

Suddenly from the Troop a Sháhzemán,
By Name and Nature HASAN—on the
Horse
Of Honour mounted—robed in Royal
Robes,
And wearing a White Turban on his
Head,
Turn'd his Rein tow'rd me, and with
smiling Lips
Open'd before my Eyes the Door of
Peace.
Then, riding up to me, dismounted;
kiss'd
My Hand, and did me Courtesy; and I,
How glad of his Protection, and the
Grace
He gave it with!—Who then of gracious
Speech
Many a Jewel utter'd; but of these
Not one that in my Ear till Morning
hung.
When, waking on my Bed, my waking
Wit
I question'd what the Vision meant, it
answered;
“This Courtesy and Favour of the Shah
Foreshows the fair Acceptance of thy
Verse,
Which lose no moment pushing to Con-
clusion.”
This hearing, I address'd me like a Pen
To steady Writing; for perchance, I
thought,
From the same Fountain whence the
Vision grew
The Interpretation also may come True.