

For this I would brave the treach'rous wave  
That rolls o'er the mighty deep."  
"Then thou shalt go—this very night  
Thou'lt wander to the seaward gate;  
An aged eunuch there shall wait,  
Whose boat shall bear thee soon from sight,  
And may the God that thou adore,  
Conduct you safe to that far shore,  
Where you may rest for ever free  
From the terrors of Moslem slavery!"

## VII.

The Minstrel gazed, as if in doubt  
Such hopes, alas! were not for him:  
The Princess' tender eyes grow dim,  
More pallid seems her hueless cheek—  
What does this sudden change bespeak?  
He gazes still—she turns aside,  
The fastly-flowing tears to hide

That from those glassy founts run out!  
Can this be love! or why those tears?

What do those bitter sighs betoken?  
Must her fond, loving heart be broken  
By silent love—love never spoken?

Ah! had the Knight but dreamed of this  
He ne'er had sought for greater bliss,

But poured into her listening ears  
Vows that would melt her tender heart,  
And prove, ere they were forced to part,  
That he too, love's deep pangs had felt.

A moment more, and he had knelt  
In humble attitude before

That beauteous, soul-enthraling maid;  
But, entering through the half-closed door,

A form, in eunuch's guise arrayed,  
Hastily called the Princess fair

Unto the Emir's palace, where  
Her father waited for his child.

She rose, and on him faintly smiled—  
The captive Minstrel's straining eye

Watch'd her retreating footsteps as she pass'd,  
"That look! that might a sunbeam's glow outvie!

That look!" he cried, "and must it be the last!  
Oh! why does Fate thus bid fond hearts disave?

We part to-night—and part, alas!—for ever!"

## VIII.

Now has arrived the wished-for hour:

'Tis night—the captive leaves the tower,  
And hies to the appointed place,

Anxious to see Zenora's face,  
(For he had thought to meet her there,

Fly with, or—leave her in despair.)  
The gate is gain'd—the shore—the boat—

That o'er the rising waves must float,  
And bear him on with favoring gale,

That he may reach his native vale.  
The aged eunuch too is there,

With steady and determined air;  
All, all are there and ready—save the Maid—

Save her for whom the Minstrel had delayed,  
Did not the trusty eunuch urge

His bark into the heaving surge,  
And bade the Knight no longer stay—

"Time presses and we must away,  
Else, if we're taken thus in flight,

Our heads must surely fall to-night!"

The cheerful boats-crew ply their willing oars,  
And soon behind them leave the silent shores;

Away—away—the ocean's wrath they brave,  
And disappear from sight, upon some distant wave.

## IX.

Fain would I tell how that frail bark  
Plunged like a sea-god through the dark

And angry billows of the deep,  
O'er which the terrible wild winds sweep,

And the high-heaving waves do roll,  
As they dive to their watery goal,

Scattering spangles of light on high,  
As pure as the orbs that roll

O'er the face of the pale-blue sky!  
Fastly she speeds o'er the restless main,

Braving the billows with disdain,  
And, tossing the spray, o'er the waters passed,

As if eager to fly from the coming blast.

The dark clouds wandered through the air,  
The wind swept wildly past,

And the dismal-looking atmosphere  
Re-echoed back each blast.

The thunder roll'd with deaf'ning crash,  
Through the gloomy, clouded sky,

And the vivid glare of the lightning's flash  
Illumed heaven's canopy.

The wavering pine on the mountain's brow  
Was hurld from its lofty seat,

And sprang, like an arrow from the bow,  
The dark-blue waves to meet.

Far, far away on a distant wave  
The lightning's glare revealed

A tiny boat that was wildly toss'd  
On the breast of the watery field:

Now it appeared on a crested wave,  
Now sank in a furrow deep,

So deep that the eye could not perceive  
Its terribly awful sweep!

The land is gained; the Knight sprang to the shore,  
Knelt down and thanked the Providence that bore

Their bark in safety o'er the boisterous sea,  
Which roared, and rolled, and heaved convulsively,

As if it ever sought to make their graves  
Deep, deep within its pearly, watery caves,

Where many a sturdy mariner has slept  
His everlasting sleep; while for him wept

His comrades, or a tender, loving wife,  
Whose very being hung upon that life

Now lost to her for ever. Yes, he prayed—  
That Knight—who oft before had humbly made

His supplications to the Deity,  
Now knelt, and thanked his God that he was free.

## X.

The storm is over, and the sky is bright;

The crew must reach their home ere morning's light;

They sail away, and soon are borne along  
The prancing waves that echo back their song,

But echo feebly; for their voices seem  
To have spent their strength upon one boisterous theme.

When through the air the grumbling thunder roll'd,  
And flash'd the vivid light'ning: hush'd and cold

They move along the rippling breast of ocean,  
Where erst they met with wrath and wild commotion.

Safely, amid the stillness of the night,  
The boat moves on, the tower appears in sight;

With eager glance they scan the distance o'er  
That yet remains between them and the shore,

And now they near—they land—and gently creep  
To their appointed homes, to rest and sleep.

Not so the trusty eunuch, though, I ween;  
He passes by the sentinel unseen,

And now—he stands by the fair princess' side.