
SEVENTH AND LAST DAY

*On the porphyry pavements fall
Like purple carpets of silence. No lack
Of joy in the white-walled street
Where townsman and kinsman meet:
And the houses are busy with what they say
Of the marvellous, glorious, goodly array
When Itobal stood before the Throne
And for seven days opened a world unknown.
This marvellous tale of the Far-away
And the secrets of Gods all shown.
In his palace Lord Pharaoh is glad
For the splendour of this gain had.
In their huts the people are proud
For the fame of this deed, long and loud,
Which shall make them renowned away.
In harbour the galleys lie
Safe under the spangled sky;
Each weary sea-worn keel
No longer doth fret, or feel
The smiting wave and the mournful sigh
Of the tempest which gathers to wreck.
Steady and smooth is each deck;
The tired sails sleep, and the painted eye*