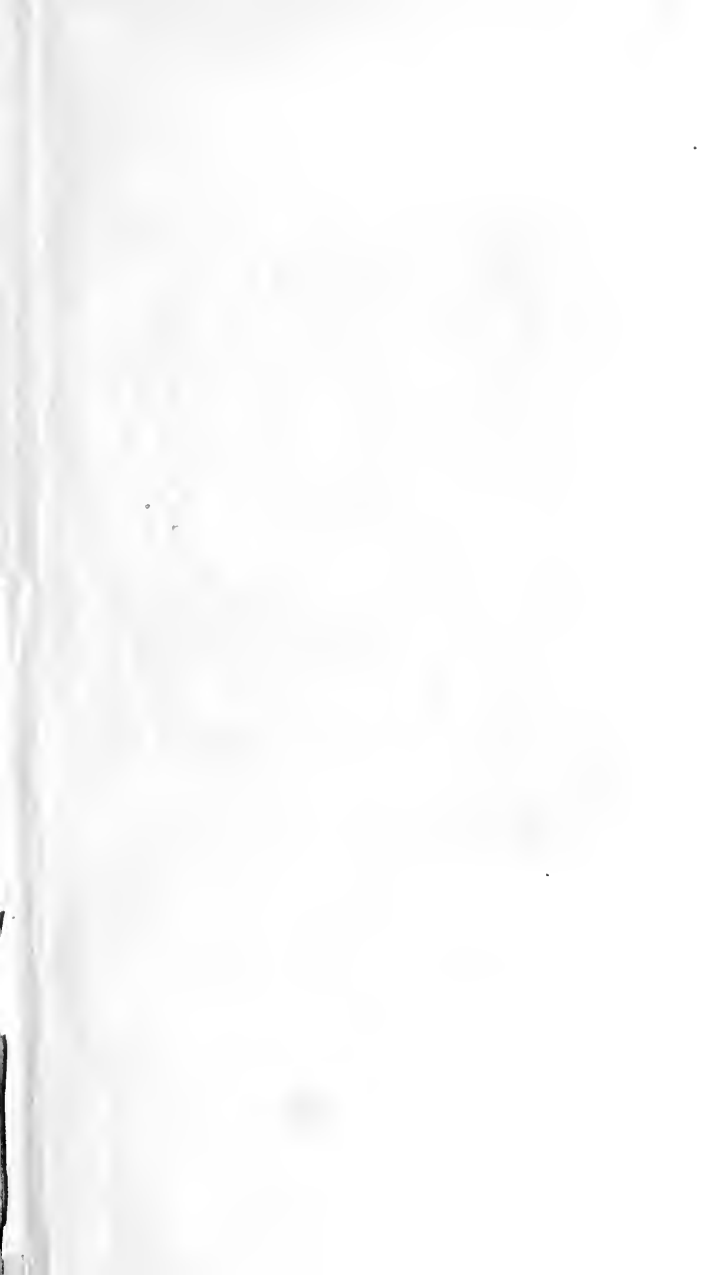


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THE LIFE
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Thomas Moore.

THE
POETICAL WORKS,
OF
THOMAS MOORE:

INCLUDING

"LALIA BOOKH," "ODES OF ANACREON," "IRISH
MELODIES," "NATIONAL AIRS," AND
"MISCELLANEOUS POEMS."

A NEW EDITION.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY.
1858.

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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.

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 visiter 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, Dewildé, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into 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 Yeman 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 Haram, 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 at 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 pavillion,) 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 Rustom 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 recollected 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 pavillion 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 Feramorz. 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 shawl goats of Tibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was conained 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 every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

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

THE 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 helmets, 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 Heav'n !

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 shiring 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, emblaz'd
On the white flag, Mokanna's host unfurl'd,
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"
At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
Th' inspiring summons ; every chosen blade
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'rs 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 expanse,
Bask in the glories of this countenance!

“For thee, young warrior, welcome! — thou hast yet
Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,
Ere the white war-plume o’er thy brow can wave; —
But, once my own, mine all till in the grave!”

The pomp is at an end — the crowds are gone —
Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
Of that deep voice which 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, ’t was sacred from that hour;
When thou didst study him till every tone
And gesture and dear look became thy own, —

Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
 In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
 Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
 With twice th' 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 their 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 Bucharìa'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-gance of first affection cast
 Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd!
 But war disturb'd this vision, — far away
 From her fond eyes summon'd to join th' array

Of Persia's warriors on the hills of Thrace,
The youth exchanged his sylvan dwelling-place
For the rude tent and war-field's dreadful clash ;
His Zelia'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 't was a lustre, strange, unreal, wild ;

And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
 'T was like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
 The bulbul utters, ere her soul depart,
 When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's pow'rful art,
 She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke **not**
 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
 Dropp'd on a bed of Autumn's wither'd leaves,
 Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
 In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.
 All fire, at once the madd'ning zeal she caught; —
 Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought!
 Predestined bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
 Of some brave youth — ha! durst they say "of *some*?"
 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 the 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'rings 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 beleaguers 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 his place of prayer,
A garden oratory, cool and fair,
By the stream's side, where still at close of day
The Prophet of the Veil 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'rate 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 intc 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 man 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 th t 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'rs 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 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!³

Beware, young raving thing; — in time beware,
 Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear,
 Ev'n from *thy* lips. Go — try thy lute, thy voice,
 The boy must feel their magic; — I rejoice
 To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,
 Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes;
 And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm
Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,
 So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,
 As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
 Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.
 Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet! — those eyes were made
 For love, not anger — I must be obey'd."

"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, 'twix 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, 'tis 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 w'hile we were wed
 And, for our guests, a row of goodly Dead,
 (Immortal spirits in their time, no doubt,)
 From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out!
 That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine repeat —
 That cup — thou 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,
'Tis 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 cul,
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, 't is to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day
And the dear fields and friendships far away.
The maid of India, 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 illumine 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' enamell'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 hrowg
 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 odoriferous woods of Comorin,

Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen; —
 Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
 The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
 In the warm isles of India's sunny sea :
 Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, and the thrush
 Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings gush,
 At evening, from the tall pagoda's top ; —
 Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop
 About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
 Whose scent hath 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 'ight, 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 .²

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, unbreath'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, unlin'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 Fairy'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 he 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 seen
 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 pure wish of thine!”

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling through
 The gently open'd curtains of light blue
 That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,
 Peeping like stars through the blue 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 showers 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 glittering o'er
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore ;
While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
Of Eden, shake in the eternal breeze,
Rung round their steps, at ev'ry bound more sweet,
As 't were th' 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 casement, 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,
 In 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 beck'ns 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 near
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
'Tis 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'er-cast;
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 lone'y.
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 sign,
 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 were
 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'rs 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, 't was 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 she toss'd
 His desprate 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 wouldst not wonder that, at last,
 When every hope was all at once o'er-cast,
 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 wouldst — that say
 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 de-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'lt 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 eye
 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!" *W. W. W.*
 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 Mokanna's bride — his, Azim, his —
 The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,
 Their blue lips echo'd it — I hear them now!
 Their eyes 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 Fad-ladeen. 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 a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of Feramorz, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the revery 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 domes, and sun-bright armory:—
 Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold
 Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold:—
 Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
 Their chains and poitreles glitt'ring in the sun;
 And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,
 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 Sinde, or Attock's sacred banks,
With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh,
And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-sea islander

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
That, 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 burn into the Caspian, fierce they came,
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled.

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
That high in air their motley banners 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 ! ” throughout
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'rds Mokanna now he cleaves his path,
Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
He bears from Heav'n withheld its awful burst
From weaker heads, and souls but half way 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 illumine; —
 Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
 Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays.
 Yes, wretched Azim! thine is such a grief,
 Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;
 A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
 Or warm or brighten, — like that Syrian Lake,
 Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
 Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead! —
 Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe
 Came by long use of suff'ring, tame and slow;

But trine, 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 consuages:

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 springle India's fields on show'ry nights. —
 Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
 The mighty tents of the beleauguerer 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 entoided, 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 Heav'n, whose light nor blood shall drown
 Nor shadow of earth eclipse; — before whose gems
 The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
 The crown of Gerashid, the pillar'd throne
 Of Parviz, and the heron crest that shone,
 Magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous eyes,
 Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies:

Warriors, rejoice — the port to which we've pass'd
 O'er Destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!
 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 imaret,
 As autumn suns shed round them when they set.
 Instant from all who saw th' illusive sign
 A murmur broke — "Miraculous! divine!"
 The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star
 Had 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."
 Desperate the die — such as they only cast,
 Who venture for a world, and stake their last.
 But Fate's no longer with him — blade for blade
 Springs up to meet them thro' the glimmering shade,
 And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon
 Pour to the spot like bees of Kauzeroon
 To the shrill timbrel's summons, — till, at length,
 The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,
 And back to 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 hears 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 ; — alchemists 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'rer'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 beleaguers 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' illumined 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
 check.

He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,
 Of all those famish'd slaves around him lying.
 And by the light of blazing temples dying; —
 "What! — drooping now? — now, when at length we
 press

Home o'er the very threshold of success;
 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 murm'ers 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 wound

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 accurs'd,
When Zelica — alas, poor ruin'd heart,
In ev'ry horror doom'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 ceas'd
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 swoll'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 souls' 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 Ghoul, 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 mockery, shows: —
 “There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your Star —
 Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
 Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
 Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?
 Swear that the burning death ye feel within
 Is but the trance with which Heav'n's joys begin;

That this foul visage, foul as e'er 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 thy faith, for — thou'lt be dumb.
 Now mark how readily a wretch like me,
 In one bold plunge commences Deity !”

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said —
 Quick 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, they tell,
 In the Lone Cities of the Silent dwell,
 And there, unseen of all but Alla, sit,
 Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
 Throughout the camp of the beleaguerers.
 Their globes of fire (the dread 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 — nought living seen
 Above, below — what can this stillness mean?
 A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes —
 "In through the breach," impetuous Azim cries •

But the cool Caliph, fearful of some wile
In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile, —
Just then, a figure, with slow step, 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 nappiest 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 ail 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 fled — years on years had pass'd away,
And few of those who, on that mournful day,
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
Were living still — when, by a rustic grave,
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
For the last time knelt down — and, though the shade
Of death hung 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 filberts of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudible purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes, and expires. This

you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all 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 poutic 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, exquisitè 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 *Cimalatá*, 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 forgiv'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 —
 Fleet'er 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 slaughters,
 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 stand,
 Alone beside his native river, —
 The red blade broken in his hand,
 And the last arrow in his quiver.
 "Live," said the Conq'rer, "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 set 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 Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile.
Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grotts, and sepulchres of Kings,
The exiled Spirit sighing roves ;
And now hangs list'ning to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale — now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mæris' 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, unsheath 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 sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well known through many a day
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard ; —
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth ! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death —
That she, whom he for years had known,
And 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 falls,
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 bow'r to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
T is she — far off, through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside! —
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields — now turns away
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, while yet they fall —
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,

And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face —
Am I not thine — thy own 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 naught 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'rs 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'rs 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 inaret'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 ruin'd maid — the shrine profaned —
Oaths broken — and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests ! — *there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening came
Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay
Watching the rosy infant's play. —

Though still, when'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,
 Lispering 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 blown,
 To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,
 Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.
 Joy, joy for ever! — my task is done —
 The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!

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, Fadldeen 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 Masulipatam!"

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights; 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 matters

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 honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of Lalla Rookh, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, 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. Ferainorz 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 Bucharia 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 Iran, 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 fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who kept waving over

their heads plates of gold and silver flowers, and then threw them around to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. Lalla Rookh, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary;—Fadladeen felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees, at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the Ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to Fadladeen, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were so tasteless as to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her 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 Houris' eyes; —
 Far from me their dangerous glow,
 If those looks that light the skies
 Wound like some that burn below

Who, that feels what Love is here,
All its falsehood — all its pain —
Would, for ev'n Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again ?

Who, that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they ?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to Lalla Rookh's heart ; — and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it to be a sad but still sweet certainty, that Feramorz was to the full as 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 Ladies suggested that perhaps Feramorz could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might perhaps be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was 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 Bakou, 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 cineter 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 zel
 Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell ; —
 The peaceful sun, whom better suits
 The music of the bulbul's nest,
 Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
 To sing him to his golden rest.
 All hush'd — there 's not a breeze in motion ;
 The shore is silent as the ocean.
 If zephyrs come, so light they come,
 Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven ;
 The wind-tower on the Emir's dome
 Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Ev'n he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
 Calm, while a nation round him weeps ;
 While curses load the air he breathes,
 And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
 Are starting to avenge the shame
 His race hath brought on Iran's name.
 Hard, heartless Chief, 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 Trebizond,
 Which, from the sunniest flow'rs that glad
 With their pure smile the gardens round,
 Draw venom forth that drives men mad.

Never did fierce Arabia send
 A satrap forth more direly great ;
 Never was Iran doom'd to bend
 Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
 Her throne had fall'n — her pride was crush'd
 Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
 In their own land, — no more their own, —
 To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
 Her 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
 Becalm'd in Heav'n's approving ray.
 Sleep on — for purer eyes than thine
 Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine,
 Sleep on, and be thy rest 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 dalea,
 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 would not fade
 Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
 An infant's dream, yet not the less
 Rich in all woman's loveliness ; —
 With eyes so pure, that from their ray
 Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,
 Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
 Upon the 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 frown
 Blackens the mirror of the deep ?
 Whom waits she all this lonely night ?
 Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
 For man to scale that turret's height ! —

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
When high to catch the cool night-air
After the day-beam's 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 charm in trophies won with ease ; —
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice !
Bolder than they, who dare not dive
For pearls but when the sea 's at rest,
Love, in the tempest most alive,
Hath ever held that pearl the best
He finds beneath the stormiest water.
Yes — Araby's unrivall'd daughter,
Though high that 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 eling,
 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 steep
 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
 Glean 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, —

Yet 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 giv'n
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 lisp'ing 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 desprately
 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 van —
 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 pinnacle 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 'eft 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,

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

Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When Iran, like a sun-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 jasmine bow'rs 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 conqu'ror'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 cowl upon his eyes,
 Lest Hafed in the midst should rise '—
 A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
 A mingled race of flame and earth,
 Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,
 Who in their fairy helms, of yore,
 A feather from the mystic wings
 Of the Simoorgh resistless wore,
 And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
 Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,
 With charms that, all in vain withstood,
 Would drown the Koran's light in blood !

Such were the tales, that won belief,
 And such the 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,
 Though 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 sou' like drops of flame;
 And, as a love sails 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 pass 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 vulture's 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-robbers 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 with her sinking heart recall
His words -- " for *my* sake weep for all ; "
And betterly, as day on day

Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,

She weeps a lover snatch'd 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, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,
 Grows in the world's approving eyes,
 In friendship's smile and home's caress,
 Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
 Into one knot of happiness !
 No, Hinda, no, — thy fatal flame
 Is 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'rie 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 owlet'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.

'T is the eighth morn — Al Hassan's brow
 Is brighten'd with unusual joy —
 What mighty mischief glads him now,
 Who never smiles but to destroy?
 The sparkle upon Herkend's Sea,
 When toss'd at midnight furiously,
 Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
 More surely than that smiling eye!
 "Up, daughter, up — the Kerna's breath
 Has blown a blast would waken death,
 And yet thou sleep'st — up, child, and see
 This blessed day for Heaven and me,
 A day more rich in Pagan blood
 Than ever flash'd o'er Oman's flood.
 Before another dawn shall shine,
 His head — heart — limbs — will all be mine

This very night his blood shall steep
 These hands all over ere I sleep!" —
 "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 hop'd 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'ries 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 boasted!
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, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer —

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her Ladies, when Feramorz appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, every thing else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets; — the violet sherbets were hastily handed round, and after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued: —

THE 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 Hinda'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 checks?
 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 knelt,
 Trembling all over — for she felt
 As if her judgment-hour was near;
 While crouching round, half dead with fear,
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Her handmaids clung, nor breathe, 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 chasm, —
 Some wretches in their dying spasm
 Still fighting on — and some that call
 “For God and Iran!” as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
 The perils of th' infuriate fray,
 And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
 This wilderment of wreck and death?
 She knew not — for a faintness came
 Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
 Amid the ruins of that hour
 Lay, like a pale and scorched 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 Harnozia'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 — 't is gone,
 The vision that before her shone
 Through all the maze of blood and storm,
 Is fled — 't was but a phantom form —
 One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
 Half light, half shade, which 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'rd those dismal caves,
That from the Deep in windings pass
Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass; —
And loud a voice on deck commands
To 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 oar 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 nyæna, 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 infiction 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.
 'T was one of those ambrosial eves
 A day of storm so often leaves
 At its calm setting — when the West
 Opens her golden bowers of rest,
 And a moist radiance from the skies
 Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
 Of some meek penitent, whose last,
 Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
 And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong 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, warily 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 misery's cup — how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught!

She, too, while gazing on those eyes

That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,

Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!

The mighty Ruins where they stood,
 Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
 Lay open tow'rd's the ocean flood,
 Where lightly o'er the 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, —
 As if, to grace the gorgeous West,
 The Spirit of departing Light
 That eve had left his sunny vest
 Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
 Never was scene so form'd for love !
 Beneath them waves of crystal move
 In silent swell — Heav'n glows above,
 And their pure hearts, to transport 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 hur'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 freezee
 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 brow in all the rays
 Of her best, happiest, grandest days.
 Never, in moment most elate,

Did that high spirit loftier rise ;—
 While bright, serene, determinate,
 His looks are lifted to the skies,
 As if the signal lights of Fate

Were shining in those awful eyes !
 'T is come — his hour of martyrdom
 In Iran's sacred cause is come :

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
 Enthroned 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 diun'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 courser's 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 ill,
 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 you 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 Hafed's band,
 So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
 But listless from each crimson hand
 The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre
 Never was horde of tyrants met
 With bloodier welcome — never yet
 To patriot vengeance hath the sword
 More terrible libations pour'd !

All up the dreary, long ravine,
 By the red, murky glimmer seen
 Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
 Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
 What ruin glares ! what carnage swims !
 Heads, blazing turbans, 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'rd's 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 hardier struggle died,
 And still fought on by Hafed's side,
 Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
 Tow'rd 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 tottering strength
 Haste, haste — the voices of the Foe
 Come near and nearer from below —
 One effort more — thank Heav'n! 't is past,
 They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.
 And now they touch the temple's walls,
 Now Hafed sees the Fire divine —
 When, lo! — his weak, worn comrade falls
 Dead on the threshold of the Shrine.
 “Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!
 And must I leave thee 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
 Not of this world, uplifts the frame
 Of the fall'n Chief, and tow'rd's the flame
 Bears him along; — with death-damp hand
 The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
 Then lights the consecrated brand,
 And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
 Like lightning bursts o'er Oman's Sea. —
 "Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee,"
 The youth exclaims, and with a smile
 Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
 In that last effort, ere the fires
 Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on Oman's tide?
 It came from yonder drifting bark,
 That just hath caught upon her side
 The death-light — and again is dark.
 It is the boat — ah, why delay'd? —
 That bears the wretched Moslem maid
 Confided to the watchful care
 Of a small veteran band, with whom
 Their 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, Hindia, 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 billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell — farewell — until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that
mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this
wave

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 Betel-carrier, 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 Hussun 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 Nour-mahal; 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,

ness, and almost heavenly tranquility. 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 rhapsody, 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 swinging
 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 illumines each brow,
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
 And all is ecstasy, — 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 whispering
 in boats,
 As they shoot through the moonlight; — the dipping
 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 Cashmere.

So felt the magnificent Son of Aebur,
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 tranquildest 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'lier 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 heaven 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 sweetnesses 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't 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 sooth 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 believed 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, bounc
Upon the wand'ring Arab's arm,
To keep him from the Siliin'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 breathed,
 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 Canadeva'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 Namouna 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 murm'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 Caubul
 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 worshipping 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 Cashmerian'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 palatable 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 Bucharía 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

ancnoly 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 around 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.

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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 ree. us through the dance's round.
 Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
 In wild but sweet ebriety ;
 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 earthly heaven of love
 These delighted mortals prove.



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.

ODE V.

SCULPTOR, 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.



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, they're 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!"
 Alcmaeon 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 strav'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,
 Inbrued 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
 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 XI.

“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



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 ft, 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 th e 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 ;
 Phæbus 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 trees,
 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 XXL

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 XXIII.

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, impregn'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 imp's 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.
'T was 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 god 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 XXXI.

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.

SIREW 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.

Yes, Cupid! ere my shade retire,
 To join the blest elysian choir,
 With wine, and love, and social joys
 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 warn'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.

ON 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 reverè !
 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, mether ! — 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 spoke, 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 p'inion,
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 XXXVII.

'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 sudden 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 thrud 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 't is 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



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 bid my winter bloom
 And Venus dance me to the tomb.



ODE XLI.

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 XIII.

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 *tear*,
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 Cræsus' 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 Muso.

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 a 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 languid 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!

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.

OH! 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.

RICH 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 n’r nothing darker or brighter can bring
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting —

Oh! 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 blooms 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 *are*.

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'rds 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 trown'd on in vain,
 Whose spirit outlives them, unfolding 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 unwoke 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 gall
 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 wa't the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,
 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.



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.

FILL the bumper fair !

Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care

Smooths away a wrinkle.

Wit's electric flame

Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame

It shoots from brimming glasses.

Fill the bumper fair !

Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care

Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,

Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray

From the starr'd dominions : —

So 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 warm 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 travellers oft look back at eve,
 When eastward darkly 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.

Is 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 tastes 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, untouch'd 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 glitters 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'rds 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'rds 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'rds 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'rds 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 shall 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 death 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 warning 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 ;
 'T is life where *thou* art, 't is death where thou 'rt 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!



WHENE'ER 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 SANG 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 we 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 !



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,” said
A voice, low whispering 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'ers 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 fitted!

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 flung round us then,
 No, 't is not in Man, nor in Heaven,
 To let Tyraany 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 for 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’ never,” she cried, “could I think of enshrining
An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim;—
But you 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 tna' '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 !



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'rd's the maiden moves !
'Tis 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.



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 grotts 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.

OFF, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

[SCOTCH AIR.]

OFF, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me ;
 The smiles, 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 be'st watch be'low.
 Ah! did we talk 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.

LIEK 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 'TIS 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, NOW 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 as 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 dissever 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 Piazzetta
 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,
 Nor 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 beam,
Like day-flies skimming 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 light,
Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sigh,
So close, as thou and I!



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LINES

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

ALCNE 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 sooth 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,
 Thrice 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 Schuykill 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 favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.



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 illumine,
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 stūn-sails wait
 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 wait 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 fur'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 shone, 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, frighted 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 !”



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,
 Deceitful 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'ers 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!

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 unfurl'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,
Torpido, 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 chil' 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 fannish'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 unblest'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 !



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 murm'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 scarf he wore
Into the foaming river,
Which, ah too quickly, bore
That pledge of one no more!

With fond impatience burning,
The Chieftain's lady stood,
To watch her love returning
In triumph down the flood,
From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas, ill-fated!
The lady saw, instead
Of the bark whose speed she wanted,
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!

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 truth to me."

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

But, lo! a page, with looks of joy,
 Brings tidings to the Lady's ear;
 "'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 spring,
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 a'ssence, 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
 her

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!"

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 uncurl'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.

THE EXILE.

NIGHT waneth fast, the morning star
Saddens with light the glimm'ring sea,
Whose waves shall soon to realms afar
Waft me from hope, from love, and thee.
Coldly the beam from yonder sky
Looks o'er the waves that onward stray:
But colder still the stranger's eye.
To him whose home is far away.

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



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,
 Ycuth'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 !



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 form'd 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.



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 woo'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.

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,
Illume 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 we were thus, to that old lay,
In dreams of youth and love and song,
To breathe life's hour away.

SONG.

"T is the Vine! 't is the Vine!" said the cup-loving boy
 As he saw it spring bright from the earth,
 And call'd the young Genii of Wit, Love, and Joy,
 To witness and hallow its birth.
 The fruit was full-grown, like a ruby it flamed,
 Till the sunbeam that kiss'd it look'd pale :
 "T is the Vine! 't is the Vine!" ev'ry Spirit exclaim'd,
 "Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew
 While a light on the vine-leaves there broke,
 In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew
 'T was the light from his lips as he spoke.
 "Bright tree! let thy nectar but cheer me," he cried,
 "And the fount of Wit never can fail;"
 "T is the Vine! 't is the Vine!" hills and valleys reply
 "Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to admire
 Each tendril and cluster it wore,
 From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,
 As made the tree tremble all o'er.
 Oh, never did flow'r of the earth, sea, or sky,
 Such a soul-giving odor inhale :
 "T is the Vine! 't is the Vine!" all re-echo the cry,
 "Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,
Came to crown the bright hour with his ray;
And scarce had that mirth-making tree met his eye,
When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say; —
A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around
Till, like music, it swell'd on the gale;
"T is the Vine! 't is the Vine!" laughing myriads
resound,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"



SOVEREIGN WOMAN

A BALLAD.

THE dance was o'er, yet still in dream
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 chain,
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 so?
 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 ? "

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