

One who travel'd in the Desert
 Saw MAJNÚN where he was sitting
 All alone like a Magician
 Tracing Letters in the Sand.
 "Oh distracted Lover ! writing
 "What the Sword-wind of the Desert
 "Undecyphers soon as written,
 "So that none who travels after
 "Shall be able to interpret !"—
 MAJNÚN answer'd, "I am writing
 "'LAILI'—were it only 'LAILI,'
 "Yet a Book of Love and Passion ;
 "And, with but her Name to dote on,
 "Amorously I caress it
 "As it were Herself, and sip
 "Her Presence till I drink her Lip."

III.

When Night had thus far brought me
 with my Book,
 In middle Thought Sleep robb'd me of
 myself ;
 And in a Dream Myself I seem'd to see,
 Walking along a straight and even Road,
 And clean as is the Soul of the Suff ;
 A Road whose spotless Surface neither
 Breeze
 Lifted in Dust, nor mix'd the Rain to
 Mire.
 There I, methought, was pacing tranquilly,
 When, on a sudden, the tumultuous
 Shout
 Of Soldiery behind broke on mine Ear,
 And took away my Wit and Strength for
 Fear.
 I look'd about for Refuge, and Behold !
 A Palace was before me ; whither running
 For Refuge from the coming Soldiery,