweet to hear the distant sound  
     Of footstep, coming soft and light!  
 What pleasure in the anxious beat,  
 With which the bosom flies to meet  
     That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say  
 "T is late, my love!" and chide delay,  
     Though still the western clouds are bright  
 Oh! happy, too, the silent press,  
 The eloquence of mute caress,  
     With those we love exchanged at night

## RONDEAU

"Good night! good night!" — And is it —  
 And must I from my Rosa go?  
 Oh Rosa, say "Good night!" once more,  
 And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,  
 Till the first glance of dawning light  
 Shall find us saying, still, "Good night."

And still "Good night," my Rosa, say —  
But whisper still, "A minute stay ;"  
And I will stay, and every minute  
Shall have an age of transport in it ;  
Till Time himself shall stay his flight,  
To listen to our sweet "Good night."

"Good night!" you'll murmur with a sigh,  
And tell me it is time to fly :  
And I will vow, will swear to go,  
While still that sweet voice murmurs "No :"  
Till slumber seal our weary sight —  
And then, my love, my soul, "Good night!"

