

BE STILL.

As the lily all the livelong night
 Shades her white breast, waiting for the sun,
 As the lotus to the moonbeams bright
 Opes her full heart when the day is done ;
 Night and day I turn me to the spot,
 Night and day I seek but thou art not,

O weary heart,
 O weary heart, be still.

As the bulbul pineth for the rose
 When her carmine blossoms all are shed,
 When her dewy eyes no more unclose,
 And he mourneth " Ah ! my rose is dead,"
 The hue of sadness wraps my life forlorn,
 For thou, not here, art dead, and so I mourn,

O weary heart,
 O weary heart, be still.

As the sea-shell moaneth for the sea
 That ripples on the Caspian's golden sand,
 When that the hymning waters ebbing be,
 And leaves it all athirst upon the land,
 So sighs my soul to hear thy music, sweet !
 So thirsts my lips to kiss thy foam-white feet,

O weary heart,
 O weary heart, be still.

As the lily opes when morning rises,
 As blooms the lotus when the moon is full,
 As sea-shell when the tide its lip surprises,
 As joys the bulbul when revives the ghul,
 So floods my life with joy, for thou art here
 My sun, my moon, rose, sea, my Nouradheer,—

O joyous heart,
 O joyous heart, be still.

HUNTER DUVAR.