

But now he seems in childhood sleeping,
His mother's eye is o'er him weeping;
And there are snatches of sad songs
That tell of unavenged wrongs,
Of killed home, and slaughtered brother;
She sings them oft,—she loves no other:
And the measured notes of the mandolin
Come sadly and sweetly her song between;
And the burthen dwells on his dreaming ear,
"They sleep in the bosom of lovely Kashmir."
'Twas thus he dreamt; but feelings keen and deep
His bosom heaved, and burst the bonds of sleep!

Alert and rapid, with one single bound,
His gladiator foot repelled the ground;
The dark blood mantled on his sunburnt cheek
And tracked the high swoll'n veins with livid streak
And light rekindled in his drowsy eye,
As shoots the night-star o'er the darkling sky
And through the tent's dark mazes, that wild gaze
Roamed like the tiger's, when at eve he strays
'Mid tangled jungles, where the hunter's net,
He burst so deftly once, may linger yet.
In vain his fear!—wide o'er the field,
With head reclined upon his shield,
And parted lips, and heaving breast,
Each Arab proved his hour of rest;
No ear his dreaming sorrow heard,
Nor voice denounced his broken ward.

He looked abroad o'er waste and sky,
Where morning raised her dewy eye,
And sent a far and flickering ray
To harbinger approaching day.
He tracked the blood-bat's lazy flight,
That shunned the horn of wakening light,
And spied its wings, in fierce affright,
To where some ruined palm tree stood,
Meet shelter for its hideous brood:
And he heard long its melancholy cry,
Ere its dark form sank lessening on the sky.

He looked abroad o'er tent and bamboo shade,
Where many a Bedouin's weary head was laid;
Each cone-like roof, crowned with the wild-bird's
plume,
Towered darkly through the sand-cloud's eddying
gloom,
Relieved upon a far and misty space,
Where night retreating hurried on morning's face;
Now drooping swift her sable wing, and now
Shrinking, like aspen, gradually and slow,
Unwilling still her empire to forego.
And round each lowly wigwam, loosely hung,
The tiger's red and brindled armour flung
Its folds upon the wind, and, as it rose,
Disclosed some sleeper's form in kind repose,
His head upon his shield—his climitar,
Fall'n from his nerveless fingers, vainly bare;
His flushed and tawny hue, and hairy lip,
Contrasted 'neath the white and tiny fold
Of his small turban, and the powder-scrip,
That gleamed beneath his arm with sheen of gold.
One lofty tent in gaudier colours drest,
Rears high its haughty head above the rest.
It is Zohauk's!—shrinks echo from the word!—
The far-famed chieftain of the desert horde!

Zohauk! The bird is on the wing,
A far, afar that sound to slum—
The fawn, that frail and tiny thing,
A way, away, speeds fleetly on.

With bristling mane and kindled eye,
The lion roars, but seems to fly—
Though in that dreaded spell he knows
The earnest of his wounds and woes.
The blood-bat leaves its noxious hair,
Its nestled brood are waiting there;
And on, and on, with feet of speed,
The ostrich tribes their journey lead.

Zohauk! Circassia's daughters know
That dirge of hope, that name of woe!
That knell that bids affection sever,
And heart from heart divides for ever.
And young limbs wither in their chains,
And young breasts pine for native plains,
And wedded hands are asunder wrenched,
And the lover's lamp is for ever quenched;
And the laugh hath passed from the happy hearth,
And silence broods on the homes of mirth.
—Zohauk! thou hast past like the kausin's wing—
O'er the fondest and fairest of earthly things!

It is a name of many years,
And age the freshest forehead sears,
From moist lips suck the flower away,
And bids the eyeball's fire decay;
Drinks the soul-star's mysterious gleam,
And its caverned glory waxes dim;
And wraps the heart with an icy chain,
It never leaves, to burst again.
And he, Zohauk the Bedouin,
Is bent with many a year of sin;
And time with ruthless finger now
Had traced its passage on his brow,
Had watched the light in his glad eye beam
Had seen it brighter in manhood's dream,
And chilled it in its lightening,
Like starlight quenched by demon's wing,
Had crushed his night with a touch of lead,
Till bone and sinew withered,
And the dream of the youthful chief is gone,
And leaves in its stead but a wreck of man,
With pining voice and shrivelled eye,
Whose tone and look are mockery:
Yet he is up at the robber's shell
The first, its sounding call to swell,
With sabre, never drawn in vain,
And barb the fleetest of the train.
And who from his fustian would flinch or fly,
When Zohauk led on to his battle cry!

The watchman's vigil is not done,
The beacon still he tends alone,
His head still bent with anxious ear,
His hand still charged with ready spear.
His graceful barb in glistening rein,
Shaking its wild luxuriant mane,
With widened nostril and bright eye,
Inhales the breezes as they fly,
As if it panted then to bring
Its hoof in contest with their wing;
While scarce it owns its rider's check
And tosses high its arching neck;
Yet he, the robber watchman, stood
Sedately still in musing mood,
And measured with a wistful eye
The wide spread wastes of memory—
As looked the Patriarch's wife athwart
The sullen plains, with pining heart,
To where the haughty Sodom's towers,
Its golden terraces, and palmot bowers,