

And take that music, and say note for note
Softly again ; and then—echoing themselves—
Reverberate their melting antiphones,
Low waves of harmony encountering waves
And rippling on the rounded milky shores,
And making wavelets of new harmonies.
Thus—fainter, fainter—higher, higher—sighing
The music dieth upwards ; but, so sweet,
So fine and far, and lingering at the last,
You cannot tell when Silence comes : the air
Peopled by hovering Angels, still seems full
With stir celestial, with foldings down
Of pinions ; and those heavenly parting notes



THE GREEN MOSQUE, HAIDARABAD.

As tender, as if great Israfil's self—
Who hath the sweetest voice in all God's worlds—
Still whispered o'er the tomb of Arjamand !

So that this place of death is made a bower
With beauteous grace of blossoms overspread ;
And she who loved her garden, lieth now
Lapped in a garden. And all this for Love !”

The tomb of Itmad-ud-Daulat is one of the most beautiful in India, a masterpiece of pierced and carved marble and *pietra dura*. It consists of two stories ; the lower one is inlaid on the outside with precious stones in geometrical pattern, diagonals, cubes, and stars. The numerous niches in the walls are decorated with enamelled paintings of vases and flowers. The principal entrance is a marble arch, groined, and finely carved with flowers