

# SALÁMAN AND ABSÁL

## I.

### PROLOGUE.

Oh Thou whose Memory quickens Lovers'  
Souls,  
Whose Fount of Joy renews the Lover's  
Tongue,  
Thy Shadow falls across the World, and  
They  
Bow down to it; and of the Rich in  
Beauty  
Thou art the Riches that make Lovers  
mad.  
Not till thy Secret Beauty through the  
Cheek  
Of LAÏLA smite does she inflame MAJNÚN,  
And not till Thou have sugar'd SHÍRÍN's  
Lip  
The Hearts of those Two Lovers fill with  
Blood.  
For Lov'd and Lover are not but by  
Thee,  
Nor Beauty;—Mortal Beauty but the  
Veil  
Thy Heavenly hides behind, and from  
itself  
Feeds, and our Hearts yearn after as a  
Bride  
That glances past us Veil'd—but ever so  
As none the Beauty from the Veil may  
know.  
How long wilt thou continue thus the  
World  
To frozen with the Fantom of a Veil