

**ORIENTAL
MUSINGS, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Oriental Musings, and Other Poems by P. Scott

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P. SCOTT

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AND

OTHER POEMS.

By P. SCOTT, Esq.



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1840.

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ORIENTAL MUSINGS.



I.

LAND of the sunny soil and cloudless skies,
Land of the mountain-wood and torrent, where
The water never sleeps or verdure dies,
Whose glowing clime has given thy dusky fair
Their raven locks and darkly-beaming eyes,
'Neath whose long lashes, to subdue the glare
Of light that dazzles from its unveiled rays,
The sun of beauty sheds a softer blaze!

II.

Hid in the depth of ages is the course
Of thy far history ; we know not whence
The flood of knowledge had its mighty source
That rolled through generations, to dispense
To distant nations, with unwearying force,
The waters of its mental opulence.
We bless the river's golden billows, though
We cannot trace the fountain whence they flow !

III.

And some of old perchance have quaffed the stream,
And shewed the pilfered riches as their own
Which had their rise in thee ; and such would seem
Thy yet remaining destiny—to groan
Beneath some wrong—unaltered as the beam
Of thy own sun on his unclouded throne,
Thou dost appear 'mid passing cent'ries, still
Unchanged in arts, oppression, and in ill !

IV.

Most strangely uniform!—to-day the same
As in old time, when those who rule thee now
Were like thy forest beasts, and scarce more tame,
That roam thy jungly vales and mountain's brow
What gave thy glory its unsteady flame
That burnt to sink so soon and oft, when thou
Becam'st the slave of nations?—was it not
That thy foul faith was darker than thy lot?

V.

Thy monstrous gods and most unholy rites
Called down the vengeance of a purer Pow'r,
When thy hill-temples shone with thousand lights,
And the priest's cell became a harlot's bow'r;
And on the stillness of thy starry nights
Arose the shrieks in that unhallowed hour
When the life-blood of man flowed red to please
The passions of thy marble deities!