

To Free

or

its own

When you lift-up your delicate chalice
Of ivory sprinkled with gold,
Do you think of the gay Moorish garden,
Where you rioted wildly of old?
Where the full-throated nightingale warbled
His love-song by day & by night,
And water by ancient stone channels,
Flowed in rivulets cooling & bright;
Where the senses were steeped in a surf
Of scent from the orange & rose,
And far off the Sierra Nevada
Uplifted its curtain of snows;