

LALLA ROOKH

THOMAS MOORE

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From The Fire-worshippers

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood
"How sweetly does the moon-beam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!
Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bow'rs,
 Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
 And we might live, love, die alone!
Far from the cruel and the cold,
 Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold
 A paradise so pure and lonely.
Would this be world enough for thee?"
Playful she turn'd, that he might see
 The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
 His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears
My dreams have boded all too right
We part for ever part to-night!
I knew, I knew it could not last
'Twas bright, 'twas heav'nly, but 'tis past!
Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never lov'd a tree or flow'r,
 But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle
 To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
 And love me, it was sure to die!
Now too the joy most like divine
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,

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To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,
 Oh misery! must I lose that too?
Yet go on peril's brink we meet;
 Those frightful rocks that treach'rous sea
No, never come again though sweet,
 Though heav'n, it may be death to thee.
Farewell and blessings on thy way,
 Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!
Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
 Than have thee near me, and in danger!"