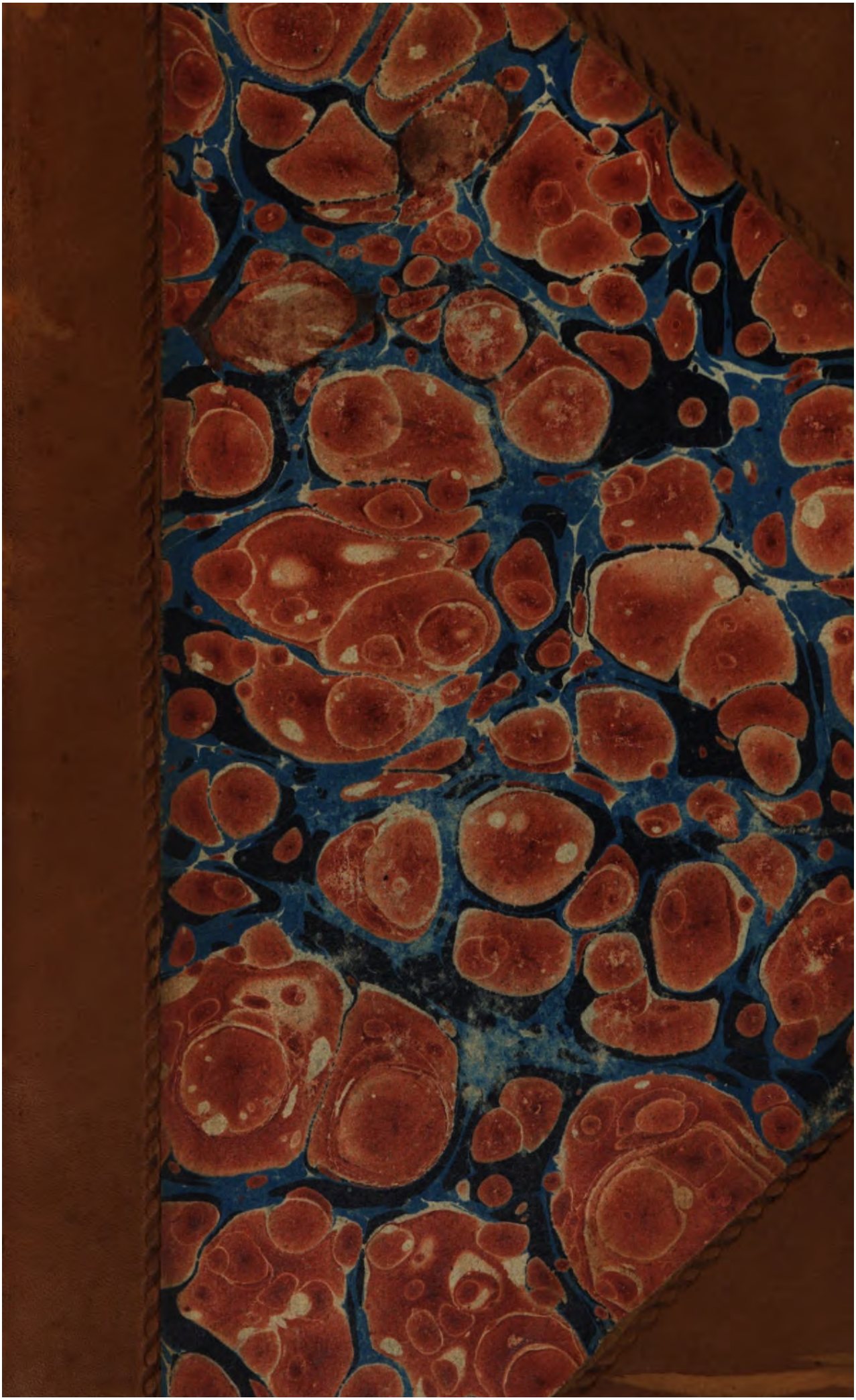

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341.

ORIENTAL MUSINGS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

By P. SCOTT, Esq.

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ORIENTAL MUSINGS.

I.

LAND of the sunny soil and cloudless skies,
  Land of the mountain-wood and torrent, where
The water never sleeps or verdure dies,
  Whose glowing clime has given thy dusky fair
Their raven locks and darkly-beaming eyes,
  'Neath whose long lashes, to subdue the glare
Of light that dazzles from its unveiled rays,
The sun of beauty sheds a softer blaze!

II.

Hid in the depth of ages is the course
  Of thy far history; we know not whence
The flood of knowledge had its mighty source
  That rolled through generations, to dispense
To distant nations, with unwearying force,
  The waters of its mental opulence.
We bless the river's golden billows, though
We cannot trace the fountain whence they flow!

III.

And some of old perchance have quaffed the stream,
  And shewed the pilfered riches as their own
Which had their rise in thee; and such would seem
  Thy yet remaining destiny—to groan
Beneath some wrong—unaltered as the beam
  Of thy own sun on his unclouded throne,
Thou dost appear 'mid passing cent'ries, still
Unchanged in arts, oppression, and in ill!

IV.

Most strangely uniform !—to-day the same
  As in old time, when those who rule thee now
Were like thy forest beasts, and scarce more tame,
  That roam thy jungly vales and mountain's brow
What gave thy glory its unsteady flame
  That burnt to sink so soon and oft, when thou
Becam'st the slave of nations ?—was it not
That thy foul faith was darker than thy lot ?

V.

Thy monstrous gods and most unholy rites
  Called down the vengeance of a purer Pow'r,
When thy hill-temples shone with thousand lights,
  And the priest's cell became a harlot's bow'r ;
And on the stillness of thy starry nights
  Arose the shrieks in that unhallowed hour
When the life-blood of man flowed red to please
The passions of thy marble deities !

VI.

But still unchanged the freshness of thy clime,
  And flowers and fruits still keep their glowing hue;
And still thy skies maintain, 'mid flying time
  And falling empires, their unaltered blue;
And still amid thy many years of crime
  And man's decay, kind Nature sheds her dew
Upon the surface of thy breast to bring
The double verdure of eternal spring!

VII.

And oh! are not thy daughters lovely—they
  Of the black locks, and colour of the sun?
And if false rules have forced their hearts astray,
  We can but mourn for what mankind has done
To taint what Heav'n made pure, and dim the ray
  Of beauty, which would otherwise have won
The coldest breast to love, and grow all warm
With the fine luxury of each cypress form.

VIII.

And I have loved and left thee, India—then
  Have I not cause for grief? My best of years
Were spent with thee, and boys have grown to men
  Since first I trod thy shores—these claim some tears,
Old friends and their warm hearts; and oh! again
  Memory recalls the chase, its hopes and fears,
Pale cheek and reddened spur, the flying steed,
Arm for the blow, and daring for the deed!

IX.

Forth from his home of cane the wild boar broke;
  And as his dark form met the hunter's view
One shout arose, then not a word was spoke,
  For hand and heart had both a deed to do;
With headlong speed the monster shunned the stroke—
  Down rocky hill, through rushing stream he flew,
Yet fled in vain—his foes gained on his track,
And their stretched weapons grazed his bristly back.

X.

As in his side the bent spear quiv'ring stood,
  In gore and foam he rose upon the blow,
But the sharp point was wet in his heart's blood,
  And his strength sickened, and his head sunk low;
And with the oozing of the clotted flood
  From the obstructed death-hole, thick and slow,
His small eye lightened, and one struggle more
Had ceased the agonies of the dying boar.

XI.

India! another nation rules thee now,
  One out of many conquerors, whose sword
Has turned all enemies to subjects; thou
  Art of the thousand climes that call her lord!
Unseeking strife, she reared her modest brow;
  But on each faithless foe her cannon roar'd,
'Till her plain vest became a royal robe—
And now her belt of empire girds the globe!

XII.

From land to land her grasp of pow'r is spread;
  From sea to sea her sceptre rules the waves:
When in the East the youthful sun is red,
  His sinking globe the Carribean laves,
And long before the flying god has shed
  His parting radiance there, Australia craves
His early kiss—suns never cease to shine
Upon these lands—and, Britain, all are thine!

XIII.

But still among the nations though thou art
  The most imperial that old time e'er saw,
Thine was the praise to play a greater part—
  To raise the humbled and the proud o'erawe;
To base thy empire on the poor man's heart
  By power of right and majesty of law;
And nobly vindicate the poet's song—
The breast is gentle where the arm is strong!

XIV.

But we have left bright India far away,
  And other lands now open on our sight,
Wherein the great Impostor erst did lay
  The base of his religion in the blight
Of man's once purer nature, led astray
  By lust and riot; the unarguing might
Of his steel-clad apostles spread their creed
Where'er their swords could fall, and converts bleed.

XV.

O'er land and sea these regal locusts flew,
  And the air quivered with their sheathed wings,
The earth's pure green and the sky's peaceful blue
  Were cast in shade by these unhallowed things;
And kingdoms withered, and rich nations grew
  Poor in the course of their long wanderings:
And when their flight had ceased, their empire stood.
Founded in bigotry and rais'd in blood.

XVI.

Here on these shores the Christian's God displayed
  The might of his right arm, when Israel fled
The Heav'n-deriding foe; the sea obeyed
  The Prophet's voice from its profoundest bed—
In its full flow each high wave heard and stayed,
  And reared in air above its foaming head.
The wondrous causeway stretched on either hand,
Walled in by waters, on a path of land.

XVII.

Madly the foe came on with steed and spear
  And drove their battle-chariots down the bank.
Why sudden shrieked each mailed chief with fear?
  The crumbling tops of the piled billows sank
Upon their passing lines—heart, eye, and ear
  Felt, saw, and heard awhile—then all was blank;
And the calm waters stretched from shore to shore
Where a king stood with all his men before.

XVIII.

And foolish as that Prince whose daring hope
  Would strive with Heav'n, some theorists will try
To force this fact within the common scope
  Of Nature's course; must man then still deny
His Maker's deeds, because he cannot ope
  The door that hides from his mortality
A fuller knowledge; and can He, whose skill
Framed all earth's things, not bend them to his will?

XIX.

But now the scene is changed once more—our tread
  Is over barren hill and dale, where all
Shews the sad quietness whence life hath fled—
  And the long waste of ages wears the pall
Of desolation; from his rocky bed
  The locust, rising at our footsteps' fall,
Flits to some other spot, where he alone
May tenant, undisturbed, his desert throne.

XX.

His throne is of the desert, and his reign
  Is o'er an useless empire, where around
No foot of beast imprints the untrack'd plain,
  Nor cry of bird nor human voices sound
'Mid the bleak solitude; the eye in vain
  Seeks one green spot in this ungenial ground;
Nature withholds her simplest fruits and flowers—
Man toils not here, and skies refuse their showers.

XXI.

But quickly from her livery of night
  Nature bursts forth into green life, where flows
In its eternal course of life and light
  That old and mighty river; deeply glows
The face of earth around, most strangely bright
  In its contrasted charms, the fair stream shews,
In its long course, wide-smiling on each hand
A belt of verdure on a field of sand.

XXII.

It comes on like a conqueror—not for blood,
  But to subdue the waste; its waves have rolled
Through many climes their solitary flood,
  And brought more wealth than if they flowed in gold.
It comes to turn the evil into good;
  A blessed spirit, of which no eyes behold
The source whence it descendeth in its power
To glad man's heart and bid the desert flower.

XXIII.

And thus Heav'n's stream of kindness flows from high
  From its pure fountain, single and unseen,
And though its source be veiled to mortal eye,
  Each spot is blessed where its course hath been.
And not alone it gives to earth and sky
  The hue of azure and the tint of green,
But with a deeper bounty bids to bloom
The waste of life—the desert of the tomb!

XXIV.

But turn we to that sacred spot, where stand
  Wrecks of the hundred-gated town, and gaze
On these immortal works of mortal hand—
  The mighty relics of forgotten days,
Rising sublimely in this mystic land
  From their eternal base—the living rays
Of the sole light amid the gloom that shrouds
The birth of history in a night of clouds.

XXV.

A forest of tall pillars meets the view
  In most colossal beauty—fit alone
To be the work of those strong hands which threw
  Pelion on Ossa to reach Jove's high throne.
Fancy might half conjecture that they drew
  Life from the flight of ages, and had grown
With the long lapse of time, too vast to be
The untouched works of mere mortality.

XXVI.

Column on column swells its massy girth,
  And rears in air its over-hanging head
To upraise the enormous architrave from earth ;
  And as we gaze, nor speak, we think with dread
On those great minds in which such thoughts had birth—
  Who built their works to live when they were dead
Unto all time, and to withstand the shock
As 'twere of earthquakes, made each stone a rock !

XXVII.

We know not of their birth, nor deem we how
  They e'er can perish—towns of mighty name
Were built when they were old, and these are now
  Dust of the level plain ; but Egypt claims
Exemption from the elements to bow
  Her haughty structures low, whose giant frames
Are strong in their young vigour, as before
One year of thrice ten centuries had passed o'er.

XXVIII.

Where is Phœnicia's, where Chaldæa's boast,
  With its Heav'n-mocking tower ? what man can tell
Where sat the Queen of Afric's burning coast ?
  Ask of the dust that's there—it knows as well ;
And the famed cities which are now the most
  Exalted of the earth, shall fall as fell
The great of old ; while Thebes, that 'mid the past
Rose with the first, shall yet outlive the last.

XXIX.

The valley of the tombs ! our tread is o'er
  The cells of death, yet dressed in royal guise,
As would beseem those men who on the shore
  Of Nile had bid their palaces arise.
Each hill is hollowed in its solid core
  To form the grave in which a Monarch lies,
As if the imperial souls of such a race
Asked for their clay a mightier resting-place !

XXX.

But now the very nation lies entombed
  With all its glory, from its moral height
Its place of pride how fallen, when it illumed
  The nations round with wisdom's scattered light!
But by Heaven's high decree the land was doomed
  To fall to its debased estate, nor might
The staff of empire e'er be held by one
O'er Egypt's kingdom, who was Egypt's son.

XXXI.

A heavy curse upon the clime hath lain
  From age to age, as each rule was o'erthrown
It only changed it for another chain
  Forged by another nation; it hath shewn,
Chameleon-like, in each despotic reign
  All hues of varying empire but its own;
And yet kind Nature hath not made the land
For a slave's lot, but for a Queen's command.

XXXII.

And ye stupendous forms, that sit the same
  As when the world was young, unchanged and vast,
Ye have looked down on men of modern name,
  And Roman kings beneath your gaze have past,
But both to you were modern—ages came
  And perished o'er your heads, but ye did last.
Oh! could ye tell the secrets ye have known,
And move in speech your giant lips of stone!

XXXIII.

Then what a tale were yours of wondrous men,
  And their lost knowledge, lost to Egypt now
In her decay of mind—how changed from when
  She taught the listening world, and her young brow
Was bright with Science, the great mistress then,
  But sunk too low to be a scholar now.
God spake the word—the star that shone so bright
Fell from the Heav'n, and in its place sat night.

XXXIV.

Great men of other climes this soil have trod.
  One too there was, a man of war, whose breath,
Like to its own simoom, changed the green sod
  Into a waste, the power that withereth
Brilliant in crime was his—his people's god,
  And the world's demon in his path of death.
And still reflection asks for what great good
Napoleon stained the peaceful earth with blood?

XXXV.

And here too, where old father Nile outpours
  One of his many streams, there first began
To work his scheme of empire on these shores
  A mighty conqueror, yet a greater man.
And like the Pyramids, based on their broad floors,
  He fixed the sure foundation of his plan.
And interchange of good, not force or guilt,
Was the deep ground on which his plot was built.

XXXVI.

Oh! how miscalled the madman! Commerce rose
  All vigorous at his touch, and the far East
And Greece met elsewise than as ancient foes,
  And learning revelled in her mental feast
In Alexandria's bowers; his mind could close
  With each great subject, nor o'erlook the least.
And he but reigned the God of War awhile
To make a wider peace more surely smile.

XXXVII.

And woman, the enchantress, has been here,
  With the proved magic of her smiles and sighs,
That have more power to take the willing ear
  And win the heart, than volumes of the wise.
The Roman Chief, whose breast was steel'd to fear,
  Shook with new tremblings before Beauty's eyes.
But in what frozen clime could man retain,
Ungranted, aught which woman strove to gain?

XXXVIII.

Angel of virtue or of vice !—with charm
  To warp the deeds of men unto thy will,
The statesman's counsel, and the warrior's arm,
  Wait on thy beck, and work for good or ill;
But thy pure breast was never formed to harm,
  And when it does it seems perversion still:
God never made thee, heavenly as thou art,
To wound aught harder than a lover's heart!

XXXIX.

The winds and waves of the great sea now rise
  Around us, but like living thing of earth,
Against the warring winds our vessel flies,
  And spurns the opposing ocean in her mirth.
And thus man's mind e'en Nature's self defies,
  Like a new Titan, in each giant birth;
And bids our bark straight to its destined home
Walk with huge strides upon its path of foam.

XL.

Hush! see ye not yon drowning wretch, and hear,
  Borne o'er the waves, the inarticulate cry
That tells all hope is over; yet the fear
  Of the dark-yawning death before his eye
Breaks forth in wilder struggles—the despair
  Of striving with a stronger enemy—
'Tis past—one more convulsive gasp for breath,
And the dark waves have done their work of death

XLI.

His peaceful home, his cottage simply fair—
  The thought of them came o'er him as he died.
Oh! that he still had been content to share
  The quiet joys by rural life supplied;
To drink the fragrance of his native air,
  Health for his guest, and Nature for his guide—
Securely blest in unambitious ease,
When every brighter sky or flower could please.

XLII.

And when his hour was come he might have slept
  Where sleep his sires by Nature's common doom,
And fond affection would have hung, and wept
  Her artless sorrows o'er his rustic tomb;
Now by the rudely-rolling billows swept,
  His corse, still beautiful in life's young bloom,
Floats unrecorded on its watery bier,
Unmourned by manhood's sigh or woman's tear.

XLIII.

'Twas here the mighty ancient set a bound
  To man's ulterior steps; but could he bind
By any fetter that hath yet been found
  The stretch of thought—the all-excursive mind?
The billowy ocean, like the firm-set ground,
  Hath not a spot which genius fails to find;
And human power and intellect can clasp
Each realm of space in their herculean grasp.

XLIV.

Behold the power of men, that from below
  Wrested the bowels of the stony soil,
To make the fortress' triple ramparts grow
  Into the air above; their wondrous toil
Bid many a palace shine, and temple shew
  Its gorgeous structure rich with trophied spoil,
And taught the fruits of kindlier spots to smile
On the rude bosom of their barren isle.

XLV.

With iron hearts beneath their mailed vests
  They shook not at an army—fraud alone
Could dim the honours of their knightly crests,
  That through three hundred years of battle shone
With never-sullied glory; their firm breasts
  Scorned the leagued terrors of the Turkish throne,
And gave securely to the cannon's shock,
Like lions of the cross, their den of rock!

XLVI.

And, Malta, on thy coast stood, tempest-driven,
  He of the thrilling tongue and burning heart,
Who spoke, the favour'd orator of Heav'n,
  In words sublime that pass'd the bounds of art.
Unshrinking on by his great subject driven
  He taught new doctrines, and made nations start
At the strange truth of those most awful things,
And 'neath their purple shook the breasts of kings!

XLVII.

He stood, the great Apostle of a creed
  The greatest in all beauty, which hath sprung
To its fair growth from most unusual seed,
  For it denounceth with a trumpet-tongue
The evil thought that hath as yet no deed;
  Tears off each cloak that hypocrites have hung
Upon their saintly vices, and imparts
The purity of Heav'n to human hearts!

XLVIII.

Most wise in its great goodness, it doth train
  The passions to their proper ends, which still
Are good in their due bounds, and but attain
  A bad luxuriance from the unguided will.
It bids the mind and soul and body gain
  A cultured growth, and praise their Maker's skill;
And with this truth supplants the ascetic's rod—
They who live most for men best serve their God.

XLIX.

And other men have lived and laboured hard
  For human weal, though not within the pale
Of that most high religion: their reward
  Rests with our common Father. Who could fail
Here to recall the past on thy green sward,
  Fair Sicily, when Syracuse could hail
The elements controlled by human thought,
And freedom smiled as Archimedes taught?

L.

There is more pow'r to wither or to save
  Within the reach of genius than the whole
Of an embattled army, for the grave
  That rots the body does not touch the soul
Of the mind's products, that to vice enslave
  Or raise to virtue as far ages roll;
It is a power that breeds a laugh in hell
When 'tis ill used, and joy in heav'n when well.

LI.

But in its ancient soul the land is dead,
  Content to let the historic page recount
Her reign of pow'r, her pride of science fled.
  Still beauty dwells in every vale and mount;
And still the charm which Greece and genius bred,
  Haunts Scylla's rock, and Arethusa's fount,
And wheresoe'er with sunlike-power the muse
Tinged the dull soil with its immortal hues.

LII.

Or turn where Etna rears its giant form,
  With the whole island for its base, and hides
Its head in the calm heav'n above the storm
  That shakes the piny forest on its sides.
How beautiful! its smoky top is warm
  With the hot breath that from its furnace glides;
Fires rage within—green hamlets smile below—
While spreads above the inhospitable snow!

LIII.

But all around is beauty, of the past
  Or of the present; sights and sounds that speak
The tale of times long fled, yet doomed to last
  With taste and memory; wild flower hues that streak
The ground; rich scents and balmy airs; the vast
  Sublimeness of the mountain's snowy peak;
Bright orange groves; and isles that ocean laves
With the blue dimples of the Æolian waves.

LIV.

And thou, inspiring city, that dost rise
  In thy surpassing loveliness, the gem
Of ocean's towered coronet; a prize
  Which monarchs strove for, whence their diadem
Might gain a double lustre: suns and skies
  Smile upon Naples, and she smiles on them
With her gay hearts and maidens' love-lit eyes.
Here no rude cares the easy hours employ,
And the soul basks in all the warmth of joy.

LV.

Her sons have caught the spirit of the clime,
  Warm, free, and gay, they reason less than feel;
Soon roused to virtue, sooner sunk to crime,
  Yet without wish or wisdom to conceal
Their day-light errors; wasting the long time
  Where Folly treads on changing Folly's heel—
Dance, song, and jest—or mixing night with day
Beneath hell's roof, the accursed house of play.

LVI.

With forms of grace and minds of finer mould
  Than for such uses, thus they live and die;
And then from the bribed priest their well-spent gold
  Secures a pass to immortality.
(And when a place in Heav'n itself is sold
  None fear to sin who have the power to buy);
And chained to their wrong creed, yet strangely free,
They mock in spirit while they bend the knee.

LVII.

Descend we to the fated town, low crushed
  By the black depth of solid rock above,
Which whilome, like a boiling river rushed,
  Then settled into stone—there was a move
Of festal crowds that night, and bright cheeks blushed,
  And music mixed with tongues that spoke of love,
When for a city's burial, onward came
Like a high wall the lava's wave of flame.

LVIII.

The night was horribly calm ; the hue of death
  Mantled the sky, in emblem of earth's woes ;
The air hung heavy with the sultry breath
  Of the pent up volcano ; its huge throes
Shook the rent mountain from it base beneath
  In most gigantic torture—sudden rose
A crash, and from the torn hill's quivering side
To the black heav'n high leapt the burning tide

LIX.

Of most appalling grandeur—'twas a sight
  To shake an Atheist in his firmest mood,
As on the darkness of the double night
  The lightning flashed and glared the lava's flood.
The strong earth trembled—the sea shrunk with fright ;
  And still, as paused the thunder's voice, ensued,
Oft heard and far, some wretch's maddened scream
As on his flight fast gained the fiery stream.

LX.

Behold the " city of the soul " divine
  In its decay, to fancy still the same!
But here must cease this simple song of mine—
  For on our path, a shade of mighty name
Rising 'mid Rome's old ruins, that enshrine
  Her vanished pow'r—the cenotaphs of fame—
Seems with a look of saddened pride to say—
What *he* has sung admits no other lay.

LXI.

His was the lyre whose strains to fire or melt
  Rung with a pow'r ne'er owned by lyre beside;
And if he erred, the lot which Heav'n had dealt
  Of stronger feelings asked more strength to guide.
Blame him not ye whose colder souls ne'er felt
  The warmth of passion or the sting of pride,
And negatively good, whose torpid will
Slumbers without the energy for ill!

LXII.

We cannot deem that such a mind as his
  Was formed in vain. Peace to the poet's shade!
And, reader, on *your* kind attention this
  Concludes the weary claims that have been made
By Bard of meaner note, who will not miss,
  If *you* are pleased, his guerdon amply paid.
Farewell! he thanks you for your long delay
With him, the humble wanderer, on his way.

CALANUS.

— Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata— HORAT.

Of cypress and of myrtle wood
The dark seer's burial couch was made,
Whence, as he rested there, his eye still bright
In life's last hour, survey'd
The steel-clad host, that low up-gazing stood
At his funereal height!
The pile was rich with gems of price
And flowers of every hue,
While, brought from India's thousand isles of spice,
From its tall sides there well'd an aromatic dew.

Though death in dreaded shape was near,
The sage, like king upon his throne reclin'd,
Sat proudly in the monarchy of mind
Upon his living bier.

Slowly and calm he rose, and as he spoke,
The cymbal hush'd its brazen sound,
And not a trumpet's voice around,
Or clang of arms, the unbreathing silence broke.

" Offspring of Jove ! whose giant pow'r has spann'd
Like the arch'd rainbow from far land to land ;
And ye ! stern sons of Greece,
Whom war has harden'd to the joy of peace,
Attend ! while yet of life remains
In the warm current of these veins
That soon shall shrivel 'neath the tongue of flame
That licks my body o'er,
When Calanus shall seek once more
The burning element from which he came.

My country ! in a foreign land laid low,
Dying, to thee I turn,
For thee my fondest pray'r shall flow,
My deepest sigh shall burn,
As sadly on my aged eyes
In long array thy coming woes arise.
Oh ! what avails thy kings their high descent.
— The children of the sun —
Their souls unkindled own no solar ray,
The living flame is spent !
And unto rude, unletter'd force a prey
They leave those fields where erst their fame was won.
Are not thy warriors brave, thy daughters fair,
Boast not thy maids their darkly flowing hair,
The melting look of love—the winning sigh,
And the long lashes of the sleepy eye ?
And for such matchless charms,
Do thy best heroes fear
To hurl the iron thunder of their arms
The lightning of the spear ?

No! India, no! The sins of olden days
Have dimm'd thy glory's rays,
And an avenging God-head pours
Its lasting wrath upon thy fated shores!
What deeds of rapine meet my aching eyes!
What streams of blood shall flow to found new dynasties!
Thrones upon thrones shall rise and be cast down,
The broken jewels, monarch, of thy crown;
Thy kings with waning pow'r shall reign,
Thy yoke be rent in two,
'Till not one glorious relic shall remain
To mark the eagle course thy bird of victory flew.

See yon red crescent rising in the sky
Of distant Araby;
Forth from her sterile plains,
Fir'd by a bigot zeal,
Her warriors rush o'er India's fair domains,
And lost in soul or body, all
The bravest of her children fall,
The converts to their faith, or victims of their steel!

Thibet! thy deserts form no saving bar,
Twelve times the dreaded king has rush'd to war,
Twelve times the wheels of battle's iron car
  Have crush'd my country's fields of green,
  And roll'd o'er every sacred scene
    Which old religion loves,
  Its golden floors, and consecrated groves,
    While the priest's life-blood stains
  The marble threshold of the plunder'd fanes.

  Hark! to the horse-tread thick and fast,
  Like a spirit of ill the Tartar pass'd,
    Scarce an arm rose there
    For defence or prayer
E'er he wither'd the land like a blighting blast!
  Vainly the mountains spread their belts of rock,
    In vain their snows are deep:
    The squadrons thunder down the steep,
And ancient empires totter to the shock!

Kingdoms arise and fall,
And different nations hold the sway,
But thou, my country, art the slave of all!
Thy night shall ne'er be day!
And is it thus the Heavens have will'd thy doom?
Thy soil is rich, with varied glow
Skies shine above and flowers below;
And must thy fate maintain its changeless gloom?
One pleasing thrill my bosom warms,
Vanquish'd by thee in a more glorious strife,
The fierce invader drops his blood-stain'd arms,
And feels a new-born joy and learns the arts of life!
A while, a little while,
O'er thee shall peace and science smile,
Thy faith resume its right, thy towns their state
Beneath one foreign king, all justly styled the great!
'Tis o'er—thy day of pride is past,
That beam of glory was thy last,
The gentle stream of peace has ceas'd to flow,
Another country yields another foe.

War, horrid war, again
Pours its destroying flood
O'er the corn-smiling plain,
And rushing on, it saps the city walls,
Where, hapless Delhi, in thy regal halls
The Persian lion revels deep in blood!

And other tribes, whose purer creed
Forbids its sons to plunder or to slay,
Throng to the feast of spoil, and ceaseless prey
On thee, my native land, still doom'd to bleed.
By paths untrod before,
From the far west their daring leader came,
But untried dangers cast no dimness o'er
His soul's unwavering flame—
Though from their hidden caves,
The wild winds sprung and uphurl'd the waves,
The thunder roll'd with deepen'd sound,
More redly glar'd the lightning round,

While, from the troubled air, the tempest king
Hung black upon their course with his o'ershadowing
wing.
But see! the land's divided realms obey
Another nation's milder sway,
Mercy and Faith the arms they wield,
—To conquer, yet to save—
The victors of each battle-field,
The rulers of the wave!
These men of mightier mental mould
Shall hold the elements controll'd,
Shall bid the beams of science pour
Their wondrous light from shore to shore,
And matter, beautifully complex, start
Into strange life beneath the magic touch of art!

Monarch of Macedon! behold,
What changes shall attend the flight of time,
Wand'rers shall seek the land
By the deserted path thy genius plann'd,
And commerce shall resume the course she held of old.

But oh! my eyes grow dim,
And faint before their orbs the future visions swim.
My native land, alas!
O'er thee, the immutable, a change shall pass.
Where Indus its dark waters pours
Along thy proudest realms, thy holiest shores,
Forth from the bosom of thy race
Men shall arise, whose souls shall spring
On Innovation's daring wing,
To pluck the Brahmin from his pride of place,
To bid the past renounce its pow'r,
And quit, for tenets of an hour,
The heav'n-born rites, that on the sacred page
Have held their ancient sway through many a mystic age.

I can no more—but still, my country, still
I give thee all I can, my dying lays—
A tear of pity for thine ill,
A hope for better days!

Lion of Albion! in thy strength be just,
The land is thine, be thine the praise,
More bright than warlike spoils, to raise
The vanquish'd from the dust!"
He said, and at a sign the pile was fir'd,
And on his bier of flame the prophet-sage expir'd.

ALEXANDER.

ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γὴ τάφος.

Thucyd. II. 43.

I.

Silent I stood upon the banks
  Of that far-famed Indian stream,
Where Macedonia's warlike ranks
  Half realized their leader's dream,
That his unwearied flag should fly
O'er every realm beneath the sky.

II.

Alone, and in deep thought, I stood,
  Musing upon the days of old,
And as beneath, that ancient flood
  Its dark and rapid waters roll'd,
Before my mental vision shone
The scenes of twice ten centuries gone.

III.

I hear the iron din of arms,
  The whistling dart, the clanging steel,
The music of the fight, whose charms
  A warrior's soul alone can feel,
And human blood is pour'd like wine
Before the God of Battle's shrine !

IV.

Where bright with many a flashing blade,
(As 'mid thick clouds the lightnings glare)
The war-storm casts its deepest shade,
The warrior king of Greece is there,
With glance that calmly scans the whole,
—The leader's eye, the hero's soul.—

V.

The strife is o'er, the battle's won,
Not that the dusky warriors quail'd,
But strove they not with Ammon's son,
And fought with one who never fail'd?
And as it e'er had done before,
His flag in victory waves once more!

VI.

'Tis past, that bright and stirring dream,
  No more I view the armed ranks;
All darkly rolls that erst red stream,
  And I alone upon its banks,
That crumbling round me splash below
To break the silent current's flow.

VII.

'Tis past, that high-wrought vision frail,
  And thus, too, shall the conqueror's name
Fade into subject for a tale,
  Or only earn that doubtful fame,
Which bids the route he travell'd still
Be theme for learned book-worms' skill.

VIII.

Perish the base thought in its birth,
  For though the days have long gone by,
Since Alexander shook the earth,
  The historic page forbids to die;
And the rapt soul of him who reads
Shall glow and tremble at his deeds.

IX.

And liv'd he but the God of War,
  Whose fame all but himself must rue,
Like to a pestilential star,
  As brilliant and as baneful too?
Go ask of Egypt's seven-mouth'd flood,
If all his deeds were deeds of blood.

X.

She saw of old those lofty towers
  Arise upon a barren plain,
Where learning built her thousand bowers,
  And commerce first commenc'd her reign,
Where distant nations met in peace,
And Asia held her hand to Greece!

XI.

Half form'd he left his mighty plan,
  And as like him no warrior fought,
The genius of no other man
  Could soar to such a height of thought.
The bird of Jove pursues its flight,
Unfollowed, to the fount of light!

XII.

And thou, old river ! fare thee well,
  But not to thy proud stream confin'd
The Macedonian's fame shall dwell,
  It lives in every human mind,
And bounded by no vulgar room,
The globe itself shall be his tomb

THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

" Oh tu, Severi Religio Loci."
GRAY.

I.

PRESIDING spirit! that here
Dwellest in beauty, where the living wood
Waves its old honours, and the mountain-flood
Speaks thund'ring to the ear!
Shed thy diviner influence on my breast,
And calm each earth-born thought, each lowly care to rest.

II.

'Mid rocky heights, ne'er trod
By step of man, where nature's mould is cast
Sublimely wild and beautifully vast,
The omnipresent God
Is visibly seen, or in the eloquent light
That through the still grove sheds an imitative night.

III.

The fretted ceiling, wrought
In all the prodigality of art,
Hath not such pow'r to warm the glowing heart
Or lift the mounting thought
As the sublime of Nature, where we see,
In his own mighty works, the mightier Deity!

IV.

But why, severely rude,
Why does my harder fate forbid my stay
Among these scenes, and beckon me away
From this calm solitude
Into life's troubled sea, where every wave
Rolls o'er the wreck of hope, or pleasure's early grave ?

V.

Yet, when the stream of life
Creeps down the vale of years with slower tide,
Oh ! may not then some shelter be denied,
Far from th' enfeebling strife
Of human ills that darken to despair,
From Passion's mad'ning grasp, or iron tooth of Care !

THE LAST SLEEP.

S. M.

PATRIS.

He slumbers—o'er the unruffled sleep
  No dreams of guilty conscience break ;
Breathless, and motionless, and deep,
  He slumbers well, but will he wake ?
Not to this world, oh ! not to this ;
  His eyes now closed to earthly woe
Shall open on immortal bliss
  Pure as the mortal's life below.

He did not live as others have,
  To taint their laurell'd fame with blood ;
He liv'd to teach, improve, and save,
  Just, bounteous, merciful, and good.
No lowly thought of self e'er marr'd
  His useful life's capacious plan ;
His heart, by no mean interest jarr'd,
  Attuned its every chord for man.

And if fair Science grac'd his days
  And Genius beamed upon his mind,
He only us'd the heav'n-born rays
  To shed their light on human kind :
Like some broad stream, whose waves have roll'd
  To scatter wealth where'er they flow'd,
Silent their generous course to hold,
  Nor know the good themselves bestow'd.

And when in sorrow's bitter cup
  Was mingled the cold worldling's blame,
He rais'd the fallen sinner up,
  And sought to comfort and reclaim ;
Then, if reflection can recall
  The tears with which our eyes are dim,
Oh ! think that as *he* was to all
  So will his God be unto *him !*

THE ATTAINMENT OF HAPPINESS.

Each new and varied scene he tried
That ministers to man's delight,
Of soft desire or sterner pride,
By day or night.

He taught the festal hours to roll
'Mid sparkling song and flowing cup,
And quaff'd from many a midnight bowl
The nectar up.

Each manlier sport he knew when need
Of nerve was there, or skilful grace;
And fearless urged on flying steed
The mad'ning chase!

With Science lore his mind was fill'd;
  He learnt the tongues of various climes,
Or in poetic fit distill'd
        His brain in rhymes.

Fair woman fix'd his fond desire,
  Until his foolish heart became,
As brought too close unto the fire,
        Burnt by the flame!

But still he found that human bliss,
  Though bright when caught, had ready wing,
And felt in Fortune's sweetest kiss
        Some bitter thing.

The goblet lost its ruby joy,
  And tired he sunk in science race,
And oft-repeated scenes could cloy
        E'en in the chase!

And raven locks grew thin and grey,
  And youth and bloom soon faded by,
And the light slowly died away
        From Beauty's eye.

He sought, to share his grief and bliss,
  A bosom strung with answ'ring tone,
Though many friends were round—in this
        He was alone!

He met perchance a maiden fair,
  With smile that spoke, and eye that thought,
He link'd his fate to her's, and there
        Gain'd what he sought.

For then he found, as still he rang'd
  O'er Nature's realms and those of Art,
The only thing that never chang'd
        Was Woman's heart!

March 1840.

With Science lore his r
He learnt the tong
Or in poetic fit dis'
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Fair woman
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WOMAN'S STRENGTH.

Before a poor and humble maid
  A noble lover knelt,
And vainly urged his suit to aid,
  The passion that he felt—
For he, as blush'd her burning cheek,
  Had whispered in her ear
What man should never dare to speak
  Or woman deign to hear!

"And dost thou speak of rites divine,"
She cried with flashing eye,
"Who first did'st tempt me to be thine,
By that unhallowed tie?
I lov'd thee once, but from that yoke
Thy words have set me free;
The honest heart thou would'st have broke
Was never meant for thee!

"The same base feeling which inspir'd
What thou did'st stoop to say,
Would teach thee, when thy love grew tired,
To fling the toy away.
False words and foul thy lips have past—
Thy breast must be the same;
And Passion's fire can only last,
When Virtue feeds the flame!"

She spoke, and stood without a tear,
  In proud restraint and still—
And less her unsoil'd heart could fear,
  To burst than beat for ill.
For slowly sunk beneath the weight
  Of feeling's altered tide,
She lost her life by early fate,
  But saved her virgin pride!

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

SADLY from home he turned away
  To seek a distant clime,
When friends were kind and life was gay
  In boyhood's early time.
With fleeting years and seas between
  To one fond hope he clung,
To see again as as he had seen
  The home he loved when young.

His youthful brow was touched by thought
  And life had lost its morn,
When once again the wand'rer sought
  The land where he was born.
Alas! that dearly-valued shore
  Denied the wanted joy;
And the man felt not as of yore
  Had felt the happier boy!

For formal friends scarce grasp'd his hand—
  The friends he knew of old—
What cared he for a sunny land
  If human hearts were cold!
Again he cast his altered lot
  'Mid alien tribes to roam,
And scarce could find another spot
  So foreign as his home!

His lonely grief no bosom shared,
  No eye would weep his fall—
What matter if his life were spared
  Who liv'd unloved by all.
And when had ceased his earthly toil
  Upon that distant shore,
His bones were gathered to the soil—
  His heart had died before.

THE SOURCE OF AFFECTION.

Say what it is that lovers prize?
The light that dwells in young blue eyes,
The cherry lip and the dimple sleek,
And the matchless hue of a maiden's cheek!

But Minna's cheek has lost its hue,
And the light has fled from her eye of blue,
And on every charm Time works his will—
Yet oh! how I dote on her dearly still!

Though the sun-bright joys of youth are flown,
Life's twilight pleasures are still our own,
And the mind, the unperishing mind, that gives
When beauty dies, a delight that lives!

Reflection still from the happy past
Extracts a bliss that in age can last—
As when suns have set we feel their glow
Turn'd back from Heaven on earth below!

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

When pleasure decks her evening bow'r
  As bright as beauty's glance,
And pours upon the midnight hour
  The music of the dance,
Alone, amid the festal band
  With heavy hearts we stray,
For our thoughts are in our father-land
  While we are far away!

And silv'ry voices there shall make
  Their notes of gladness swell,
And skilful hands in mirth awake
  The spirit of the shell.
Our harps that once so sweetly rung
  In pleasant days of yore,
Now lie with silent chords unstrung
  Upon a foreign shore.

Though clearer skies may shine above,
  And rarer flow'rs below,
The flow'rs and skies we used to love
  For us no longer glow.
The ties that bound us then, at first
  From earliest childhood grew,
And now that those old links are burst,
  Our hearts are breaking too!

At home, each spot of humble green
  With charms too fresh to cloy,
Was cherished deeply as the scene
  Of some recurring joy.
Those simple joys we tasted there
  Allowed no better change,
For here, though Nature's face is fair,
  To us that face is strange.

Yet on our hearts, so sad of late,
  Shall pleasure dawn again,
We'll turn to those who share our fate,
  Our exile and its pain.
To sorrow's keenest pangs relief
  The balm of friendship brings,
Love's ties no change can loose, and grief
  Still closer draws the strings.

A mother's arms, a sister's kiss,
  A father's smile, invite,—
We'll drown in scenes of present bliss
  The thoughts of past delight.
And as with brightened looks we gaze
  On each accustomed face,
The home we knew in other days
  We'll find in their embrace!

ABSENT FRIENDS.

THOUGH bright our wine, the hue of care
  Is dark upon each brow,
For we were wont the feast to share
  With some far distant now.
We think of those in other lands,
  And our joy with sorrow blends,
As with heavy hearts and trembling hands
  We drink to absent friends.

To those who tread life's early stage,
  Or totter on the brink
Of its last scene—to every age
  And every sex we drink.
Whatever clime they make their home,
  In earth's remotest ends,
Our hearts are with them as they roam,
  And we drink to absent friends.

We cannot smile—our thoughts will dwell
  On days of pleasure fled;
We think of those we loved so well,
  And tears flow forth instead.
To Him our pray'rs we'll offer up,
  Who every good thing sends,
And ask that he will bless the cup
  We fill to absent friends.

SONG.

TUNE.—The Persian air of "Lalu-rūkhā, sumun-bura."

I.

THERE's a time for love and a time for war,
For beauty's smile, and for honour's scar,
There's a time for the mind's deep thinking,
'Neath the weight of knowledge sinking—
Put battle and woman and thought afar,
For now is the time for drinking.

II.

Let warriors wade through blood to fame,
And murder millions for a name,
But we, while our cups are filling,
Old Time are employed in killing—
And wine is the only stream we claim
The noble merit of spilling.

III.

Let lovers praise the tulip streak
That glows upon their Peri's cheek,
Our brows are as brightly flushing
From the tide through our veins now gushing,
And the only hue that on earth we seek
Is that of our red wine blushing.

IV.

Let the scholar by his lamp's dim light,
In search of science pass each night,
Our hearts, while our bowls are flowing,
Their inmost thoughts are showing—
Our cups are our books, and our wine so bright
Is a key to all worth knowing!

SONG.

'I know where the winged visions dwell."

I KNOW where the nectars of earth are bright
  Each sorrow to beguile,
Where they blush and sparkle like the light
  Of brilliant beauty's smile:
    Then pledge me now,
    While the Fates allow,
In wine, red wine, to the goblet's brow.

I know where to search for pure Bordeaux,
  And for Naples' holy wine:
I 'll give thee to quaff of the grapes that grow,
  On the purpled banks of Rhine.
Come hither, come hither, and we will seek
  For each juice of ruby dye,
That can kindle a flame on Care's pale cheek,
  Or light up his leaden eye:
    Then pledge we now,
    While the Fates allow,
In wine, red wine, to the goblet's brow.

The visions that oft to worldly eyes
  Clothe things in their fairest shape,
Fresh ting'd in the colours of Hope arise
  From the magic of the grape;

The phantom miseries that appal
  The hypochondriac's soul,
Oh! we will exorcise them all,
  With the spell of the deep-red bowl!
        Then pledge me now,
        While the Fates allow,
In wine, red wine, to the goblet's brow.

We will not wait till life's decay
  To pluck its fairest flowers,
But rifle their sweets while the dawning day
  Of careless youth is ours.
        Then pledge me now,
        While the Fates allow,
In wine, red wine, to the goblet's brow.

SONG.*

"There is a Lethe in the bowl."

THERE is a Lethe in the bowl,
  That, as we drain the draught,
Pours sweet oblivion o'er the soul
  With every drop that's quaffed.
Then haste, ye moody sons of thinking,
  Whose souls are dull with care,
And try the antidote of drinking,
  To soothe each sadness there!

* Written in India.

And here's a health to woman first,
  For who, though sad and drear,
Would feel himself entirely curst
  When such a Heav'n was near!
Then pledge the toast that grief may ne'er
  O'ercloud her laughing eye,
Or on her cheek the hue of care
  Supplant the rose's dye!

All ye who love on jungle plain
  The wild boar to pursue,
Oh, listen to the jovial strain
  That swells its notes for you;
And as the brimming toast ye fill,
  Thus let the bumper flow,
That many a huntsman's spear may still
  Lay many a wild boar low!

Ye, too, who love to pass the night
  Mid pleasure's evening throng,
Where gleam the ball-room's stars of light,
  And flows the tide of song,
One bumper ye will surely fill,
  When memory calls to view
The feet that glanc'd in the light quadrille,
  And the eyes that beamed on you!

Whate'er the toast, oh! pour the draught
  To the goblet's laughing edge,
And let the wine be duly quaffed
  Whatever be the pledge.
Then haste, ye moody sons of care,
  Who feel weigh'd down at soul,
And soothe each sad reflection there,
  With the balsam of the bowl!

SONG.

"Is there amongst us one whose brow."*

I.

Is there amongst us one whose brow
  Is clouded with unsocial grief?
I have a ruby nectar now
  Can give his wounded mind relief;
While swift through every vein shall flow
  The sparkling antidote to woe!

* Written in India.

II.

In vain of ocean-girt Bombay
  And all its charms shall zealots tell,
Let Poona bear the palm away
  For drinking deep and living well,
And all the dear delight that lies
In ruby wine or beauty's eyes!

III.

This wine, this wine, when freely quaffed,
  Like Lethe's poet-fabled stream,
Can mix oblivion with the draught,
  And, as the past were but a dream,
Smooth down the rugged brow of care,
Nor leave one wrinkle frowning there!

IV.

He who drinks fairly need not seek
  For rouge's artificial hue,
The red that mantles o'er his cheek
  Is brighter, and more natural too—
While eloquence shall tip his tongue,
As if the dews of Hybla hung

V.

Upon its point; and wit shall pass
  With joke, and laughter-loving whim,
Light as the froth that in his glass
  Bubbles and sparkles to the brim;
And when his thirsty lip shall drain
The goblet up, then fill again!

VI.

And bottle thus on bottle still
  Shall follow where each went before,
And when he flags, then let him fill
  One last, one glorious bumper more,
And drink good health and lovely wife
To all who lead a hunter's life.

SONG OF THE HUNTER.*

"Post equitem sedet atra cura."

Oh! say ye daring sportsmen, who
Love to chase the bristly boar,
And still unshrinkingly pursue
Where the wild hog goes before—
Would your souls not spurn each worldly chain
With which dull care would bind you,
Oh! are ye not free on the jungle plain,
As the wind that ye leave behind you?

* Written in India.

Let the pearl be pure and the diamond bright,
  And Ophir yield its ore,
For those who place their life's delight,
  In wealth and in golden store.
They feel a gnawing care within,
  To their idol avarice sold,
For the chain they wear must fret the skin,
  Though its links be forged of gold.

Or think'st thou that a diadem
  Can give the owner rest;
That purple robe or royal gem,
  Can soothe the wearer's breast?—
Answer, each earthly potentate,
  Art thou like the hunter free,
Has care not climb'd the throne of state
  To find its way to thee?

Thou too who only liv'st to seek,
  By many a burning sigh,
The smile that laughs on woman's cheek
  Or sparkles in her eye,
Oh! think how oft faith warmly plighted,
  And vows in rapture spoken,
Lead but to hopes too swiftly blighted,
  And hearts too rudely broken!

Wealth, beauty, pow'r—ye tempt in vain,
  I ask no gifts from you;
Give me, oh give me, my jungle plain
  And the old grey boar in view.
No dearer hope, no dastard fear,
  Should turn my course aside,
Till the unstained steel of my long boar-spear
  In that boar's best blood was dyed.

ELEGY.

Go, bid the ball-room's starry light
  Beam on the gay and giddy throng,
And rouse the sleepy ear of night
  With music, revelry, and song.
She hears not in her house of death,
  Where nor the lyre's entrancing numbers,
Nor fashion's voice, nor flattery's breath,
  Can wake her from her lonely slumbers.

Oh! what avail the snowy skin,
  The cheek that glows with nature's dye,
Or the pure light that sparkles in
  The vestal shrine of woman's eye?
Her cheek no more can boast its tinge,
  No more beneath the shading lashes
That formed her black eye's blacker fringe,
  The kindling beam of beauty flashes!

Alas! how dark and silent now
  Is what was once so brightly fair—
Over the cold and marble brow,
  The tangles of her raven hair
Wet with the dews of death, are straying,
  While like unto a stringless lute
That hath forgot its former playing,
  The music of her lips is mute.

The lily's fairness cannot save
  The flowret from the unpitying storm,
And the cold worm that haunts the grave
  Will prey on woman's lovely form.
Can aught then of earth's mould escape
  From being that it dreads to be,
When the full charms of bloom and shape
  Young beauty, plead in vain for thee!

TO MY INFANT NIECE.

WHILE gazing on thy laughing face
  Young scion of a cherish'd tree,
Fondly I'd claim the pow'r to trace
  The map of life that's spread for thee.
Little thy joyous spirit knows
  Of the rough shocks that wait it there,
And that where pleasure plants a rose
  There spring a thousand thorns of care!

The world to thee, fair child, is new,
  And from thy heart thy cheek is glad,
No sickness yet hath blanch'd its hue,
  Or knowledge made thy bosom sad.
Though suns and flow'rs now beam and blush
  For thee, like insect tribes in spring,
Too soon the world's rude hand shall brush
  The freshness from thy infant wing.

And thus thy young heart's bloom shall fade
  When thou shalt light on darker days,
When blighted hope and faith betray'd,
  Life's chilling scenes, shall meet thy gaze.
Friend there by friend shall be undone
  (Who grasps his hand shall blast his fame),
And woman's heart by falsehood won
  Be left to wither in its shame !

And thou shalt see affection spurn'd
  And honor warp'd, and talents sold,
By those within whose breast has burn'd
  The lust of pow'r, the thirst of gold.
Sin still shall lift its hydra head
  Maintain'd by force, or work'd by plan,
As if a moral plague had spread
  Its ulcers o'er the heart of man!

Young—happy—innocent! though thou
  Must walk amid this world of pain,
Though youth shall fly thy wrinkled brow
  Thy purity may still remain—
Then wheresoe'er thy lot be tried
  Whatever sorrows wring thy breast,
Thy mother's virtue be thy guide
  Through life—to God resign the rest.

SONG.

" LOVE'S CHANGES."

Bliss all other bliss above
Marks the first fond state of love—
Trembling hand and tender sigh,
Burning cheek and down-cast eye—
Present joy so fills the mind
Hope can scarce an entrance find !

When the lover claims his bride
By the band which Heaven hath tied,
Ask the youth if he'd not spurn
Offered thrones from her to turn ?
Ask the maid if *he* were near
Desert lands would not be dear ?

Ah ! the change that time may bring
Turns to winter life's short spring—
Joy may scarce outlive its birth,
High-wrought visions fall to earth,
And the hearts that burnt of late
Turn to coldness, worse than hate !

LINES.

" THE ONE THING WANTING."

I LOVE thy cheek's pure rosy tinge,
I love thy dark eye's shadowy fringe,
I love the raven locks that flow
Dishevell'd o'er thy neck of snow,
And all the beauties that display
Their charms to steal men's hearts away—
But still unhappy must I be
Unless those eyes will smile on me.

Unless my wanton fingers stray
Amid those locks in loving play,
Unless my lips in thy warm kiss
May antedate Elysian bliss.
Oh ! that those heavenly charms that shine
To make thee what thou art, were mine,
I would not give the least of them
For Persia's richest diadem !

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

لالہ رخا سمن برا سروِروانِ کیستي
سنگ دلا ستمگرا آفتِ جانِ کیستي

Lalu rūkha sumun bura surviruvani keestee
Sung-dila situmgira afuti jani keestee.

I.

Alas! for that deluded boy
Whose peace of mind thy charms destroy;
Entangled in the raven flow
Of thy long locks, his heart may glow
With flames that shall unanswer'd burn,
And thoughts that may not meet return!

II.

I saw thee move, the sight I rue,
For could I fail to worship too?
And as my soul in passion's trance
Drank poison from thy beaming glance,
I sigh'd to think there ne'er would shine
On me, one kindly look of thine!

III.

Each blooming plant that decks thy bow'r
Confesses thee a fairer flow'r;
And the rude gales more softly sigh
And kiss thee as they flutter by.
Ah! who the man so blest to sip,
The sweets of thy disdainful lip?

IV.

As when in youthful radiance bright
The moon first bows her arch of light,
So each dark-beaming eye above
Young Beauty bends the bow of Love.
Alas ! for him on whom that bow
Is bent to wreak his bosom's woe !

V.

From the full cup of chaste desire
My veins have drunk the tide of fire—
My soul was link'd to thine of old ;
What time can make that fervour cold ?
What art that viewless chain can sever ?
Proud girl ! I am thy slave for ever.

PARAPHRASE FROM THE PERSIAN.

مطرب خوشنوا بگو تازه بتازه نو بنو
بادهٔ دلکشا بجو تازه بتازه نو بنو

Mūtribi khūshnuwa bugoo tazŭh butazŭh noo bunoo
Badu,eh dil-kūsha bujoo tazuh butazuh noo bunoo.

MINSTREL! thou to whom are known
All the secrets of the shell,
Wake, oh! wake its sweetest tone,
Which thy hand can strike so well.

O'er the music of the strings
  As thy rapid fingers ranging,
Touch to life its hidden springs,
  Let the theme be ever changing.

Bring me wine, 'twill cheer the soul,
  To the dregs my lips shall drain
Dear delirium from the bowl,
  Fill again—oh ! fill again.

Drink to her, the peerless maid
  With the sleepy eye, whose lashes
Fringe the dangerous orb, to shade
  The full magic of its flashes.

Deep I've drunk, but not of wine
  Such as vulgar rev'llers sip ;
I have quaff'd a juice divine,
  —Nectar from my Peri's lip.

I can boast Love's offering,
  Flowers of every scent and hue,
Dewy with the breath of spring,
  Ever sweet, yet ever new.

Zephyr, gentle Zephyr, seek
  The dear dwelling of my fair,
Let thy pinions fan her cheek,
  Gathering fresh odours there.

With thy musky-perfumed kiss,
  To soft thoughts her bosom move,
Whisp'ring with each taste of bliss
  The untiring tale of Love.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK OF THE MUSNUVEE.

گفت معشوقه بعاشق كاي فتاء

Gūft maashookuh bŭ,ashik kai futa ء.

I.

A MAIDEN ask'd of a youth one day,
  Who had wander'd to where the sun-beams fall,
On the north, and the south, and west, to say
  Which he deem'd the loveliest clime of all.

II.

"I have roamed to the south, and the distant west,
And the chilly north, but the brightest spot
Was that with the lov'd one's presence blest,
And the darkest of all where she was not!

III.

"Our hearts are sad in the merriest lands,
If *she* be not by each joy to share;
And oh! we would fly to the desert sands
And live contented, if *she* be there!

IV.

"Young Caaba* of my soul! how dear
Would I deem the gloomiest dungeon ground,
If thou, like the full-orb'd moon, wert near
To scatter the light of thy beauty round!"

* The Caaba is the holy temple of Mecca, towards which the Mahometans turn in prayer.

PERSIAN SONG.

اي ماه عالم سوز من از من چرا رنجيدهٔ

Ai mahi ʿalumsoozi mun uz mun chira runjeeduʾ.

I.

STAR of my being! thou whose ray till now hath brightly shone,
O'er all the gloomy waste of life to guide and cheer me on,
Oh! tell me why those once kind eyes now smile on me no more,
And throw a shade across my fate it never knew before.

II.

Sultana of my heart! fair shrine, at which my soul bow'd down,
Why are those brows, once arch'd in love, now bent into a frown?
The alter'd mien, th' averted glance, the cloud upon that brow,
Alas! too plainly tell that I am loved no longer now!

III.

Thou lovest me not, thou lovest me not, and yet I cannot fly
The spell of light that sparkles in thine unrelenting eye;
And though despair has chill'd my heart, and madness sear'd my brain,
Still flows affection's whelmless tide through every burning vein.

IV.

But when my life and woes shall cease, my shade shall
cross thy course,
To touch—if aught hath power to touch—thy spirit with
remorse;
And ask thee if 'twere well that he who worshipped thee
so blindly,
Should have his fond devotion spurn'd and love return'd
unkindly.

V.

Then turn, my Peri, turn to him who only lives to seek
The laughing lustre of thine eye, the roses of thy cheek;
Oh! turn to him who would not deem his life a price too
dear,
To raise one smile upon that cheek, or save those eyes
a tear.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

I saw thy coal-black tresses flow
To meet the silv'ry neck below;
I saw thy form, array'd in charms,
Subdue all breasts by beauty's arms;
And sigh'd to think that glorious shrine
Was chill'd by blood so cold as thine!

Alas! for him whose powerless heart
Yields to the fair deluder's art;
Alas! for him who cannot fly
The magic of thy melting eye,
But gazes, bound as by a spell,
To love so hopelessly and well!

Love offered *me* his nectared cup,
I quaffed the fatal sweetness up,
And now the too delicious pain
Has fir'd my heart and burnt my brain;
Alas! for him who may not share
The sweets without the poison there.

THE END.