

uplifted its curtain of snows;
Where red earth more crimson than Devon's
Met sky of a tropical blue,
Till weary of light and of colour
The eye sought the sombre clipped yew.

From the gardens of ancient Granada
Which for centuries past was your home,
In your delicate beauty enveloped,
To our bleak Northern shores you have come.
Perchance you are not unwarded,
For you risked being passed unserved;
Who knows in that riot of richness
If you got the high praise you deserved!

[x The Generalissimo, above the Alhambra.]