

The Two Offerings.

What marvellous beauty showered me with delight.
Kavah, my princess, O my ravishing one :
What loveliness excessive.

Eve. Stolen by me—

Alas, that it should be so : ah, why was it ?
Yes, to participate my hapless doom,
The princely boon of immortality
Was juggled from thee. Death became thy
portion,
My fondest husband. And we saw, and, lo,
What opulence vanished.

Adam. Dearest Kavah,

Let us dismiss these thoughts. Accept the solace
Of good and glory that condemn not us.
Present inevitably is our plight.
But mellow are the fruits of resignation,
And filial confidence in our Creator,
Whose boon in hopeful tokens, glads our hearts,
Often and oft. From this commanding hill.
This breezy nook, this crowning eminence ;
Beneath these trees displayed in pristine beauty,
Alluring vouchers of The Marvellous Hand :
Vital with fruits, profuse with laughing blossoms,
How charming is the prospect. Songful gladness
Awakes around us gay with exultation.
And still more exquisitely touching, see
Our dear ones, beautiful as fragrant blossoms,
Enjoy their healthful sports. Blithe as the birds,
Merry as lambs and kids that skip with joy.
They see no hardship and they laugh at sorrow.