

TO THE SAME.

One who would search the world from east to west
Richer and rarer roses could not see
Than flourished in the garden, where with me
She loitered whom of ladies I loved best;
Each bird to greet Aurora left her nest;
Of all the roses in that garden, she
The freshest and the fairest from the tree
Its weight bent plucked and placed upon my breast;
I when I lost it and she chid me stood
Perplexed, confused, confounded and abashed,
Till from the muse who as she pleases mood
Witless or witty gives an answer flashed:—
“I of the giver thought so much that I
The gift forgot and lost,” was my reply.

TO THE SAME.

From Cairo to Beyrout one scorching day
I travelled with one who to me was dear;
A Jew with his throat cut from ear to ear
Lay bleeding at a cliff's base near our way;
That night asleep I in my lodgings lay,
But to my friend were thoughts of danger near;
Shades on a wall before his windows clear
In me showed an assassin's destined prey;
My comrade to my chamber seemed to fly,
The felon's purpose foiled and checked his blow;
I rose to curse the hand that turned awry,
What would in ethe's lake have drowned my woe;
Does he who loves thee, lady, long to die?
Yes! Life is worthless; thou hast made it so.