

## EGYPT.

"Gebir, this land of Egypt is a land  
Of incantations; demons rule these waves."  
—W. S. LANDOR.

---

O Land of Egypt, sacred land  
Of frowning wizards, who command  
Dim apparitions, and who change  
The air—the winds—that onward range,  
Or upward, downward, outward, through  
Thy breadth, thy fields, thy cities strange—  
Change them to shapes, to forms, to shows,  
Where the sweet stream of Nilus flows.

O Land of Egypt, amber land  
Of yellow evening, filled with sand;  
Long lie thy acres of expanse;  
Sweet lies thy Nilus in its weeds;  
The bird of Ibis also breeds,  
To hover and to sweep thy sky,  
Perhaps among the flocks that fly  
Like herds on heaven's pasture by.

Or Ibis is not, having gone  
Too sacred to survive. At dawn  
Thou hast thy Memnon cut in stone  
Sitting severely in thy fields;  
Thou hast thy Sphinx, whose base, sand-strewn  
Lies buried; and whose massy head,  
Her riddle yet reluctant yields,  
While fate her from destruction shields.

The air seems drowsy; and the vale,  
The scoopy vale which holds the Nile  
Seems bounded by a distant pile  
Of hills and mountains, frowning rocks,