

SEMANOUD

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Semanoud by H. Talbot Kummer

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H. TALBOT KUMMER

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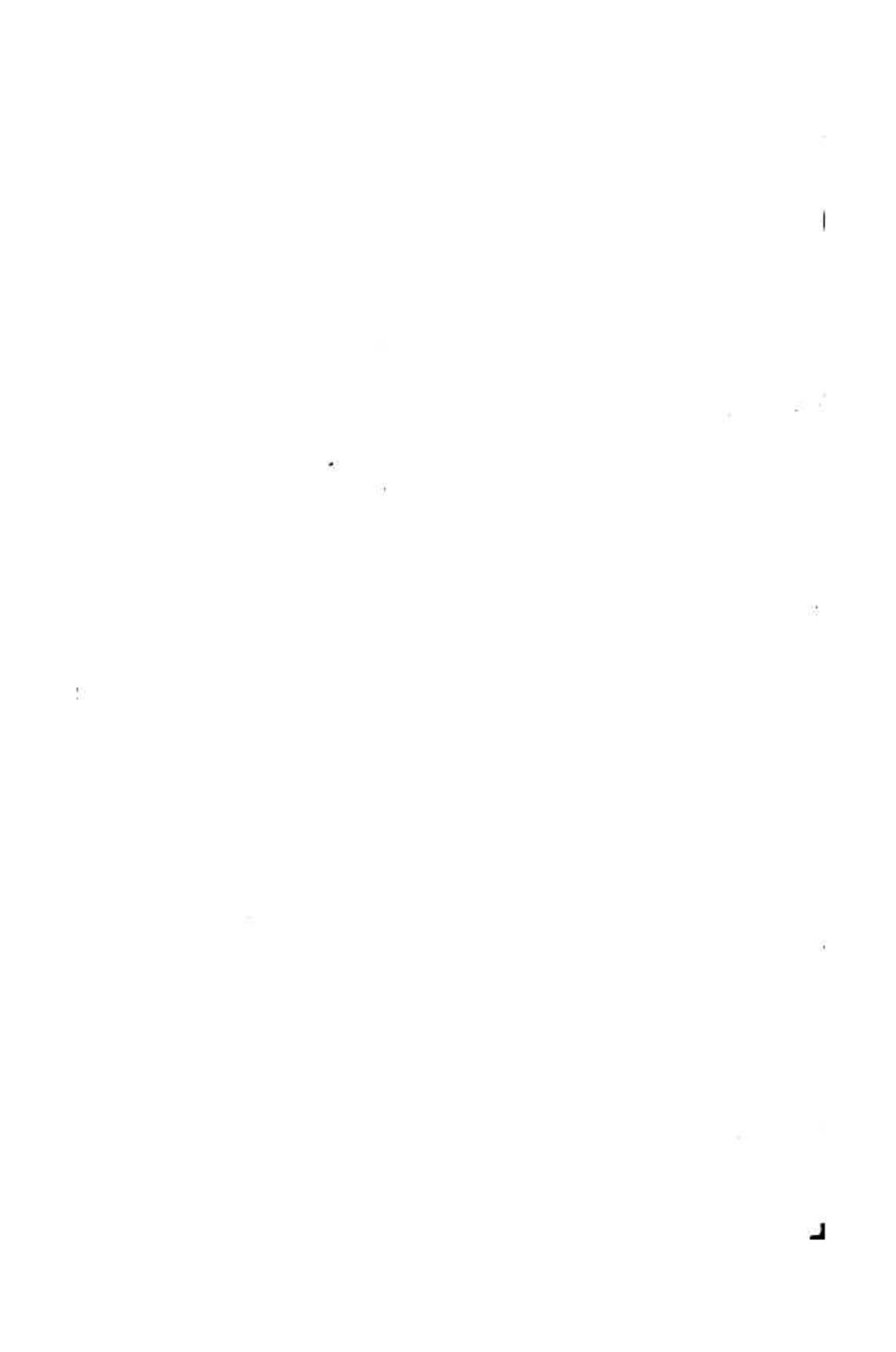
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To you who search through joy and pain
Some heart's desire fair and far,
To you who caught within the flame
Still see serene the distant star.

Come take my hand and go with me
A little way along the road;
And laugh or weep at these vain dreams
Which ever with me have abode.

Did we not dream we scarce could live
These dull realities, called life,
Dreams are the magic golden shield
We buckle on against the strife.

To you — oh pilgrims of the night —
Oh weary toilers in the dark,
Who, through the droning of the world
Dreaming — to other voices hark.



SEMANOUD

The day was warm, the mellow sunlight glowed
On the rose-garden of an eastern king,
Where a stream flowed beneath a sedgy bank,
Green as the murm'ring boughs which bent above
And softly answered to its whispering.

There came at noon the Princess Semanoud
With stately step — followed by maids and slaves —
To seek the shade, and mirror her own face
Beside the lotus and the iris tall,
Within the limpid greenness of the waves.

Daily she came, as now, her robe of white
'Broidered with gold and purples, to her zone,
Where through the jetty meshes of her hair
Streaming upon her shoulders like a robe,
A shining girdle of great jewels shone.

Last in her stately train there came a slave —
A young man, blue-eyed, and with sunny hair,
Adonis — led amongst that dark-skinned throng,
Unwilling captive, his straight bitter gaze,
Fixed on the face of Semanoud — the Fair.

She, stretched in shadow, threw her sovereign
glance
Careless and languid on the group that stood
Or knelt with fans and lutes, and marked his face.
Then spoke, "Come hither Awid, thou dost stand
With eyes upon the ground and brood and brood.

"What ails thee! knowest thou I like it not
To see my servants sullen, ill-content?"