



A Kurd perplex by Fortune's Frolics
Left his Desert for the City.
Sees a City full of Noise and
Clamour, agitated People,
Hither, Thither, Back and Forward
Running, some intent on Travel,
Others home again returning,
Right to Left, and Left to Right,
Life-disquiet everywhere !
Kurd, when he beholds the Turmoil,
Creeps aside, and, Travel-weary,
Fain would go to Sleep ; "But," saith he,
"How shall I in all this Hubbub
"Know myself again on waking ?"
So by way of Recognition
Ties a Pumpkin round his Foot,
And turns to Sleep. A Knave that heard
him

Crept behind, and silly watching
Slips the Pumpkin off the Sleeper's
Ankle, ties it round his own,
And so down to sleep beside him.
By and by the Kurd awaking
Looks directly for his Signal—
Sees it on another's Ankle—
Cries aloud, "Oh Good-for-Nothing
"Rascal to perplex me so !
"That by you I am bewilder'd,
"Whether I be I or no !
"If I—the Pumpkin why on You ?
"If You—then Where am I, and Who ?"

Oh God! this poor bewilder'd Kurd am I,
Than any Kurd more helpless !—Oh, do
thou

Strike down a Ray of Light into my
Darkness !

Turn by thy Grace these Dregs into pure
Wine,

To recreate the Spirits of the Good !
Or if not that, yet, as the little Cup
Whose Name I go by, not unworthy found
To pass thy salutary Vintage round !