
Where they nestled in valleys of red-hued loam;
And a river whose fount was a cascade clear,
Which burst from the brow of a mountain near,
Wended its way through the verdant land,
Till it reached at last the ocean strand,
Where it lost itself in the waters deep,
And only the mermaids saw it leap
With joy, as it reached the Garden of Sleep.

And still I wandered on until I came to tropical seas,
Where the odors of spices were wafted afar by every
 passing breeze;
And in the pearly light of the coming day
I saw the feathery bamboo groves, where the elephant
 loves to stray;
I heard his mighty trump, as he waked from his dream,
And the sound of women's voices as they wended their
 way to the stream;
A laughing, chattering throng, they passed me on their
 way
To bathe in the limpid waters, ere the sun held his
 sovereign sway.
I followed a Purple Emperor to the cinnamon gardens
 near,
Then chased a laughing rickshaw boy, and whispered
 in his ear;
What the secret was I may not tell,
But the rickshaw boy seemed to know it well.