

Hear me, ye gales, in death's soft slumber  
laid,  
And, ye bright realms, receive my fleeting  
shade!

## SOLIMA: AN ECLOGUE.

In praise of an Arabian Princess who is  
supposed to have built a Caravanfera, or  
Inn, and to have adorned it with plea-  
sant Gardens for the refreshment of  
Travellers and Pilgrims.

[By the same]

**Y**E maids of Aden, hear a loftier tale  
Than e'er was sung in meadow,  
bow'r, or dale.

The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,  
Where beauty plays, and love in slumber  
lies;

The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,  
That wanton with the laughing summer  
air;

Love-tinctur'd cheeks, whence roses seek  
their bloom,  
And lips, from which the Zephyr steals  
perfume,

Invite no more the wild unpolish'd lay,  
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.  
Then farewell, love! and farewell, youth-  
ful fires!

A nobler warmth my kindled breast in-  
spires.

Far bolder notes the list'ning wood shall  
fill:

Flow smooth, ye riv'lets; and, ye gales,  
be still.

See yon fair-groves that o'er Amana rise.  
And with their spicy breath embalm the  
skies:

Where ev'ry breeze sheds incense o'er the  
vales,

And ev'ry shrub the scent of musk exhales!  
See through yon op'ning glade a glitt'ring  
scene,

Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green!  
Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal  
bow'rs,

Who deck'd their spiry tops with bloom-  
ing flow'rs,

Taught the blue stream, o'er sandy vales  
to flow,

And the brown wild with liveliest hues to  
glow!

Fair Solima! the hills and dales will sing,  
Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring.

But not with idle shows of vain delight,  
To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight:

At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,  
Where bloom intwin'd the lily, pink, and  
rose:

Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,

Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glow-  
ing east;

Ah! not for this she taught those bow'rs  
to rise,

And bade all Eden spring before our eyes;  
Far other thoughts her heav'nly mind em-  
ploy,

(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive  
joy!)

To cheer with sweet repast the fainting  
guest;

To lull the weary on the couch of rest;  
To warm the traveller numb'd with win-  
ter's cold;

The young to cherish, to support the old;  
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;

The poor to shelter, and the lost direct:  
These are her cares, and this her glorious  
task;

Can heav'n a nobler give, or mortals ask?

Come to these groves, and these life-  
breathing glades,

Ye friendless orphans, and ye dow'ries  
maids!

With eager haste your mournful mansions  
leave,

Ye weak, that tremble, and, ye sick, that  
grieve;

Here shall soft tents o'er flow'ry lawns  
display'd,

At night defend you, and at noon o'er-  
shade:

Here rosy health the sweets of life will  
show'r,

And new delights beguile each varied  
hour.

Mourns there a widow, bath'd in stream-  
ing tears?

Stoops there a sire beneath the weight of  
years?

Weeps there a maid in pining sadness left,  
Of fondling parents, and of hope bereft?

To Solima their sorrows they bewail,  
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.

She hears; and, radiant as the star of day,  
Through the thick forest wins her easy  
way:

She asks what cares the joyless train op-  
press,

What sickness wastes them, or what wants  
distress;

And as they mourn, she steals a tender  
sigh,

Whilst all her soul fits melting in her eye:  
Then with a smile the healing balm be-  
flows,

And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,  
Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel  
bears

Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom  
wears.

When, chill'd with fear, the trembling  
pilgrim roves

Through