

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,