

**AGNES, THE INDIAN  
CAPTIVE. A  
POEM, IN FOUR CANTOS.  
WITH OTHER POEMS**

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Agnes, the Indian captive. A poem, in four cantos. With other poems by John Mitford

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**JOHN MITFORD**

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*Agnes,*  
THE  
INDIAN CAPTIVE.

A POEM, IN FOUR CANTOS.

WITH  
OTHER POEMS.

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BY THE  
REV. JOHN MITFORD, A.B.

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1811.



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T. DAVISON,  
Lombard-street, Whitefriars, London.

TO  
ROBERT MITFORD, ESQ.

THIS POEM

IS INSCRIBED WITH MUCH AFFECTION

BY  
HIS BROTHER,

THE AUTHOR.

Agnes,  
THE  
INDIAN CAPTIVE.

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CANTO I.

I.

—It is the noon of night;—

A flood of splendor streams o'er Delhi's wall;

And in that fair moonlight

How dark and deep the giant shadows fall!



The mooned mosque, the palmy grove,  
Are shining in the silver ray ;  
And all is bright, below, above,  
As in the blaze of day.

With diamond hue, the maiden beam  
Glitters on Jemna's pleasant stream ;  
And lights the poplar leaves that shade  
The cool and arched colonnade,  
All still and silent is the air,  
Or only gentle sounds are there ;  
The rush that bends its tufted head,  
To kiss the river's placid bed ;  
The water gurgling as it creeps,  
Where on its leaf the lily sleeps ;  
The pine's low song-like whispers heard,  
Like twittering from the forest bird ;

Or leaping fish, whose lonely sound  
Half wakes the echoes slumbering round.

## II.

But where yon bended mountains seem,  
With green slope stealing to the vale;  
Is it the moon, whose silvery beam  
Illumes their summits pale?  
Or are they meteor-fires that glow,  
With wavering glimmer to and fro,  
Across the marsh fen?  
And is it but the bittern's boom,  
Or Chacal's bark, who through the gloom  
Is yelling from his den?  
It is a brighter fire I guess,  
That lights you lonely wilderness.

'Tis not the wild bird's plaintive sound,  
That moans along the desert bound ;  
'Tis not the fire-fly's twinkling gleam,  
Or lustre of the wan moonbeam :  
It is the glare of torches bright,  
That sparkle through the shadowy night ;  
It is the tread of armed men  
Who shake so deep the forest fen.

## III.

Encamped within that rocky vale,  
The weary warriors lay ;  
And sooth it were a glorious tale  
To tell, how over hill and dale  
They wound their lonely way.