

The Two Offerings

One of his fairest sisters is the wife
Of this sad Cain. Whence then his discontent ?
Is he not happy in the gentle love
Of one so amiable ?

Adam. What can be his lack ?

Eve. I know not. But a spectre haunts the look,
That sometimes mars his features.

Adam. Can it be,
Some evil purpose prowls around his tent ?
Let us go forth by yonder rivulet,
My Kava, where those luscious vines are
gleaming.— (*They arise and go.*)
Here, where rich fruits are merged in odorous
blossoms,
Come let us cheer our hearts.

Well I remember
The golden hour, when I awoke, and saw
A Being beautiful exceeding beauty.
Who smiled and spoke. And language like
sweet waters,
Gushed from the newmade fountain of my heart.
And comprehension like an ocean swept
With all its tides about me.

Then again,
After some days, in a most fortunate hour, —
My memory wafts it, like a song of birds
Over still waters from the pensive hills :—
I slept—how sweet the purport of that slumber.
When I awaked, before me stood The Prince.
And by the hand he held—O sweet surprise !
A new made being. What loveliness complete,