

Wrapt in the burning deluge stood,
Stern in their ruined magnitude!
And felt the soul within her die,
Froz'n in her bosom and her eye,
With fingers vainly clasped in prayer,
A rooted pillar of despair.

What footfall now his *larain* wakes?
What voice upon the silence breaks?
"Hindallah!" 'Tis Zohauk's. And now,
With measured step and thoughtful brow,
Advanced the hoary chief to meet
The youthful warder where he stood;
The high palms stretching from his feet,
The breezes of the desert wooed,
And tossed their yellow leaves on high,
To greet them as they wandered by.

"Hindallah, rouse! Ere wanes the day,
Thine eyes shall greet another land,
And many a mountain's shadow lay
Between thee and the desert sand.
The barb now clashing in thy cheek,
Shall droop ere then its stately neck,
And stagger with a falling pace,
O'er lands its limbs may ne'er retrace.
Thou lo'st it now, yet may ye part,
Thine own hand cleave its panting heart,
Or leave its dying hours to soothe
The vulture's beak, the wild-dog's tooth.
Full twenty years have wandered on
Since I that weary route have known;
And then a stronger arm did wield
Mine ancient cimeter and shield;
A blacker curve my forehead drest,
A darker beard was on my breast;
A fiercer eye and fuller tone,
Ere those years fled, were each mine own.
But twenty years have passed, I trow,
And dark-eyed mahd would scorn me now.
Yet when I went my bride to seek,
With fewer seams upon my cheek,
My wooing brought but tear and shriek;
A father's hand its weapon grasped,
A young betrothed his loved one clasped,
But the bride was won and the lover dead,
Ere Zohauk turned his courser's head:
Ere sheathed his sabre's gory glare,
Were weeping voices sounding there;
And sad wailwollahs marked the hour
When he led back his bride and dower.

"But that is past,—the pipe and song
Are heard again their groves among;
The Turcoman hath left the hill,
His ample herds the valleys fill;
And where our homeward camels trod,
O'er trampled vines with knoofs of blood,
Rise many a mosque and minaret,
And many a white walled tower is met
Beneath their long dark shadows, where
New fields and vineyards glad the air:
And thou before that sun shall rest,
Must slake the Zaara's pathless waste,
And find again my bridal track
With armed cohorts at thy back.

"And many a haughty fero shall lay
Between thee and thy onward way,
Whate'er bestride thee, tarry there,
And each both thine and sepulchre!

'Tis said some pious fools array
With gems, and gold, and rich perfume,
The soul-less heap of livid clay
They carry to the tomb;
As if the worm and slimy snake
Respected there the rich man's lot.
Tis these alone thy steps shall wake,
And these will shun thee—Fear them not!
There skeletons extended lie,
With shrivelled lip and rayless eye,
And teeth all grimacingly revealed,
The grave's ghast mockery of mirth,
And tongues by death for ever sealed,
Mouldering into earth!
And sights, the dark thought cannot trace,
Shall greet thee in that silent place.
But shrink not; there the treasures lie
That dazzle not to human eye;
And there thy hand must freely roam,
And drive the reptile from its home;
Pause not the armet to untwine;
Reel up the eardrops where they shine;
Pluck from the Omrah's mouldering grasp
The hilt he once essayed to clasp.
The din ye also must be loud and long,
Ere it lift one eyelid, or stir one tongue.
And there are maidens with bright eyes,
Young Hours,—born for Paradise,
That dwell those citron bowers among
With steps of gladness,—hearts of song!
These will, in Mecca's bazars bring
Meet guerdon for thy journeying.
But morning's voice hath roused the sun;
The Imam must not kneel alone.
Chant! chant!—The Muezzins fill the air,
With Allah's call, 'To prayer—to prayer!'"

"To prayer—to prayer!"

The Arab bounds
Up from his bed of skins,
And far that matin summons sounds,
And soft the hum of prayer begins:
With fingers clasped above his head
Each Arab's form is prostrate laid;
And hearts against the ground are beating,
And lips their orisons repeating;
While o'er the shining heavens, with glorious ray,
The sun's red horns have marked his rising way!

END OF CANTO FIRST.

SONG.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

I wish my love were some sweet flower,
And I some happy roaming bee,
Light winging to her woodland bower,
And all her sweetness waiting me.

I wish my love were some sweet bird,
And I some young and fair-rite tree,
Where she might come and sing, unheard,
Unseen, by all save love and me.

I wish, I wish, O that were best?—
I were some stream that flowers might deck,
And she a lily on my breast,
With verdant arms around my neck.

I wish I were the leaves that shield
The rose from harin, and shu the rose,
Together sweet our lives to yield,
Together in our death repose.