

Within his hut of reeds what wretch reposes,
His stiffened arm directed to the sky ?
Upon his bed of spikes, as if of roses,
Gazing on thee, the Faakir hopes to die.

Deep in his back the iron barbs are fast—
The juicy muscle is congealed to bone ;
His talons through the clenched palms have pass'd—
His eyes are lustreless, like orbs of stone.

Behold the Immolatress ! wan and pale
With mortal agony, a widowed bride—
Midst yelling cheers—not sounds of woe or wail,
The flames enwrap her by her husband's side !

On his sick pallet destitute and lone,
With thickening films upon his glassy eye
That aged sire is left—his sons are gone—
The Vulture waits the final agony !

No more ! no more shall *Gunga* be my theme,
Rolling this mighty mass of doom and crime ;
My humble muse will sing a purer stream
And to Esk's lowly current tune her rhyme.